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[illegible] champagne [illegible] named creme de B[illegible] were q[illegible]rts so'd as l w as $ [illegible] names of other brands than those already mentioned may awaken pleasursble memorles in elderly and retired sports. Associates Verzeney, Prince Imperial, Schrelder (a favorite with Harvard students in the early seventies), Lac d'or. Four dollars a quart for Chateau Margeaux 1844. Lafitte' 1844, and La Rose 1844, $3 for Chateau Yquem. Rye and Bourbon were sold st $2 a bottle, Cognae Vierge-Meletta & Co. at $5.

Old Hotel Life.

Some years later at Saratoga the bill-of-fare was as swollen and pompous, but the great specialty was chicken "in the southern style"—not necessarily after the "Maryland manner." Those acquainted with the hotels, the Grand Union, the United States, Congress Hall, first of all tipped the head waiter, then the waiter of the small table. The subordinate received a dollar or two dollars before the first meal, and there was the promise of another bill in a couple of days provided he showed himself a person of nimble heels and retentive memory Those who on principle refused to grease the waiter's palm, or were ignorant of manners and customs at watering places, or were naturally stingy, fared badly. There is an amusing description of life at one of these watering places in Charles Astor Bristed's book about the Upper Ten Thousand, also in one of the later numbers of Putnam's Magazine (old series), with striking illustrations of the colored waiters. This was long before there were summer cottages in mountain regions or along the coast; long before the finger of providence pointed out to shrewd clergymen desirable shore lots in Massachusetts and Malne. Gone are the days when women dressed and bedecked themselves for the walk on the hotel veranda! And what entrancing beauties there were from Cuba and the New Jerusalem on Manhattan island.

In Berlin Restaurants.

Not long ago The Herald discussed the cookery of futurists in Paris. We now hear of orders given in restaurants of Berlin: Caviar and whipped cream, mutton with Benedictine sauce, Bismarck herring with strawberry ice, apples and bananas with ground cheese, liver in absinthe, roast beef with pineapple chunks dipped in Kuemmel. But pepper with strawberries is known in London among the conservstive. Dr. Johnson ate cream with his berries, snd visited friends whose strawberries were famous. That Germans hsve had strange tastes in cooking is known to all Americsn students that have sojourned there, and other foreigners have wondered in times past, as the chronicler of Charles V.: "I saw such kinds of meat eaten as a roasted horse, a cat in jelly" (today beware of jugged hare), "little lizards in hot broth, frogs fried and divers sorts of meat, which I never knew whst they were till they were eaten. And, for God's sake, what is he that shall read my writing, and see what is commonly eaten at feasts, that it will not in a manner break his heart."

Anecdote for the Day.

At a recent convention of publishers and booksellers in England, tales were told of the shop, and this one was reckoned good. Copies of "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square" were returned to the binders to have the covers removed. When the account was sent to the publisher, he read this entry "To Stripping 12 Lonely Ladies"

Naming California.

The question was raised, How did California come by its name? A correspondent writes that in a romance, "Las Sergas de Esplandian," published at Madrid in 1510, there is mention of an imaginary "great island of California, where is found great abundance of gold and precious stones." The name was retained by an officer of Cortez, and he gave it to the new land discovered on the Pacific coast in 1534. This is plausible. Is it true?

"SHAM" PLAYED AT PLYMOUTH

Miss Eleanor Gordon and Company Produce Comedy of New York Life.

SATISFACTORY PRODUCTION

All the Parts Are Well Taken—A Cool and Refreshing Composition.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Miss Eleanor Gordon and her company in "Sham," a play in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris. Cast:

Tom Jaffray	Douglas Wood
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Buck	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
James Fordyce Brown	George L[illegible]
Walter	Wm L[illegible]
Mrs. Fordyce Brown	Kate Ryan
Clementina Vickers	Mrs. Geo. Hibbard
Maud Buck	Francesca Rotoli
Rosey	Frances Tewkesbury
Miss Leroy	Gladys Wilson
Katharine Van Riper	Eleanor Gordon

This play, which wss introduced to Boston by Henrietta Crosman, is admirably suited for presentation in warm weather because the plot is so simple and straightforward that it requires practically no mental effort to follow it, the dialogue is so matter-of-fact and unspiced as to be in no danger of rsising one's temperature and there are no incidents that the most susceptible person could consider exciting. Miss Gordon and her company take the matters set forth in the piece quite calmly; so altogether there is no reason why the audiences should not keep cool.

It is the story of a young woman in New York society whose dead father squandered his fortune, so the girl has to resort to all sorts of shams and deceits to keep up appearances. She has a big collection of unpaid bills that her rich aunt wants her to pay by marrying the son of an Idaho millionaire, Jeremiah Buck. The girl's conscience awakes at the touch of love for a mining engineer employed by the rich man, snd she won't wed "Monty" Buck, because she wants Tom Jaffray.

She resolves to sell the Van Riper pearls to pay her debts, but finds her father sold the real gems and had paste ones put in their place. Tom Jaffray would take her, debts and all, but she says no, she must pay those bills all alone and he goes away. Before he has gone too far, a letter comes from the rich aunt saying she will pay the girl's bills and take the sham gems so that the world shall not know the Van Riper pearls are paste The girl shouts to her hero out of the window and drops to him this note attached to a spoon: "I am going to Idaho." So he comes back and gets her.

Miss Gordon portrays with abundant realism the nonchalance of Katharine as bills come pouring in and the petty shifts she employs to get presents and even food. She shows very plainly that she doesn't csre for young Buck and tells him so frankly at last, while the dullest observer can see that she really loves Tom.

Mr. Wood is a delightfully manly and straightforward lover and gives so much zest to his part that he comes perilously near to giving wsrmth to the play.

Miss Ryan as the rich aunt and Mr. Ernst as her husband between them take care of the comedy element in the piece.

Mrs. Hibbard is natursl and pleasing as Katharine's companion. Miss Rotoli is very fair to look upon and as the western millionaire's daughter is charmingly naive and winsome Miss Wilson just appears at the mining man's big ball to show an extremely up-to-date gown and an extraordinary manner. Mr. Meehan as the elder and Mr. Langford as the younger Buck make about all that is possible of their parts.

MINSTREL SHOW AT B. F. KEITH'S

Popular Entertainers with Meistersingers Head Excellent Bill.

With a troupe of all-star minstrels as an sdded attraction, the Meistersingers began the last week of their annual run at B. F. Keith's yesterday, playing before capacity audiences in the afternoon and evening. The program is a humorous one right through, the various acts all being well done.

Charles Evans led the minstrels and with his quartet of endmen—Phil and Jack Kaufman, Charles E. Mack and John F. Swor—managed to entertain the sudience between the melodious numbers of the Meistersingers, and served a splendid finale to the ludicrous bill.

Robinson Newbold, musical comedy star, appeared with Marie Louise Gribben in songs and impersonations and their act was one of the hits of the show. Mr. Newbold's impersonation of Percival Knight and his "I've Got a Motto" was a feature.

Character impersonations of Mark Twain and Charles Warner, humorist and actor respectively, were taken from life and were made the more interesting as Charles Leonard Fletcher made up right on the stage. Mr. Fletcher also has a study of a tramp in his series of impersonations and this was especially well presented.

Claude Golden came all the way from Australia to entertain the audience with his card reading. His ability to "call the turn" and to pick out any card was truly remarkable and he is undoubtedly one of the best actors in his line ever to appear in this city.

Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney appeared in "The Happy Medium," a one-act skit, the feature of which was the piano playing of Mr Rooney, the latter showing remarkable agility in giving what he termed a "correct impersonation of the Sahara desert." It was a distinctly novel and entertaining feature and one of the audience declared that it would go as a sequel to "You Can't Get Away with It"

[illegible] farce con[illegible] and the Ryan both in an aerial number, rounded out the program.

July 16 19[illegible]

Any dictionary of words has been commended by Baudelaire, Emerson, Gautir as fascinating reading, snd, when they praised, the fullest dictionary in French or English was as a pocket edition in comparison with the Oxford English. The part "Several to Shaster" of the Oxford has just been published, and though there are only about 70 pages—six of them are devoted to the verb "shall"—there is much entertaining matter.

Chiefly for Women.

A "sevigne" is not a letter written in the manner of Mme. Sevigne, but a kind of bandeau, especially for the hair. In 1817 the chignon a la Sevigne, or coiffure de Ninon, had driven out la tete a l'Agrippina. There were Sevignes of tulle disposed in regular plaits. Miss Maitland at Madras saw women covered with gold and jewels, bands round their heads, sevignes and rings on all their fingers and all their toes.

Was a cow dry of milk ever said in New England to be "gone to sew," or as being "sew."

Sharbarom, meaning a disreputable person, or a ragamuffin, is a sonorous word that should not be obsolete.

As Dr. Johnson described "bet" as a vulgar word for "wager," so he did not countenance "shabby" but said of it "a word that has crept into conversation and low writing; but ought not to be admitted into the language."

For many years "the sex" meant the female sex, snd this pre-eminence was given by mere man, wretched man, from Putenham to Byron; from Byron to Sir Richard F. Burton.

Puns and Slang.

Under "sexton" we find of course Hood's immortal pun,

> They went and told the seton, and
> The sexton toll'd the bell;

but although "shank of the evening" is included, we miss the anecdote told by John Phoenix of the stranger arriving at a drunkery about 2:30 A. M. and asking if it was not rather late. "Late, stranger? It's late for night before last, but for tonight it's just the shank of the evening."

"Shad-belly" in Connecticut characized the statesmen at Hartford. The shad-trout is the squeteague, otherwise known as grey trout, sun trout, but we have heard this fish called a sea trout.

Does "shack," a shanty, or roughly built cabin, come from the Mexican 'Jacal," and what is the origin of "to shack," that is "to chase and fetch, as a batted ball"?

The Baconians will not admit that "Shske-scene" in Green's attack on Shakespeare is "of uncertain or vague meaning."

Has any one heard "shallal" as a synonym of "charavari"?

We have seen "shsman" applied to any magician or wonder-worker, but this dictionary knows not the use.

For Tosspots.

It is s long time since we have seen "The Shades" psinted as a sign for a liquor shop. The name was originally applied to a wine or beer vault under ground or sheltered from the sun by an arcade.

Shaftesbury, the name of a town in Dorset, was a slang term in 1700 for a gallon pot full of wine with a cock.

"Shaker" is thus defined under the division "s d." A utensil used in mixing American drinks. The illustrative quotation is as follows: "1889. J. G. Woolley, 'Seed Number One Hard' (1893): The bartender makes the bits of ice, the spoon, the shaker, the strainer, the glasses fairly play a tune."

"Shake": short for milk shake or egg shake. Colloq. U. S.

The origin of "shandygaff" is unknown. The first appearance of the word in English literature was in "Verdant Green" (1853).

In Australia a "shanty" is a public house, especially an unlicensed one; a "sly-grog" shop. Thus we have shanty-bar, shanty-keeper, shanty liquor. But in Mayhew's "London Labor" we find: "They have a 'shant of gatter' (pot of beer) at the nearest 'boosing ken.'" "To shanty" in Australia is to visit a grog-shop habitually.

Good Words All.

"To be no great shakes." Dr. Bradley thinks this may be an allusion to shaking of dice. We miss under "shake" the popular invitation: "Go to the devil and shake yourself." In Australia "to be shook on" is to have an infatuation for a person or a thing."

"Shampoo," probably a Hindi word, meant at first only to subject some one to massage; thus a good Mahratta wife "first champoes (sic) her husband and fans him to repose, she then champoes the horse." Dickens described Mr. Winkle as shampooed with a heavy clothes brush.

How many automobilists can define the word "shandrydan"?

"Shake-up": "a rousing or stirring up to activity." In the United States it means more than this among policemen, newspapermen, baseball tesms, racing crews or boards of directors.

"Sharawaggi" is a queer word. Sir William Temple wrote: "The Chinese have a particular word to express it (sc the beauty of studied irregularity); and where they find it hit their eye at first right they say the 'sharaagdgi' is fine or is admirable"; but Pope and Horace Walpole spelled the word with the final letters "ggi" and Chinese scholars say it cannot belong to that language. Did Temple hear it from travellers?

And whence the word "shark"? Dr. Bradley holds Skeat's derivation as untenable. The word was apparently introduced by sailors of John Hawkins's expedition, who brought home a specimen which was exhibited as a "marueilous straunge Fishe" in London in 1569.

And "shaddock," known also as pompelmoose, was thus described by Sloane in his "Jamaica" (1707): "In Barbados the shaddocks surpass those of Jamaica in goodness. The seed of this was first brought to Barbados by one Capt. Shaddock, commander of an East India ship, who touch'd at that island in his passage to England and left the seed there." Grainger about 60 years later spoke of it as the forbidden fruit. So it is in Boston to many, for we saw the smaller and rounder variety called grapefruit marked on a stand here this week at 20 cents apiece. Sewall in his diary (1720) noted that his wife received from a Mr. Cooper s present of oranges and a shattick."

The dictionary defines "sharpshin," a name for some coin of very small value, and says it belongs to this country. The word also stands for a type of what has little value. The quotations are from Maryland and Pennsylvania, but Capt. Marryat speaks of "four sharpshins to pistareen." Is the word a (hawk), in jocular allusion to the eagle back-formation from "sharp-shinned on the coin"? And was the word ever used in the New England states?

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Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read. There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage.

Irritating Words.

M. Lockroy in his volume of reminiscences tells us that Victor Hugo could not endure the words "ragged" and "respectable" in the English language. A London journalist commenting on Hugo's dislike of these words confesses that "genteel" sets his own teeth on edge, and "select," used as an adjective, is another word "that only a second-rate person would—select." "Emerge" and "transpire" are repulsive to him, and "his breakfast is always spoiled when a correspondent 'thanks him in anticipation' or a tailor asks him to come and try on his 'esteemed favor'—meaning trousers."

There are other irritating words and phrases, and they are too commonly heard and seen. "It is a far cry" is overworked. "It bulks" is as tiresome as the abuse of the word "content." "Proven" is driving out "proved," and yet there is no such word as "proven" except in a Scottish verdict. "Proven" is probably supposed to be more "genteel." A few days ago we all read of a tragedy in a hotel. A reporter on the staff of another journal spoke of this hotel as "exclusive." Whenever any one makes a particularly thoughtless or impudent request by letter, he ends, "thanking you in advance, yours very truly." The word "pretentious" is fast losing its proper meaning, for press agents and too many newspaper men that write about the theatre use it as synonymous with "magnificent" or "sumptuous." Some years ago the "publicity man" of a circus thought he had exhausted the vocabulary of eulogy when he characterized the show as "monohippic."

Loco-Foco.

As the World Wags:

I have failed to see the term "loco-foco" applied to our friends, the "suffragettes." Is not this an oversight? The lexicographers say, a loco-foco is a member of an "Equal Rights" party. Authorities seem to differ regarding the use of the hyphen. A little light on this subject will be illuminating. H. B. H.

Boston.

The term "loco-foco" was given to the extreme section of the Democratic party of 1835, known as the Equal Rights party, and also to any adherent of that party. "H. B. H." should remember that the term was also given to a friction match. However appropriate the term would be when applied to a "suffragette"—a vile word, "suffragette," which should be expelled from the English language by those believing in female suffrage and those opposed to it—the derivation might be considered as singularly inappropriate: "locus," place; "focus," hearth.—Ed.

Rest In Trash.

The Herald spoke editorially some days ago about certain eminent men, jurists, architects and others, who found relaxation and delight in reading detective stories, blood-and-thunder shockers, silly novels, the worse the better. We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

It may interest you to know that some 25 or 30 years ago the late Asa Gray in a familiar talk to some students of botany told them that Charles Darwin

... wakeful ... ving trashy novels ... This, he had found, was ... best way of easing his pain which was almost constant. For the scientific work which brought him fame he could ... not more than two hours a day. ... got two hours, he told Mr. Gray, ... was a good day, better than the average.

H. B. H.

Boston.

A Pleasant Office.

To go back to words: ale-conner was a good word and the office was a pleasant one. Sometimes he went from inn to inn drinking bravely the brew and pouring ale on a bench. He then sat in his leather breeches on the wet for a certain time. If the breeches stuck to the bench the ale had been adulterated. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there was a Capt. Cox who was "of such credit and trust that he had been chosen ale-conner many a year when his betters stood by, and ever quitted himself with such estimation as yet to taste a cup of ... pitate, his judgment will be taken above the best in the parish, be his nose ne'er so red."

The office of ale-conner still exists in England at Dalton-in-Furness. A fair is held there every October; juries are then appointed for various purposes and from the jurymen two are chosen as ale-conners. They go to all the ale-houses in Dalton, taste the beer sold on draught, then make a report, and the publicans having the best ale are decorated with a red ribbon, truly in this instance the badge of the Legion of Honor.

WITH A PLUME.

That the Brazilian visitors paid tribute to the memory of John Paul Jones at Annapolis is not surprising, for that singular hero stands out as perhaps the most picturesque figure in the history of North America. There are others, as Marion, Ethan Allen, Daniel Boone, Sam Houston, Philip Kearny, Custer, but John Paul, to give him his true name, was, preeminently, the man of the panache. Mr. Blaine was once called the white-plumed knight, but that was a burst of convention-rhetoric. The reputation of Jones was international. Napoleon said, after Trafalgar, that if John Paul were then alive France might have had an admiral.

England of course could not forgive this adventurer, for Jones was an adventurer in the grand sense of the word. In England he became a bugaboo, as in Mexico today mothers of the common people scare naughty children by saying that Drake will catch them if they do not behave. There is the legendary John Paul, a bloodthirsty pirate, a blasphemous smuggler, a debaucher with a wife in every port, cruel, villainous from birth and ripe for the gallows before he was eighteen years old. A few weeks ago a book appeared in London, "The Sailor Whom England Feared," by Mr. M. MacDermot Crawford, and at last tardy justice has been done to the daring seaman.

No other hero of our wars has so caught the fancy of playwrights and novelists. This son of a Scottish gardener has been celebrated by Cooper and the Elder Dumas. The former's John Paul is mythical, it is true, and Dumas's "Capitaine Paul" is buried in Pere Lachaise some years before that cemetery was opened, whereas the burial of Jones and the discovery of his bones make a more romantic story than that imagined by the prodigal novelist of oriental fancy. Jones is drawn with singular force in Herman Melville's "Israel Potter," where the rake-helly seaman with his lace ruffles and his finger rings holds patriotic converse with Dr. Ben Franklin. And in this undeservedly forgotten novel, is a remarkable description of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, a description unequalled until Walt Whitman wrote a famous page of "Leaves of Grass." The hero has even appeared on the operetta stage, with Agnes Huntington swaggering adventurously, though the original French version celebrated Surcouf, a man of more local reputation.

No wonder then that South Americans who are of a spectacular nature, see in John Paul Jones a man after their own heart and pay the homage that is justly due.

July 18, 1903

Tobacco, coffee, alcohol, hashish, prussic acid, strychnine are weak dilutions: The surest poison is Time.

Eating One's Words.

We mentioned last week the sad case of Theodore Reinking, a Dane, who was obliged to eat his own book, a folio of a thousand and one words, boiled to a pulp. He swallowed the last spoonful and died a few days afterward. We have since become acquainted with the lamentable experience of Philippus Oldenburger, a German jurist, who in 1668, by publishing a book of travels, offended his lord and was therefore flogged and ordered to eat his book. It was a duodecimo, but he could put down only five pages, and he begged off. Bernard, duke of Saxony, put a pamphleteer in the pillory with the published attack between his teeth, and made him swallow the brochure after the exhibition of an hour. Old travellers state that the Tartars ate books voluntarily to acquire knowledge. Did not Dean Swift use this story, or at least take the hint in writing a few pages of unpleasant strength?

In Human Skin.

At the Germany sale in Paris two books "dating from the French Revolution," bound in woman's skin, brought high prices. Other books thus bound have been sold in Paris and described by collectors of the curious. The books themselves were generally of a light and 18th century nature. The glorious General Archinard, in Octave Mirbeau's "Vingt et un Jours d'un Neurasthénique," had given much attention to colonization. A visitor was struck by the leather hangings that covered the walls of the general's sitting-room. This leather was singularly smooth and fine, and it gave out a strange odor, an odor sui generis, as chemists might say. The general told his visitor that the skins were of negroes slain in Africa. It took the population of a hamlet to make one of the largest hangings. The general knew only one way of civilizing the natives in the colony over which he had ruled, and that was to kill them. "Massacring in a lump" put an end to all perplexing questions. The skins should always be tanned. Those of women would be excellent for purses, travelling articles, gloves, and especially mourning gloves; then the general laughed, for he was at heart a merry old soul. The disposition of the flesh was still a problem in civilization. "Unfortunately the negro is not edible; some are even poisonous; yet, treated in a certain way, I think that excellent preserves could be manufactured from this meat for the army. I am going to submit to the government a proposition of this sort, but the government is too sentimental."

European News.

In the discussion of salaries paid to our ambassadors and cabinet officers, it may be mentioned that the sixth Duke of Gainsborough, when sent as ambassador extraordinary to St. Petersburg for the coronation of Nicholas I., spent £50,000 more than the sum allowed him by the government.

In 1805 it was the correct thing for rowing men to wear trousers of nankeen, a jacket of nankeen and a green leather catskin cap.

The Parisians like noise, so Mr. and Mrs. Dupont were unhappy when they were obliged to move from their flat near the Grands Boulevardes to a smaller one in a quiet street of Montmarte. Madame's sitting-room then looked on a court where nothing happened. She pined and fretted. Her husband was unhappy, and at last he had an idea; he obtained permission to paint a fresco on the blank wall. He painted motor cars and autobusses, men jumping for their lives, cafes and kiosques, the policeman with a raised white stick. "And now, when a no longer irritable Madame Dupont holds her day of reception, she bids the bonne close the window so that 'we can hear each other speak.'"

Anecdote for the Day.

A Westminster boy, invited to spend a holiday at Holland House, was told he might have what he liked for dinner. He elected for duck and green peas, to be followed by an apricot tart. "My boy," said Lord Holland, "if in all the important questions of your life you decide as wisely as you have decided now, you will be a great and good man."

Household Economy.

A correspondent adds to the list of strange orders heard in the restaurants of Berlin, dishes that were relishes in England long after the Restoration, as pigeons stuffed with green gooseberries, roast mutton stuffed with oysters, buttered shrimps, grapes boiled in butter, turkey stuffed with cloves, dates and sorrel in soup, game and poultry drenched with rosewater. Hot salmon was considered unwholesome. Salmon was also so plentiful once that lepers and paupers rebelled against it.

Aymonod of Vultournache, an Alpine guide, told Sir Martin Conway in strict confidence that Gruyere is often adulterated with potatoes. It is then "sound enough food, but not good cheese." All the Alpine cheese are "fromage gras," made from all the milk, or "fromage maigre" ... from milk with the butter extracted. The poor prefer the maigre, "because they can eat more of it. When you have eaten all the 'gras' cheese you can, you are still hollow, but the 'maigre' fills you out, and they like to feel full."

Mrs. Stallard, an English woman, author of "The House as Home," is sensible in many ways. She does not believe that a high fowl should be rubbed with vinegar, and she detests the practice of tipping a host's servants. "If you can't afford good wine have none at all. Good whiskey and soda water will not spoil a dinner, but cheap champagne would ruin a repast cooked by Soyer himself." And, wonder of wonders! she approves tobacco smoke in drawing rooms. "If women don't like the smell they should endeavor to accustom themselves to it, which is not a difficult thing to do, and no wise woman will ever forbid a man smoking in any part of her house." If a woman objects to tobacco, she should not marry a smoker; nor should she cherish the fond delusion that she will wean him from the weed; the male animal is not easily reformed.

July 19, 1903

It is easy to accuse books, and bad ones are easily found; and the best are but records, and not the things recorded; and certainly there is dilettanteism enough, and books that are merely neutral and do nothing for us.

Lists and Tastes.

We are continually informed concerning the literary taste of prominent men and women. This one reads trashy novels to relax his mind, and that one greatly admires Marie Correlli. Lists of the "hundred best books" are published. Some may buy all these volumes; but has any one read them all? The titles of books that celebrated men cannot read and lists of the hundred worst books would be more entertaining and as instructive. Only yesterday a man told us that he had tried to read Thoreau's "Walden." "I couldn't get beyond the first dozen pages. It seems to me he wrote a lot of drivel." This man, you would have sworn, was the very one to appreciate Thoreau. He is at home out of doors; he is on friendly terms with animals; he knows when the tent caterpillar rests from his labor in the course of the day, though he may not be aware of the sentence of excommunication pronounced against caterpillars and grasshoppers by the bishop of Laon in 1120, or of the admonition, in 1516, which runs as follows: "We grant the request of the inhabitants of Villenoce, and warn the catterpillars to retire within six days. In default of this we declare them accursed and excommunicated."

Tu Quoque.

A man should not be necessarily applauded for reading a certain classic once a year, or despised for his inability to enjoy Cicero's "De Senectute," or Thackeray's "Esmond." Sir W. Robertson Nicoll openly confessed not long ago that he could not get through Sir Walter's "Peveril of the Peak." He had even failed at the seaside. We know men who have the reading habit, university men—some of them write constantly for newspapers and magazines—and their tastes are unaccountable. If Jones says he finds "Little Dorrit" stupid we agree with him at once, but when another puts aside "Bleak House" because Jo and Lady Dedlock are "The most preposterous puppets in fiction," should he not pick the book up for the sake of Mr. Chadband, Mr. Snagsby, Mr. Tulkinghorn—we knew a criminal lawyer in Albany, Mr. Hadley, an Englishman, who might have sat for Tulkinghorn's portrait—and the young man of the name of Guppy? Never mind about Inspector Bucket with his "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

Impossible Tasks.

An Englishman writes: "To my shame be it confessed that I have never been able to get through 'Wuthering Heights.' In childhood I was given a volume of 'Fanny Fern's' stories, and there was one about the 'three gifted sisters.' About it was the atmosphere of the church and the smell of the tomb. For years I tried to get over that malodorous association. Even with the help of the incense of Mr. Clement Shorter; but I can't do it at present." This is a manly letter, one that Dr. Herkimer Johnson would appreciate. He once confessed to us that he had never been able to get beyond the 13th chapter of Meredith's "Egoist," and found more pleasure in Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt" than in the "Cloister and the Hearth," which is ranked among the masterpieces. White's "Natural History of Selborne" is always characterized as "delightful," but how many have read it with pleasure? We see Robinson in a fine burst of indignation sitting down, pen in hand: "I, sir, have read Gilbert White's charming studies in natural history and am sorry for any one that cannot appreciate it."

The Worst Books.

Suppose Dr. Eliot, Mr. Howells, Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bernard Shaw should draw up, each, a list of the 25 worst books. Not "worst" as immoral and pernicious, but books that to them are jejune, boresome, impossible. Would these lists stimulate a sale of the condemned? Would not at least a dozen volumes well liked by many of us be on the combined lists?

Anecdote for the Day.

A hostess should be able to spend half an hour listening to a bore without a sign of weariness. This penance will be quite enough to enable him to feel he has enjoyed himself thoroughly.

A Marine Impostor.

A dispatch from Christchurch, New Zealand, announces that the officers of a coasting steamer saw a sea serpent between Tolago bay and Gisborne. The serpent was swimming slowly with "a sinuous, snake-like movement." There were three large fins on his back; his sides were covered with white barnacles, and the head was large and square. A school of porpoises accompanied him. This is, indeed, a spurious article, a rank impostor, whose very make-up betrays him. The original, genuine, sea-serpent, seen every season off Nahant and Gloucester, moves swiftly and makes a hissing noise like the escape of steam. His head is like unto a barrel. And there are no barnacles on him.

Rochefort Again.

Anecdotes about the late Henri Rochefort are still told in journals of Paris and London. Of a certain general, who was also a minister, he wrote that "he was such a fool that even Grevy noticed it"; and of the Constituent Assembly, that it was "so Orleanist in its composition that its doyen bears a close facial resemblance to Mlle. Adelaide." But when he was urged to reprint some of his leaders in the Lanterne, he refused, on the ground that they were "indescribably coarse," and he also said: "To revive after a lapse of 17 years, my insults against the Empress, who is old and a widow, and an Empress no longer; against the Prince Imperial, who is dead, and against the poor Queen of Spain, who has been turned out of her kingdom; this is a thing which I cannot consent to do."

Some have said that unlike Diogenes Rochefort used his Lanterne to find dishonest men. But his Lanterne was a lamppost on which to hang those against whom he was opposed. It was the Lanterne of revolutionary times.

Ca ira! Ca ira! Ca ira!
Les aristocrats a la lanterne.

A SUMMER KILLJOY.

It appears that a married daughter of Mrs. Hetty Green, sojourning at a modest hotel at Bar Harbor, does not "spoil bellboys and other employes with fat tips." Few guests in the hotel, it is added, have the courage to follow this precedent.

The practice of tipping is pernicious in hotels and restaurants, and the folly of tipping a barber, a bootblack, any one in fact who does work for a determined price, has served as a text for countless sermons that have fallen on deaf ears. For one sensible daughter of Mrs. Green there are hundreds who are emulous of the late "Coal Oil Johnny" and young Mr. Gates. Bad as this practice is, the custom of tipping the servants in a private house is worse. It demoralizes the host and hostess as well as the servants, and is a serious drawback to the pleasure of guests whose means are modest. If the servants are obliged to work more than they expected when they entered into service, the host and hostess, not the guests, should recompense them.

The evil has long been great in English country houses and servants English country houses, and servants American visitors, extravagant by nature, or fearing lest they should seem stingy, have given absurd tips, as they have made many hotels on the continent houses of extortion for more sensible fellow-countrymen and the European traveller. It is a pleasure to find an Englishwoman, Mrs. Stallard, in her recently published book, "The House as Home," protesting against this enforced tipping. She inveighs against the "detestable thing which is supposed to take place at the close of each visit." In her own guest rooms the following notice is posted:

> It has been arranged with the maids of the household that instead of receiving tips from our visitors a sum equivalent to the usual tip be put aside for every week or part of a week that a guest stays in the house, which fund shall be distributed at Christmas. Our guests are therefore particularly requested not to put the maids to the pain of refusing a gratuity, as the arrangement has been made so that those who are not well off may enjoy the hospitality of the house without expense.

If an American host, however, really wishes his guests to contribute toward the expenses of his household, would it not be well for him to post in each bedchamber a list of the lowest fees that will be accepted for a week-end visit, a

visit of a week or ... the list should be tabulated and the amount plainly printed against butler, valet, chambermaid, parlormaid, chauffeur, and so on down to Boots. To save trouble, the lump amount might be handed to the host.

July 20-1913

M. Maurice Dreyfous in two volumes of reminiscences, entitled respectively "Ce que je tiens a dire" and "Ce qu'il me resta a dire," has a great deal to say about Theophile Gautier, Flaubert, Dumas the younger, Regnault the painter, Zola, Daudet and others with whom he was associated from 1862 to 1900. There are many pages about life in Paris during the siege and in the time of the Commune. M. Dreyfous is garrulous, and, as a rule, amiable, although his sneers at Villiers de l'Isle Adam are unworthy of him and show him as one wholly unable to appreciate the genius of that strange night-wanderer. Nor does M. Dreyfous hesitate to expose the weak sides of Hugo and Daudet.

But in these volumes, published by Paul Ollendorff, Paris, there are a few pages concerning dramatists, composers, men and women of the stage, that may be pertinently discussed here today.

A Celebrated Family

When he was a youngster, M. Dreyfous became acquainted with Eugenie Garcia, the wife of the famous singing teacher who died in London, very old, a half dozen years ago. Manuel, it will be remembered, was the brother of the Malibran and Pauline Viardot. For some years he lived in London and his wife, Eugenie, in France. Two sons were at home with the father, and two daughters lived with the mother. The elder daughter was named Maria, after her famous aunt, and her voice, too, was one of rare beauty. Like her aunt, she died before she was 30, and from a severe cold, as did her aunt. The girl, unlike Malibran, would not sing in public.

At Eugenie's home in Paris, the youth saw many celebrated men and women, and there was sometimes an old woman with gray hair, the face of a Spanish matron, and a hard, disquieting smile. Her voice was masculine and she had little to say. This woman was the mother of Malibran, the widow of the old Garcia who sang at the first performance of Rossini's "Barber" and brought Italian opera to New York in the twenties of the last century. She lived modestly in the Montmartre district, was not interested in things that were about her, and had affectionate words only for her grandchild Maria.

M. Dreyfous repeats the old story of Garcia's harshness in the training of the Malibran and Mme. Viardot; how as Othello he nearly killed the former because at a preceding performance she had not counterfeited fright to suit him. The family assured the youthful Dreyfous that their father's devotion to art was so fanatical that he did not spare his son and daughters as pupils and on the stage, yet M. Arthur Pougin in his life of Malibran, recently published, insists that the stories of Garcia's brutality are legendary and that Malibran denied them.

Nor was the son gentler in teaching. His sarcasm and insults, when he was dissatisfied, drove his pupils to tears. Then he would go out of the room, bring in a wash basin and say: "When this is full we'll proceed with the lesson." Visiting Paris he did this rarely—he happened to go into the Alcazar, where he heard Theresa. He was enthusiastic over her. "I have heard a prodigious singer. She sang foolish, trivial songs, but I wonder where she learned her art, such purity of style, the splendor of method incarnate." Some years afterward M. Dreyfous thought it would please Theresa if she knew what the great singing master had said about her. She listened, "but looking into her great eyes, those of an astonished cow, I saw that she had no idea of what I was saying. The incomparable singer up to that time did not know the name of Manuel Garcia."

A Modest Playwright

Edouard Plouvier, a currier in his youth, wrote songs in which he chanted the pride of labor. The workmen knew and loved them. They were heard in the workshop and at the cabaret and some were published. Plouvier had one ambition, and that was to write for the theatre, and so at night he completed a sort of fairy piece in poetic prose. The only theatre this modest man dared to consider for a production was a little one, now the Bouffes. In those days one Comte was the manager, and pieces for children were played by children. Comte could see nothing in the fairy piece and Plouvier sat down on a bench in the garden of the Palais Royal and wept. At last he grew bold, left the manuscript with the concierge of the Comedie Francaise, and worked daily at his trade. One morning he received a letter saying that the Committee of the Comedie Francaise had unanimously accepted a piece in three acts, "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Hiver," by Edouard Plouvier, and the author was invited to meet the manager with regard to rehearsals. Before entering the theatre he again sat down ... the ... of the

His ... workman became the friend of celebrated men and women. The maternal kindness of George Sand was one of the most precious memories of his life. For 20 years afterwards Plouvier wrote melodramas that made the naive laugh and cry, and he wept and laughed while he wrote, as the elder Dumas cried when he told his son that he had killed Porthos. "You do not know how I loved that animal."

At the home of Nina Gaillard, whose salon is here compared to that of Mme. Geoffrin, the young man met poets and musicians. Was Miss Nina as noteworthy a pianist as M. Dreyfous thought? He says that she was applauded in the finest concerts, but he also speaks of Charles de Sivry, the brother-in-law of Verlaine, as an exquisite, original, profound, sublunary musician. The Cros brothers were there, Antoine, Henri and Charles. The last named was forever reciting his poem, "L'Archet," to which Mr. Loeffler of Medfield has set beautiful music. Charles had the face of a Hindu; his gestures were singular; he was learned in the sciences. His friends claimed for him the invention of the telephone and of colored photography. (M. Dreyfous explains at malicious length how Cros did not invent them.) Charles disappointed expectation. He fell into misery and became celebrated by reciting his monologue, "L'Hareng Saur."

"To gain bread for himself and his family, for he had a wife, he would go from cabaret to cabaret on Montmartre, reciting alternately 'L'Archet,' that pure jewel, which one heard with scant attention, and 'L'Hareng Saur,' which was constantly redemanded." His face was more Hindu than ever; his hair was white; he titubated—a word dear to DeQuincey, which, once used by Gov. Greenhalge, was the subject of discussion.

M. Dreyfous speaks of "L'Hareng Saur" as a song in which imbeciles delighted; he remembers with pleasure a ditty, "Le rhinoceros en mal d'enfant," by Verlaine and Lepelletier. No one knew the composer of the music. Was it De Sivry? Was it Nina? Did any one write it? M. Dreyfous says it was brutal and diabolical. Three lines will give an idea of its character:

Et quand le rhinoceros
Qu' avait avale un os
Mourait du tetanos.

Some Pen Sketches

When the daughters of Gautier and M. Dreyfous used to attend the concerts given by Pasdeloup and it was the fashion to hiss the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" or "Tannhaeuser," they saw every Sunday a tall young girl with thick blond hair the color of ripe wheat, marvellously beautiful, and of a majestic bearing never to be forgotten. She clapped her hands and shouted bravo while her father, a handsome man with a long gray bread, applauded as fervently. This girl was Augusta Holmes; but only when Regnault, competing for the Prix de Rome, painted Minerva bringing his arms to Achilles, and gave to Minerva the features of Augusta Holmes, did Dreyfous and his friends learn something about her personality and life. She was then about 20 years of age. The picture is in the hall of the Prix de Rome at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Gautier himself did not frequent the Pasdeloup concerts, not because of the legendary saying attributed to him: "Music is the most expensive and the most boresome of all noises," but it was his habit on Sunday to write his feuilleton of the next morning. Did he say this about music? He was fond of violent assertions in conversation and of paradoxical statements; but there is shrewd criticism of operas in the collection of his writings about the theatre. Operatic managers had engaged composers like Adam, Burgmuller, Benoist, to set music to his ballets and that vexed him; but when Reyer came to him, Reyer, who broke away from the prettinesses and flon-flons of opera-comique as it was then understood, Gautier gladly wrote the scenario for "Sacountala." Before that he had learned to admire Reyer when they worked together on "Selam" and the poet shaped his rhythms to suit the scheme of the musician. One day Gautier made him stay to luncheon. In the afternoon Reyer showed him some of his compositions. Dinner was announced. Reyer was begged to stay. In the evening there was more music and there was sparkling talk. It grew so late that there was no omnibus from Neuilly to Paris. Gautier prevailed on Reyer to spend the night. He kept him for several days and only with difficulty did Reyer make his escape. Gautier did not pardon him for many years. "He had everything to work with here. It was not necessary for him to give lessons. He was thoroughly at home and everybody was nice to him. I do not even now know how the idea got into his head that he could not stay here, and why he went away to follow a trade that prevented him from pursuing his work!"

These concerts, by the way, brought about the betrothal of Judith Gautier to Catulle Mendes. The marriage, to which her father was strongly opposed, took place in 1866. He foresaw that the marriage would be unhappy, and, as Judith was his natural daughter, he did not think that Mendes was the man designed by fate to re-establish purity of morals in the family.

There is a story that shows the integrity of Gautier as a dramatic critic. When "Hernani" was revived, the pub-... of ... that Gautier's praise of Hugo would be offensive to Napoleon III. They read the proofs and decided not to let the article appear until they conferred with the ministry. Gautier, not seeing his article in print, went to the office and demanded an explanation. Learning their position, he took his proofs, wrote a letter, and remarked: "I'll call on the minister myself." And to the high official he said: "Read these proofs, but note well that I have not put one word there which should not have been put. I am ready to listen to your remarks, but I have made up my mind that the article will appear without the change of a comma or it will not appear at all." Then, taking a letter from his pocket, he added: "Here is my article. There is my resignation. Take your choice." The order was given to publish the article immediately and without any change. When Gautier offered his resignation he did not ask himself how he should gain his living if the resignaton were accepted.

The mutual admiration of Dumas the elder and Dumas the younger was touching and without parallel. It was a joy to see the father at the first performance of a play by his son. When the "Idees de Madame Aubray" was produced, the elder Dumas was in the central balcony box at the Gymnase. He sported the regulation coat, an admirable white waistcoat, on which his huge hands seemed all the larger. On the red velvet of the rail he placed an enormous bouquet. Throughout the play he applauded, laughed, made exclamations, called for the actors, and with such honesty that he might have been taken for a young fellow listening to his father's first play. And when the name of the author was announced, Papa Dumas took the bouquet in his hand, rose and bowed in all directions to the audience, throwing kisses to the ladies. "'And I have not found that very ridiculous,' as the good Coppee has said," adds Dreyfous; "for the giant had the appearance of proclaiming: 'You know it's my boy that has made this piece. It's excellent, you know. Now say so!'"

And at that time the father was a source of grief to his son. "He was smitten with an American named Isaacs Addah Menken." The inaccuracy of this statement should please even a hardened biographer.

It appears that Dumas the Elder had an unbounded admiration for Victor Hugo. Speaking about his own plays to M. Dreyfous, he exclaimed: "Ah, if I had only known how to write verses like Hugo's, what a man I should have been!" And at that moment he had the air of a man who did not remember that he was the author read the world over, who for years to come would be the admiration of the race. "One had said that he was only an entertainer and he had ended in believing this."

Carlotta, the Dancer

M. Dreyfous knew Carlotta Grisi, for whom Gautier had a sentimental regard, say rather a deep affection, until he died. (Her sister, Ernesta, was the mother of Gautier's two daughters, Judith and Estelle, while his son Theophile was by another woman. One day Gautier showed Dreyfous a ridiculous plaster statuette under glass, as bridal wreaths are preserved by concierges, which was supposed to represent Carlotta as a dancer. Gautier said with emotion: "See how charming she was!" When M. Dreyfous knew her she was very old, rather white-haired, but exquisite. Her eyes were still like violets; her figure was fine and graceful, and her smile did not recall the professional smirk of the ballet girl or the grin of the prize-fighter; it was the smile of a woman tender and at peace with the world, a woman who had known how to grow old. If she made any pretence at all, it was that she might be taken for a bourgeoise; she was a bit prudish. Her pride was in her daughter, not in her triumphant past. Yet her walk, extraordinarily light and of a peculiar elegance, reminded the spectator of her fame—M. Dreyfous once saw her waltz with her daughter, in an ordinary house dress and with a long skirt. Then he was convinced that he had seen only once in his life a woman waltz, and he wondered what she could have been when young, she danced in the ballet of "Gisella" or "La Peri."

Carlotta was the only person with whom Gautier had corresponded regularly and with pleasure. Fond of his parents, he seldom wrote to them, and when his father complained, Theophile answered: "I write only to Girardin, the editor. Pay me the same price and I'll write to you as to him, and even better." When his friends saw Gautier in his last days trying to write a letter to Carlotta, in Geneva, and unable to put down his thoughts, they knew that the end was near.

It was toward the end that Eugene Manuel, knowing that Gautier was in need of money, conceived the idea of commissioning him to write the scenario of a ballet, and the fee would be paid out of the budget of the Opera. A substantial sum, as a retainer, was given to Gautier, and to the amazement of Manuel and Jules Simon, who was then minister of public instruction, Gautier fulfilled the engagement. Unable to use his hands, he dictated a scenario based on the legend of the Rat Catcher of Hamelin. Emile Bergerat, a son-in-law of Gautier, gives the impression in one of his books that Massenet was the composer who should have set music to this story. Dreyfous says that Massenet never thought of writing music for this ballet.

A Panama Hero

We are also informed that Henri Bionne, general secretary of the Panama Company, had a son who married, to the grief of his mother, Hortense Schneider, illustrious in opera-bouffe, and facetiously known at one time as the "Passage des Princes." This is interesting, for biographical sketches of Mme. Schneider, who is now living in the country and devoted to charitable work, say nothing about a marriage. The elder Bionne went to Panama with full authority from De Lesseps. The workmen there were demoralized by sickness, and proposed a general strike. Bionne for three weeks endeavored to reassure them and to better conditions. He, too, fell sick as he was about to set sail. He called the Bishop of Colon to him and said: "I know just where I am, and I ask you the favor of coming here tomorrow when the steamer will leave. I'll lean on your arm, for I cannot walk, but when I'm with you no one will know my state. If I should die on shore, everything I have done by way of reassurance would be in vain. This must not be." And as long as anyone could see him, Bionne stood on the ship's bridge waving farewell. When the vessel was out at sea, he crawled to his cabin. The doctor found him in his death agony. Bionne was buried in the ocean. "When there is talk of the Panama canal, my poor friend Bionne, who died a hero's death and left no money to his mother dependent on his work, can be opposed to persons who made their fortunes there, and more or less dishonestly."

In Bohemian Days

M. Dreyfous assures us that he knew the original of Colline in Murger's "Vie de Boheme" and Puccini's opera. This original, he says, was Jean Walon. (Others have named more celebrated men as the original). This Walon was a walking encyclopaedia, a haunter of second-hand book shops, an insatiable reader, and a staunch and devout Catholic, although he disliked the Jesuits. This dislike was shown in singular ways. Thus he would rap vigorously on a table; asked why he did this he would reply: "I wish to know if there is one of them underneath it." He knew nothing of what was going on in the world. One night he heard some students behind him in the street singing the song of Musette. Thrilled by this romance which reminded him of his youth he asked the singers where they had learned the song and then he knew for the first time that a play had been made out of Murger's romance. Even in his old age when he breathed like a blacksmith's bellows, and his philosophy had proved to him, as he jestingly said, the immortality of asthma, he remembered affectionately his famous overcoat. It was of fine cloth and of a chestnut color. "And the pockets! the pockets! They would hold anything and not make a face about it." How long it lasted, no one knew. "He pretended to have given it finally to the moths, but I would not dare to say that he had not hidden it somewhere, in some secret place, so that he could take it out at night to look at it and caress it, sick as it was."

Some Personal Notes

Lili Boulanger, who won with Claude Delincourt, the grand prix de Rome this month, was born in 1893. She is described as pretty, rather tall and slender, with large, expressive eyes. Her father was a composer, and won the prix de Rome before her. Her sister, Nadia, gave her her first lessons. Paul Vidal was her master. She told a reporter that the competition was severe, for she was tired and nervous. "I almost fainted. I finished my cantata in bed." She received 31 votes out of 36. Delincourt, a pupil of Widor, obtained 29 votes. Miss Boulanger is the first female composer to receive this distinction. Miss Heuvelmans won the chief prize for sculpture, the first woman to obtain the honor since it was open to her sex.

Saint-Saens and Paderewski playing together at Vevey at the festival in honor of the former aroused enthusiasm. Messrs. Ganz and Schelling turned the pages when the two first named played the Polonaise op. 77. Paderewski was enthusiastically applauded for his performance of Saint-Saens's Concerto in C minor.

Daniel de Lange, who has been director of the Amsterdam Conservatory since 1884, will go to California. He is an ardent theosophist, and will settle at Point Loma.

Sir Edward Elgar has completed a symphonic poem, "Falstaff," for the Leeds Festival in October.

Luigi Gazotti, a pupil of Luigi Borchi of Bologna, has written a cantata, "Orpheus," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, which was highly praised at Bologna.

A famous pianist, Mme. Montigny-Remaury de Serres, who had played in England and Germany as well as France, died the last week in June at Paris. She was 70 years old. A pupil of Le Couppey and Mme. Dufresna, she took first prizes at the Paris Conservatory.

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Ingeborg von Bronsart, another famous pianist, and also a composer of serious operas, a piano concerto and other works, died at Munich on June 17. Born at St. Petersburg of Swedish parents in 1840, she appeared as a pianist in public at the age of 13. Liszt and Hesselt gave her further instruction. For many years she lived at Weimar. She was in Paris in 1861 and played to Rossini a set of variations with a fugue on two themes of Bach. Rossini smiled and said in a friendly manner: "I advise you to write melodies."

Every foolish and unsuccessful play produced at a West End theatre not only damages the manager and house particularly concerned, but inflicts a blow on the interests of the theatre at large, by helping to convert playgoers into music hall-goers. A man who has paid half a crown for an uncomfortable seat to watch the two hours traffic of a silly play may well be excused for deciding that henceforward he will spend his half-crowns on a comfortable stall in a music hall where, at the worst, the program will not be entirely stupid.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A memorial stone has been erected at Bandon Hill cemetery, near Croydon, over the grave of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the Anglo-African composer and conductor. At the head is the draped figure of an angel with outspread wings, beneath a spray of laurels, carved in Carrara marble. The inscription begins thus: "In memory of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, who died on Sept. 1, 1912, at the age of 37, bequeathing to the world a heritage of undying beauty." Then follow some lines by Alfred Noyes. There are four bars of "Hiawatha" music, accompanied by the words: "This departed Hiawatha, Hiawatha the beloved." And finally the words: "Erected by his wife and other lovers of the man and his music."

Camussi's opera, "La Du Barry," produced at Covent Garden July 3, was a disappointment. The composer was born at Florence, Italy, in 1833, and studied at Rome, where he made his debut as a composer at the age of 15. The score of "La Du Barry" was submitted to Massenet and Boito, who were impressed by it, and introduced the composer to the publisher, Sonzogno, who accepted the opera. It was produced in Milan last autumn with great success. Mr. Camussi has now a new opera in hand, "Fuochi di San Giovanni," based on Sudermann's work.

The Musical Times vouches for the following story. An organist had drawn up the order of a Sunday service, and it was in type ready for printing when the death of an important personage made a change necessary. The organist telephoned to the printer and instructed him to change the postlude to "Funeral March by Chopin." This is what he found at the end of the list when he arrived at the church: "A few remarks by Chopin."

The Tango is as variable as Bay Rhum. We have all—at least every man who has to go much to the barber's, has—known how variable is the nature of the spirit which is sprayed over his face. At one place it will have the genuine flavor of Bay Rhum, at another it will carry with it an aroma of pineapple, elsewhere an aroma of yellow soap, at a fourth place a perfume as of the berry of the goose. But it is always called Bay Rhum. So at one music hall the other night I saw a man and woman dancing slowly about, their hands clasped behind, their noses almost touching, and their eyes staring intently into each other's. I was told the dance was a Tango. At another I saw a couple waltz over a sofa and across three chairs—again the Tango. Elsewhere I saw a woman clasping a man's neck and being swung violently round till her out-stretched body was at right angles with his own. "What on earth do you call that?" I asked of a person who looked like one in authority. "That's the new dance," he rejoined, a little superciliously. "It's called the Tango." And I hear that a combination of all these is danced at Tango teas. So the question remains, What is a Tango? —Pall Mall Gazette.

Chaliapine's career in the musical world, by the way, has not been without adventures. When little more than a youth, he has been telling an interviewer, he joined a "sort of" opera troupe, which got on the rocks, as the saying is, at Tiflis, and left the singers stranded. Finding himself penniless, the then unknown basso had to bestir himself to do something. By luck he managed to get employment as a railway clerk, and for a year earned a livelihood by reckoning up accounts. But during that period he also contrived to have singing lessons. It is 19 years since Chaliapine became a member of the Russian Imperial Opera. He is now trying to see as much of London as possible. So far, his most thrilling experience here occurred in a restaurant. He was having supper, when "a giant of a man—quite a head taller than himself"—came in and shouted, "Time, gentlemen, please!" "And I had to go." One should not be surprised if Mr. Chaliapine considers our customs less civilized than those of mediaeval Russia.—Daily Telegraph.

The death of Maj. Arthur Hill recalls the fact that his mother was the author of the ever popular "In the Gloaming," which in one year alone is said to have brought her no less than a thousand pounds in royalties. She has written many other songs [illegible] but none to rival that which made her name famous the world over. One of her political songs, "For Union and the Queen," was sung in the Albert Hall at the time of the second home rule bill, when 10,000 delegates came to this country to enter their protest.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Plays in London

"The Yellow Jacket" reached its 100th performance in London on June 21.

Bernstein's play "Le Secret" was performed in London on June 23. The Pall Mall Gazette said the play is unquestionably poor, "quite bad, loud, verbose, over-long." "It blinks the facts of life and is founded on nothing more substantial than those 'stairs of sand' which, in default of reality, the 'dramaturge' is, as here, forced to construct for the purposes of progress." The Times, on the other hand, thinks "Le Secret" puts Bernstein higher than ever before. It finds new delicacy and the old fire. There is highly wrought, hot-pulsing dramatic life and there is also a minutely analytical study of character. All the critics praised the acting. Bernstein was helped by this, especially by the "febrile and feline" talent of Mme. Simone. "The audience," says the Times, "was almost painfully excited, and must have felt that for one evening at any rate in their lives they had really lived. That is the little miracle that the theatre will just once in a way, with luck, work for us. And the luck, this time, is called 'Le Secret'."

"Milestones" reached its 550th performance in London on July 1. "Interlopers" by H. M. Harwood will succeed it at the Royalty Theatre Sept. 15 and Kipling's one-act play "The Harbor Watch" will be on the bill.

Mme. Lydia Yavorska has taken the Ambassadors Theatre for the forthcoming fall and winter, and will open her season in September. Her primary intention is to produce plays that have already made a mark on the continent or new plays by well known continental authors of different nationalities. This will not, however, preclude her from producing English works. Among the plays she has secured are Roberto Bracco's comedy, "The End of Love," and "Anna Karenina," dramatized by Mr. John Pollock from Tolstoy's novel.

Parker's "Joseph and His Brethren" will open Sir Herbert Tree's season at His Majesty's Theatre, Sept. 2.

A dramatization of the Isopel Berners episode in "Lavengro" was produced at the Little Theatre, July 1. Halcott Glover made the dramatization and brought in Isopel, the Flaming tinman, fighting with Borrow, and also introduced the Postilion. And he devised this ending: Isopel creeps away from Borrow, who is sitting asleep over his fire, as the curtain falls. "The acting scarcely rose to the occasion." Miss Winifrede Borrow, whose great-grandfather was the brother of Borrow's father, took the part of Isopel, and was earnest, "but could scarcely be said to realize the character in all aspects—as, indeed, what actress could?" Dowson's "Pierrot of a minute," "which is probably more attractive in a book than on the stage," was also given.

The Irish Players produced some dramas new to London. On June 30 "The Gombeen Man," a tragedy by R. J. Ray. Stephen Kixiry is the "gombeen man"; that is a small money lender in the Irish country. He has been married twice. His son by his first wife is a drunken good-for-nothing. His second wife has had no child, and possibly for this reason he seeks to murder her by the suggestion that the river which drowned her first husband is waiting for her. The neighbors and his son threaten him with murder if her body will be found in the river. He will have his child, but it will be an idiot because the mother's reason has given way. The Times says the play is strange and striking, lifted out of sordidness and brutality, "partly by the fancifulness—the poetry as it is sometimes called—which seems almost inevitable in the modern Irish drama, but chiefly by the imaginative intensity and the feeling for significance with which the author has composed his play." On the other hand, the Pall Mall Gazette regretted that there were three acts instead of one; it complained of reiteration, and declared that the play was one of "unrelieved gloom, leavened neither by poetry nor wit, and had it not been for the excellence of the acting we should have been in the blackest depression." Mr. Sinclair took the part of the money lender and he and Miss Allgood and Messrs. O'Donovan, Morgan and Kerrigan were highly praised. "The Country Dressmaker," a comedy in three acts by George Fitzmaurice, was acted by the second company of the Abbey Theatre June 28. Julia Shea, fed on cheap novels, has imagined for 10 years that she is in love with Pats O'Connor. He went to America. Returning a well-to-do Yank, she finds him changed, and turns toward an amiable idiot, Normyle. But the change was not in Pats, who had meanwhile married and lost a German woman; the cause of Julia's disappointment was the difference between her dream and the reality. "The note of the play is a pitiful and tender dreaminess," although there is the vulgar Clohesy family, and there is Luke Quilter, a fluent "mountainy-man" who understands women, and especially this "refined and well-learned dressmaker."

"Elizabeth Cooper," a comedy in three acts by George Moore, was produced by the Stage Society June 23. A distinguished and middle-aged novelist, Lewis Davenant, has "worshipped" [illegible] friends whom he has never met. Among them a young countess of Vienna, with whom his secretary, Dayne, has fallen in love. Seeing her miniature, the young man is in a blaze. One of Davenant's plays is to be produced in Vienna, and he sends Dayne thither with permission for him to call on her under the name of Davenant. Dayne calls and the countess falls in love with him and weds him. They come to England, and when the countess meets the real Davenant she takes a fancy to him. It turns out that she had known from the beginning that Dayne was only masquerading, and it is he only whom she loves. We could not discover, however, how the countess' marriage with one man under another's name had been regularized. Perhaps as the ceremony took place in rather a casual fashion in a wayside Austrian church the countess had given the priest the correct name, and the bridegroom, good, easy man, had not noticed the fact. It is an amusing story, but its real charm lies in the polish of its dialogue. Davenant's correspondence with the countess had arisen in connection with his novel, "Elizabeth Cooper." Hence the title of the comedy.

Place for the Young

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, writing from Paris, complains of present theatrical conditions and demands room for the young.

"The theatrical director does not complain of the cool weather unless his troupe is engaged at the seaside or the spas. It is the ill wind that blows the drama a little good—if the misfortune of all the world ever really benefits a section of it. However, these summer shows are quite interesting, if only as a revelation of talent. Alas! how formidable is the supply of those who have enough, at least, of the sacred fire to get it over the footlights in appreciable quantities.

"This is the moment for examination at the Conservatoire of music and declamation. The illustrated press, and particularly the theatrical press, devotes much space to the portraits of aspirants, and to a criticism of their qualities. One wonders what percentage of these interesting young people ever succeed in the greater world of the theatre. What failures and disappointments belong to the progress towards the 'stars.' But happily (or unhappily) both candidates and their mammas, perspiring in the hall below, see the future in roseate hues. Sweet illusion!

"Examine the plays of the year. What do we find? Do we need a stirring of dry leaves or more incense to the gods? It is easy to see that the day is to criticism, and not to flattery. Criticism also has become as airless as the plays. For instance, the inartistic appeals to patriotism (and what patriotism!) that we saw this winter in 'Servir' and 'Alsace' did not receive the condemnation they deserved. Indeed, they were analyzed and discussed and patted on the back as if they were masterpieces.

"Then there was 'Les Flambeaux,' which bore the honored name of Henry Bataille. Scarcely anyone dared to tell him that, notwithstanding the splendor of the dialogue, the savant, with his 'morals of the masters' (as Nietzsche expresses it), was uninteresting and even a bore. Not only did he take an unconscionable time in dying, but his final effort to unite his mistress to his collaborator showed that the flame of the flambeau had burned exceeding low. 'Passons.'

"'Le Secret' and its special defects have been dealt with already. 'La Prise de Berg op Zoom' triumphed in spite of defects. But it had youth behind it, and whimsical charm and inconsequential genius. Brieux's 'La Femme Seule' was doubtless a realistic picture of a woman struggling to be free, but the preacher insists too much. We turn with relief to Donnay, who, in 'Les Eclaireuses,' gives us the same conflict under a new phase. 'Rights' on the stage are never thrilling, but feminity may be. Donnay introduces sentiment.

"The personality of the actress has much to do with it. Donnay's leading lady was Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat Brieux's Mlle. Jeanne Provost. Though both are fine artists, the former has a rich experience which the latter lacks, attractive though she be. Precisely what leading authors owe to their interpreters will never be known. The problem defies statisticians. But if we write it down 40 per cent. we shall, perhaps, be below the mark.

"The Bernstein repertory, in second rate hands, becomes very like melodrama in spite of its power and persuasion. The dress does not make the monk, but if the latter is in flannels he loses his pious prestige.

"The moral of the season seems to be: 'Place aux Jeunes.' In no other literary field does a man write himself out so soon. A dramatist's 'life' is rarely a decade—often much less. French producers, then, should imitate the Americans and discount the evil day, when the great name no longer draws, by encouraging the newcomer. But that demands courage and discernment, which many managers do not possess."

Craze for Melodrama

Mr. St. John G. Ervine has written an interesting article, inquiring whether the present craze for melodrama is a reaction from the problem play. It appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette of July 5.

"It is natural that the popularity of a [illegible] with music hall audiences should [illegible] able with the popularity of melodrama with playgoers. The present theatrical season has been one of the most disastrous financially in the history of the English stage. It is impossible to estimate the amount of money that has been lost by managers because of the difference in casting and producing between one play and another; but some indication of the sum will be given when it is stated that an actor-manager lost £5000 on one play which ran about three weeks, and probably dropped money on its successor, which ran for a longer period. In the first 10 weeks of this year 21 new plays were produced at West End theatres. At the end of the 10 weeks nine of them had already been withdrawn! One of the failures, as has been stated, was a piece on which £5000 was lost, and at least that sum must have been lost on another. If we reckon that £2000 was lost on each of the remaining seven, we get a possible loss in 10 weeks of £24,000, which sum does not include the loss on plays which were withdrawn from the stage soon after the end of the 10 weeks. On the entire season, beginning in September of last year and ending in June of this year, it is likely that the sum of £100,000 was lost, without any hope of the owners of it ever retrieving it, for none of the plays is likely to be produced in the provinces or America.

"Public taste was so capricious that managers were at their wit's end to know what to offer playgoers. Pieces like 'The Pretenders' and 'Strife' were treated as cavalierly as farces like 'The Happy Island' and 'Brother Alfred,' and sentimental comedies, such as 'Tantrums' and 'Her Side of the House' failed as completely as richly decorated fantasies like 'Turandot.' The public would not laugh at farce, nor be moved by tragedy, nor be humored by comedy, and it very nearly allowed the delicately beautiful 'Yellow Jacket' to die for lack of support. A manager, who thinks of the public as if it were a unit, produced three different kinds of plays, all of which were failures. At the end of the third play's run he was considering what next to produce, and after jigging his brains for a long time he exclaimed, in despair, 'I don't know what the beast wants!' That phrase exactly describes the state of mind of the bulk of theatre managers during the first three months of the year. What did the beast want?

"And then some one thought of melodrama! Mr. Gerald Du Maurier had just revived Sardou's remarkable piece of mechanics, 'Diplomacy,' and made a great success with it, despite the prophecies of the pessimistic, and instantly managers began to ransack their cupboards for old MSS. The terrific reception of 'Within the Law' in the home of high comedy, the Haymarket, made it plain that melodrama was in the air; but it had to be the cruder kind of melodrama, or playgoers would have none of it. Two very fine pieces of melodrama, 'Bought and Paid For' and 'Typhoon,' brilliantly acted, hardly caught the popular fancy, and had it not been for the efforts of the newspapers in its behalf 'Typhoon' might have disappeared altogether in a few weeks from the date of its first performance. Both these plays, although melodrama, made an effort to deal with life in terms of life, and not in terms of the theatre; but the public apparently did not wish to see life portrayed in terms of reality; and so 'Bought and Paid For,' which Mr. Arnold Bennett in 'Those United States' described as 'one of the best popular commercial Anglo-Saxon plays I have ever seen anywhere,' disappeared after a moderate run. It may be that the play failed to attract as well as it deserved to do because it was something of a problem play; its strongest scene, for example, resembled the scene at the end of the second act of the revised version of Brieux's 'Maternite,' and the public clearly did not desire to have its intellect stirred.

"What the public wanted was excitement, a kind of jumpy thrill, not the spectacular thrill of a Drury Lane melodrama in which a real motor car falls down a precipice, or a very nearly real ship gets wrecked in a sea composed, not of canvas waves, but of real London water; and this kind of a thrill it got, and is getting, in 'Diplomacy' and 'Within the Law' and 'Jim the Penman.' The strange thing is that no one has thought of reviving a very admirable melodrama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, 'The Silver King,' or that peripatetic profit-maker, 'East Lynne,' or any of Mr. George R. Sims's excellent pieces, 'The Lights of London' or 'The Haror Lights.' There is surely as much money and more interest in these pieces than in some of the melodramas that have lately been dug out of the dust-heap.

"It is said by some critics that the present craze for melodrama of the cruder sort is due to a reaction from the stiff problem play, but it is difficult to accept this explanation for two reasons: First, the people who flock to 'Within the Law' and 'Jim the Penman' never went to see the stiff problem play; and second, one of the stiff problem plays, 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' has been revised and is a great success! The explanation must be sought elsewhere than here, and the probability is that it will be found in the statement that the bulk of the people thoroughly enjoy a play which is exciting and has no resemblance whatever to real persons or real things. The taste for melodrama is general and permanent. The provincial manager knows that when all else fails 'East Lynne' will fill the theatre

mo s is [illegible] London. What is int[illegible] late on what kind o[illegible] will like next season [illegible] urst of romantic dr[illegible] after that an outbu[illegible] of gray [illegible] with real things and real [illegible] but always near at hand a [illegible] rousing, hopeless theatrical melodrama."

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Soon after the close of the opera season it was announced that Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Baklanoff would retrun to Boston next winter. The announcement was by some regarded as official, but as yet it has not been confirmed. The return of the two Russians would be welcomed by many. They would gladly see Mme. Lipkowska again as Lakme, Rosina, Gilda and other heroines, joyful or distressed. Last month she sang at the Paris Opera House in "Rigoletto" and "Hamlet" and was warmly praised for her voice, art and grace, and as Ophelia, they said, she displayed "sed ctive dramatic intelligence." Mr. Baklanoff, a member of the Imperial Opera House Company of Vienna, has sung in many cities as a guest since he was heard here and is ranked as a baritone of the first class. Last month as Hamlet he sang in Paris for the first time in French, and the critics remarked that he was thus handicapped, but they described him nevertheless as a singer with a generous, flexible voice of admirable quality and a most sincere and interesting actor, "too fine perhaps for as large a room as that of the Opera." The favorite adjective of the Parisian critics in characterization of Mme. Lipkowska was "exquisite."

The Press Agent's Spectre.

Some may remember that when "Panurge" was in rehearsal at the Gaite-Lyrique, the news was cabled that Mr. Marcoux, who took the part of the amusing rascal, saw on the stage the ghost of Massenet, the composer, gesturing and thus conveying his wishes and intentions to singers and conductor. The story was told at length and with impressive detail. It has made its way back to Paris, and is not there regarded as a joke or a pardonable invention of a press agent. The Menestrel of June 20 said "This is, indeed, the first time that we have heard anything of this extraordinary apparition, and yet we were constantly at the rehearsals. If this transatlantic canard were in less mournful[illegible] taste, there would be nothing to do except to laugh; but truly one cannot this time refrain from protesting and saying that this is going too far in the madness for sensational information."

Female Smokers.

We are told by daring reporters who are at home in palace and cabin, on an ice floe or in the dank jungle, that society women of London now smoke strong black cigars, and the most fashionable of these women are seen with long pipes in their mouths as they drive insolently in the West End. No wellbred person will show any sign of disbelief when reading this statement. Women have smoked cigars in times past, also pipes, though the habit is not a pretty one. George Sand in her less conventional days liked cigars strong and black, as did Liszt's friend, the rigidly pious Countess von Sayne-Wittgenstein. Henri Marechal, the French composer, met the latter in Rome and tells amusing stories about her and her tobacco in his memoirs. Nadine Helbig, who was born the Princess Schahawskoi, also saw her at Rome and was not favorably impressed. "She [illegible] at me, embraced me, thrust a thick Havana cigar into my mouth and devoured me with her exaggerated [illegible]. I hoped I should displease her, since I couldn't smoke her cigars, did not respond to her embrace, and did not dress in the colors of the rainbow, as she did." Mme. Helbig pitied Liszt, thinking what a time he must have with this "virago." But Mme. Helbig was then a young woman, impressionable and perhaps she was jealous of the countess; she did not mind Liszt's cigars, although they were of the "horrible, strong Tuscan brand"—so that the old saying might be parodied: a Tuscan cigar in a Roman mouth.

Beatty-Kingston in Spain complained that the women of all classes reeked with garlic, that they transpired it; but he declared that he seldom saw a Spanish woman smoking, and when she did, she held a cigarette. On the other hand, George Augustus Sala, visiting Cuba, was fascinated by the sight of a pretty and aristocratic woman smoking a fat cigar. All of which is submitted respectfully to Dr. Pease and his disciples.

A Tenor's Romance.

Mr. Karl Burrian, the tenor, who has just been sentenced to imprisonment for one month, because he ran away with the wife of a Dresden chemist, is well-known in Boston. The story is a romantic and a sad one. It also disproves Mr. Arbuckle's remark in the melodrama. "Nobody loves a fat man." We are not told whether the chemist was a real chemist, a man that made [illegible] experiments with explosions and disagreeable smells in the house, or a chemist in the English meaning of the word, an apothecary with or without a soda-fountain. The woman was young and devoted to Mr. Burrian, in spite of his figure, and when she died in New [illegible] of [illegible] poisoning, he nearly [illegible] a sense of duty to art, he sang the music of Tristan in the Boston Opera House while his wife was dying. He did not finish his engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, but left suddenly and took with him the body of his wife. When he arrived in Germany the chemist entered his complaint, preferring a suit in court to a duel, or the substitution of poison for a beneficent prescription.

A Polyglot Solution.

There is a servant problem in every country where there are servants, but the Daily Mail thinks it has solved it in England by suggesting a polyglot servants' hall. A mistress said to a reporter of the Daily Mail: "I have an Englishman for butler, a French woman for maid, a Swiss for footman, a Dane as parlor maid, and a German for cook, and as they cannot converse freely with one another, they do their work to save themselves from boredom." But it is not every household that has five servants. It is true that Mrs. Augustus Golightly, whose excellent grandmother did her own work without suspicion of thus degrading herself, has seven or eight, and she is always talking about her "second inside man," but there are thousands of housewives and tens of thousands, who have only a maid of all work and have trouble enough with her when she is not competent.

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I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly pleasure appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen. O, man! place not thy confidence in this present world!

Wretched Mornings.

The prevailing systems of education are imperfect, superficial. Is there any school, public or private, in which a youth is taught the art of keeping a razor in condition? Do fathers instruct their sons in the use of the hone and the strop? Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, a most benevolent gentleman, who endeavored to establish nightingales in Scotland, approved the remark of a friend who said that in training a youth the utmost pains should be taken in teaching him to shave with cold water, and without the use of a glass. Truly, this is more to be desired than fine linen or rubies or a knowledge of the binomial theorem. A dull razor blunts zest for work or enjoyment for the day, and though you have a razor for each day in the week, yes month, how quickly they lose their edge and there is no choice between the razor of Monday, the 7th, or that of Friday, the 25th. Some are content to hack away and face the world with bleeding cheek and chin. Such a man was Lord Macaulay, who is said to have had dozens of razors, all dull. Others in despair let whiskers grow, though wan, and a beard shoot like straggling grasses in a sandy soil.

Facial Variety.

Of course there are fashions in whiskers, and there are uneasy mortals who change the face at least once a month. The youngest member of a London club had lunched there with a mustache, navy-cut beard, imperial, and other forms of facial decoration. At last he appeared clean-shaven. Taxed with fickleness and suspected of vanity, he made this confession: "I don't mind shaving and I don't mind having my hair cut now and then. But what I really object to is having to get up every morning and to look at this same silly face in the glass. I'm going to alter it now and then." Perhaps the butler in the story would not have left the family after faithful service for 30 years if the master had occasionally changed his face. No wonder the butler was sick of seeing it.

Dull Work.

Who has not envied Queequeg, the friend of Herman Melville, who shaved himself at the Spouter Inn in New Bedford with the head of his harpoon after he had whetted it on his boot? For the head of the harpoon was made of the finest steel, and, as a harpooner, Queequeg knew how to keep the long straight edges exceedingly sharp. The wretch with the dull razor made in Germany—he does not use a safety razor from fear of cutting himself—scrapes up and down and sideways, yet there is stubble on the chin and a defiant patch of herbage near an ear. He has read the announcement of a leading London West End hairdresser beginning: "The modern metropolitan bred man has developed too much refinement and common sense to encourage any fad that would make him look conspicuous or ridiculous." He learns that whiskers "have gone out," and the Van Dyke beard is no longer in fashion. "The short, moderate mustache will probably always remain with us, though [illegible] gressive military style is no longer 'tolerated by men who lay the least claim to breeding and gentility.'" And so he hacks away, and wishes that he had learned lessons of practical, abiding value in his youth.

Random Notes.

As the World Wags:

In the interest of truthful history, I venture to state that the Colonne de Juillet (spelled with a "G" in The Herald of today) was erected to commemorate, not the fall of the Bastille, July 14, 1789, but the glorious 27th, 28th and 29th days of July, 1830, when Charles X was driven from the throne.

I was interested to note that Creme de Bouzy could be had at the United States Hotel in Saratoga in 1862. It was the only champagne I had in my cellar, and on my table in Paris from 1865 to 1873. I wish I had some now, and the same friends to drink it with me.

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Boston, July 16.

Anecdote for the Day.

A mouse having strayed into a wine cellar, fell into a little puddle of whiskey. Then, having licked himself dry—he went to the staircase, and, leaping up two steps at a time, yelled out: "Where is that coward, of a cat that chased me yesterday?"

In Vitriol.

As the World Wags:

In George Augustus Sala's "London Notes" I find these references to Thomas Carlyle's wonderful descriptive powers.

Boston, July 17. D. W. H.

"Doctor T. is announced: A sniffling, babbling, baddish fellow, whom I had not wished at all specially to see. A peculiar smile, too, dwelt on the face of poor snuffy T. I pitied but could not love him, with his lazy, gurgling, semimasticated, semi-deceitful (an self-deceiving) speech, thought and action." Sala then comments: "A wonderful seer this who could tell a man's thoughts the first time he ever saw him. The late Mr. J. B. (M. P.) also takes an involuntary sitting from the terrible miniature-painter of Chelsea":

"Counsellor B. brought up to me by Dubby ——, a terrible black, burly son of earth. Talent visible in him, but still more animalism; big bison head, black, not quite unbrutal. Glad when he went off to the Galway Circuit, or whithersoever."

"Elsewhere Mr. Carlyle speaks of meeting 'an elderly Prince of Grab Something. A very unbeautiful o'd bellied looking (Swede, I think), married to somebody's sister.'"

The Wrong Color.

Yes, Thomas Carlyle was an accomplished blackguard in speech; witness his outrageous sketch of Charles Lamb. His descriptions are picturesque, and when they are most picturesque they are often false. Through the "French Revolution" Robespierre is described as the incorruptible with the sea-green eyes. As a matter of fact—and Mr. Hilaire Belloc M. P., took pleasure in pointing it out—Robespierre's eyes were neither sea-green nor bottle green; not even Paris green; they were not green at all.

Our own Benjamin Franklin had a pretty knack of characterization, forcible but not extravagant. Here is his portrait of Keimer, the printer: "In truth, he was an odd fish; ignorant of common life, fond of rudely opposing received opinions, slovenly to extreme dirtiness, enthusiastic in some points of religion, and a little knavish withal."

"THE TRUTH" AT PLYMOUTH

July 22 1913

Fitch Comedy Played Here for First Time—Miss Gordon in Chief Part.

WELL CONSTRUCTED WORK

Full of Interest—Good Character Study—Well Acted by the Company.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Truth," a comedy by Clyde Fitch, in four acts. The cast: *Post. No. 906*

Tom Warder	Douglas J. Wood
Roland	Wright Kramer
Fred Lindon	Edward Sangford
Servant	William Lorenz
Eve Lindon	Gladys Wilson
Laura Fraser	Francesca Rotoli
Mrs. Genevieve Crespigny	Mrs. George Hibbard
Becky Warder	Eleanor Gordon

Although the play is several years old, this was its first presentation in Boston. It is strange that it should not have been given here before, for it is extremely well constructed, full of interest and clever character study. The story centres about Becky Warder, a young married woman who plays the role of intercessor between the Lindons in their domestic troubles and separation. Becky is a born intriguer. She deceives for the sake of deceiving, led afield by her keen sense of the dramatic or the picturesque. With no reason to deceive her husband, whom she adores and to whom she is true, yet she lies to him concerning her meetings with Lindon, as she lies to every one else, until she is exposed, and the whole structure of her lies and petty intrigue comes crashing down on her head.

The intensity of the situation is relieved by the characters of Becky's father and his landlady, admirably played by Mr. Kramer and Mrs. Hibbard. The performance went smoothly after the first act, in which much of the dialogue was rambling and redundant because the players did not know their lines. The climaxes were well sustained and the company as a whole caught the true comedy spirit of the play, and showed by their impersonations that each situation was the logical outcome of the contact between the characters and temperaments involved.

Miss Gordon made an attractive Becky, and although in her early scene with Lindon she showed rather more laxity than is quite consistent with Becky's indignation when accused of faithlessness, she atoned in the later scenes by the sincerity of her impersonation.

Miss Wilson, as the jealous wife, made a good impression, and all the actors were recalled with enthusiasm.

ALL NEW ACTS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Enjoyable Program Headed by Le Ballet Classique and Mlle. Marini.

The "first time here" appellation holds good with each and every act upon this week's bill at B. F. Keith's from Mang and Snyder, the muscular marvels who open the show to the head-line act "Le Ballet Classique," a very elaborate terpsichorean spectacle in which is introduced Mlle. Domina Marini, assisted by Marcel Bronski, late of the New York Metropolitan Opera House. There are 10 in the company.

Another of the big hits upon this week's program is Violinsky. Exactly why this Italian wizard of the bow should have been handicapped by being thus named is not explained upon the program. Surely it is not his real name, but rather it gives an impression that some burlesque is to follow. Instead, Violinsky's work is serious and excellent. His violin selections are well chosen and he supplements them by some novel imitations upon the piano.

The Willis Twins—they were twins in fact as well as in name—presented some of the popular songs of the day, others of their own creation, and altogether have an extremely good sketch. Lillian Webb and her pickaninnies, particularly the pickaninnies, were enthusiastically applauded for their dancing, and Al Canfield and Herbert Ashley in a novel specialty were well received.

The rest of this week's program is made up of the Three Hedders, sensational equilibrists; Billy Arlington and company in "The Unexpected," and George P. Moore and Florence Elliott in "A Baby Grand."

July 23, 1913

Sauntering the pavement thus, or crossing the ceaseless ferry, faces and faces and faces,
I see them and complain not, and am content with all.

Facial Expression.

Some one described the Londoner's facial expression as permanently worried and joyless, and this led Mr. Filson Young to study faces in the streets of London. He came to the conclusion that the clothes worn at the time and the state of the weather affect facial expression, which also varies according to the locality a man or woman is in. "The expression of face worn in the Strand is almost ludicrously different from that of Pall Mall." The same person has a different expression on Ludgate Hill from that which he wears in Dover street. "Some streets are obviously more becoming than others, and it is clearly for the individual to discover his own idiosyncrasy, and haunt the environment in which his countenance wears its most pleasing aspect."

Seen in Boston.

The proposition that clothes and weather affect the face may be generally accepted. Fashion supports women who obeying her decrees would otherwise be ill-at-ease when walking in transparent skirt, or with dress slit after the manner of Clairette's rival in "La Fille de Madame Angot." Mr. Golightly, shambling along in an old overcoat, in a new and irreproachable suit walks in Commonwealth avenue as a returning conqueror. And streets themselves may affect the face. If you meet Wiggleston of Marlborough street in some unsuspected quarter where you know he has no acquaintances, he has an anxious, furtive look, and he hastens to say: "I am looking after my father-in-law's property. These tenants are always wanting repairs." A man of the suburbs walks shyly in Beacon street down the hill toward Charles. He shows at once that this is not his daily homeward path, and is uncomfortable when a friend meeting him, says: "Hallo! What are you doing here?"

A Case of Conscience?

It has been said—it is often said by New Yorkers—that the faces of [illegible]

... are ... were, as though there was no happiness in their .... This statement seems true if you observe the shopping district, but many of those observed do not dwell in the city. They are shoppers for the day, and they have the shopping face which becomes maniacal near the bargain counter. These suburbanites are not only thinking of bargains, they are mindful of railway trains and trolley cars. Was it Dr Holmes who said that the voices of New Englanders along the coast were affected by codfish and the east wind? It is not fanciful to think that the climate has roughened, or at least sobered, the faces seen in our streets. How seldom do happy, careless, serene faces cheer you in a street car! It is otherwise in New York. The poorest have outwardly some joy in living. Is it the New England conscience that ravages the human face in Boston? It is true that life is not all beer and skittles, but is it not better to look as though it were?

John Smith, Esq.

There are men who are hurt if they are not addressed in correspondence as "Esq." They do not like to be "Mistered." In the code of snobs it is written "Esq." in addressing a gentleman; "Mr." in addressing a tradesman. Unfortunately for the distinction, there are many tradesmen that are gentlemen, and few gentlemen have a right to be "Esquired." "Esq." in these days has little significance. We do not purpose to go into the origin of the term. A dictionary informs us that "Esquire" has several meanings, among them: "A gentleman who acts as the escort of a lady in public." This takes us back to the hotel registers in which we see an honest, but affectedly genteel husband, accompanied by his equally honest and respectable wife, entered as "G. Adolphus Smyth and Lady." Now Mrs. Alice Perrin once remarked: "The one person one must always be careful to describe as a lady is the female who is most unlikely to be one." Yet we find a writer in the carefully edited Pall Mall Gazette saying: "The German lady who gave birth to seven children in 14 months cannot approach the record of a former Lady Scarsdale. It is stated on her tomb in Kedleston church that she was delivered of seven children at once!"

Our friend Ferguson may be a Misogynist, he is not a landed proprietor, a squire in the English sense of the word; he is not a knight's attendant or an armor bearer; but he would claim the "Esq." as "a title of dignity, office or courtesy."

Properly Addressed.

"Lady" and "gentleman" are not easily defined. We know them when we meet them, no matter what they wear, no matter where they live, no matter what their occupation may be. "Gentlewoman" is often defined "a lady." Yet there was a distinction between the terms in the 17th century, as maybe seen from "Rules of Civility." "In visiting a lady it is not enough to salute her, but her gentlewoman also, if she be then present," and an advertisement in the London Times early in the last century read: "When a lady requires an interview, a gentlewoman will give her the meeting."

In England today if Jones hold a railway second-class season ticket, any letter from the company comes to him addressed to Mr. Ponsonby Jones; if the ticket is first-class, the letter is addressed to Ponsonby Jones, Esq. If the said Jones holds a life insurance policy of £5? or upwards, he is an "Esq."; under that amount he is only "Mr." The Daily Chronicle tells a story of a man calling at the office of an insurance company to pay premiums, one on a £200 policy on his own life; one on a £5 policy on the life of another. He thus addressed the clerk: "Your people are very quaint. I'm a barrister, and you invariably address me as mister; this £500 policy is on the life of my valet, for whom I pay the premiums. He is always addressed as esquire." The story is to the point, although this use of "quaint" is not to be commended. The best story about the use of the word "lady" is the one told by Sir G. W. E. Russell. It is probably familiar to some. A house surgeon was attending to the injuries of a woman who had been severely bitten in the arm. He said to her: "I cannot make out what sort of animal bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir," replied the patient, "it wasn't an animal, it was another lydy."

A MUNICIPAL PUNCH.

Boston is to have at last a theatrical entertainment provided for and maintained by the city. This entertainment is one of the oldest and the most universal. Mr. Punch has for years amused orientals and occidentals, young and old children in many lands. He may be known by an alias; his mischievousness may be varied; the persons he meets, outwits and abuses may be of a particular country; but the essential character of Mr. Punch is the same.

His appearance here under municipal auspices is welcome. Not only youngsters but men and women may find amusement and profit in witnessing the conduct of his life. The "high brow" should not despise this puppet show; on the contrary he may find food for research and meditation. He can investigate the origin of the entertainment. Why should Mr. Punch always have a hump, the characteristic nose, the squeaky voice? Did he buy his doublet in the France of Henry III. and his ruff in Elizabethan England? Does his name came from the Italian pulchino, "a young chicken," through "Punchinello"? And Judy—did she take her name from Judas Iscariot? And if so, why? Her mob cap is early Georgian. Then there's Toby, whose name, according to Mr. Mark Webb, is derived from the Book of Tobit.

Nor should the performance of these puppets be thought crude, inartistic. M. Anatole France, a lover of puppet shows, as were Thackeray and Leech and the bitter Jerrold, seriously argued that the marionettes in Paris had more intelligence and were closer to nature than the applauded members of the Comedie Francaise; that they had greater mobility in facial expression. The acting is certainly direct and honest; the appeal is irresistible; and there is the necessary illusion.

There is one disturbing thought. Mayors in this city have at times in their solicitude for the moral welfare of the community looked narrowly at the theatre. Boston is one of the few great cities of the civilized world that have not yet seen the "Salome" of Richard Strauss. Mr. Walter's "Easiest Way" was judged unworthy. Has Mayor Fitzgerald considered the fact that Mr. Punch is a strikingly unmoral character? In Turkey under another name he is unspeakably vile, and in English-speaking countries he commits crimes without possible excuse or consequent remorse. But perhaps he is to go his reckless way to the end on playgrounds of Boston as a shocking example.

July 2d, 1913

Men persuade themselves that as heretofore they have had a higher stature, so their lives were longer; but they are deceived: for, Solon, of those ancient times, though he were of an exceeding high stature, his life continued but 70 yeeres.

Tall and Short.

Some western professor—the west is bursting with professors—argued recently that inasmuch as tall men were selected for war, the race grew shorter and therefore war should not be encouraged. A professor and also a stern logician! It is true that a bellicose Frederick liked tall soldiers, and that the Swiss guards of the Pope are tall, whether they revolt or are content. The Empress Catherine of Russia favored men of commanding stature, but is it not true that soldiers of medium height, or even the undersized, pony men, are the more agile and enduring?

Mr. J. M. Bullock, in his book about the famous Gordon Highlanders, states that the height of the first of them, drawn from the healthiest people of Scotland, was less than that of the average soldier today; for the average height of the Gordon recruits was 5 feet 3⅔ inches, while in 1911 the average height of the recruits in the British army, excluding those under 18 years of age, was 5 feet 6.2 inches. Only five men in the whole list of the original Gordon Highlanders exceeded 6 feet in height. This should please Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the grandson of the poet, for in his "Portentous History," he sings the praise of the short-legged, short-reached, short-tempered man. "The world likes those huge, fair men with slow pulses and sleepy movements. They're no good. Their hearts can't keep it up—after 40, anyway. The blood cell goes to feeding the remote extremities of the body. It hardly reaches their brain. Give me the swift, mad tumult of the short man's circulation and the big stomach, set well in between the thighs, which shows a good digestion and a capacity for always attaining nourishment. That keeps the nerves sound, and the brain clear, gives the Napoleonic brain-in-compartments organization."

Human Shacks.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your remarks about the word "shack." Freight train brakemen are "shacks," probably because it is a part of their work to unload shipments from cars in their train, and to put the freight into the station freight sheds at places too small to require a car for the business. A freight shed is a "shack," hence "shacking freight," which term also applies to the labor of carrying the shipments done usually on the men's shoulders.

Can you tell us how railroad engineers came to be called "Eagle Eyes" and sometimes "Hogs"?

Provincetown. RAILROADER.

Overworked Words.

As the World Wags:

Please accept thanks for your remarks concerning "irritating words." Those mentioned are in greater part as vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes.

Is it to be understood that the London journalist's objection to the word "transpire" is only to its common use in place of the phrase "to happen," or "to occur"? If so, he must have sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. The word cannot be "repulsive" as used by Herrick:

This, that and ev'ry thicket doth transpire,
More sweet than storax from the sacred fire.

Neither can the word be generally considered as "repulsive" if used to indicate the coming into public knowledge of a fact hitherto unknown. The Century Dictionary quotes Dr. Johnson as damning this usage with faint praise as "lately innovated from France without necessity;" but the doctor also opposed the substitution of "civilization" for "civility."

Has there not been of late some easing of the strain upon that poor little word "sane"? It was for several years, with no consideration for its size, compelled to toil in the mill of the Philistines. The reviewers used it to describe every book that was void of ideas, and editorial writers sought to compel it to justify the latest exhibition of political stupidity. Its four letters stood for the horse-dealer's guarantee of a balky animal: "sound, gentle and kind; warranted to stand in any spot or place."

"Thanking in advance" is a usage like "pants," condemned by the late Oliver Wendell Holmes as "not used by gentlemen," but by "gents." There is an easy and sure defence. One can look at the closing paragraph of the letter, and if the insulting phrase is there, can file the missive unread in the waste basket. There need be no fear that a postage stamp may be lost in so doing, the thanker "in advance" never encloses one.

There is the poor word "certainly" in "it certainly is," "it certainly did," "we certainly do," etc. There are the "tots" and the "jackies." It would be a relief to readers of newspapers if now and then a child or a sailor could appear in print, except under the disguise of those arbitrary signs.

JOHN ELLIOT BOWMAN.

North Hyde Park, Vt.

Worn Formulas.

Firemen are still in certain newspapers "gallant fire laddies," and they and others at a ball still dance to the "wee sma' hours." "Dull, sickening thud" is now seldom seen, though it may be heard, but "willing hands" pull a man out of a well or from under a trolley car. Thieves are still caught "redhanded," though they may be stealing flour or lilies of the valley. In Boston when a young woman's engagement is announced, she invariably belongs to "the exclusive Vincent Club," and any man who goes wrong in a country town is a "prominent citizen." "Suggestive" is used by some as synonymous with "licentious" or "indecent." When a mealy-mouth prig tells you that a picture or a play is "suggestive," look at him sternly and ask: "Suggestive of what?" Then see how he squirms. He at last finds refuge in the empty phrase: "Why, you know what I mean." And there are those who are tired of the wheeze: "There are boys and—boys." A year ago Mr. Charles Whibley was disturbed by "materialise," the favorite word of the hour. "It possesses all the virtues. It contains five syllables and means nothing." Mr. Whibley acknowledged that it was then impossible to discuss a man of letters without "a tender reference to his 'output.'" We do not applaud when a daring young amateur jockey "negotiates" a hurdle.

COLLEGE AND STAGE.

A young man who was graduated from Harvard three years ago and then entered the law school has made up his mind to go on the stage, and as though he were a "young society woman" who "moves in the most exclusive circles" and announces her ambition to play Juliet, Nora or Mrs. "Tank," the reporter has claimed him as his own. The young man is reported as saying: "There is no reason why a college man should not regard the stage as a career. In London there are hundreds of men from Oxford and Cambridge playing important parts." "Hundreds" is an exaggeration, but it is true that many actors in England have attended the best schools and some of them have been at a university.

It is also true that it is better to be a well-graced actor than a third-rate lawyer or an inefficient man of business. It is better for the man himself and for the public. In one of Mr. Leonard Merrick's novels of theatrical life—"The Position of Peggy Harper"—a beginner asked an old and seasoned actor whether he had any gift for the stage. The answer was: "Almost anybody can learn to act fairly well in time." He added that the greatest gifts for the stage are money and luck, and was unconscious of an epigram. A young man just out of college may never thrill an audience; he may never impress spectators by his personal force or charm them by romantic fervor; yet he may play acceptably in the comedies that are now in fashion. If he is required to take the part of a gentleman, he may at least look the part and wear his clothes without undue thought, without inward uneasiness. He may even create an illusion in musical comedy, as an athletic hero, as an aristocrat, the Duke of Benzonia or the Crown Prince of Spoofland. When an English company visits this country, the younger members have an air that is not found in native companies even of the best.

Whether a university should have a school for actors is, indeed, a subject for academic discussion. The best school is that of experience in a stock company, but the old-fashioned stock company with a large repertory is not easily found. At Harvard there is instruction in the art of writing plays, and pupils of this department have won success and commanded the respect of naturally sceptical managers; yet these young playwrights have learned as much, if not more, by actual contact with actors, stage managers and audiences. If students should learn in a class at college ease in walking and standing, the importance of facial mobility, the significance of gesture, the value of repose, distinctness and proper emphasis in speech, they would surely be better prepared for stage life. The born actor would learn reserve, and with practical experience he could shake off all that was academic, unnecessary, embarrassing.

July 25 - 1913

People began to look at us half in a kindly, half-contemptuous way, as people look in general upon those who fail, especially when they themselves have never tried to do anything at all but live, and having done it with considerable success, look upon failure as a sort of minor crime, to be atoned for by humility.

Village Features.

Towns have their publicly tragic figures and the mad lady of the village is pointed out to strangers along with the lot on the hill where the body of a suicide was found. The newspapers not long ago reported the death of the old woman in Berlin who went daily to the famous Thor to welcome her soldier boy who should have returned with the Old Emperor's victorious troops from Paris. Some years ago an aged woman met every northward-bound train at Chester station, England, looked into the faces of the arriving passengers, and then walked away. Her husband had been killed in a railway accident, but she did not believe the story. She knew that some day he would step from the compartment to the platform.

"Great Expectations," in spite of its foolish ending forced upon the author by the publisher, who knew his public, is one of Dickens's best books; yet some who are ready to decry him as only a caricaturist, point sneeringly at Miss Havisham. In Cheltenham, Eng., a town that has boasted of a mysterious man, there was a still more mysterious woman, who always wore in public "the faded semblance of wedding finery." The reason for this was forgotten except by her. There was a story about her lover dying at the time appointed for the wedding. Only last May Miss Clementine Lerat, 62 years old, was turned out of her flat at Versailles. She had lived there seven years in the dark. Her sister and she were well-to-do. The sister died seven years ago, and Miss Lerat then drew down the Venetian blinds and emptied her lamps of oil. The postman rapped in vain. Only one person was allowed to enter the flat, a woman who twice a month put food through a hole. This woman once in three months received through the hole a check to pay the quarterly bills. When the owner, wishing to make repairs, broke into the apartment, the woman was in such a condition that she had to be borne to a hospital.

"A Little Queer."

In the last century there were books large and small containing the lives of extraordinary persons, hermits, misers, Gargantuan eaters, doers of incredible feats, dwarfs and giants, murderers conspicuous for atrocity. Thus we learn that Mr. Christopher Pivett, an excellent carver and gilder in York, who fought under the Earl of Stair and under the Duke of Cumberland, after his house was burned took the singular resolution of not lying in a bed and kept this resolution for the last 38 years of his life. He would sleep on the floor, "or upon a chair or chairs."

He [illegible] and conceal[illegible] and the names of his re[illegible] he was an ingenious art[illegible] an honest man. And yet in this [illegible] "Eccentric Biography," we find the names of Hobbes, Hogarth, Goldsmith, Demosthenes, Bacon and many others honored by the world but considered eccentric by the compiler and by the publishers.

In our little village—alas, how far we are from it! and the village of our boyhood is now a city with a mayor and a college for young women and trolley cars—there were several persons looked upon and set apart as queer. There was a vegetarian whose daughters were uncommonly beautiful, and the villagers whispered that the girls "must eat meat on the sly." There was a livery stable keeper whose religion was expressed in "The Universal Prayer" by Alexander Pope. He was called an infidel and it was said that he had read the works of Thomas Paine. We boys wondered, whenever a thunderstorm came on, why the lightning did not strike him, for the books in the Sunday School library related such instances of divine retribution. A man on the hill was considered queer because he dined at 6:30 P. M. and not at noon or 1 o'clock. There was also a mad lady, harmless, silly, a pathetic figure. She was not chained in the kitchen, or in the garret, and was thus more fortunate than some on farms near by whose families were too proud to commit the afflicted to an asylum.

A Missing Catalogue.

As the World Wage:

You have spoken of the destruction of books by the executioner, of burnings in public squares, and of authors literally eating their own words. After Paul had preached for a time in Ephesus we read that Jews and Greeks in that city confessed and shewed their deeds. "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men, and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver" (Acts, XIX. 19). The sum would now be equal to about $90,000. What would we not give for a catalogue of that library? Were the books treatises on white and black magic? Did any of them relate to the worship of the great goddess Diana of that city?

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Stoughton.

Father Calmet informs us that "Ephesia grammata" was a proverbial expression for magic characters. The Ephesians were addicted to magic, sorcery, and judicial astrology.—[Ed.

On His Travels.

As the World Wags:

There is a legend on the room doors of the hotel where I stopped in this city, and it runs as follows.

LOOK!

Have You Left Anything?

After paying my bill I changed this legend to

LOOK!

Have You Anything Left?

Erie, Pa. F. E. C.

July 26 1913

The polite letter writer has almost disappeared with the successive discouragement of the penny post, the halfpenny postcard, the telegraph and the telephone. Personally, I have abolished all the elaborate mazes to my signature, the complimentary foolery of faithfulness, or obedience, or affection or truth. My own approach to a signature is just "Yours" on a postcard. And that is the usual lie. I'm not yours at all. I'm mine.

Formal Endings.

In the old days of letter writing the formal ending was often as elaborate as those recommended in French guides to polite correspondence. Perhaps James Howell never sent away the greater number of his letters known as "Familiar"; perhaps he wrote them and kept them and rewrote them for posterity. Whether he wished to delight and inform his friends, or to impress generations after him—and there is no more delightful reading than the volume of his letters—this is true. He subscribed himself in about 10 different ways, including, "your entire friend," "yours in no vulgar way of friendship," "yours to dispose of." We remember a sumptuous edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War." The two volumes were illustrated with "steel plate engravings." The portrait of Bunyan with the fac-simile of his autograph bore this ending: "Yours in the bowels of Christ."

This reminds us of the proposal in England to modernize the Prayer Book, a suggestion due to the Bishop and Dean of Ely and countenanced by the upper house of Convocation at Canterbury. "A heart of compassion" is to be substituted for "bowels of mercy." No wonder that Mr. Filson Young asks if the substitution comes from a desire for scientific accuracy, and then says: "The heart is no more the seat of compassion than are the bowels the avenue of mercy. Or is it a mere young ladyish desire that the scroll of our public devotions should contain no expression which a timid spinster would not use in the course of an afternoon call?" Or why should "in my Father's house" take the place of "about my Father's business"?

Some Intensives.

"Yours truly" was the favorite ending for Abraham Lincoln, but it now appears that even Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address is sadly in need of correction, and in future only the revised edition should be spoken by schoolboys. The sensitive revisors, by the way, insist that this address was written hurriedly, jotted down with a pencil on the way to the battlefield, although there are authoritative statements to the contrary. The legend will probably survive, though it is to be classed with the story that Mr. Lincoln, arriving in Washington as President-elect and disguised in a Scotch cap and a long cloak, had eaten nothing on the journey except gingerbread, which with statesmanlike precaution he had put in his hat on leaving home and before he donned his disguise.

But some not content with "yours truly" write "yours very truly," as there are others who thus intensify "yours sincerely." Horace Walpole used to end letters with "yours very much," and Artemus Ward sometimes ended his letters "yours muchly," but, writing to Punch, he preferred "very respectfully yours." "Very" is crudly overworked in speech and writing. A professional humorist has as a trade mark "Merrily Yours." "Yours cordially" angers some recipients, especially when they are asked to put themselves to trouble and the askers of the favor presume on slight acquaintanceship. "I have the honor, sir, to be your most obedient servant" was expected in the days when a son addressed his father as "Respected Sir." One of the most delightful letters is the Babu example quoted by Mr. E. V. Lucas:

"Honorable Sir: Kindly excuse this poor thy servant from attending on your Honor's office this day, as I am suffering from the well-known disease commonly called ache of the interior economy, and I shall ever pray. Yours ever painful, Ram Chunder. P. S. Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

European News.

After the death of Henri Rochefort, his cat Kroumir, who had been the journalist's companion for many years, grew morose and refused to take food. It was found dead in the death chamber of its master, and a veterinary surgeon says that Kroumir died of a broken heart.

Not long ago cravats bearing a representation of the "title-role" in "Princess Caprice" astonished London. Now cravats have appeared with a reproduction of Miss Ethel Levey in "Hullo, Ragtime." The Pall Mall Gazette is thereby moved to cry aloud: "Who can the people be, one wonders, who have the moral courage to buy and wear these things?"

The Count de Kergolay bought a closed motor car for his wife. The roof did not clear the long upright plumes in her hat. The count therefore brought an action to obtain a cancellation of the sale, or an order for the manufacturer to supply a new body. The French court ruled that a builder should take into account the fact that long plumes are now worn and it granted the count a rebate of $200 on the price of the car.

A dining club, "the B. B.'s," meeting once a month in London, has adopted the following sensible rules: "No president of a dinner shall attempt to give a better dinner than any of his predecessors to the intent that any spirit of vulgar self-aggrandisement or ostentatious display of wealth may studiously be avoided amongst the members." The second rule: "Police court fines in respect of the morning after the night before shall not in any circumstances be deemed to be any part of the cost of a dinner."

The invitations issued for the Fourteenth of July review showed French officials their relative importance. A minister received 100 cards. His under secretary only 64; from which the Cri de Paris argued that an under secretary of state is equal to 64-100ths of his official chief. And who has the higher social position in Paris, a milliner or a dressmaker? The milliner to the minister of war received 12 cards; the dressmaker 36.

It is said that the King of Sweden is the only monarch ever known to wear eyeglasses on state occasions. There was a time when Queen Victoria would not allow any spectacled person to appear before her at court.

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CHAMBER music: A Treatise for Students," by Thomas F. Dunhill, is published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London and New York, and Messrs. Stainer & Bell, Ltd., London. It is a handsome volume in the series entitled "The Musician's Library."

The author, best known in England as a composer by his chamber music, in an introductory chapter, speaks of a volume called "The Story of Chamber Music," by Nicholas Kilburn (1904), and a little book, "The Development of Chamber Music," by Richard H. Walthew. He also mentions a chapter on this subject in Prout's "Orchestra." The information in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is rightly passed by as "brief and inexhaustive." Mr Dunhill ends his preface by saying: "It is for all serious defections in pursuit of this almost unattainable achievement that he craves the indulgence of [illegible] sideration the first published treatise on the art and practice of chamber music."

Mr. Dunhill is evidently unacquainted with "Gli Strumenti ad Areo e la Musica da Camera," by F. Di Caffarelli, published at Milan in 1894, in which there is much that is valuable historically, in practical advice, and in criticism. There is even a note about the chamber music of Brahms.

The chapters of Mr. Dunhill's book treat of music for piano, stringed and wind instruments used variously in combination, and deal especially with the methods of writing employed in works cast in sonata form. The author's chief aim is to provide for the student that wishes to compose chamber music, "a handbook which may be useful in the same way that a primer or treatise on instrumentation may be helpful to a beginner desiring to compose orchestral music. He admits at once that it is impossible to teach this art from a book, but a student can in this way learn from the examples given what should be avoided; he can see how famous composers erred in the distribution of their musical thoughts among the voices; he will know why this page is extravagant, why that one is thin and empty. From the many examples given in notation, helpful generalizations may be drawn.

Musical Cold Veal. The late Edward MacDowell once spoke to me about his indifference towards chamber music, which he likened to cold veal. A quartet or trio or quintet was to him without color and flavor. The music should have been written for orchestra or not at all. It is my impression that MacDowell was not familiar then with the chamber music of Cesar Franck; and the chamber music of the later French school was, of course, unknown to him.

There are many who sympathize with the opinion of MacDowell, although they may not always be bold enough to express it. Mr. Dunhill states at the end of his treatise that "chamber music offers a wide field for the idealist, and for the composer whose emotions are controlled by intellect, but a far narrower one for the worshippers of merely sensuous beauty, and for the writer whose passionate nature cannot easily be curbed or restrained." The peculiar intimacy and the magnetic influence of "fine music written for only a few picked performers" demand a picked audience. Mr Dunhill further says: "Chamber music gives greater intellectual pleasure to executants than any other kind. We write it as much for the player's enjoyment as for the satisfaction of the listeners. * * * Performers are generally the best judges of music and the most reliable critics. If a work has merit they will almost invariably be the first to recognize it."

This last statement may be disputed. The performer of one nationality or school is slow to recognize the value of a work written in a manner and with a spirit that are inherently alien to him. Here is a case in point. When Mr. Ysaye and his colleagues played in Boston for the first time chamber music by Cesar Franck and other French composers, the members of the Kneisel quartet confessed frankly that with the best intention they could not enjoy it, and that pages were unintelligible. The years went by. The Kneisels studied this music and at last they became the supreme interpreters in this country of Franck's quartet, and, with Mr. Harold Bauer, of the piano quintet by the same composer. Their programs soon included music by d'Indy, Debussy, Lekeu, Chausson, Ravel. Take any chamber club made up of men who were trained in Germany and Austria, and it will not be easy for them, even though they are not chauvinists, to appreciate the music of French, Belgian, Russian and Italian composers.

First of All, Intellectual. It might be argued also that if chamber music is first of all intellectual rather than emotional, it cannot occupy the highest position; for whether music be by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner or Debussy its chief appeal is emotional. It might also be said that inasmuch as the claims of intellectual superiority is brought forward, "snobisme" leads some hearers to prefer chamber music concerts to orchestral and choral performances. Mr. Dunhill referring to the "palmy days" of chamber music in England has the courage to say: "In many ways the atmosphere of the old 'Pops' with their hero-worshipping crowds of enthusiasts, was a little unreal and exotic, quite apart from the fact that the most slenderly conceived and daintily proportioned works were played upon a platform situated at one extremity of a vast building, sounding, at the other extremity, almost like etherialized gramophone records. Indeed it may be said that the true enjoyment of concerted chamber music cannot be established without, firstly, eliminating the virtuoso element, and, secondly, bringing the players into close enough touch with the audience for the sound of the strings to retain its complete brilliance and resonance, and for the most refined nuances to be clearly audible to all. Chamber music is not for the crowd, and one cannot readily attune oneself to receive it if the crowd is present."

In Boston there is one hall that answers these conditions, and that is Steinert Hall.

Nor can this city complain of not hearing chamber music played by accomplished virtuoso musicians. The concerts of the Flonzaley quartet, the Kneisel quartet, the Longy Club are comparable in perfection of art with those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Earnest and Ardent. In his introductory chapter Mr. Dunhill rejoices in the "imposing array of earnest and ardent young musicians" in England who are devoting a large part of their time to the composition of chamber music. "It is even more gratifying to observe that this music is, as a whole, true to the best traditions of its kind, and while not lacking in the natural impatience of youth, exhibits few leanings toward sensationalism. Indeed, it contrived to keep itself singularly pure and untainted with that turgid pessimism which has rendered unwholesome so much recent orchestral music, both British and foreign."

Later in the book Mr. Dunhill speaks of a viola sonata by York Bowen; a piano quartet by Frank Bridge, "a master of effect," who "loves to juggle with his themes and startle with swift surprises"; a suite, also a phantasy, for viola and piano by Benjamin J. Dale, who has an "extraordinary grasp of harmonic design" and an ability to construct "characteristic themes"; the "finely wrought" piano quintet of James Friskin, which is "not a whit less distinguished than that of Dohany, though no doubt its British origin will, for a time, militate against its universal acceptance"; a "delightful" sonata for bassoon and piano by the late William T. Hurlstone; an "admirable and most spirited" violin sonata by John Ireland; Josef Holbrooke's trio for piano, violin and horn, music of "less serious calibre" than Brahms's horn trio, but with "many points of interest to note"; string quartets by Stanford, and a trio for piano, clarinet and horn by Donald F. Tovey. York Bowen is not wholly unknown in Boston, and Holbrooke and Stanford are by no means unfamiliar names, but the music of the "earnest and ardent" Dale, Friskin, Ireland and Tovey is not heard in our concert halls.

Mr. Dunhill's Quotations. The Herald is not a musical periodical and any minute examination of the technical advice given by Mr. Dunhill would here be out of place. It is sufficient to say that any intelligent student can learn much from the 276 examples in notation taken from the composers named and from Attwood (the Englishman that studied with Mozart), Barthe, Beethoven, Borodin, Brahms, Cherubini, Debussy, Dohnanyi, Dvorak, G. Faure, Fiegler, Franck, Gretchaninoff, Grieg, Haydn, Herzogenberg, Jongen, Kauffmann, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Ravel, Reger, Rubinstein, Saint-Saens, Schubert, Schumann, Smetana, Spohr, R. Strauss, Tschalkowsky and Voldmann. We give the list of composers to show the catholicity of the author's taste. Special attention is shown to the construction of chamber music by Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. Mr. Dunhill does not hesitate to find things to be avoided in some of the classic works, and he is always free-spoken in praise and blame. We wish that he had mentioned the string quartet of Verdi and chamber music by D'Indy. The only mention of the latter's name is with reference to a sextet for trumpet, two flutes and strings. The greater part of Mr. Loeffler's remarkable chamber music has not yet been published, which is to be regretted for many reasons.

By Way of Prelude. Let us see what Mr. Dunhill has to say about some of the composers from whose works he quotes. This will be of more interest to the amateur than an examination of the author's theories concerning the scope of true chamber music, the structure of a quartet, the best use of viola and 'cello, or whether the trumpet is an instrument for music of this order.

As we have said before, the technical part of this book should be read carefully and often by students who, greatly daring, wish to write a spring quartet, forgetting that Saint-Saens did not venture to enter this field till late in life, when his fame was established.

In his preface, Mr. Dunhill says: "In these days when no art and no separate branch of it is safe from the meddlesome interference of ever-ready enthusiasts, whose bookish ambitions must somehow be gratified, it is customary to offer some formal and courteous words of apology or explanation before setting seriously to grapple with the probems to be faced." Mr. Dunhill in turn enters a plea for indulgence. His modesty is commendable; but let us hear his judgments.

Three Great Masters. Mozart. "As in orchestration, so also in chamber music, a student may gather at starting a vaster store of helpful information upon technical points from the perusal of a Mozart score than from any other source. In Mozart's quartets may be seen [illegible] most valuable and effective de[illegible] clearly set forth in a small space.

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little elaboration of detail and no [illegible] complexity to obscure the point." Yet the student is not advised to imitate Mozart's style by constructing square-toed melodic periods, but to observe the fine proportion, the scoring.

Haydn. The quartet in G, op. 54, No. 1, is described as "entirely happy and comfortable."

Beethoven. "With the possible exception of Schubert, no one but Beethoven has so completely extracted the utterance from the four instruments, no one has so cunningly contrived, by the resources of contrast and control over a wide range of emotional expressiveness, to give the impression of titanic strength with such a slight and delicate machinery at his disposal. It is, of course, due to the power of the music more than to any actual technical distribution of parts." The posthumous quartets are a new declaration of faith. "They speak a language hitherto unspoken, and practically never spoken as in since Beethoven's death." The student should in preference study the "Rasoumowsky" quartets, perfect examples, for the posthumous ones "resemble charcoal sketches for paintings too idealistic to be capable of any actual realization."

There are thoughtful remarks concerning resources and effects in the discussion of the string quartet. "The wisdom of Beethoven and Schubert has been in no way so surely proved as in the compositions of their successors in which those limitations have been grievously overstepped." But music reflects the spirit of the life we live and there are other sides to modern development. "The writers of the newer French school, for example, have indulged in subtleties of rhythm which are, from their very delicacy of conception, more suited to such a combination as the string quartet than to a more cumbersome machinery." And here Mr. Dunhill points with pride to a quartet by the Englishman, Ralph Vaughan-Williams, in which the constructive principles of each movement are classic, whilst the ideas and their treatment are charged with modern independence and elusiveness of sentiment.

Praise and Blame. Tschaikowsky shows in his first quartet a masterly command over contrapuntal resources, but his piano trio lacks restraint and continually oversteps the recognized boundaries of chamber music. Tschaikowsky himself feared this.

Brahms shows, and especially in his quartets, "absolute purity of style combined with the most perfect workmanship." He invariably wrote lovingly for the viola and gave it a melodic importance that few composers before him had considered suitable.

The 'cello as a solo instrument too often gives a sentimental complexion to a quartet. "One might almost advise the young composer to attend a recital of 'cello solos in order to hear a surfeit of the kind of thing he most certainly ought not to write in chamber music, for 'cellists, like singers, are so frequently tempted to play what pleases the average public, in the exaggerated style that is called 'expression,' that they are apt to lose all sense of the dignity and nobility of their instrument, and seem to think that unless their part lies almost entirely on the A string they will not be able to exhibit their powers to advantage."

The author evidently admires Dvorak, and calls the quartet in F major, "often described, even on concert programs, as 'The Nigger Quartet'"—never in this country, Mr. Dunhill—"one of the most successful chamber works of modern days." Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben" quartet, with its striking effects, is avowedly an experiment in dramatic program music, and Mr. Dunhill is so kind as to find in it "some refreshing instances of novel invention, the structure being quite legitimate, and the feeling not at all orchestral."

In Borodin's first quartet there are fine examples of "the great sonority and passionate sweep of sound that a fine craftsman can obtain from slender means." Pages in Ravel's quartet have "that precious quality known as 'atmosphere,' though the whole quartet is disfigured, as in so many modern French works, by the irritating mannerism which takes the form of insisting on the repetition of each phrase rather than its continuity. * * * To those who would prefer their music to be a reflection of shadows rather than substance, a pale symbol rather than a bold actuality, the study of this quartet will be most valuable, for it is very beautiful and very finished, and is welded together with a most subtle and delicate touch."

Examples of fine writing from Cesar Franck are given. We learn that his quartet is "almost unknown" in England. Over three pages are given to his violin sonata, and there is this remark: "For good or ill the influence of Cesar Franck has been productive of energetic results, with the consequence that most of the sonatas for piano and violin of the present day are no pale reflections of those of past generations, but works charged with a new kind of sensitiveness and alive with reckless impetuosity." There are examples also from the superb piano quintet, to us one of the great works in music.

What will Mr. Finck say to the strictures on Grieg? "Grieg was a composer of much picturesque and strongly national music. He had a very sure touch, and knew and obtained exactly what he wanted. But in his quartet he, unfortunately, wanted the wrong kind of thing." Grieg is reproached with the atrocious crime of achieving a tour de force by "inartistic and inappropriate" means. The final presto is "very merry and very gay, but it is not chamber music. * * * There is absolutely no excuse for setting forth music to be played by four trained and sensitive musicians which could as well be interpreted by the average fiddlers of a restaurant or a beer-garden. Moreover, this kind of music would be far better appreciated by the audience likely to be present at such places than by the listeners at a chamber concert." A tremolando treatment in Grieg's quartet is strongly condemned. It reminds Mr. Dunhill of the abuse of the vox humana stop by an inartistic organist. Even at the end of the volume Grieg is characterized as almost impotent in chamber music.

Various Remarks. Mendelssohn does not show to advantage in his string quartets, but the "most terrible example of miscalculated chamber music" that Mr. Dunhill has ever encountered is a "sensational and melodramatic" quartet by Gretchaninoff.

It is not surprising, then, to find the author speaking respectfully of the boresome Heinrich von Herzogenberg.

There is mention of a septet for strings alone by H. Molbe, a name unknown to even the majority of musicians.

"Whereas the violin has stayed precisely as it was, the piano has become so powerful an instrument that its use in conjunction with a single string has become a far more difficult matter to cope with than many modern composers, even great masters, have fully realized."

The sonatas of G. Faure, Victor Vreuls, Lekeu and others are not "masterpieces of construction like the works of Beethoven or Brahms, but they show that a certain picturesque rhapsodical freedom, as if both players were sympathetically extemporizing together, is not wholly incompatible with chamber music in sonata form." This dictum is very English.

"The danger is that composers, accustoming themselves to the idea that exceptional instrumentalists are able to play anything that is demanded of them, however unsuitable it may be, may lose sight of the real native characteristics of each instrument and write in a similar style for all."

Wind Ensemble Music. In the chapter concerning wind instruments the author cites modern uses of the flute undreamed of by the ancients. He confesses that he soon grows weary of the reedy oboe tone. Discussing the clarinet, he doubts whether Brahms's sonatas for that instrument and the piano will ever be heard again in their full beauty, because Muehfeld, the clarinetist, is dead. He think Saint-Saens made a mistake in using a trumpet in his sextet, and the music itself is "somewhat blatant." Mozart wrote "incredibly difficult" passages for the horn in a quintet in E flat. True, but he wrote this quintet for an extraordinary horn player.

"It is much to be regretted," says Mr. Dunhill, "that wind ensemble music is out of fashion. If it cannot be denied that a program consisting entirely of wind music engenders a certain feeling of monotony, the unwonted neglect by the givers of chamber concerts of so much that is beautiful is to be deplored. In earlier days things were different, and some of us may recall how, in his quaint chronicles, Samuel Pepys testifies to the delights of the sweet 'wind musick' which he heard at a performance of 'The Virgin Martyr.' 'It ravished me,' he wrote, 'and did wrap up my soul . . . it made me really sick just as I had formerly been when in love with my wife.'"

Future of Chamber Music. In his final chapter Mr. Dunhill concludes that an underlying seriousness of disposition is almost an essential to the composer who would write chamber music. If there is an exhibition of actual levity or frivolity, the listeners who come in the right frame of mind will suffer mentally. Any indulgence in affectation, and any insincerity are at once detected in this music and "instinctively condemned." If a composer of a quartet feels that his four strings cannot give the "same vivid impression of tangible things" that the full orchestra can be made to convey, he should "transfer his energies to a more expansive region." But Mr. Dunhill does not wish to be classed as a reactionary. He admits the impossibility of any composer beginning exactly where the composer before him left off. It is equally impossible to return absolutely to earlier methods. And the serious Mr. Dunhill advises the composer to live in his own age and find for himself the beauty and the worth that survive. "If he is left far behind, or lost in the turmoil that surrounds him, he may yet feel that he has contributed his small quota to the general movement forward, and, still undaunted, include amongst his prayers those fine words of Edmund Gosse:

> May I in patience infinite
> Attend the beauty that must be,
> And, though it slays me, welcome it.

Chiefly Personal. The Herald has already stated that Mr. Raymond Roze's opera, "Joan of Arc," will be performed at Covent Garden next fall. The minister of fine arts in France in agreement with the directors of the Paris Opera has authorized Mr. Roze to produce his opera in Paris next May.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, the pianist, will begin a tour in South America next February. Starting in Central America, he will go down the west coast to Chili, then cross the Andes to Buenos Ayres and end the tour in Brazil by July.

The Australasian tour of Mme. Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Rumford, will last till Dec. 18. It began on May 17, when Melbourne's new concert hall, the Auditorium, which holds 2400 people, was inaugurated.

The Halle Concert Society of Manchester, England, had a deficit of £737 last season. Of this deficit £542 was on account of extra rehearsals.

Mme. Aino Ackte, the Finnish prima donna, who made only a slight impression here when she sang with the Metropolitan Opera Company, has offered a prize in Helsingfors for an opera with a Finnish libretto.

Mme. Suzanne Despres wishes to play Hamlet. She thinks that her predecessors, Mme. Bernhardt and Mme. Adeline Dudley, were too effeminate. She therefore proposes to wear a beard.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn has this to say about M. Georges Feydeau, best known in this country as the author of "La Dame chez Maxim." He has just been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. "This prince of laughter deserves his decoration, if only for having chased away the 'black butterflies' from countless of his countrymen.

"He is certainly the most comic French author since Labiche. He is peculiarly French, and even Gaulois, going back into the roots of native humor, and yet sufficiently universal. Some of his plays are obviously for Latin consumption, but they are never decadent or cynical. They are addressed to the average comprehension and the average taste. Hence their success. Having triumphed in the hardest of all dramatic forms, the vaudeville, M. Feydeau would undoubtedly do well in comedy. Underneath his broad fun and irresistible situations is a thorough understanding of character. Though he exaggerates wilfully, the truth is there, and that gives power and vitality to his amusing creations. They are not mere absurdities schemed out of nothing, but living sketches as seen through the comic lenses of an arch-humorist."

Mr. Dawbarn also speaks of the tragedy and comedy competitions for the Paris Conservatory prizes. "A welcome change has been made this year. The living author has been replaced by the dead master. In consequence, the pupil can no longer subtly flatter the jury by playing their works. O Machiavelic youth! The selections have been taken from Sophocles and Shakespeare, Racine, Corneille and Victor Hugo for the tragedy, and from Moliere, Marciaux, Beaumarchais, Musset, George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Dumas fils, Meilhac and Halevy for the comedy."

Mme. Antoinette Sterling might have sympathized with the little boy in Chicago, who, we learn from a passage in "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," struck Sir Herbert Tree for belonging to the nation guilty of "upsetting the tea." According to the memoir published in the Dictionary of National Biography, the famous singer "in childhood imbibed anti-British prejudices. Her patriotic sympathies were so stirred by the story of the destruction of the tea cargoes in Boston harbor that she resolved never to drink tea, and kept the resolution all her life."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir Herbert Tree's book, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," has just been published by Cassell & Co., London. We shall speak of it next week.

Felix Weingartner and his wife are at their villa at St. Sulpice, Switzerland, where he is completing his opera, "Cain and Abel."

Plays and Players. The performance of "Everyman" as a part of the service at the Ethical Church, Bayswater, on July 6, was probably the first performance of a play in an English church for the last 300 years. The Religious Drama Society, under whose auspices Mr. William Poel produced "Everyman," has for its policy "to renew the union between the drama and religion, for the education of the people, which existed in Greece and in the middle ages."

Strindberg's drama, "Nach Damaskus," will be produced at Berlin early next season, and "Peer Gynt" will be seen there in a cinema theatre.

"Digamma," who visits music halls as a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette, was shocked not long ago. "The militant suffragettes are decidedly off color in the halls just now. At the Tivoli just now Radford and Valentine exhibit nightly, in the course of their entertainment, a monstrous portrait of a female, at the foot of which are the words: 'Mrs. Pankhurst.' It is about as much like Mrs. Pankhurst as an elephant is like a gazelle; yet when I saw it, the audience received it with a peal of laughter. Not a hiss! Not a sound of rebuke for so coarse a pleasantry at the expense of a lady of whom we have lately heard the harrowing news that, in consequence of her refusal to eat food in prison, her hair has turned white in three days. Six months ago I doubt if it would have been possible to [illegible] which things are a parable."

In his revival of "Julius Caesar," Sir Herbert Tree shortened the fifth act into a single scene that played for about five minutes. A few years ago Sir Edward Clarke wrote to the London Times in support of the theory that practically the whole of this act was not written by Shakespeare.

Mr. Walbrook writes in the Pall Mall Gazette: "In connection with the Stage Society's production of Mr. George Moore's new play, 'Elizabeth Cooper,' there was a very interesting interview with the author in the Observer yesterday. One of the things Mr. Moore said was 'The Stage Society has been working now for about 14 years, and without it there would have been no literary plays.' With all grateful and hearty acknowledgment of the work the Stage Society has done, however, one may mention that the most literary play of our time was produced before the Stage Society came into existence—'The Importance of Being Earnest.' Further, could even Mr. Moore deny such pieces as Mr. McEvoy's 'All That Matters,' Mr. Besier's 'Lady Patricia,' Mr. Sutro's 'John Glayde's Honor,' the first three acts of 'The Great Adventure' and Mr. Mansfield's 'Nan,' the qualities of literature, so far as they can reasonably be demanded on the stage—namely, good writing and construction, well-drawn characters, and true humanity? Where the Stage Society has 'come in,' as they say, has been in its ability, as a private society, to dodge the censorship, and so give its subscribers many earnest dramatic works which might otherwise not have obtained a hearing. Another valuable part of its work has been the introduction of translations of many important foreign plays which otherwise might never have been presented in English to a London audience. The most potent friends of the literary drama in the United Kingdom during the past 14 years have been, I should say, the Abbey Theatre, Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Horniman."

Hannah Cowley's old comedy, "The Belle's Stratagem," was revived in London July 8 for a charitable purpose. It may be remembered that Letitia's stratagem is this: She first estranges Doricourt by pretending to be a gawky country girl and then wins his heart at a masquerade so that he feigns madness in order to be released from his engagement and marry the beautiful unknown. "It is an actor's play, full of situations and business, and with a good deal of characterization, but yesterday it served to show how few of the modern actors can come successfully through the ordeal of delivering the long flowery speeches and the wearing of powder and patches. The 'exquisite sensibility' of the period against which Dr. Johnson so strenuously inveighed has a quaint interest of his own, and though no one now talks of the 'felicity' of his feelings, we can listen with a gentle amusement and interest."

The Era, the London theatrical weekly journal, was published on July 9 for a penny. It was first produced on Sept. 30, 1837, and appeared every Saturday for sixpence. Mr. Frank Desprez, who has been the editor for nearly 40 years, will continue to hold that office.

"Iole," a one-act tragedy in verse by Stephen Phillips (Cosmopolis, London, July 11), tells the story of Pelias, an elderly Corinthian warrior. He consults the gods before he goes to war against the invading Spartans and is told that he will be triumphant, but on his return he must kill the first being that comes from his house to meet him. Returning victorious, he is greeted by his daughter, the beautiful Iole, betrothed to Laomedon. Pelias takes her away to slay her, and Laomedon, having defied the gods, kills himself with his sword. Thus there is a version of the story of Jephthah and his daughter who came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances.

The Irish Players were seen in London July 10 in an eastern play, "The Post Office," by Rabindranath Tagore, whose volume of poems recently published has been warmly praised. There are two acts. In the first, Amal, the sick adopted child of Madhav, sits on the ledge of a window in Madhav's house. He reminds Sudha, the flower girl, of some late morning star. The boy tells his father of his desire to go beyond the hills. The dairyman is taught by him how to be happy. The watchman's gong tells the people that time goes on forever. The Headman comes and the sick boy hears of the postoffice through which the King sends his letters. "How splendid it would be to have a letter from the King!" In the second act the boy is lying on a couch, and his face is paler. The holy Fakir tells him of a wondrously beautiful land. The boy listens and asks if the King has sent him a letter from his postoffice. He wants it before the room melts away, for his eyes are growing dim. The gong sounds. A letter has come, and the herald says that the King himself will come that night and now he sends his chief physician. "Will you feel well enough," the physician asks, "to leave your bed for the King when he comes in the second watch?" The boy says he will. He will then ask him to make him his postman, that he may wander far and wide. He falls asleep. When will he awake? "Directly the King comes and calls for him."

"A Conversation at the Styx," by James L. Dale, and "Alys the Fayre," by Robert Elson, were produced at the Little Theatre, London, July 11. The first, in which Charon, loquacious and

with a cockney scum, take with a saint and a scoundrel, is a satire on the ways and the verdicts of the world. The saint killed the lord chief justice for making a joke while passing a death sentence; the scoundrel shot his commanding officer because he stank of onions. Charon tells them that "the guv'nor" prefers sins of commission to the "shrinking omissions of tepid respectability and negative virtue," and they go on to a better state. The other play is the story of two women: Lady Alys, a wanton wife, whose husband has been in Palestine for three years, and a handmaid who is secretly in love with her master. The Crusader returns as his wife's lover departs, but he is taken with the plague. The wife runs away, for she fears infection; the handmaiden soothes him in death.

Opera and Concert.

Mr. Rene Brancour, who writes about concerts in Paris for the Menestrel, did not care for "Appalachia," a symphonic poem by Frederick Delius. "There is the 'song of the old slave,' who pours out his reminiscences. But as this old slave is very old, and as he has seen and heard much, perhaps he abuses our patience. He often repeats himself, fearing lest we have not fully understood him. And we should have gladly gone on the terrace to smoke the pipe of peace in honor of Gitche Manito, the Master of Life, but the old slave naturally had no sense of liberty and freed us only after a long stretch of time." Mr. Brancour was not much happier when he heard the introduction to the second scene of I. Strawinsky's "Coronation of Spring." "At a signal given by M. Fried, a German and an experienced conductor, all the musicians improvised without the slightest attention to tonality, expressiveness or rhythm. At the end of 10 minutes, thinking the joke long enough, they became silent."

The next Gloucester (Eng.) festival will open Sept. 9 with the old stand-by "Elijah." Saint-Saens's new oratorio, "The Promised Land," will be performed on Sept. 11 and on the same day a new motet, "Eternal Father," by Sir C. V. Stanford will be performed.

Four new songs by Miss Ethel Smyth with orchestral accompaniment were sung by Herbert Heyner at a London Symphony Orchestra concert, June 23. "Three Moods of the Sea," verses by Arthur Symons, were "interesting," but the marching tune "On the Road" made the best impression. Mr. Sigismund Stojowski played his piano concerto. "The concerto is melodious and skilfully written but we failed to catch any new note of expression. The similarity of range and melodic outline in the themes of the first and last of the sections tend to monotony of impression."

An "elegy" and symphonic poem, "La Nonne," by A. Wischnegradski, were played at the second of Mr. Mlynarski's concerts of Slavonic music in London. The instrumentation was praised for its color, "but unfortunately one could detect little else praiseworthy." The "elegy" has a certain 'atmosphere' which went for nothing, as the form was so uncertain." The Pall Mall Gazette critic did not find any "reasoned design" in this music, nor any striking ideas in Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "Pskovitianka," but Kalinnikov's symphony in G minor stood out by reason of real expression and evidence of constructive power. At the third of these concerts, June 27, a symphonic poem, "On High Tatra," by the Bohemian Vitezslav Novak, fared better, in fact, the Pall Mall Gazette waxed enthusiastic over this series of musical pictures on the heights of Tatra. "The gradual spreading of morning light over the country is succeeded by the floating up of dark clouds, culminating in a thunderstorm, which then subsides to the calm of sunset and the gradual approach of the tranquillity of night. These ideas are portrayed in an exceedingly skilful manner The work opens in the method of Richard Strauss with the enunciation of the two themes, out of which the whole tone-poem is constructed." The scenes are depicted by a remarkably varied treatment of this material. "Throughout there is always preserved that sense of 'variety in unity' which forms alike the great problem and the summum bonum of art." The Daily Telegraph pooh-poohed this music, which the Pall Mall Gazette characterized as masterly.

Dohnanyi's recently published sonata for violin and piano (op. 21) in C sharp minor provoked the London Times into saying: "In invention and enterprise the sonata is a long way behind certain of Dohnanyi's recent works and the strong evidences of Brahms's influence make one suspect that it was written some time before it was published."

Two new English songs, "Imagination," by Cyril Rootham and "Sae Early," by Nicholas Gatty, are praised by the London Times, as are "Autumn" by Delius, and Cyril Scott's "Sleep Song."

Mme. Yvette Guilbert displayed great art in a group of religious songs in London, July 1. "The words and music of 'Joseph et Marie a Bethleem' are in themselves so beautiful and offer such scope to the artist that it is not to be wondered at that Mme. Guilbert soars on their wings to lands far beyond the reach of ordinary singers."

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes played Daniel G. Mason's violin sonata in London on July 2. The Times, for which Mr. Mason is the New York correspondent on musical matters, spoke of the sonata, as "clear and logical thought combined with pure instrumental writing." The Daily Telegraph said it is "a typically transatlantic composition. The second movement contains an expressive theme enough, but of the kind one might best describe as 'composite,' it is so replete with reminiscent phrases, and its working out so much a reflection of better things." The Times, by the way, said there were suggestions of Grieg and Brahms. The Pall Mall Gazette made the sad mistake of attributing Mr. Mason's sonata to Mr. Mannes.

"Don Giovanni" was revived at Covent Garden, July 10, M. Rouard of the Monnaie, Brussels, took the part of the Don. He uses his fine voice well, but the impersonation lacked distinction. Miss Destinn was a superb Donna Anna. Elsa Stralia as Donna Elvira displayed a warm and sympathetic voice and sang freely. The Zerlina was Mignon Nevada, who sang prettily. Sometimes one felt that her vivacious manner was light in not quite the right way. It is a question, perhaps, of the style that comes from great experience. The other singers were Messrs. McCormack, Aquistapace and Malatesta. One critic complained because the original ending was omitted, and the scene of Don Giovanni's banquet with the entrance of the statue was disfigured by the disclosing of the churchyard scene and "the cheap theatricality of the management." Mme. Destinn was especially praised for her art of infusing dramatic fervor into her phrasing without destroying the melodic lines.

The Russian ballet, "Le Sacre du Printemps," music by Stravinsky (Drury Lane, London, July 11), disappointed public and critics. The scenario, illustrative of certain rites supposed to be performed in the spring by a primitive race of pre-historic Russia, was dull and grotesque. "Surely we are not all losing our senses over this Russian craze?" The music was described as cacophonous. "Stravinsky makes remarkably ingenious noises and it would puzzle the most experienced orchestrator to say how it is done." But the Manchester Guardian had this to say: "A state of alarm is not the best mood in which to listen to Stravinsky's music. There are things in it which at a first hearing, at any rate, appear unnecessarily ugly and wilfully extravagant. But there is also much in which whoever has followed the trend of modern music cannot fail to recognize not only the daring innovator, but the capable workman. Strauss points in the same direction. But he has never done it as well as Stravinsky. Strauss is forgiven because he is not afraid of using old means as well as new ones. Stravinsky breaks away entirely from the others, but the new in him is much more finished and polished than in Strauss."

Grand Guignol Shockers.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, after saying that Bernstein's latest play, "Le Secret," succeeds by technic; that the dramatist's skill renders moving and superficially interesting a problem that is improbable in its presentation, discusses the new program at the Grand Guignol:

"The new program at the Grand Guignol is stirring enough—too stirring for some, if I interpret aright the pale faces that flee towards the door when the curtain falls on "Les Terres Chaudes." Very warm countries indeed! But notwithstanding its horror, which somehow suggests crudity, M. Le Normand's play is by no means crude, but a highly suggestive study into a state of mind caused by injustice.

"When the newcomer in the tropical station asked headquarters for a bed, it sent a child's bed, and for any other stores, prunes, French prunes, always French prunes. The joke burnt its way into the victim's heart,and left the scar of hatred, which vented itself whenever the occasion presented itself. That occasion was provided by a chief who dabbled in the slave trade. And what did the morbid mind of the functionary, still suffering from his wrongs, suggest? The chastisement of the innocent man, and this was done—with tragic consequences.

"The deputy governor's wife trapped away in her white dress, with her box of medicaments under her arm, to heal the wounds, as well as the dignity, of the wrongfully punished man. She did not return, and her husband, who only vaguely suspected her mission, grew anxious. As he discussed the matter with his superior, a head—dreadful and grinning trophy of vengeance—was flung into the bungalow. To the distracted young husband the chief, only a moment before, had declared that danger lay in any pity or mitigation of punishment to the native. His scornful words had come cynically true.

"Nor has another of the little plays any gayer a 'motif.' It represents the interior of a house in Russia. Women are there. 'Why don't you dance and sing?' shouts, brutally, the proprietor, 'and attract the world.' Whilst they make feeble efforts in this direction, **firing in the street constitutes a sinister** background to the mechanical organ and the tambourine.

"A priest enters covered with blood. He craves for shelter. The proprietor, with an oath, refuses. But one of the unfortunates, her brain turned by religious mania, hides the 'pope.' And for him the soldiers come and search the house. She tells, in her demented way, how the Lord has appeared to her. The priest is discovered, recognized as a leader of revolution, and spiked to the wall with a dagger. The inmates of the house are shot through the open window by the soldiers. Cheerful theme for a warm evening."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Ivan."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Ivan, le Terrible," originally called "Pskovitianka" ("The Maid of Pskov"), was performed for the first time in England at Drury Lane, July 8, with great success. Chaliapine took the part of Ivan, and his impersonation, which "held the audience spellbound," is described as "splendidly magnetic, Irvingesque." The maid of Pskov is the natural daughter of Ivan. When he learns her identity he is persuaded to promise full amnesty to the town of Pskov, but in the mean time one Toucha, Olga's lover, has put himself at the head of townsfolk to offer resistance to the Tsar. A sudden attack is made on the latter's tent. Ivan had promised to save Toucha's life, but when Olga runs to beg him to desist in the attack, she is killed, and Toucha is also slain. This opera was Rimsky-Korsakoff's first work for the stage (1872), but he revised it about 20 years later. Mr. Gatty says that the most striking features are the brilliant instrumentation and the happy use of melodies that have a folk-song flavor. The score is "sufficiently free from the old conventions to have seemed somewhat of a puzzle to opera goers 40 years ago before Wagnerism was at all widely appreciated. Today, of course, one regards things differently, and it may be that this work does not strike so 'reforming' a note as do the German master's earlier productions. The difficulty of replacing the square aria with something satisfactory varies naturally with the planning of the libretta. In 'Ivan le Terrible,' just as in 'Boris Godounov' and 'Khovantchina,' the difficulty is in part avoided, since there are few situations where the action depends upon the dramatic conflict of individual emotions. Thus all three operas are weak in construction from this point of view, although as the story goes, 'Ivan' has a much more sustained plot, a stronger and clearer thread to hold the whole together. * * * The most humanly interesting moments in the opera are the two meetings between Olga and the Tsar. The first of these, where she brings him wine and where he recognizes the likeness to her mother is very attractive, and the second has a psychological appeal which is cut short in dramatic fashion by the sounds of Toucha's attack. In leading up to these situations there is much that is fascinating, but hardly sympathetic from want of clarity of purpose. One whole scene devoted to the arrival of the Tsar has no dramatic value, and depends upon the ingenious musical climax for its effect. The love duet between Olga and Toucha in the first scene is too brief to make much impression. In the second scene there is a characteristic treatment of the chorus with the appeal of the old prince to receive the Tsar peacably, but Toucha's contrary plan of resistance offered a situation which the composer failed to make convincing."

The Russian "Salome."

"La Tragedie de Salome" with Florent Schmitt's music performed at Drury Lane, disappointed some of the critics and pleased others. The Daily Telegraph found nothing horrifying. The scenario was thus outlined on the program. "The scene takes place after the execution of the Baptist, whose head is placed by executioners upon a column. Salome dances, and with her a train of slaves intoxicated with the feasting and the horror of the night. Salome's dance is at first frantic and insane; then more proud and sorrowful, more remote and ecstatic. It is the expression and avowal of her sensual torment, and of her atonement through the very misery of her unassuageable desire." Mme. Karsavina, as the protagonist, is thus described: "With blanched face, startling in its pallor by contrast with her mop of raven hair, she presents a striking apparition a she descends a steep flight of stairs at the back of the stage, the long train of the cloak she wears completely covering the steps after she has set foot to the ground. Divested of this wonderful robe, Salome proceeds to dance in the manner described, and very remarkable are some of her movements and attitudes; now sinuous, now rigid, at one moment wild in their abandon, at the next suggestive of utter physical collapse. * * * For the rest there is nothing very striking about the production." The critic thought M. Schmitt's music almost conventional after Stravinsky's music to "Petrouchka."

The Pall Mall Gazette found the whole effect lacking in qualities of subtlety and strength, not to say charm. "The thing is preposterously absurd, childish, without any redeeming feature, save the exhibition of Mme. Karsavina's extraordinarily graceful movements, though these hardly expressed what the program led one to expect, and the sound of some of M. Florient Schmitt's music." As for the latter, "little of it is for the ordinary music-lover who looks to the art to give him or her aesthetic feelings of pleasure. This, however, does not appear to be the intention of the composers." (The other composer is Stravinsky.) "Rather their system of expression deals in sensational and not emotional effect. Hence there is no necessity for the invention of melody or the employment of form; a few phrases and insistent rhythms and the latest devices in orchestral coloring are all that are required. There are few composers who can do this sort of thing really well. Both Stravinsky and Schmitt are master hands, the Russian musician is perhaps the stronger, his rhythms seem more alive; but the Frenchman, on the other hand, is more intelligible in his phraseology. Yet, when it is all over the hearer has received a few acoustical sensations, perhaps, but his emotions are untouched. This is why, leaving out of consideration the mise-en-scene, such productions seem so empty and so insincere."

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If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not, too, grieve that there was a time in the which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as that enlifening Planet of Time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment is as much to be deplored as not to be a thousand after it.

Past and Present.

And why not be content with these years in which we live? Why should one wish to see the age in which food will be in the shape of pills and forces now vaguely known will destroy the little remaining privacy? Will there then be men more worth the knowing? Flaubert in bursts of rhetoric regretted that he had not gazed at Asia from the hanging gardens of Babylon, or walked in the Suburra and been jostled by the tumultuous Nero, but he enjoyed his little dinners in Paris when he visited the city to talk with Gautier, Turgenieff, Daudet and the disconcerting Zola.

Perhaps the poet exaggerated when he chanted:

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,
And will never be any more perfection than there is now.

But let us remember the deeds of contemporaries and rejoice in them.

A Stoical Hungarian.

"Let us not praise famous men" is the golden thought of the day, but men of our own generation. In London they are debating over the question: "What is the hottest of all summer sounds?" Or "Is a man to be called 'fussy' who, when a lady is leaving the drawing room rises and goes forward to open the door for her; or at dinner passes the salt or mustard to her when he sees that her plate lacks either of these condiments?" "A travelled woman" writes "Yes" to the Daily Mail and says that paying such "attentions" to women is treating them as though they were "imbeciles or playthings." Let us rather consider the case of Mr. Insash Manitz, who at the age of 82, died recently at Boldogashtchionfal, Hungary. He had never been sick a day, but on the morning of his death he informed his family that a dream had warned him that he should leave this world before nightfall. Mr. Manitz settled his affairs at home, ordered, and paid for, a coffin at the carpenter's, saw the undertaker, gave the sacristan the fee for ringing bells for his soul, and notified the priest. Then he went home and talked cheerfully with his children and grandchildren about their future. At noon, without other warning than the dream, he fell dead.

All healthy boys wish to be the lord of an island, with a cave, bread fruit trees, cocoanuts and shellfish within reach; also a goat or two. Mr. Drillot, with his wife and five children, are the sole inhabitants of Jethou, one of the channel islands. He is caretaker of the island, and is paid a yearly salary, but his case is that of Mr. Bryan. "I mostly live by fishing and gardening," says Mr. Drillot, who exacts a fee from tourists if they touch land. Mrs. Drillot teaches her children in "a very systematic" way. This way is not described, but some shameless jester might say: "I'm the guy that put the drill in Drillot."

A Parisian woman ran up a bill in one year amounting to $2750 for dresses and furs. Her husband was sued. He stated that his flat cost him $800 a year, therefore credit to his wife for over $2000 was unreasonable. The court decided that a married woman cannot spend in dress more than the amount of the rent paid for the joint home of husband and wife without laying herself open to a charge of extravagance, and the court reduced the bill to $800. (There is a saying that the rent should not exceed one-fourth of the income.)

The scene now opens in the Court of Chancery, Jersey City. Vice Chancellor Garrison stated there that the utmost extent to which a man could be asked to go in supplying his wife with "outer clothing" was as follows: Suit, $20; coat, $18; pair of shoes, $4; one pair of corsets, $1. "It is common, the court knows, for women to spend $75 or $100 for a suit with which to go to bridge parties and cause their sisters to turn green with envy. But it is no part of a husband's duty to provide the means of causing other women unhappiness. * * * I have seen women in $18 coats which looked fine on them. There isn't a married man in the world who does not know that for $1 corsets bought which will set off figure most engagingly." that case includes th

[illegible] wife is [illegible] [illegible] dressed [illegible] of all [illegible]." The [illegible] will observe that in H[illegible] county, New Jersey, a pair of cor[illegible] is [illegible] as "outer clothing."

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A[illegible]s alas, and well a day:
[illegible] and wel'away?
[illegible] to us hath yet been dealt,
[illegible] which daily men have felt.

Taxi Drivers.

The statement is made that all taxi-drivers look alike. This has been said of Chinamen by superficial observers, especially of the Cantonese doing business in this country. Some years ago there was a popular song, "All Coons Look Alike to Me." But the remark about taxi-drivers is supposed to be founded on close observation; these drivers, we are told, all seem to act, think and look alike, whereas the old-fashioned cabmen and drivers of omnibuses were conspicuous for their individuality. Each had his nickname. In London there was "Long Dick," "Flash Harry," "Whistling Jack," "Dick the Doer." Walt Whitman in one of his rambling articles concerning life in the New York of the fifties gives the nicknames of some of the Broadway stage drivers. A Londoner asked some time ago whether any taxi-driver had ever attained the distinction of a nickname. He remarked at the same time that a lean taxi-driver is as rare a bird as "a closely cropped fiddler or an undertaker's assistant without a red nose." Another Londoner, mourning the "cabby" of past years, observed that there was close relationship between driver and passenger. The former had leisure to philosophize. He had the opportunity of knowing men and manners. "The tyranny of the mere machine has robbed us of all that. Today we are driven by a demigod, remote, preoccupied and inscrutable."

Old Broadway.

The slang of the old Broadway stage-driver is not known to compilers of dictionaries. What is the meaning of "pet stock," "mean stock"? These phrases are in a section of "To Think of Time," the section in which Whitman describes the funeral of an old driver.

Thumb extended, finger uplifted, apron, cape, gloves, strap wet-weather clothes, whip carefully chosen,
Boss, spotter, starter, hostler, somebody loafing on you, you loafing on somebody, headway, man before and man behind,
Good day's work, bad day's work, pet stock, mean stock, first out, last out, turning-in at night,
To think that these are so much and so nigh to other drivers and he there takes no interest in them.

Wholesome Companions.

"The tyranny of the machine!" But machinery does not necessarily rob a man of his individuality, nor does constant association with horses always preserve it. To many near a race track all jockeys look alike. There are philosophers and theorists, imaginative and poetical men among machinists; and there are machines, as the linotype, that are companions; they stimulate thought and are never boresome. Or who can associate daily with a huge steam engine or a printing press without being the nobler for it.

Fine Writing.

They that have much to do with machinery should express themselves concisely when they write. There should be no waste of energy; there should be no circumlocution. The pile-driver teaches lessons. Cooks, on the other hand, are tempted either by the fire or the sound of the boiling to soar in speech. There are English writers on cookery as flowery as the French chef in "Pendennis," and they do not have his excuse. There is no Blanche Amory to praise their skill. The author of "The Cook's Oracle" complains that he cannot in 180 treatises find a recipe that approximates to an accurate description of the way in which beef a la mode is dressed in the best London shops, where this dish is a special feature. He suspects that the secret is in "the thickening the gravy of beef that has been very slowly stewed and flavoring it with bay leaves and allspice." To confirm his view, he quotes the following passage from Tabella Cibaria: "It must be allowed to muse gently for several hours, inaccessible to the ambient air and on the even and persevering heat of charcoal in the furnace or stove. After having lulled itself in its own exudations, and the dissolution of its auxiliaries, it may appear at table with a powerful claim to approbation."

European News.

M. Fertiault, a centenarian, and the doyen of the Societe des Gens de Lettres, boasted 10 years ago that he had lived in one apartment for 65 years. He has just been admitted to the Legion of Honor.

An Irish woman, hearing that Mr. Plowden was the supreme humorist of the English magisterial bench, recently visited his court. Coming out, she remarked that his chief claim to immortality was that "he loved sitting with his feet up." The English have for a long time pictured American men as sitting with their feet on a railing, on a mantelpiece, or at least on another chair. Physicians have shown that this position induces nimbleness of thought and flights of fancy. Yet the attitude can hardly be called judicial, although in the late seventies we saw in Albany, N. Y., a judge of the supreme court with his feet on the bench while he was listening to arguments of learned counsel. Mr. Plowden perhaps remembers this passage in Plutarch's essay on Unseemly and Naughty Bashfulness: "Neither ought he to take pleasure and delight when he shall be tickled in the ear with praises and commendations; when he shall hear himself called gentle, jolly and courteous, instead of grave, magnanimous and just."

A Sad Ending.

As the World Wags:

You have been discussing the endings of letters. Let me add one. When I was a clerk at Calcutta a Babu wrote to the Education Department and asked for a larger salary because his wife was to give birth to another child. He ended his letter: "Your damnable, miserable, ——— ———." I am glad to say that his salary was raised.

C. CURRY.

Milton.

ADJECTIVES.

A clergyman criticized Mayor Gaynor's address on "Sunday Observance." The Mayor answered: "Your letter has rather too many adjectives to be sincere." It may be thought that this answer was not conclusive. It reminds one of the answer made by a Boston railway man a good many years ago. He had received a long and abusive letter concerning his transportation of freight. He wrote in reply: "Dear Sir: I observe that you spell 'which' with a 't'. Yours truly."

Mayor Gaynor, who in his hours of relaxation reads the Discourses, Encheiridion and Fragments of Epictetus, and thus learns valuable lessons in private and public conduct, writes many letters, in fact he has been dubbed, "The Complete Letter Writer." Perhaps his epistles do not have the charm of Mme. de Sevigne's correspondence, the sparkle of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters, the malice of Horace Walpole or the urbanity of Lord Chesterfield, yet they are generally lucid, incisive, unmistakable. His remark about the abuse of adjectives may well be pondered by writers, young and old. Was it William Cobbett, that master of sinewy English, who said: "When a man comes to his adjectives I tremble for him"? One that uses adjectives loosely and thinks that every noun should be accompanied by a descriptive word may not be insincere, but his style loses force, the adjective often lessens the strength of the noun, the diction is slovenly.

It is said that Kinglake, writing his "Invasion of the Crimea," left each morning blank spaces for adjectives. He then rode horseback and thought as he rode. Returning, he filled the spaces. Yet Kinglake's style is prolix and often sophomorically rhetorical. It would have been better if he had written out his adjectives in the first draught and then done heroic surgery.

Mayor Gaynor is right: the fewer adjectives the better, and each adjective should be illuminative, the inevitable word. Mr. Seward may not have appreciated Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, although he did not presume to suggest verbal corrections; but when Mr. Seward before the civil war described the impending conflict as "irrepressible" he chose the one, the fitting word.

Edward Abeles, this week's headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre, provides but one of the numerous excellent sketches that make up one of the best programs of midsummer vaudeville provided there this season. Mr. Abeles, with the competent assistance of Miss Charlotte Lander, presents the comedy entitled "He Tried to Be Nice."

It is the story of the husband who while waiting for his morning coffee reads over some women's page hints and finds it stated that husbands are never so kind, so thoughtful as such, as they were during courtship's period. He determines to follow out directions, to be more kind, more generous and showers upon his wife confectionery, silk stockings and flowers until she becomes suspicious and vigorously accuses him. Abeles, as usual, is capital, and Miss Lander is equally pleasing.

McDevitt, Kelly and Irene Lucy, who were here earlier in the season with their "The Piano Movers and the Actress," are playing another week's engagement with the same sketch. It went well in the [illegible] even better at last night's performance when several curtain calls awaited the three co-stars at the conclusion.

John E. Hazzard, who hasn't favored Boston audiences with his characteristic monologue for two years or more, is back this week with a brand new line of stories, many of which he tells in the darky dialect in which he is so proficient. Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde have the sketch "Good Night" in which are shown some of the stages of a hotel corridor acquaintance. Francis Yates appears in a sketch that is very much upon the order of Julian Eltynge's old successes.

The earlier numbers upon this week's bill are particularly good. Gordon and Rica have easily one of the most daring and finished bicycle sketches over staged at B. F. Keith's. Mr. Gordon is an extremely proficient rider and some of the balancing work he does is truly marvellous. The Cromwells, in which a young woman has the centre of the stage all the time, provide a juggling sketch in which each and every one of the feats is performed by a woman. Dorothy Kenton, the girl with the banjo, and the Six Idanias, German women gymnasts in feats of strength and of muscle, complete the bill.

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The drunkard raveth and talketh idly when he is cup-shotten at the board; but the prattler and man of many words doth it always and in every place, in the market and common hall, at the theatre, in the public galleries and walking places, by day and by night.

With Bow and Arrow.

At the annual archery meeting at Le Touquet, France, an archer shot an arrow 459 yards 8 inches. This is called a record flight. But in a room of the Royal Toxophilite Society in London is a small Turkish bow with which Mahmoud Effendi in 1795 shot an arrow 480 yards. Now the range of the heavier arrow used by the English in their wars was about 240 yards. In ballads Robin Hood and Little John shoot a mile, and the father of the former sends an arrow two "north country" miles and an inch. We have forgotten how far the boresome fellow in "Ivanhoe" could shoot—the archer that was always saying: "My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings." Reading the report of the meeting at Le Touquet we remembered the formation of an archery club in our little village.

Village Archers.

As boys we were more than satisfied with the bows and arrows made by real live Indians brought by fond and imprudent parents from Saratoga Springs. With a little practice we succeeded in knocking over a hen and breaking a pane of a sitting-room window. Heeding the example of the poet, we also shot arrows in the air and were reckless in the matter of their coming down. As a window shatterer, the arrow soon gave way to the rubber sling and buckshot. There are pleasant sounds in this world; the crows on a far off marsh, the plaintive notes of the song-sparrow, the wind through pines, contralto tones, the mellow gurgle of an emptying bottle, a mother's lullaby; but to a boy there is nothing more delightful than the crash of glass in street lamp or school house window. The village boys did not join the archery club. The members were older; a bank clerk, a gentlemanly hatter, a "rising young" lawyer and the maiden that always took the part of Rebecca at the Well and thus served lemonade at the church fairs were the chief organizers. The young women thought that archery would display the figure; the older women hoped it would reduce fat. There were elaborate costumes of green; there were gauntlets; the books were consulted, so that the equipment should be complete; but the targets were not big enough, for even the gentlemanly hatter seldom hit one. There was a lecture on archery in the hall where dancing classes met, and some one with whiskers talked about the early Egyptians, Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; he quoted from Roger Ascham's "Toxophilus" and named the different woods of which arrows were made, strongly recommending birch, oak, ash, service-tree and hornbeam. When he was asked if service-tree and hornbeam grew in Hampshire county, he was confused and he ignored the question. He mentioned favorably the proposition made by Eckermann to Goethe that bows should be substituted for muskets in warfare. But this archery club was only for a season.

A Shocking Solecism.

According to London newspapers, archery is taken seriously in England. It is said to be "progressing," and there are nearly 80 societies. Listen to this: "Archery, like other patrician sport, does not court publicity, and probably this accounts for the idea that the sport is dying out." The sport is so "exclusive" that royalty itself does not visit the Toxophilite Society founded in 1781. If the sport is patrician, the terminology is precise. C. Pownall, Esq., of Archers' Hall, Regent's Park, N. W., was indescribably shocked when the military correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette described Norman archers at Hastings as "firing" and not "shooting" their arrows. "To 'fire' an arrow is the almost invariable remark of the novice at archery, and it grates terribly [illegible] the seasoned archer."

Warned in Time

It is commonly believed that the man with a monocle, the monocular, as Burton prefers and thus confounds Polyphemus with the howling swell, wears the glass for effect, as an article of dress that is ornamental, not indispensable. The first person to do this was a Dutch dandy, Jonkheer Breele, who astonished the diplomats at the Congress of Vienna almost 100 years ago. We are now informed that Dr. Otto Goldfield, who wished to enlist in the army of this country, was rejected by the local examining officer at St. Louis because the use of a monocle had caused a strain. Otherwise he is described as "Apolloesque." Many years ago Dr. Kitchiner, who wrote about cookery, horses and carriages, astronomy and spectacles, also "The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life" and "The Pleasures of Making a Will," said in his "Economy of the Eyes": "A Single Glass, set in a Smart Ring, is often used by Trinket-fanciers merely for Fashion's Sake. These folks have not the least defect in their Sight, and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such Irritation." Here was warning in time; but, according to report, Dr. Goldfield was at home in Monte Carlo, and a library is not the chief attraction of the place.

Unduly Sensitive.

Some women are hard to please. Mr. Lentz was dragged into court at Washington, D. C., and fined $25, because, admiring a girl who passed him in the street, he cried aloud that she was "some chicken." Judge Pugh said it was an insult to call any girl a chicken. Not when the tribute is honest and spontaneous. If Mr. Lentz had called the girl a "broiler" she might have objected, unless she was on the stage. The phrase, "She won't tear easily under the wing," might justly be considered insulting, but "chick" is a term of endearment applied to children. "Chicken" implies youth and all the desirable qualities that go with it. "She's an old hen" is a phrase that calls for punishment, verbal, physical, or judicial.

What to Do?

Anthropologists in England declare that brunettes are chatterers, while fair women are more reserved. "Shun my brothers, the long tongue of the short woman: beware the brunette's babbling." But anthropologists also say that the blonde is becoming extinct. What is poor man to do?

THE WIGWAM.

Years ago it was brought up against Americans as a reproach that they preferred to live in hotels and boarding-houses; that they had no real home life. The books of Mrs. Trollope, Capt. Hall, Capt. Marryat and Dickens gave their countrymen and countrywomen curious information on this subject. English travellers and other visiting foreigners of late years have had much to say about hotel life in this country, and Americans as well as strangers have inveighed against apartment houses as destructive of true domesticity, although the latter have been common for years in French and German cities. Writers in our newspapers and magazines often advocate a return to the country, so that every family may have a house with a patch of ground, land enough for a few flowers and vegetables, a cat or a dog, with a gate that clicks.

It was reserved, however, for an Englishman, the Rev. W. Moritz Weston, D. D., Ph. D., to urge the abolition of the home; for, as he put it, the home is archaic, a survival of the wigwam, "one of those conventions by which women have been enslaved for generations." The reverend gentleman made this speech at a meeting of the Women's Freedom League, and the subject was "The Independence of Married Women."

When the home is abolished there will be co-operative housekeeping. There will be a properly trained staff, and one will care for the children so that the mothers may be free to think about nobler things and bring about a freer, higher life. Among these nobler things would be laws by which legacies should go to daughters rather than sons, for women are not physically as fitted for work as men, and a woman could then choose her husband—the reverend gentleman preferred the word "mate"—instead of marrying one for money, although he were otherwise unpleasant, undesirable.

The Rev. Mr. Weston, D. D., Ph. D., admitted that he had formerly opposed the movement, but was now "a convinced supporter of the cause." He has, indeed, the fanatical fervor

[illegible] a recent [illegible] be abolished? Whether it [illegible] wigwam, a gypsy cart, a flat or a house in the city or country, a man and a woman will insist on having some place where they can at times be alone, even though in affection they defy the world "with mutual onion," as George Meredith has it; though their life may be checkered with joy and sorrow, misunderstandings and reconcilations, or merely a mutual agreement maintained by tact and the unwillingness to make a scene.

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It is a foolish thing that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where and with whom one pleases, without money. Swift somewhere says that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship, too, and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great though ill-natured comfort to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.

A Deep Thinker.

The Germans are deep thinkers and not only when they evolve a camel from the depth of their inner consciousness. Richard Grant White compared German commentators on Shakespeare to divers, who the deeper they dived, the muddier they were. The German commentators on the conduct of life are often most amusing when they are the most serious. Here is Hofrath Dr. L. Loewenfeld of Munich whose treatise "On Conjugal Happiness" has reached at least a third edition, and, as the author coyly admits, has had "a very appreciative reception among a wide circle of readers." This success shows the unquenchable thirst of many after platitudes, especially when they are solemnly proclaimed, as by an oracle. The author evidently regards himself as a philosopher, and there are thousands that do not contradict him. Let us consider some of his utterances. We quote from the translation into English that was published in London a few months ago.

Chunks of Wisdom.

The following extracts are worthy of Tupper in his more inspired moments, and the excellent Mr. Thomas Day, the author of "Sanford and Merton," would embrace the gifted Hofrath of Munich and call him brother.

"The woman who gives her hand to a drunkard usually has to face a sad fate."

"It is far worse when both consorts have choleric temperaments. Such a couple cannot, as a rule, get on together even though both possess good characters."

"Differences of rank and wealth of the consorts are not without importance to the character of marital life."

"We are justified in regarding a financial condition commensurate with the estate or life of the consorts and the possession of sufficient savings to meet extraordinary expenses, such as may occur in the case of sickness, as important means of promoting conjugal happiness."

"The development of family feeling is of special importance to marital life. This feeling is subject to great variations in different families."

Literary Husbands.

Some years ago there was a discussion in England and this country over the question whether a literary man should marry. Mr. Andrew Lang then wrote gayly and insisted that the author should work away from his home. The gifted Hofrath admits that authors are "sufficiently nervous gentlemen." "A fly on the wall will annoy them, and they are only too apt to attribute the reduction of their creative power to domestic conditions that did not seriously impair their creative power in more favorable periods." He comes to the conclusion that the literary man may be allowed to marry, but he should be handled tactfully, with the utmost consideration. He does not say, and thus he ignores an important point, that the women of the household should not forget for a moment to burn thick incense under his nose.

The Hofrath, being a medical man, has the privilege of going into physiological details, but his frankness might disconcert the readers of a family newspaper, although they are accustomed to articles on eugenics and white slavery. We may be permitted to quote him as saying that certain differences in age are likely to give the "optimum of sexual harmony." A man of 18 should marry a girl of 14; if he is 31 and a half, his wife should be 24 and a half; if he is 63 and has any regard for his happiness, he should choose a woman of 49 years.

Anecdote for the Day.

He is the picture of an old alderman that I know, who, after living 40 years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they went down.

Mme. Curie.

The stories about Mme. Curie, who with her husband discovered radium, and the gossip that connects her name with that of Prof Lang[illegible] whose [illegible] brings up the question whether Henry Bataille's powerful play, "Les Flambeaux," which was produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin last November, was not suggested by the domestic drama after Curie's death. One of the critics, M. Noziere, said at the time that it would be easy to tell in a few words the subject of the piece, the contemporary anecdote taken by M. Bataille as a pretext for his work.

Against Sisera.

And so the unsatisfactory record of the "Red Socks" this season is due to the baleful influence of the planet Saturn. Mrs. Kenrick, the astrologer, says so, and her explanation is probably as good as any other. We are told in the book of Judges that the stars fought against Sisera. Why should they not favor this year the Athletics? Dom Calmet thought it might have rained the day of Sisera's battle, and the stars coming out afterward perhaps tempted the fugitives to cross the river Kishon with its fatally-swift current. We prefer the simple, sensible view. The stars were "agin" Sisera. In some way he had vexed them, or their prejudice was divinely appointed.

LATELY COINED.

A battle makes the name of some humble village famous for centuries to come. War brings new words into the dictionary. And so the progress of arts and sciences enlarges books of words. The Oxford Dictionary boasts of the array not found in any similar work, yet "argon" is not included, nor is "appendicitis," for the volume that should define them was published twenty-five years ago. Now if no new words were to appear, the language would be moribund, as the Messrs. Fowlers say in their book on the King's English, but each new word that does appear should be rigidly scrutinized.

A highly respectable newspaper spoke a few days ago of certain Mexicans as "insurrectionists." If the writer did not like the word "insurrectionists," what was the matter with "insurgents"? Is it necessary in speaking of Mexican affairs to interlard an article with Mexican-Spanish terms or to translate the "Tut-Tut" of President Wilson into a Mexican oath? Walt Whitman used to sing of "Americanos," "Camerado," "Libertad," but "Americans," "Comrade," "Liberty" would have served, especially since "Leaves of Grass" was intended to define America and her "athletic democracy." And what is to be said of "Comrade Americanos" except that it is a solecism as well as a barbarism?

And now comes Representative Heflin of Alabama, who, not content with the use of "suffragette," an absurdly formed word, coins the term "suffrotescent," which he jauntily applies to the "male suffragette" and defines as "wooden head." The derivation will stagger etymologists. And why is "wooden head" needed in the hospitable language that has welcomed "bonehead."

Let us have some respect for our language. The English complain that what they are pleased to call the English language is being Americanized, not merely in details of vocabulary, but in its general tone. Our ancestors brought sturdy, expressive words with them which we still use, while in England these words are now dialectic. We believe that "fall" is a more significant and poetic word than "autumn," and there is no word that will take the place of the homely term "chores." Having this singularly expressive and elastic language, why should we corrupt and debase it by encouraging absurd neologisms?

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I have seene a friend of mine, in mine owne house, who by way of sport talking with one of those pedanticale gulls, counterfeited a kind of fustian tongue, and spake a certain giberish, without rime or reason, sans head or foot, a hotch-pot of divers things, but that he did often enterlace it with inke-pot termes, incident to their disputations, to ammuse the bookish sot for a whole day long with debating and contending; ever thinking he answered the Objections made unto him; yet was he a man of letters and reputation, a graduate, and wore a goodly formall long gowne.

Scholarly Revisions.

As the World Wags:

It is in keeping with the scholarly quality of your column to give consideration to the editing of Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, a process made necessary, as certain correspondents of The Herald have pointed out, by the frequency with which the word "here" occurs, some seven times I believe.

Repetition of words betokens a failure of synonyms and mars the style. It is strange that persons like poets, who should have time enough to digest the Thesaurus, should fall into errors. Is it laziness? Take Tennyson. If, instead of requiring the females of the family to call him early, he had formed the habit in his youth of rising betimes, he would never have permitted the Light Brigade to go to press as it did. The revision follows:

Half a league, seven-tenths of a mile.
Twelve hundred and thirty-two yards onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

I forget how long a league is.

Bacon was a busy man, no doubt; but that is no reason for the iteration in the Crispin day speech of Henry V. A little more care—the printer might have seen to it—and it would have read in part as follows:

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this same, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when it is recalled,
And rouse him when said time is spoken of.
He that shall see the dawn, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "Tomorrow is the date of Agincourt";
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And state, "These wounds I got October twenty-fifth."

This is enough to show what the printer could have done. In the original, the word "day" occurs nine times in 28 lines; and Crispin (or "Crispian," which is the same thing ineffectively juggled and to the sensitive ear not altering the iterative effect) seven.

The word "here" occurs seven times in Mr. Lincoln's speech. Intrinsically it is no worse than "day" and not so bad as Crispin.

I am, Sir, etc.,
HABBAKUK BELCHER.
Beverly Farms.

Forensic Courtesy.

Not long ago the lie was passed in Congress. We have been waiting for the Saturday Review to comment on the lack of decency in American political discussion, with an allusion to bowie knives and plug tobacco. Do they order these things better in England. We read in a London journal the full report of a debate in the House of Commons over a question of oil for warships. Lord Charles Beresford made the statement that the first lord had burned all his oil supply and used all his reserve.

"'That is absolutely untrue,' retorted Mr. Churchill.

"But Lord Charles was unabashed. 'The right honorable gentleman has always a rude way of saying things, and I don't intend replying to him in the same way. Let me say that his reserve is not what it ought to be.'"

Let us see. Was it not Horace Greeley who began an editorial reply to Henry J. Raymond: "You lie, you little villain, you know you lie"?

The Pansophist.

As the World Wags:

I ask everybody if they ever saw a copy of the Pansophist, a small folio newspaper printed in Lewiston, Me., about 1850, by a Dr. Aaron Young, a very clever man in his day. I have written a sort of life of him, and would like to make it complete by a copy of the newspaper.

DR. JAMES A. SPALDING.
Portland, Me.

Bays With Thorns.

They are still talking in England over the choice of the poet laureate. A weekly, naming 16 poets, invited its readers to vote for Austin's successor. Out of 40,751 votes cast, only 710 were for Mr. Bridges. Seven poets were named before him: Rudyard Kipling, 22,630; Alice Meynell, 5598; John Masefield, 3267; Thomas Hardy, 2170; William Watson, 1086; Henry Newbolt, 821; G. K. Chesterton, 777. The Daily Chronicle suggested that the laureate should be imported from the United States, and quoted the statement of the Indianapolis News that Indiana produces more poets to the square mile than any similar extent of territory on the habitable globe. A large majority of them belong to Marion county, and nearly all of the 150 poets of Indiana "draw their inspiration from the natural gas belt, said to be the largest in the world." Some one unkindly exhumed Mr. Bridges's "A Peace Ode" on the conclusion of the Boer war, written not so much in a spirit of jubilation as to prove that "if English were spelt as it should be pronounced, the syllables would scan according to the laws of Greek prosody." Here is a specimen:

Came from the swarming counties accoutering,
And misty highlands of Caledonia,
With Cambria's half-Celtic offspring,
And the ever-merry fighting Irish;
Came too the new world's hardy Canadians
And from remote Australia, champions
Like huntsmen, and from those twin islands
Lying off antipodal beyond her.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Bridges thus fulfilled a promise made to William Johnston Stone, the inventor of this theory, that he would put the theory to the test. Stone died and Mr. Bridges thought his promise sacred.

Mr. Bridges, however, should not complain. When Eusden was appointed laureate, the Duke of Buckingham wrote a satire in which that obscure poet claimed the laurel.

Apollo hegged pardon and granted his claim,
But vowed that till then he had ne'er heard his name.

And when Colley Cibber was elected some one drew a comparison between Caligula and him.

That made a Consul of a horse,
And this a Laureate of an ass.

FUNERAL FLOWERS.

In many notices of deaths published in newspapers there is this sentence: "Please omit flowers." The request, which should be sacred, is often disregarded. This one will say: "This request was not made for me who knew him so well"; another argues that, inasmuch as others will show this last attention, an omission on her part would be observed and commented upon. In many cases "floral tributes" are a tax on survivors, an extravagance, a waste of money. Sometimes, and even when the grief is more than formal, the motto that accompanies a set piece, harp, bell, cross, is grotesque, disturbing the solemnity.

Yet the custom of paying respect in this manner to the dead is a long established one. Sir Thomas Browne discoursing on the sepulchral urns, found in Norfolk, could not conceive them "to have descended thus naked, or to have entered their graves without the old habit of flowers. The urn of Philopoemen was so laden with flowers and ribbons that it afforded no sight of itself. The rigid Lycurgus allowed olive and myrtle." And we know that in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose; that with the ancients the funeral pyre consisted of "sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes." But when the mourner in England carried a sprig of rosemary in the hand it was not symbolical, or a tribute to the dead, but as a remedy against any pestilential distemper.

Canon Barnett died recently in England. In a letter opened after his death he expressed a wish that flowers should not "spend themselves on my dead body, but in giving joy and comfort to living people." His friends endeavored to carry out this wish by suggesting in a letter signed by the Bishop of London and others that "all those who would have liked to send some floral tribute for Canon Barnett's funeral should give such assistance to this fund"—the Children's Country Holiday Fund—"as to enable more children to go into the country to learn lessons from the flowers." And the fund was thus benefited to the extent of over £160, so that 320 more children will visit the country for two weeks this year than otherwise could have been sent.

Might not this serve as an example in our own cities? Could there be a more sympathetic, a more fragrant tribute to the dead?

August 2 - 1913

I am ever beere and there picking and culling, from this and from that booke, the sentences that please me, not to keepe them (for I have no store-house to reserve them in), but to transport them into this: where, to say truth, they are no more mine than in their first place: we are (in mine opinion) never wise, but by present learning, not by that which is past, and as little by that which is to come.

O Sugar!

When the beautiful cigar girl in New York disappeared and her body was found, Edgar Allan Poe wrote his "Mystery of Marie Roget" and gave a probable solution. Why are the writers of detective stories now silent concerning the robbery of the pearl necklace that was sent from Paris to London? The only clue that has yet seemed important to keen analysts is in the story told by a waiter in a Parisian cafe: That a mysterious stranger pocketed the sugar served with his coffee on the day the necklace was dispatched from Paris. Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown following this clue might name the thief. We are sure that Mr. Newkirk's Stealthy Steve would go unerringly from this cafe to the place where the necklace is concealed.

It is not uncommon, however, for Frenchmen to pocket the sugar they do not use for coffee. The order for coffee includes the sugar. Suppose that a customer has some cruel kidney disease and is obliged to deny himself sugar, or to put up with some sanitary substitute. Why should he not take the few lumps home with him? Sugar is not cheap in France. We have often seen this trick done in simple and also in pompous Parisian restaurants by the honest bourgeois and even by men with the red ribbon in a buttonhole.

Sick Pearls.

The necklace should not be left too long in hiding or the pearls will lose their lustre. It is an old belief that they live and thrive only when worn on the bare skin. Mme. Thiers left by will a costly pearl necklace to the French nation. Placed in the Louvre, the pearls within a few years began to sicken with the strange disease to which they are all subject. This disease is akin to starvation. Nor in this instance is there apparently any remedy, for Mme. Thiers expressly forbade the removal of the necklace from its case.

In a Bag.

As the World Wags:

Could you manage to rake up for me the recipe for old-fashioned huckleberry pudding, such as my grandmother used to make? My alien cooks have no conception of it; they send me in a thing made in a melon mould, mostly batter, with a blueberry here and there. The old-time pudding was quite another matter. Just enough batter to hold the berries together, the whole of one homogeneous dark purple hue, standing proudly erect on the platter, perfectly spherical in shape. This culinary triumph should be accompanied by a rather strong wine sauce, which gritted between one's teeth, and so added texture to the whole. I fancy the thing was made in a bag, but when I mention a pudding bag to my cooks, their expression of bewilderment deepens to one so nearly approximating positive idiocy that I gave up the subject rather than run the risk of driving them quite mad.

Concord, Mass. M. A. A.

Anecdote for the Day.

In like sort when Domitius (upon a time) seemed to reproach Crassus, saying: Is it not true, that when your lamprey was dead which was kept full daintily for you in a stew, you wept therefore?

Crassus presently came upon him again with the bitter reply: And is it not true that you, when you followed three wives of yours one after another to their funeral fire, never shed tear for the matter?

Used Transitively.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your mention of a certain London journalist's dislike of the word "emerge," I would like to inquire whether the use of that word as a transitive verb is legitimate. In Washington Irving's sketch, entitled "The Country Church," in his "Sketch-Book," he thus uses the word transitively: "The old citizen first emerged his round red face from out the door." I have never seen the word thus used transitively by any other standard author, and I think that none of the dictionaries recognize such a use of it.

LOOKER-ON IN BOSTON.

The Oxford dictionary admits a quasi-transitive use of "emerge" and classes it with the use of "depart" in the phrase "depart this life"; but the only illustrative quotation is from R. Burthogge's "Causa Dei," published in the 17th century: "Here as on a tumultuous Sea, men are Uncapable of * * * discerning God * * * but hereafter when they have emerged it, they shall," etc.—[Ed.

"Should Du."

There has been of late in England an inquiry into the "American accent." One correspondent suggests that it is the "direct descendant of the accent of the Puritans affected in the 16th century as a sign of differentiation from the rest of the community." He quotes from "Hudibras" and asks if the accent was not brought over to this country by the Pilgrim Fathers and their successors. Another correspondent, Mr. Henry H. Collett, understands that the American "twang" had its origin in the dialect of the eastern counties whence the majority of the early settlers emigrated. An East Anglian friend told him this story: He was travelling in "The States" and "in the bar" of a hotel in some town he heard two men talking in true East Anglian dialect. The stranger thought they were Englishmen and asked them: "Do you know Norwich?" "The reply was in perfect Yankee idiom: 'Should du' It was, of course, a town of the same name in the States that they knew, not its English prototype. These men transpired to be descendants of the original settlers."

Are Americans in the habit of saying "Should du" whether they "transpire" or do not "transpire"?

WEATHER WISE

Prof. Marvin has been chosen chief of the weather bureau at Washington and few will envy him the position. It is not an office for a sensitive man. Fortunately for Prof. Marvin, he has already had experience in the bureau and is prepared for foolish jests and adverse comment. Ever since the office was established the chief of the weather bureau has been, with the mother-in-law, spring cleaning and the plumber, an unfailing source of copy for the paragrapher and the professional or amateur humorist. He has even been the song of the drunkard in the street. Yet chiefs in turn send out confidently their reports and smile at the old dictum of the learned Arago: "Whatever may be the progress of the sciences, never will observers who are trustworthy and careful of their reputation venture to foretell the state of the weather."

Countrymen, sailors, men of the woods and mountains, prefer to trust their own instinct and observation. As there are natural bonesetters, so there are born weather prophets. There are men who even in a city can smell rain a day before it falls. The moon and the behavior of animals, especially insects, come to the aid of the village oracle. There are some that still put their faith in the Old Farmers Almanac. Did not Mr. Murphy, in his Weather Almanac for 1838, predict that Jan. 20 would be the coldest day of that year, and did not the prediction come true? By this one lucky stroke he cleared £3000, and few observed that his predictions for 196 days in 1838 were wholly wrong.

From the observations of self-appointed prophets for many centuries have been derived the proverbs known and quoted in all lands. Mr. W. J. Humphreys, professor of meteorological physics in the United States weather bureau, declares that many of these proverbs are sound. They are, indeed; but to the superficial reader of volumes devoted to these saws they seem contradictory. There is also the arguing from the particular to the general. The dweller on the Nantucket sound side of Cape Cod consults the prognostications for eastern New York rather than those for southern New England. There are a few proverbs of universal application, and chief among them is this: All signs fail in a dry spell.

It is unreasonable to hold the chief of the weather bureau—whether his name be Marvin or Moore—responsible for sudden shifts and perturbations. Nature is fond of surprises. She relishes her little jokes.

August 3-1913

THE Herald has described an Indian play by the poet Rabondra Nath Tagore, performed in London by the Irish Players. Some of the critics thought it was a mistake for an Indian piece to be played by actors and actresses with an Irish accent, and they begged the directors of the Abbey Theatre to produce in future only Irish peasant plays. They also objected to English colloquialisms in Mr. Tagore's translation. The complaint against the performance of the Irish Players was against the accent of the players.

Mr. St. John G. Ervine then asked: "Why should any English critic find it impossible to feel the atmosphere of an Indian play when it is performed by actors with an Irish accent, when he presumably would not have this difficulty if it were performed by actors with an English accent? The obvious answer is that when the critic is listening to a strange thing said in a familiar fashion, (that is to say, the way in which he would say it if he were an actor), he does not think it is strange. When the strange thing is said in a strange accent, the mind of the critic becomes confused, and, unable to understand that the confusion is his own fault, he attributes it to the players. In other words, the critic is guilty of intellectual sloth."

Mr. Ervine spoke of the West End actor with his "sterilized" voice. He is in no better position to create an Indian atmosphere; but his accent and the accent of the Oxford graduate are familiar in the ears of well educated persons, who therefore, foolishly presume that these accents are correct.

"The Englishman totally fails to understand that when he goes to a telephone and says, 'Ah yoh thah? he is saying something which is as ugly as when a costermonger says 'Ow, I sy!' He cannot realize the disgust he excites in an Irishman when he calls Mr. Bernard Shaw 'Shawr' and says 'idear' and 'dramar' when he means to say 'idea' and 'drama.' You will hear West end players eliding their r's at every theatre in London. You will hear Oxford dons saying 'yaas' when they mean 'yes,' and saying 'noo' when they wish to say 'no.' Why the Oxford 'noo' or the clergyman's 'yees-s' should be considered to be correct when the Cockney's 'naow' and 'yus' are abominated is one of those things which no Irishman can understand."

It will be admitted that an Irish player cannot reproduce the accent of the Indians. He cannot reproduce successfully an English accent—"Heaven forbid that he should try to do so;"—he therefore is wise in speaking with the accent that heaven has been pleased to give him. "The critic who protests that there is something absurd in Mr. Arthur Sinclair or Mr. J. M. Kerrigan or Mr. Fred O'Donovan pretending that he is Madhav or the Indian doctor or the baker would find the same absurdity in French actors taking these parts, or German actors; but he would not think it odd to hear Sir Herbert Tree and his [illegible] one complained of the English accent in 'Carnac Sahib' or 'The Witness for the Defence' or a melodrama called 'The Indian Mutiny,' which was revived at the New Princes' Theatre a few months ago."

Sensible Shaw and Shakespeare. Some admirers of the Irish Players in this country and in England have regretted that Lady Gregory takes plays by Moliere and turns them into the Kiltartan dialect. Mr. Ervine comes to her rescue. "A peasant is a peasant the world over, and the middle-class man in England has very much the same sort of mind as a member of the French bourgeoisie; and if a translator is to give an adequate rendering of a French peasant in the English language he must give the translated peasant the voice and habits of the English peasant."

The Persian in "Caesar and Cleopatra," gambling with Belzanor, cries: "Double or quits." The critics took Mr. Shaw to task for this. Now the Persian in 48 B. C. would not have said "Double or quits," but he would have used some contemporaneous and equivalent phrase, and the English phrase reproduces more successfully his speech than would a literal translation of it. In like manner Shakespeare put Elizabethan colloquialisms into the mouths of Illyrians. It might be said that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are Englishmen sojourning in Illyria. What native of that country would have said "Tillyvally" and "Sneck up!"?

"Shakespeare, indeed, does more than that. He fills the play with topical allusions; for example, Antonio informs Sebastian

> In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
> Is best to lodge.

Shakespeare must have known the Elephant very well, and may have slept there on occasions. Who knows that the proprietor of the establishment did not pay a fee for the advertisement, just as modern tradesmen pay to have their shops mentioned in pantomime? But whether that is so or not, the fact is that Shakespeare conveyed the meaning of Antonio's speech to the Elizabethan audience far more truly than he would have done had he used the name of some Illyrian tavern; and as it was with Shakespeare so it is with Mr. Shaw, and as it was with the Elizabethan actors who assuredly employed the Elizabethan accent in plays with Italian or other settings, so it is with the Irish Players."

Mr. Knoblauch on English Drama. Mr. Edward Knoblauch, known to us in Boston by his "Faun" and "Kismet" and as the collaborator with Mr. Arnold Bennett in "Milestones," has written a letter to the Morning Post (London) on the state of the English drama. He took for a text the record of the season that has just closed: Fifty plays withdrawn within seven months, and the run of 40 was short. He will not admit that this was the fault of the managers who "have no judgment for plays," or of the actors and the actresses. When he hears any one saying that plays of merit are no longer written in England, he recognizes "intellectual mock modesty, which afflicts the British character." "The Englishman," he adds, "is the meekest thing on earth on all questions of wit. He has grown accustomed to think of himself as a Philistine." He admits that England has a great past, but moans over the empty present. Mr. Knoblauch then asserts that England's producers, playwrights and actors today are equal to any and superior to most. "We produce plays usually in better style, act them in better style, write them with at least as much originality and cleverness. But we refuse to believe it, and the one thing which is seriously the matter in our dramatic world—that fatal diffidence which makes us think highly of every school of dramatic art but our own. How injurious to the sound progress of our theatrical art is this national mood of self-depreciation! The British theatre finds it a heavy handicap that it comes into court to a prejudiced jury. Its case does not need 'a friend on the jury.' It is good enough to stand on its merits. But there is harmful influence in the mood of the moment which insists: 'Oh, we cannot do as the French do.' * * * 'Well enough, but, of course, the Germans are so much more advanced.' 'Yes, I go because it is one's duty to encourage one's own people, but ah those divine Russians!'" Mr. Knoblauch does not argue for a "boys-of-the-bulldog-breed" spirit in considering the English drama. "I recognize that art should know no nationality. But, also, it should know no anti-nationality."

Play and Novel. Mr. Arnold Bennett has written in a cheerful vein about the art of the dramatist. He does not believe that a playwright should attempt to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins. "He must ever remember those who are to come after him. * * * The attitude of every actor towards his part is 'my part is not much of a part as it stands, but if my individuality is allowed to get into free contact with it, I may make something brilliant out of it.' Which attitude is a [illegible] opinion justified by the facts of the case." To this a reviewer, "P. C." answers: "The actor who will twist a part to suit his personality and throw the play out of all proportion is unfortunately still with us in large quantities, and possibly Mr. Bennett may one day come in contact with him and write a little less cheerfully on the subject."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones speaks of the drama as being the highest and most difficult form of literature. Mr. Bennett finds it less trouble to write a play than a novel, and here again "P. C." does not agree with him. "The actual labor and the strain of sustaining interest through perhaps a hundred thousand words in a novel are, of course, more, but there are many plots which present themselves to the novelist and work out well that must be rejected by the dramatist as unsuitable. The dramatist must condense a great deal into a small compass; the novelist can be more leisurely in his methods. But can such a comparison be made? Does it not come down to this that playwriting is an instinct with some writers who are able to turn out a good play at their first effort, while others labor for years, conforming to all the approved canons, with but fair success?"

Not for the Majority. Mr. Huntley Carter has written a book entitled "The New Spirit in Drama and Art." It was published late last fall, we believe. He has his idols, and his chief gods are Messrs. Reinhardt, Bakst and Gordon Craig. He has his prejudices. Thus he does not include the Abbey Theatre of Dublin among the "Art Theatres" of Europe, but he would if Mr. Craig were the producer. His gods have rediscovered Shakespeare and given new life to the old classic drama. This statement provoked the Pall Mall Gazette to admit that a less partial view did not lead it to a similar conclusion. "Prof. Reinhardt has no more revitalized the classic theatre than an operatic impresario who revived 'Don Giovanni' loaded with superfluous detail of sensational realism could be said to have revitalized Mozart. Crowds, it is true, went to Covent Garden last winter to see Mr. Martin Harvey being chased along the floor of the opera house by four limelights; and in the early summer crowds went to the Kingsway Theatre to see the characters in 'Iphigenia in Tauris' running round the stalls on their way to the stage; but there was no revitalizing of Sophocles or Euripides in this. On the contrary, it connoted a violent declaration to the effect that Euripides and Sophocles were dead dramatists, and that their work could only be rendered tolerable in these days by being drenched in sensationalism."

Mr. Carter has something to say about what the "moderns" have done for the theatre in Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Munich, Bayreuth, Vienna, but he admires the minority and writes for its members. The majority is described as "playgoers of the pictures type." He does not see that in these modern productions the actor is practically extinguished. There are some who believe—the reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette staff is one of them—that as soon as the next great actor or actress comes nobody will care about stage decoration so long as it is not intrusive. "The only work which has drawn all ages, has drawn all classes—the intellectual and cultured equally with the uneducated and the uncultured—to the playhouse has been that of the great actor. Compared with him, the great producer will be found utterly insignificant, and the present-day prominence of that functionary is solely and entirely due to the momentary absence of great art and commanding personality in the ranks of the players."

A Strolling Vaudeville Company. Colette Willy is known in this country chiefly by novels, the Claudine series, written in collaboration with her husband "Willy"; also by the excitement in Paris due to her appearance on the stage of a minor theatre with Mlle. Polaire. This theatrical performance was not to the credit of either one. She has written other books. The "Sept Dialogues de Betes" is delightful. Her latest volume, "L'Envers du Music Hall" is a collection of sketches picturing episodes in the life of a strolling vaudeville company. Some of the sketches are mildly humorous; some are pathetic. Only in "Gitanette" is there a revelation of the singular perversity characteristic of this author.

Among the characters introduced is the coquette with a Bourbon profile, who balances three pompously funereal plumes on a dusty platter of black velvet. This speech is often in her mouth: "I don't know why everybody tells me that I look like Sarah. Do you think I do?"

Then there is the male star singer, "an extraordinarily little man; worn out, with cheeks furrowed by two great creases like ravines, a 'tenor a voix,' some 50 years of age. In what distant province has he grown old? Indifferent to the din, he rehearses, and implacably. Every minute he spreads his arms to interrupt the orchestra and he runs along the footlights from the doublebass to the kettle drums. He looks like a wicked old bird cradled on the tempest. He sings—he utters long metallic and malevolent cries—he digs up a disused repertory, in which one by one, he incarnates Pedro the Bandit, the fickle chevalier that aban-

[illegible] his sinister laugh at night on the [illegible]. He frightens me, but he amuses [illegible], who has returned as a wanderer to his fatalism."

Varied Personal Notes

Richard Strauss has finished a new work (op. 62). It is called a "Deutsche Motette" and is written for four solo voices, chorus of 16 parts and orchestra.

Thomas Hales, a famous trainer of animals for stage plays, died at Hove, Eng., the middle of last month. Beginning as a super in 1868, he was connected with Drury Lane Theatre for 39 years. He trained the ponies for Cinderella's carriage, the hounds for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," race horses for sporting dramas, sheep for pastoral plays. One of his pupils, the white mare Victoria, purchased for 150 guineas, earned four guineas a week in London and through the provinces. When Sir Augustus Harris produced "A Run of Luck" it was intended that the Goodwood scene should be a mechanical trick with dummy horses; but Hales brought eight thoroughbreds and they were so successful that only "real horses" were thereafter tolerated in sporting plays at Drury Lane.

Mme. Jomelli, a soprano, well known here, was well received at the Coliseum last month.

We spoke last week of a play, "Alys the Fayre." Some one wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette: "The warrior husband in the play is referred to as a mighty personage. He must have been abnormally so, to be stricken with the plague in Ascalon, and expire of it in some remote country place in England." This led the playwright, Mr. Elson, to say in reply: "The Knight in my little play dies, not of the plague, but of weakness and exhaustion. He is expressly made to say that he 'recovered of the plague.' I suppose Mr. Norman did not catch the lines, although Mr. Vane who played the Knight, made them as audible as was consistent with the utterances of a dying man." Yet we have all heard Tristans bawling throughout the death scene.

M. Nijinsky, the dancer, has replied to the critics that sneered at "Le Sacre du Printemps." "The newspapers seem to have been much less sympathetic than the audience." (Yet the newspapers stated that there was 'booing' the night of the first performance.) "I am accused of a crime against grace' among other things. It seems that because I have danced in ballets like 'The Pavilion of Armida,' 'The Spectre of the Rose' and 'Les Sylphides' which aim at grace pure and simple, I am to be tied down to 'grace' forever. Really I begin to have horror of the very word; 'grace' and 'charm' make me feel seasick. The fact is, I detest conventional 'nightingale-and-rose' poetry; my own inclinations are 'primitive.' There have been schools of painting and sculpture that went on getting suaver and suaver until there was no expression but only banality left, then there has always come a revolt. Perhaps something like this has happened in dancing."

Maude Adams will resume her "Peter Pan" tour at La Crosse, Wis., on Aug. 11. She will be seen in New York at Christmas time in "Peter Pan" and is rehearsing Barrie's "Legend of Leonora."

John Drew will make his first appearance in New York this season as Benedick on Sept. 1. He has never yet played the part.

Mme. Karsavina, the Russian dancer, who, after delighting London, goes with the Russian ballet to Buenos Ayres, is 25 years old. For eight years she has been at the Marie Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg. Her father was a dancer before her. Five years ago she was married to an official in the Russian ministry of finance, "who gladly allowed her to find happiness in the art she loves and adorns."

Mme. Elsa Stralia, who, singing for the first time at Covent Garden, as Elvira in the recent revival of "Don Giovanni," was eminently successful—if the London journals are to be believed—is an Australian. She was born at Adelaide and made her debut at Sydney. Before her appearance at Covent Garden, she had done concert work. She told a London reporter that she has had an offer to come to the United States.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is resting at a house in Belle Isle. She plays tennis, goes fishing, reads new plays and studies new parts. Mr. Dawbarn writes: "The Grande Sarah is beloved in the little island, and many are her acts of kindness. She has the width and charity of all great natures. A while ago she sat by the bedside of a dying woman and the sufferer passed away happily in the consciousness of this sympathy. Thoughts of her latter end are never far from Sarah Bernhardt, who has had the coffin prepared and her tomb also which will occupy an elevated situation on the coast looking out across the sea beautified, at this time of the year, by many a glorious sunset."

Boston Opera Singers

Mme. Edvina will probably be heard here next season as Marguerite in Gounod's opera. She will take the part of Mimi for the first time and Edmund Clement may then appear as Pinkerton.

Giovanni Martinelli, tenor, will be heard in this country for the first time. The season at Covent Garden [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

House. He began as [illegible] and his father and brothers follow this career. Performing military service, he played the cornet in the regimental band and it was then found out that he had a voice. When he had completed his term of military service, he studied for the operatic stage. Two years ago he made his first appearance. Outside of Italy he has been heard at Monte Carlo and in London. It is said that he is 26 years old.

Mr. Marcoux on account of his Parisian engagements has not sung in London this season. In Paris he created the part of Panurge at the Gaite-Lyrique, and he sang at the new opera house in the Champs Elysees and at the Opera. He will rest in Italy until he revisits this country in October and he will stay here till the end of March. This season he will sing in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago as well as in Boston. At the Metropolitan he will be the Don Quichotte when Massenet's opera is produced there. Before coming to Boston, he will appear with Miss Garden in "Tosca" on the opening night of the season in Philadelphia. His new roles in Boston will be the baritone parts in "Monna Vanna" and "Francesca da Rimini."

Edmond Clement is summering with his wife and children in France. He will probably be heard in Boston as Don Ottavio when "Don Giovanni" is revived. Léon Laffitte is studying the part of Walther in German for the performances of "Die Meistersinger." Miss Elizabeth Amsden, who will sing at Enghien-les-Bains before returning, has prepared the parts of Eva and Maliella.

A Letter from "G. B. S."

"The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet" was performed by the Irish Players on July 14, in London, before a private audience. The performance was in aid of the Irish Players' fund for Sir Hugh Lane's proposed Dublin municipal gallery of modern art to be built on a bridge over the Liffey. Speeches by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Yeats had been announced. Mr. Yeats made an appeal for the project, which was to help Ireland to "fulfil its own ideals, instead of becoming a little huckstering nation groping for halfpennies in a greasy till." Mr. Shaw sent the following letter, which is worth reading:

My Dear Yeats: The speech from me which has been promised to the committee's guests this afternoon will not be delivered. I can only beg the audience to bear this bitter disappointment with fortitude, and not to blame me for it. It is not my fault: it is that of the English nation, which has just enthusiastically given a huge sum of money to buy the Crystal Palace for the sake of the cup finals, to which it is consecrated in all English hearts, but absolutely refuses to endow a national theatre.

What a contrast with our own country! In Ireland we have a national theatre, a national drama and a national school of acting, and the one thing that threatens it is the success of its seasons at the Court Theatre in London, where the English pick up the crumbs that fall from our Irish table instead of making bread for themselves.

Mr. [illegible] tonight, [illegible] still in England, our Irish actors devote themselves to securing for their country a great collection of pictures, showing themselves thereby artists and citizens and Irishmen and Irishwomen in the widest sense and not mere professionals, as the English phrase goes.

Can you conceive the actors of London buying a picture for the National Gallery? Can you imagine their indignation if they were called citizens, their bewilderment if they were called Englishmen and Englishwomen cut off as they are by the ignorant Philistinism of our governing classes from all hope of any nobler public recognition than that of the box office?

You may ask me what has all this to do with my not turning up today to make my speech. Well, it has a great deal to do with it. A meeting of the executive committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre has been called for 3 o'clock this afternoon to settle business of no importance except to the few who have sense enough to understand its importance. They are so few, in fact, that if I stay away there may be no committee. But I am bound to be present in any case, as I have to make a proposal to add to the scheme of a national theatre and memorial to Shakespeare, a football ground and racecourse. I believe that if this proposal be adopted, we shall get the half-million we require quite easily. Until then, England will have to get on as best she can with the help of an occasional visit from our Irish players, with whom I am extremely proud to be associated this afternoon in a play which English actors and managers are not allowed perform. If the band would here strike up "Rule Britannia" it would form an appropriate end to this letter. Yours ever,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Doings in Paris

It is said that stage fright in Paris is on the decrease, and it hardly exists among pupils of the Conservatory. Yet the popular actresses of the city have confessed to a reporter that they know the "trac." It sits beside them as they drive to the theatre, and when they see the confused mass of spectators their anguish is keener, but as soon as sympathetic relations are established [illegible] are gripping at the throat and shaking of the knees at dress rehearsals and on first nights. "The artists are also unhappy at the revival of a play, particularly if a considerable length of time has elapsed since they were in possession of the role. One actress said: "Generally my nervousness increased with each dress rehearsal (which now takes the place of the first night in Paris). It is natural. I run greater risks. The better I am known, the more one expects of me. When one begins, one is sublimely unconscious." The confidence of the Conservatory pupils is not the result of cheek, the product of indifference and ignorance; it reveals "a cold resolution and a real mastery of self." Guitry asked the reporter what nervousness was. "Yes, I remember to have heard of it. Sometimes at a first performance I feel a sort of impatience or anxiety such as seizes me when I must catch a certain train, and I find I have only just time; but the moment the curtain is up I feel nothing at all." Le Bargy, on the other hand, has stage fright the first night, while Alfred Capus, the dramatist, confessed that on these occasions he feels as if he were exposed naked to the world.

Mr. Dawbarn writes, "Mr. Knoblauch's certificate to the English stage bears the stamp of authority. The brilliant American author has not only produced 'Kismet' here, but he has been a close and earnest student of the French theatre. In youthful days he paid his franc and sat with the 'claque' that he might see the points which appealed to the gallery. He has worked hard for his success, and deserved it. The English theatre, he tells us, is as good as any other. That is true, no doubt, for it has made progress of late years, whereas the French stage has stood still. But it must not be forgotten that every dramatist of mark has learnt his business in Paris. There is something in the atmosphere of this attractive city—attractive even in a wet July—that inspires the literary craftsman. It gives him finish and technique and lightness of touch which seem often to disappear after he has crossed the channel. Arnold Bennett acquired something of his magic here, and so did most who have succeeded in their plays. Mr. Stanley Houghton is one of the latest recruits to set up a Paris flat. For a moment he was Mr. Knoblauch's neighbor in the Palais Royal.

"Imitations of voice and manner are particularly exasperating—unless they are palpably imitations, intended to amuse. In the examinations for prizes at the Conservatoire, every other girl who recited tragic verse copied the intonation and long-drawn-out resonance of Sarah Bernhardt. The effect upon the hearer was not at all what the candidate hoped it would be. And every young man aiming for the Comedie Francaise endeavored to create the illusion of a De Max. He roared and ranted in the belief that it was real.

"Ambitious young people would be better advised to adopt a personal style. What we want is not a phonograph—caricatured as phonographs do—but a creation embodying an individual conception of the part. Again, such slavish adherence to the great artist is a chronological error. There is one Sarah Bernhardt and there is one Lucien Guitry. But time moves on. We cannot imprison art within limits. It must keep pace or it is lost. As a proof of it, there is Sacha Guitry, who, not content with being the clever son of a distinguished father, starts a new 'genre.' Light and fantastic 'moqueur,' spontaneous and slightly cynical, he is the type of 1913, and worth a hundred counterfeits of the past.

"Is the cinema losing its vogue? There is a suggestion that it is. The reason is the lack of quality in the films. Some demon seems to tempt a man who has been successful in a particular branch to lower his standard in the hope of gaining bigger profits. The result is that he gains nothing at all. Economizing on their films, some of the cinema companies produce the veriest rubbish. Detecting the inferiority, the public takes its revenge by staying away.

"I hear of stories knocked together by the cinema halls in a couple of hours. This is the veriest folly, and tantamount to slaying the goose with the golden eggs. Common wisdom would dictate the employment of talented writers of scenarios. In this way only can public interest be sustained. Nor is there reason why the best pens should not be attracted to the service. A good film may be as exciting and as good drama as a Shakespearean tragedy. It is mere snobbishness to adopt the superior pose. But the film must be good."

Music in London

The Promenade concert in Queen's Hall, London, will open Aug. 16, and these pieces by foreign composers will be played in London for the first time: Fantasie on two popular airs of Anjou, Lekeu; pianoforte concerto in F minor, Alexander Glazounoff; new suite, "L'Oiseau de Feu," Stravinsky; new suite for wood-wind, two harps and pianoforte, "Le Bal de Beatrice d'Este," Hahn; Iberia (pictures for orchestra, No. 2), Debussy, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Ravel; new suite, Dohnanyi; "Hymn to the Rising Sun," Mandl; ballade for piano and orchestra, G. Faure. The pieces by Hahn and Debussy have been heard in Boston. New works by English composers will be Cyril Scott's two poems, "Twilight of the Year" and "Paradise Birds"; Grainger's "Irish Tune from County Derry" and "Shepherd's Hey"; a prelude, "The King's Threshold," inspired by Yeats's play, T. F. Dunhill, whose book on chamber music was reviewed in The Herald of last Sunday; Keyser's preludes to acts IV. and V. of "Othello"; 'cello concerto by G. Dorlay; two orchestral pieces, "Pensive Twilight" and "The Dance of the Wild Irravel" by Arnold Bax; extracts from G. H. Clutsam's opera "King Harlequin," produced in Berlin last November; overture, "Dr. Merryheart," by Havergal Brian; Idyl, by Eric Coates, and an Aria for strings by Percy Pitt. An orchestral sketch, "Tamineh," by Blair Fairchild, an American now living in Paris, will also be played. "If there is any flaw in the arrangements," says Mr. Gatty, "it lies in the fact that the majority of the composers represented are already well known—Messrs. Cyril Scott, Percy Grainger, Vaughan Williams, Arnold Bax, Percy Pitt, for example. One would have liked to see a larger proportion of new names, and one wonders whether there is for the time being a dearth of promise amongst the youngest aspirants to recognition. It is, of course, possible that by now a higher standard has been arrived at, and that Sir Henry Wood is able to apply a stronger test in making his selections, which may easily have the effect of keeping back the fruits of an unavoidable immaturity." The Promenade concerts will continue until Oct. 25.

At a concert given July 15 under the auspices of the Patron's Fund of the Royal College of Music, London, these works by British composers were produced: Tone poem, John Greenwood; vocal scena, "Love, Time and Death," by Ralph Letts; rhapsody, "Pan," Dr. Cyril Rootham; dramatic romance, "Porphyria's Lover," Arthur Hinton; a set of variations by A. von Ahn Carse; symphonic poem, "Visions of Hannele," by Hubert Bath. "It has been thought sometimes," says Mr. Gatty, "that these concerts do not serve the intended purpose in the most advantageous way. Doubtless it is better for the young composer to have the experience of seeing for himself the effect of his work upon an audience during a concert when it is placed in juxtaposition with acknowledged masterpieces. This is, of course, what happens at a Promenade concert. Moreover, the audience itself is more detached and disinterested. But, on the other hand, the Patron's Fund concert can give an opening which it is hardly the business of the ordinary concert promoters to supply. That is to say there is not the same necessity to produce works nearer achievement than promise, and the selection can be made from reasons entirely connected with the composer himself." Speaking of the concert of July 15, Mr. Gatty remarked that in much of the new music the ideas were not strong enough for the means required. "One need not always write for the orchestra, and it seems a pity to force slender material." And no one of the works played suggested an original point of view.

Sir Herbert Tree's Book

Sir Herbert Tree's "Thoughts and After Thoughts," published by Cassell & Co., London, has been hailed with rapture by London critics. Yet "J. P. C." of the Pall Mall Gazette, although he characterizes the book as "the most genial course of lectures delivered in our time on the rationale of playgoing and production, and the place the drama occupies in every province and period of real civilization," disputes Sir Herbert's theory concerning the need of a sumptuous production.

Sir Herbert has no patience with the antiquarian method of producing Shakespeare's plays which regards them as "interesting specimens for the special delectation of epicures in antiques." He maintains that "the privilege of presenting the masterpieces of Shakespeare's genius is surely as great as that derived from paying a dividend of 35 per cent. to a set of shareholders in a limited liability company." He shows the appreciation of the public by quoting the figures of attendance at three consecutive annual productions at His Majesty's Theatre: "Julius Caesar," 242,000; "King John," 170,000; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 220,000. He quotes the Agincourt prologue, the Vision of Katherine of Arragon and the satire on folk plays in "Midsummer Night's Dream," as a proof that Shakespeare desired all the wealth in presentation of which the stage was capable, and he insists that the Elizabethan stage had more resources than we are given to believe. "Henslowe's Diary, for instance, gives amazing lists of the costume wardrobe of a contemporary theatre." Illusion, he says, is the entire business of the stage. To this "J. P. C." replies: "But there is an art dramatic which rises supreme over the appeal to the eye, and we cannot silence the demand of the pure idea to be delivered from the body of this death in the shape of over-elaboration, especially in the great tragic moments when the ritual of the limelight and property man is a distraction between the playwright and the audience. When Shakespeare put a skull into Hamlet's hand, he gave him a text and illustration, and not a fetish to be worshipped, as we have too often seen it worshipped on the modern stage at home and abroad. Tophamper is as bad in the theatre as it is upon a ship, and that is why the judicious will always grieve when the soul of the drama becomes the slave of physical excess."

Nor does the critic concede Sir Herbert's position that "the only men who

[illegible] ever [illegible] advertising for the advancement of the higher forms of the drama are the actors themselves." He remembers the work of Theodore Lamb and Coleridge—why not Hazlitt, also?—and the succession of scholars down to Professor Gilbert Murray with his version of Euripides.

"Sir Herbert says that Hamlet's sentence 'Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered,' is a proof of his human yearning for 'the sympathy of women,' when it is merely the poetic paraphrase of a common request among devout Catholics. Do not these questions of interpretation outweigh in importance the niceties of by-play and pose with which so many actors concern themselves? It is more to Kean's credit that he lifted Shylock from buffoonery to tragic dignity than that he or any of his successors have invested the part with certain outward attributes."

The critics wonder at Sir Herbert's wit, at the gaiety and sprightliness of his intellect. Here are a few flashes:

What is a gentleman?—One who does not care a button whether he is one or not.

The handling of a musket is a great leveler of mankind—in more senses than one.

What is the sum of Napoleon's achievement? I am inclined to think that his most useful contribution to the happiness of mankind was the constitution he gave to the Comedie Fraucaise.

We have the new liberty which dictates compulsory closing on Thursdays, in order that we have the vitality to rest from Saturday to Monday

To us this ancedote is more entertaining: "I remember Swinburne, the poet, telling me with a tinge of sadness of his own evolution. He and William Morris were friends in youth. 'At that time,' said he, 'William Morris was a Tory of the bluest blood, while I was a red-hot Republican. Now,' he sighed, 'Morris addresses Socialist mobs in Trafalgar square, and I write patriotic odes for the St. James's Gazette.'"

Pearce's "Polly Peachum"

Mr. Charles E. Pearce has written the life of Lavinia Fenton, the first Polly Peachum in "The Beggars' Opera." The title is "Polly Peachum and 'The Beggars' Opera,'" and the book is published at 16 shillings net by Stanley Paul, London. The reviewers say that no one will find in this volume a full biography of the woman who was first the mistress and later the wife of Charles Paulet, third Duke of Bolton, for there is little new told about her. But the author has much to say about the theatre of her day and the men and women on and off the stage. It is well known that Lavinia was charming and had character. The duke lived with her for 28 years and when he died in 1754 he left all he possessed to her, made her his sole executrix and called her his "dear and well-beloved wife." Mr. Walbrook wishes a revival of the operetta. Some slight revision might be necessary, but it should be reverential. "In an unclean age 'The Beggars' Opera' was clean, and it was the first native work of the English stage to have a run of over 60 consecutive performances." There was a revival in 1888 when Sims Reeves took the part of Macheath.

London magistrates, however, once looked on "The Beggars' Opera" with an unfavorable eye. It was stated in the Gentleman's Magazine of Sept. 15, 1773, that "Sir John Fielding this day informed the bench of justices that he had last year written to Mr. Garrick concerning the impropriety of performing the 'Beggars' Opera,' which never has been represented on the stage without creating an additional number of real thieves; he begged, therefore, the gentlemen present would join with him in requesting Mr. Garrick to desist from performing that opera on Saturday evening. The bench agreed. Garrick, while he said that it would be impossible for him to open with any other piece, promised that in future he would do everything in his power to oblige them."

The original copyright assignment of "The Beggars' Opera" was sold in London last month.

"NEWPORT JEWELS."

Auber wrote sparkling music for the opera "Crown Diamonds," which was long a favorite in this country as in Europe. It now seems that there is room for an opera bouffe entitled "Newport Jewels." American composers searching anxiously for a libretto on an American subject have now their opportunity.

The scenario admits of a pantomimic part, that of the monkey trained by some Fagin to choose pasteboard boxes of a certain size, to open secret drawers, to leave set jewels that have been blessed. Years ago young and old were delighted by the Ravels in "Jocko," with the hero a most intelligent and entertaining ape. Nor need the monkey at Newport be merely a mime. If Wagner with his theories about truth in art did not hesitate to introduce a singing dragon and a singing bird, why should not a monkey have a tenor aria?

Then there are the charuses of comic policemen and Burns detective, [illegible] there is the sight of a "low, long gray" automobile that now may take the place of the "low, black, rakish" craft, as an awakener of melodramatic interest.

We should not speak lightly of this crime if the developments in the case were not of an opera bouffe character. At first the losers regretted their imprudence in taking their jewels to a town so loosely protected, to which the answer was made: "Why bring winter and city jewels to a summer and country place?" The natural grief over the loss has given way to singular resignation. In the last act the detectives are dismissed. The diamonds, pearls, etc., will be replaced one day, or they will be found in Paris or London; and now there is a dark hint that they have not been stolen at all, although some still insist on the cunning of a female Raffles, or of a French crook disguised as an organ-grinder. This opera bouffe admits of many characters, and a sensational ending, with a grand apotheosis including the display of the jewels.

August 4-1913

Discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to great bigness, and do feed upon larks, which they take thus: They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poison up to the bird, for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange.

As the World Wags:

Your quotation in this morning's Herald from "Toxophilus" recalls my own reading of that book more than 30 years ago, when, inspired by Maurice Thompson's articles in Scribner's Monthly on the "Witchery of Archery," I took again to bows and arrows, somewhat to the disgust of my father, who thought me nearly old enough to "put away childish things."

Roger Ascham gives a description of the perfect bow and advises you if you find such a one to "buy that bow of my warrant." I could not find the bow described, but was fortunate enough to get one made of lancewood for me free of charge by Mr. Thomas Tout of Cambridge, a famous fishing rod maker, who invented, I believe, the split bamboo rod with thin strips of whalebone inserted to make it unbreakable.

Like many other enthusiasts, I wrote to Maurice Thompson and received a courteous reply, per his brother Will; and for a long time afterward it seemed to me I could be perfectly happy if I might see, from a distance, those two brothers, whom I placed close to Robin Hood in my hero gallery. But all things come to him who waits long enough, and one day as I was about to receive a degree at Harvard I dropped into Sanders Theatre for the Phi Beta Kappa exercises, not knowing who the speaker was to be, and had the joy of listening to my boyhood's hero, Maurice Thompson, as he, who had "fought in honor for the South," brought his tribute to the grave of Lincoln.

It was perhaps three or four years before this that Mr. Dana of the New York Sun in a lecture on American newspapers quoted with praise a poem * * * The author was not given, and so it was not till some years afterward that I learned that this poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," was written by that other boyhood hero, Will H. Thompson. * * *

I have been rereading the "Witchery of Archery," and to me it seems to possess all the charm that it had when it first appeared. I think that any one whose boy-heart is not entirely dead would do well to include it in his summer reading. At the very worst he could not find it more disappointing than some of the "best sellers."

Boston, July 30. H. B. HASTINGS.

Anecdote for the Day.

Owl's eggs given in wine for three days to drunkards will make them loathe it.

O Cosima!

The Herald has already spoken of pictures of scenes in "Parsifal" shown at the Coliseum in London to the accompaniment of Wagner's music. We are indebted to "A. F." for the advertisement in a London journal. The whole show is announced as an "Entertainment de Luxe by Stars of International Art."

"For the first time on any British stage. The most Beautiful Artists' Models in London in Parsifal Tableaux designed by Byam Shaw, A. R. W. S. Wagner's Wonderful Music rendered in Thirty minutes by a Double Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood."

Parsifal, Kundry, Gurnemanz, Klingsor and the Flower Maidens are not the only attraction. There are Lipinski's 40 Dog Comedians, Rope and Lasso Experts, Comedy Acrobats and a Musical Clown. Bianca Waldo whistles "at the piano" and Constance Driver and Margaret Cooper "oblige" with selections from a repertoire. Thus is the centenary of Wagner's birth year honored in London. Perhaps Mme. Cosima Wagner is less sensitive than when she screamed against the production at the Metropolitan Opera House and against Mr. Savage's version. Or does she now receive a royalty from London?

Active and Lazy.

The Rev. Harold Paul Sloan, pastor of a church in New Jersey, ate 32 pancakes at a pancake supper and thus vanquished Mrs. Hammel, the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, who, even for the sake of the building fund, could only swallow 30. Thus lively interest in church work was awakened in New Brunswick and more than $25 was added to the fund.

Mr. L. F. Duncan, an Englishman, now 92 years old, had a grandfather who died at the age of 101. The family for three or four generations has eaten only two meals a day. "My grandfather smoked till within a year of his death"—putting tobacco aside probably hastened his end—"my father within a week of his death, at 88, enjoyed a cigar, and I am still smoking from 10 to 12 cigars a day."

Mrs. Jessie Wood, testifying in her divorce suit in a Jersey City court, swore that Mr. Wood was the personification of laziness. She married him in 1902 and he had since that time showed hatred for work of any kind. For nearly a year she was compelled to wash his face and dress him. When Mr. James G. Wood heard this testimony he ran away and did not return to the court room. His counsel should have cited the case of Mr. Chilcott, who early in October, 1909, slept in the dock of a London court while the magistrate was condemning him to 12 months with hard labor. This Mr. Chilcott, a big, heavy man, was so lazy that he had to be pushed into the dock. His conversation for years had been reluctant "yeses" and "noes." Once he admitted that he had never willingly done an hour's work in his life, and saying this he was so exhausted that he did not speak again that day. Dr. Wilson, an expert, swore in court that Mr. Chilcott was suffering from the disease known as ergophobia (fear of work). It is an insidious disease, which, beginning in the spring, may be chronic.

A Pen Portrait.

Victor Hugo once said to the late Henri Rochefort: "I long ago regretted my folly in learning Spanish. If you wish to retain a perfect mastery of your native tongue, avoid any acquaintance with other modern languages." Rochefort took this advice to heart and in turn told Mr. Cunninghame Graham that during his exile of six years in London he learned only these English sentences for the benefit of his coachman: "Tom, drive to Christie's"; "Tom, home." Mr. Graham drew this picture of the Parisian journalist: "Erect, tall, soldierly in bearing, a fell of white curls, a keen eye for a counter of tierce, a wench, a picture by an English master—one of Dumas's three musketeers lost in the muddy billows of political life. Musketeer 'double' with journalist, politician, brocanteur, and yet a gentleman, and kindly to the core, as vain men use to be."

There is a less complimentary sketch of Rochefort on the day when Victor Noir, assassinated by Prince Bonaparte, was buried, published by M. Maurice Dreyfous in his reminiscences:

"Ce qu'il me reste a dire." (Page 42.)

August 5-1913

'KISS ME QUICK' AT THE SHUBERT

Helen Lowell Has Leading Part in First Performance in Boston.

INCIDENTS FOLLOW FAST

Piece Is Wildly Farcical—Amusing Work of a Film Actor Troupe.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Kiss Me Quick," a farce in three acts by Philip Bartholomae, with Helen Lowell. First performance in Boston. Opening of the season. The cast:

Gladiola Huntley	Helen Lowell
Billy Hopkins	Fredric Santley
Edward Huntley	Richard Taber
The Butler	Charles Ashley
Marie Huntley	Emily Callaway
Bailey, moving picture director	Robert Kelly
Sally Jones	Louise Drew
Pinkie	Laura Laird
Claypoole	Edward Kummerou
Clara	Mary Hastings
Joe Randall	Arthur Aylesworth
Ola Primrose	Sadie Harris

Mr. Bartholomae's farce was produced for the first time on any stage at Long Branch, Aug. 1. It is a light and innocuous entertainment. Incidents follow each other precipitately. [illegible] much that is amusing, but the humor is often crude.

There is a prologue to the first act in which Miss Lowell as Gladiola Huntley makes explanatory remarks and introduces a few of the characters. This prologue might well be omitted, for, as it is, the act needs pruning.

Miss Huntley, a wealthy spinster, is an authoress. She wishes to live her stories and keeps a record of daily events. Her grounds are suddenly invaded by a troupe of moving picture actors, in charge of a business-like manager. The company includes varied types. Pinkie, the pert ingenue; Clare, a statuesque brunette; Sally Jones, an imposing blonde, who "isn't slow, only careful," and Claypoole, an actor of the old school who has known better days. There is, too, Joe Randall, the leading man, a willing, gawky youth, and Ola, his ward, a gospel-eyed maiden to whom he is engaged and who sighs to be a "real lady."

The eccentric Miss Huntley has two nephews, amiable youths not wholly unacquainted with the chorus. Sally Jones is recognized by Billy as a former playmate. There are pleasant reminiscences. But Billy is betrothed to the stately Marie Huntley and Sally's charm has paled. Through a clever ruse, Joe Randall forces the boys to invite him and Ola to spend a week at their aunt's house. Miss Huntley, appalled at the appearance of her prospective guests, is persuaded to believe that Joe is a famous opera singer, and Ola his sister. There are complications and subsequent extrications and explanations to the satisfaction of all.

On the whole the farce is chiefly lacking in compactness. There is a bewildering mass of incidents. The characters of the moving picture troupe are amusing. They speak wholly in the vernacular and their conversation is freely sprinkled with oaths. The scene in which they pose for a sensational story is one of the most amusing in the play.

Miss Lowell, gratefully remembered for her performance as Sophie Brush in "The Red Petticoat" last season, is seen in a totally different character, and the transformation is not wholly successful. As the female barber she was continuously amusing, piquant without vulgarity. As the authoress in Mr. Bartholomae's farce she is often affected and not so diverting. Gladiola Huntley is fond of dress. She has a dress for each emotion and a name for every dress. Her garment of the four seasons is a masterpiece. She has other idiosyncracies which Miss Lowell endeavors to portray. It is, however, a part in which she does not as yet appear wholly at ease.

Mr. Aylesworth, upon whose antics much of the fun depends, was consistently humorous throughout. His methods are direct, and he speaks wittily with an imperturbable countenance. He has been thoughtfully provided with a sentimental ditty, from which the piece evidently takes its name, and he is again proficient with a banjo.

Miss Louise Drew makes much of a minor part, and is constantly effective. Messrs. Santley and Taber, as the breezy nephews, acted with spirit, while the moving picture director was capitally played by Robert Kelly. The other members of the company are well cast and deserve praise.

The audience last evening was large, and in holiday mood. It laughed incessantly and with uproariousness. There was no doubt as to its enjoyment.

A capacity house liberally applauded a rattling good bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night, every act from the top to the bottom of the program being enthusiastically received. The Juvenile Pinafore Opera Company, in an up-to-date version of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan success, has the headline position and all of the favorite songs in that comic opera are sung during the half hour the act requires. The settings are attractive and the members of the chorus in their masculine sailor costumes are unusually pretty.

Miss Marie Fenton, the melody maid, as the program has it, appeared in a collection of catchy songs and gorgeous gowns, making a complete change between each selection. Her favorite song, "I'm Afraid, Pretty Maid, I'm Afraid," made its usual big hit, as did "Everybody's Doing Something They Don't Know How to Do."

None of those appearing upon this week's program received a more enthusiastic welcome than those old favorites, James F. Kelley and Emma Pollock, whose lively sketch, for lack of a better name, is entitled "Ginger Snaps." Miss Pollock, in the course of the act, sang her old favorite, "Maggie Murphy's Home," that she made famous back in Harrigan and Hart minstrel days. Rather more up-to-date, but no more pleasing, was Mr. Kelley's "On the Old Fall River Line," the words to which fairly brought down the house.

Charles F. Semon, "the narrer feller," who has been in vaudeville for years, always adapting his stories and his yarns to times and conditions, is just as interesting and just as slim as ever. Herbert and Claribel Farjeon in "Disillusioned," a comedy satire by Carlyle Moore, have a very elaborate little act

... excellent work. The Versatile Trio, in song and in pantomime, makes good its name; Martinetti and Sylvester, in "Bumping the Bumps," proved intensely amusing; Lynch and Zellar make up a pair of the finest Indian club artists ever seen at Keith's, while Solly Brown and Felicia Sprague are good in "Smart Songs."

Next week will be presented at B. F. Keith's for the first time upon any stage the one-act dramatic comedy, "The Woman Who Passed By," by Vincent A. Lawrence, the young Boston playwright.

The Coburn Players presented "King Henry the Fifth" in the college yard at Harvard University last evening. Weather conditions far from encouraging evidently had no appreciable effect upon performance or audience. Damp seats and dripping boughs were quickly forgotten once the play was under way. Charles Coburn was the King Henry and George Currie the Duke of Exeter. George Gaul, Nevin Clark and Frank Peters had the parts of Nym, Bardolph and Pistol, respectively. Conrad Cantzen was the French King. Mrs. Coburn had the dual role of the Chorus and Princess Katherine.

Features of the presentation were the all-around smoothness of the production and the exceptionally clear enunciation.

Tonight at 8 P. M. the same players will give "Iphigenia in Tauris" in the college yard.

August 6-1913

"Iphigenia in Tauris" was presented last evening in Harvard College yard by the Coburn Players. Gilbert Murray's version of Euripide's play was used. The company has given no more satisfactory performance. Mrs. Coburn as Iphigenia was equal to the demands of the role. She portrayed the Greek maiden in heroic vein and with dignity. Her diction was commendable.

Mr. Coburn was a stalwart Orestes and Mr. Mitchell impersonated Pylades with spirit and intelligence. Mr. Peters, too, bore himself manfully as the overcredulous Thoas, while Miss McLaurin as the leader of the chorus fulfilled her task admirably and was a harmonious apparition. The characters in general were attractively costumed.

August 7-1913

"The Comedy of Errors" was presented yesterday afternoon by the Coburn Players at Harvard College yard. There were many excellent features in the performance. George Gaul, who, on Tuesday evening, delivered the herdsman's speech in "Iphigenia" with telling dramatic effectiveness, showed himself a comedian of no mean ability as the Antipholus of Syracuse. He played with spirit, grace and humorous perception. Mr. Peters, who impersonated the Dromio from Syracuse, was an admirable foil. His clowning was irresistibly amusing, abounded in light and skilful touches, nor did he depend for his fooling on mere bodily agility. The Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus acted by Thomas Mitchell and J. C. Hickey were satisfactory impersonations if less effective.

Mrs. Coburn, as Adriana, was seen in a congenial part and one that is essentially feminine. Miss McLaurin as Aemilia made much of a small part. Others in the company were well cast and performed their tasks efficiently.

August 12-1913

This week's bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre represents a wide range of vaudeville attractions from Belle Hathaway's Simian playmates—otherwise a group of performing monkeys and baboons—to Miss Josephine Dunfee, late prima donna in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The bill is as excellent as it is varied.

One of the feature acts is "The Woman Who Passed By," a one-act dramatic comedy that is receiving, this week, its initial presentation upon any stage. Vincent S. Lawrence of this city is its author and the competent little company of four presenting the sketch are all well known in Boston. The story is of the daughter of an honest New York politician, fighting for her father's release from court. With funds exhausted, the daughter daringly attempts to hold up a wealthy wheat speculator in his own home, is traced there by headquarters detectives, is shielded by the speculator and eventually escapes after she has been amply and voluntarily provided with money by the speculator who is, of course, touched by her story in the end and decides that he will assist the young woman's family and accompany the young woman herself in their escape to Quebec or other Canadian points.

Frank Monroe has the part of Sullivan, the detective, and he plays it admirably, with Earle Ryder as the speculator and Lillian Niederauer in the ... followed the presentation of "The Woman Who Passed By," while Miss Niederauer was the recipient of an immense bouquet from admirers.

Cecil McLean, who hasn't been at B. F. Keith's in four years, having been spending most of the interim in comic opera in the middle West, presented, with the assistance of Miss Cleo Mayfield and James Billings, a number of new songs and travesties, all of which went well. The Gliding O'Mearas, comprising a young woman and her male partner, present three of society's latest dance sensations, including their own, "The O'Meara Blide." An exposition or demonstration of the Texas Trot and of the Whirlwind Prance conclude the act.

They are beautiful dancers and, in addition, possess an almost limitless amount of endurance, for they were as graceful and as vivacious at the finish as at the beginning.

The Bison City Four, a quartet that long ago ceased to require any introduction to Boston vaudeville-goers, have a place on this week's program, making their usual success. Rice, Scully and Scott have fun on the horizontal bar—and daring work they do, too. Miss Josephine Dunfee, a change of costume going with each song, gives three selection. Chester Spencer and Irene Williams altogether make good their sketch, "That Natty Pair," in dance, song and dialogue, while Miss Hathaway's monkeys cut up all sorts of capers and have a half-dozen intertribal scraps while upon the stage.

The Labakans are comedy acrobats amply proficient to deserve the applause they receive, even though they didn't carry along a cute and highly educated fox terrier to turn somersaults and perform other dog tricks.

August 17-1913

MISS WYNDHAM AT MAJESTIC

"What Happened to Mary" Opens Season at the Theatre—Well Received.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Olive Wyndham in "What Happened to Mary, a play in four acts, by Owen Davis, suggested by the "Mary" stories in the Ladies' World. First performance in Boston.

Tuck Wintergreen.........Edgar Nelson
Joe Bird.........Harry Levian
Liza Peart.........Kate Jepson
Billy Peart.........Frank R. Montgomery
Mary.........Olive Wyndham
Captain Jogifer.........Ed. M. Kimball
Henry Craig.........Morris Foster
Mrs. Winthrop.........Alma Kruger
John Willis.........Charles Miller
Tom Little.........Jay C. York
Mrs. Gibbs.........Lottie Medley
Annie Welch.........Rosemary Carlton
Richard Craig.........Burr Caruth

The season opened at the Majestic theatre last evening with "What Happened to Mary," described on the program as "an old-fashioned love story."

Mary lives in an oyster-shipping village on Chesapeake Bay with a miserly uncle and a soporific aunt. Her only friend is Capt. Joglfer, a trusty old sea dog, who gave her the rudiments of an education.

City people visit the island, Henry Craig, an unprincipled youth, engaged in sowing his wild oats, his aunt, Mrs. Winthrop, and his father's partner, John Willis, a crusty lawyer. The first two were strongly attracted to the young girl. Henry secretly gives her his card and urges her to meet him at a boarding house in New York. Her uncle tries to force her to marry Tuck Wintergreen, a stout and amorous youth in loud clothing. Mary rebels and escapes to New York with Capt. Jogifer's help. He moreover, gives her decided proof that Billy Peart is not her uncle.

A few hours' stay in Mrs. Gibbs's house discloses Henry's villainy. Mary, unobserved, watches a scene between the young man and a girl, Annie Welch, to whom he had paid too many attentions. John Willis offers her a position as stenographer. She accepts.

The third act is one of complications and disclosures. Mrs. Winthrop supposes she has lost a little girl, drowned in a wreck with her nurse. Her husband's will makes Henry his heir. His aunt revolts at the thought of a fortune in the young reprobate's hands. Henry finds his aunt's bag in his father's office, and steals its contents. Mary is accused. There is certain proof. She goes back to the village.

Mrs. Winthrop's little daughter was not drowned, and Mrs. Gibbs is the nurse Jane. Mary had been hidden by the craft of her uncle, ambitious for his son. Everything is made right, and Mary, triumphant, marries John Willis, who has, from the first, been a trusty friend.

The piece, although it smacks of melodrama, has elements of popularity. The village characters are realistically drawn. There is a certain strain of homely humor. As a frame for Miss Wyndham, the play is charming, and the part a fat one. Without her, the interest would be considerably less.

As Mary, she plays with unaffected simplicity. She is sincere, girlish wholly lovable. Miss Kruger as Mrs Winthrop was sympathetic and effective. Miss Carleton as Annie Welch was remarkably successful in a trying part Mr. Foster suggested the vacillating character of Henry Craig, but revealed little seductive charm. Mr. Miller played John Willis with conviction and authority, while Mr. Kimball was capital as Capt. Jogifer. Other characters were well taken.

The audience was appreciative and of good size.

August 19-1913

The life of the poor, colored outwardly with the same passivity and acceptance of their lot as the rest of visible nature, disciplined by the same forces which break the floods and the earth, remains for most of us querulous, ignoble, disappointing. What can be said suggestive or profound of the life that is born, that labors its full day with its face to the ground from which it looks for its sustenance, and at last is carried, spent, to the square ground which holds the memory and remains of the dead.

Mr. Johnson Loq.

As the World Wags:

Although I am not what my tailor is pleased to call a "correct dresser," nevertheless as a sociologist and an honorary member of many European societies and academies, I feel it my duty to wear irreproachable linen and clothes of a respectable cut, although my taste as an individual would lead me to florid waistcoats and flamboyant cravats.

By assiduous reading of the fashion notes in the leading journals of London, New York and Terre Haute, I have learned that the trousers of summer suits should be scrupulously turned up over boots and shoes of every description—except rubber boots worn on marshy flats, and leg boots now sported only by belated western statesmen, also trousers of blue serge. It was the custom of Horace Greeley to tuck a trouser leg into a cowhide boot when he was about to address an audience in the country, and I have heard that a prominent Boston clergyman, now dead, used many years ago the same argument to propitiate lyceum gatherings west of the Hudson river. As you may remember, I purchased an expensive dress suit in New York two years ago before I started on a lecture tour; for it is my opinion that an audience wishes to see a speaker in his best clothes, and I remember that William Waldorf Astor, stumping on the East side of New York, lost the favor of the unterrified and the unwashed because he spoke in his shirt sleeves and not in the evening costume of the Four Hundred. A king in ordinary citizen's dress is a sorry sight. If I am to meet George or William I wish to see him crowned and with his gewgaws on. For the same reason I hope Mr. Curtis Guild will always wear his Russian decoration: at night on his pajamas after the manner of Skull and Bones men at Yale; in winter on the lapel of his overcoat.

Fashion Note.

Imagine then my shock when I read in the Medical Officer, an English periodical, stern condemnation of those that turn up trouser ends. "We shudder to think of the accumulation of filth which must be found in these receptacles, and as we believe it is the custom to have the turn-up made as a permanent pocket. It is doubtful whether during the period of wear any attempt is made to get rid of the accumulation. In the interests of hygiene we hope this prevailing fashion will be but a short madness."

The writer is either young or not an acute observer. Dudes, swells, Johnnies, nuts, Anglo-maniacs have turned up trouser ends for many years. Hence the old classic American joke: "Ah, I see it is raining in London."

Fortunately in Clamport our sandy streets are oiled and our sidewalks when they exist are clean. The long approach to my own humble shingled cottage is covered with pine-needles, known to the natives as diddledees. The trouser ends collect these diddledees, and a stranger, unaware of this, crossing gracefully his legs on the veranda, going up and down stairs, or pulling off his trousers for the night leaves evidences of his majestic presence. The natives and the domesticated sojourner empty these pocket before entering the house and thu avoid bitter reproach and a disagreeabl jarring scene.

Perfumed Officers.

It is a pleasure to see men in hig office strengthening themselves in th discharge of their duties by diliger reading of old time worthies. Mayo Gaynor has learned from Epictetus tha no one in New York should eat after o'clock A. M. The sheriff in his publ announcements refers glibly to Aristo phanes, also to Plutarch's Lives, thoug Plutarch's Morals would be more to th purpose. Is it not possible that Senat Kern of Indiana in his attack on "pe fumed officers" of the army and nav had in mind a passage in tho life Flavius Vespasianus Augustus by o Suetonius? I quote from the admirab translation of the gossip by Philemo Holland:

"And because hee would not let sl anie occasion of reforming militarie di cipline, when a certain gallant you smelling hote of sweet balmes and perfumes came unto him to give thanks for an office obtained at his hands, after a strange countenance shewing his dislike of him, he gave them also in words a most bitter and grievous checke, saying, I would rather thou haddest stunke of garlicke' and so revoked his letters patents for 'the graunt.'

A Costly Premium.

"I read that two maiden ladies of Welmar in dispute with a pawnbroker value a lock of Goethe's hair at $4000. I am now prepared to give a lock of my hair, with a sworn certificate of genuineness, to every new suscriber of my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," (elephant folio). The lock will be neatly tied with a blue ribbon.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Aug. 17.

One of the best laugh-producing bills of the summer season is being staged at B. F. Keith's theatre this week, the biggest "hit" on the program being the reappearance of the "Sully Family," after a long absence. "The Information Bureau" is the travesty farce which once again proved an excellent vehicle for the "Sullys" and with its new features the act was roundly applauded.

Miss Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz appeared in a musical romance dealing with a young composer and a prima donna, which told in tuneful strains of the awakening of love of the two, with the "Temptation Dance" at the end of the act, one of the features of the evening. Miss Stone and Mr Kalisz showed their ability to adopt various moods in their "Table Talk" duet. Other numbers with which these clever actors scored with were "The Kind of a Song to Sing" by Miss Stone and "Mon Armour," the titular song, which was sung by Mr. Kalisz.

With George Auger, the tallest actor on the stage, and Ernest Rommel, the smallest comedian, as the principals, "Jack, the Giant Killer" was well received, the duel between the pair bringing a climax to this unique sketch. Irwin and Herzog, "Two Boys in Blue," brought forth volumes of applause by their witty songs of the present day, while the "ragtime" numbers were produced effectively by Dave Kramer and George Morton, "The Two Black Dots."

Burke, King and Walsh, dancers three, Foster Ball and Ford West, appearing in an amusing and at times pathetic, character study entitled "Since the days of '61," and the Loretta Twins in their acrobatic stunts rounded out an altogether amusing bill.

The final act was a game of bicycle basketball, with the contest taking on an international aspect through the appearance of Robert Mortimer, representing the United States, and Harr Wells, wearing the Union Jack. Uncl Sam continued his long series of successes, winning by a small margin, bu not until after a hard-fought battle.

August 20-1913

NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

To the Editor of The Herald.

Erroneous statements concerning the tunes "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" have been made recently by correspondents of The Herald. Thus Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, in a letter published this morning, says that "America" (the tune is that of "God Save the King") is "of German origin," and that of "The Star Spangled Banner" is "from an old English opera."

The tune and the words of "God Save the King" were composed by Henry Carey, and first sung by him at a meeting held in a tavern of Cornhill to celebrate the capture of Porto Bello in 1740. This tune was borrowed by the Germans about 1793 for their "Heil dir im Siegerkranz." The air of "The Star Spangled Banner" is that of a drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and is attributed to Dr. Samuel Arnold. It is not found in any "old English opera."

A correspondent of The Herald recently spoke of Clara Louise Kellogg as a daughter of Maine. She was born at Sumterville, S. C., in 1842.

Boston, Aug. 19. PHILIP HALE.

The memories of the like women a very ancient as well in Africa as in Asia In Africa those that had Medusa fo queene: others in Scitia nere the rivers of Tanaia and Thermodon: we find also that Lampedo and Marthesia were queenes of the Amazones: in many histories they ar verified to have bene, and in divers age and provinces * * * They are sayd to be very cruell and bloodthirsty, especiall to such as offer to invade their territories. These Amazones have likewise great store of these plates of golde.

"I Am Stalacta."

As the World Wags:

Will you not discuss the passing of the Amazon, the fair and stately creature that now seems to belong to an extinct species? As memory fondly turns in age to the joys of youth, to the peaceful country home, to the coming to the great city, to hopes and ambitions as yet unrealized, to the ol time minstrel show—the Jack Haverly Mastodons—"forty, count them!"—it impossible not to recall the Ama...

advancing boldly at [illegible] of her colors to the front of the stage clad in glittering cuirass, pink tights, and carrying for protection or aggression her classic weapon—the spear. "A fine figure of a woman!" was each one, solid, substantial, fit mother for a brawny race. Alas, where have they all departed? "Where are the shows of yesterday?" "Where is Helen, Semaramis, Cleopatra?" Has Francois Villon found them yet? What profit is it to us to contemplate with wearied eyes the pony capering nimbly but ungracefully in company with other undersized, precocious infants? Is the race degenerating? It must be. No longer do we see those "pedestals" fit to compare with the old-fashioned piano legs, but there appear for our delectation shrunken extremities unsuited to support the old-time wealth of feminine pulchritude. O tempora! O mores!

LEMUEL GAYWORTHY.

Boston, Aug. 18.

Halcyon Days.

It was in 1872 at the Boston Theatre that we saw "The Black Crook" for the first time and applauded Miss Kate Santley as the glittering Stalacta, Queen of the Golden Realm, at the head of her Amazons. The tune "I am Stalacta" is still in our ears, and we see the Amazons, more terrible than those of Dahomey or an army with banners. Unlike the Amazons of classic times, the followers of Miss Santley were fully equipped, "bathukolpoi," to use the term of Homer, also built solidly from the ground up. A versatile woman, this Miss Santley, who began in Shakespearian parts and ended as a manager of London theatres, playwright and librettist.

The Amazons found their way into burlesque and comic opera, and their marching and countermarching won the applause of the sitters in pit and gallery. The fashion changed and the slim and the neurotic succeeded the corn-fed. Miss Emily Soldene a few years ago deplored the change in popular taste as unhealthy. Women in tights no longer fascinate deacons and selectmen with false whiskers fearing recognition and snatching a timorous joy. "The Black Crook" and "The White Fawn" would be voted slow today. Zamiel, the Arch Fiend, with his "A single soul, a single year; a hundred souls, a hundred years; 'tis in your power to live forever," would excite laughter and not provoke a shudder. Yet we should like once more to hear the voice of Louis Aldrich as Hertzog, see the Majiltons—Frank, Charles and Marie, especially Marie—the Egyptian jugglers, Hassam, Anak, and Selim, not forgetting Prof. Smith's Illuminated Fountain and Cloud Veil with the Hues of Sunset. The world went very well then.

Stramming About.

As the World Wags:

On a day passed in the country recently I was an interested spectator at a local out-of-doors celebration which drew crowds from miles around. Near one as I watched the moving show two women, one of them accompanied by a girl who was evidently her daughter, were engaged in conversation. To them came another girl, evidently the daughter of the other woman, and as the girl approached one of the women said to the other girl: "There, Alice, here comes Edith. Now if you want to stram, go and stram." Watching subsequent movements of both of the girls, I came to the conclusion that to "stram" was to wander around and take in the sights. Is the expression a New England colloquialism, or must it be set down as more local in its application? R.F.W.

Biddeford, Me.

The verb "stram" is a dialect word in several English counties, but it there means to slam or bang, also to lie outrageously. In Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues," the verb is given with this meaning: "To walk; especially, a society parade; to walk stiffly and the only quotation is from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Oldtown Folks": "I had such a stram this morn'n'" from which it would appear that the verb and noun with this meaning are "Americanisms."—Ed.

Anecdote for the Day.

At a time when Dean Blakesley was theological tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge, a certain candidate for holy orders inquired of him whether, in his opinion, the future punishment of the condemned was likely to be of a physical or a moral character. "Moral, I imagine," said Blakesley. "Thank you, sir," replied the undergraduate. "You have no idea what a weight of anxiety you have lifted from my mind."

Atrocious.

As the World Wags:

Would you continue pleasant relationship with a man who meeting you early in the morning said with a sickly grin: "You know that Goethe, talking with Eckermann, prophesied the Panama canal. He also foresaw the Mexican trouble, for he wrote 'The Sorrows of Huerta.'" GEORGE BEAUMONT.

West Manchester.

ART IN MUNICH

Mme. Olive Fremstad took the part of Isolde at the Wagner festival in Munich last week and an influential newspaper attacked her. It dubbed her an "American prima donna," whose dramatic effects were "cut-and-dried." It commented on her "naturalistic death study with the danse du ventre" and consoled itself by the thought that this was done by an American. It deplored "the spirit of America" that overshadowed everything in the Prinz Regent Theatre and the fact that Americans and English "predominated in the audience." The whole production was censured on account of its "Americanism."

It is said that the American colony in Munich is up in arms, and that a committee has been formed for the purpose of warning Americans to avoid Munich hereafter. Americans at home and abroad are always forming committees, so this news is not surprising, and whatever the people of Munich may think and say about the operatic art of Mme. Fremstad, the beer halls of that city will be an irresistible magnet to travellers as long as the historically high standard of the brew is maintained.

Nor should the hostile attitude of one newspaper excite commotion. Mme. Fremstad is not a newcomer in Germany and the beauty of her art has been acknowledged by others than Americans. The allusion to any "danse du ventre" is absurd and spiteful. The savage article was no doubt due to a chauvenistic spirit, or inspired by some rival on the stage. It is not easy for German singers to view complacently the success of American singers in German opera houses. When Mme. Nordica sang at Bayreuth she was bitterly attacked by German critics, and Miss Farrar's first years at the Berlin Royal Opera House were not years of pleasantness and peace. The fact that the imported artists, as a rule, sing much better than the native ones and are less semaphoric in their acting only adds to the irritation of those born and trained in Germany.

It may also be said that the Wagner Theatre in Munich and the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth are largely supported by the presence with money of these "inartistic" and despised Americans.

August 21. 1913

Why is the arrival of the ladder-man in a country town supposed to foretell the setting-in of a rainy spell? And in how many instances does rain follow close on the arrival of his wagon?

Foreign News.

Mr. Edouard Espinosa, "who has made a special study of biblical dances," declares that the cakewalk did not originate in the southern states or the West Indies, nor was it brought to this country from Africa, but it grew out of the mediaeval Branle des Gateaux, which in turn was "inspired by the biblical celebration of the festival of the first ripe fruits." And now perhaps Mr. Espinosa will tell us the precise nature of the dance that cost John the Baptist his head.

In the Middle.

As the World Wags:

I am of course much interested in eugenics, and I am at work on an article arguing that to give every young man a fair start as a husband he should be christened Eugene. This may lead to another essay showing that the ideal bride should be christened Eugenia. "Listen, Eugenia! Eternal passion! Eternal pain!"

I therefore read with more than ordinary interest the statement that the first eugenic marriage in this commonwealth turned out badly because Mr. Perron, the husband, parted his hair in the middle and "put perfumery in his hair," not "on" his hair, so the reader is left to the conclusion that certain locks were combed neatly over a sachet.

Many of us remember the time when a man that parted his hair in the middle was considered effeminate and affected. Some were thus prejudiced against James Russell Lowell and George William Curtis. The time of the civil war was one of excessive whiskerage. Look over the portraits of officers in Harper's Weekly or Frank Moore's "Rebellion Record," and note the ambrosial beards, wild whiskers, mustaches that might well have been spelled "mustachioes." The hair of these gallant men, northern and southern, was Absalomic; the part was severely on one side, and there was often a well-defined, aggressive cowlick.

And in the sixties warriors and civilians slushed their hair with scented ointment. Preparation for divine service in the meeting house was a solemn function. The grease was laid on thick, and as the father of the family walked up the aisle there was a trail [illegible] glory. But the hair was parted on one side. The children sat in the pew reverently admiring and fearing their sire. There was then no chatter about eugenics; but there were many children, and they were tumultuously healthy.

The case of the Perrons will undoubtedly be a leading one in the history of eugenics and be quoted in arguments on "The Influence of Hair on Population." HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Aug. 19.

In a Bag.

As the World Wags:

In answer to "M. A. A.'s" pathetic appeal for an old-fashioned huckleberry pudding, I am sending a recipe used in my grandmother's family and by her descendants unto the third generation.

Three quarts of huckleberries, one pint of milk, five eggs well beaten, eight tablespoons full of flour, one half-teaspoon full of salt sifted with the flour. Put mixture in a bag and boil for two and a half hours. For the bag take a large square of strong unbleached cotton cloth. When ready to use, wring it out of cold water, spread the inside with butter and then flour it and lay it over a large bowl. Pour in the mixture, tie up the cloth quickly—allowing a little room for the pudding to swell—use a strong twine and draw it as tight as possible. Lay it immediately in the boiling pot and after 10 minutes turn it over to prevent the berries from settling on one side; it should be turned three or four times during the first half hour. Keep it covered by adding boiling water from the kettle, if necessary, and be careful to boil it steadily, for if it does not, the pudding will be watery. When you take it up, plunge it into a pan of cold water for a moment; then remove from the water, untie the string and gently lay back the sides of the bag. Have a warm platter ready and turn the pudding out upon it.

To cut a boiled pudding without making it heavy, lay the knife first on one side and then the other upon it long enough to warm the blade. If these directions seem needlessly minute, it should be remembered that those things which seem perfectly obvious to the experienced are often very perplexing to the uninitiated. Serve with a hard sauce made of one cup of powdered sugar and one half cup of butter beaten to a cream and flavored with half a wineglass of brandy. Arrange upon a pretty flat dish and grate a little nutmeg over the top.

HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

Somerville.

Incontestable.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of irritating words, isn't it irritating to pronounce or to hear others pronounce or attempt to pronounce the word "irrefragable"? The word is often mispronounced with the accent on the third syllable and with the "g" sounded as "j" (ir-re-fraj-i-ble). I heard it thus mispronounced by no less scholarly a man than Prof. Taussig of Harvard University in a lecture at the Lowell Institute. I don't think of a word whose correct pronunciation necessitates a more careful and painstaking manipulation of the vocal organs.

ORTHOEPIST.

August 22 1913

In the past a woman who did not have a pretty face was condemned to oblivion. Is it then a wonder that she hails with delight the opportunity of showing that she owns charms which delight the artistic senses? Is there anything wrong in this? I think not. The normal human body, whether male or female, is one of the most beautiful sights in nature.

The Prevailing Fashion.

As the World Wags:

As an earnest student of sociology—for I am still a student, or, as Sir Isaac Newton described himself, merely a child picking up lobsters on the sands and in the streets of knowledge—I am deeply interested in the articles for and against the modern costumes of women. The discussion is not confined to towns in the United States, where mayors, selectmen and professional prudes are shocked alike by modestly slit skirts, exposed throats and ankles, and that beautiful and chaste picture "September Morn." This reminds me that an education committee in London through the mouth of a Mr. Rowe suggests that the "Essays of Elia" are "hardly the kind of book to put in the hands of young women students." What a pity that Charles Lamb is not living so that he could attend a meeting of this committee and beg the privilege of feeling "the gentleman's bumps." The London journals are full of letters written by men, women, female suffragists, and ladylike men. The articles signed by women are, as a rule, the more liberal and sensible.

Dress in Expression.

I was struck by this passage from a letter signed "A Modern Grandmother" and published in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Dress, it appears to me, is merely one of the expressions of the art and the thought of the day. Women being extremely suggestionable reflect that art and that thought more easily than do men. Women's fashions nowadays come from Vienna even more often than from Paris. The object of every woman should be to catch the suggestion of the passing fashion, and to add just enough of it to express in her dress and ornaments her own glimpse of art and of individuality. But the trouble is, all women are not artists. That is why we sometimes have to smile when we see the British matron attired as a Bacchante, because she has been overpersuaded by a clever seller at a bargain sale to buy a lovely model gown which no doubt had been designed for Aspasia."

Compensation.

It all depends on the nature of the woman, and there are some who welcome the prevailing fashion as a superb compensation for facial plainness. I may illustrate this statement by a quotation from an essay of William Hazlitt. He represented himself as talking in the S— tavern and in the late hours when a select few were left in twos and threes like stars before the break of the day, and the discourse and the ale were growing better and better. There was talk about Apuleius, Heliodorus, Porson, Erskine, Paley, and at last the talkers spoke of Grammont's memoirs and quoted favorite passages. Hazlitt remembered the Duke of York, gallant and bigoted on system, and his courtship of Miss Churchill.

"His assiduities, however, soon slackened, owing (it is said) to her having a pale, thin face; till one day, as they were riding out hunting together, she fell from her horse, and was taken up almost lifeless. The whole assembled court were thrown by this event into admiration that such a body should belong to such a face (so transcendent a pattern was she of the female form) and the duke was fixed. This I contended was striking, affecting and grand, the sublime of amorous biography, and said I could conceive of nothing finer than the idea of a young person in her situation, who was the object of indifference or scorn from outward appearance, with the proud suppressed consciousness of a goddesslike symmetry locked up by 'fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women,' from the wonder and worship of mankind. I said so then, and I think so now."

I have other notes for comment, but they must await. The beach-plum crop is promising this year.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Aug. 20.

Anecdote for the Day.

I conceive it may be illustrated from Wilson, who was charged with idleness, and who, after painting a little, would say as soon as any friend dropped in, "Now let us go somewhere," meaning to the alehouse.

August 23. 1913

"What is the good of talking of these things now?" said the man of utility. "I don't know," replied the other, quaffing another glass of sparkling ale, and with a lambent fire playing in his eye and round his bald forehead—"I don't know, but they were delightful to me at the time and are still pleasant to talk and think of."

Down in Maine.

As the World Wags:

I infer from Mr. Herkimer Johnson's letter, published in The Herald last Tuesday, that pine needles are called "diddledees" in Barnstable county. At Pine Point, Me., these needles were called "sprangles" by a family I knew. The mother would say: "Johnny, go out and get me a handful of sprangles to start the fire." Did the word come from England? Was it merely a local expression in Maine? There is a word "sprangles" in the Dorsetshire dialect, but it means a small thread button.

The word "stramming" was familiar to me in my youth. I remember visiting my grandmother who lived in Dexter, Me. On Sunday I was dragged to church. In the pew directly in front of us a little boy twisted and squirmed after the long prayer, and at last my grandmother, by nature an amiable, easy-going woman, whose seed-cake and gingerbread have never been surpassed within my recollection, tapped the woman in the end of the pew with a palm leaf fan on the shoulder and said in a hoarse whisper: "Can't you keep that brat from stramming up and down?"

ELIHU B. GIBBONS.

Boston, Aug. 21.

Undress Fashions.

As the World Wags:

I was deeply interested in Mr. Herkimer Johnson's remarks concerning the prevailing scantiness of female dress, but I was surprised that he did not refer to the amazingly thin and transparent costumes worn by staid New England women early in the 19th century. The present discussion is merely a threshing over of old objections. In an English woman's album of 1814 these verses were written:

Old Mother Eve, before the Dragon
Led her astray, had not a rag on;
Hereafter she put on a leaf
To hide her shame and show her grief.
Her daughters worse and worse did grow,
And clothed themselves from top to toe.

The age of innocence returns,
Each female heart with virtue burns;
Less and less use for Cloathes have they,
They daily throw some part away,
And soon like Eve before the Fall,
They'll laugh at cloathes, fig-leaves and all.

These verses were signed "H. Erskine." Could they have been written by Henry Erskine, a Scottish lawyer, who

became lord advocate? He was famous for his wit. He died in 1817 when he was 71 years old. If the author was this Erskine, he had reached an age in 1814 when he could discuss matters dispassionately.

And are not some of the fashions in Boston of 1913 taken from those of Paris in 1802. An English woman described what she saw in Paris that year: "It was the month of November, and cold weather, and therefore the walking dress of the majority of the women surprised us not a little. It consisted of a gown, tres decollete, and extremely short waisted, with apparently only one garment under it; this gown they held up so as to discover one leg."

HENRY G OVERBODY.

Pride's Crossing, Aug. 22.

Enlivened Streets.

As the World Wags:

Reading Mr. Otto Fischel's "Costume in the Nineteenth Century," I came across this passage: "About 1856 a lady of fashion wore a flannel petticoat, an under petticoat three and a half yards wide, a petticoat wadded to the knees and stiffened in the upper part with whalebones inserted a hand's breadth from one another, a petticoat with three stiffly-starched flounces, two muslin petticoats and then a skirt. Even if all these petticoats were made of light stuff the weight and discomfort of such a quantity of material was so great that the idea of a steel crinoline was greeted enthusiastically, and the inventor cleared £30,000 out of it in four weeks."

Let us welcome the change and exult in woman's emancipation. Our homes are now more cheerful, and it is a pleasure to take our daily walks abroad. I do not say that a tight or a slit skirt is becoming to every woman. Mr. Johnson is right: A woman should dress and undress according to her figure, but I believe the great majority of women were never so comfy and attractive as they are today. The plain of face may triumph over those whose face is their only fortune.

SEXAGENARAN.

Manchester, Aug. 22.

As the World Wags:

I saw in the Herald that somebody asked for a recipe for huckleberry pudding. This recipe which I am sending you has been used in our family for the past 70 years.

One pint of molasses, 8 pints of huckleberries, full teaspoon of saleratus. Mix molasses, saleratus and huckleberries, part of all flour. Thicken about as thick as for biscuits. Boil steadily for three hours. The pudding is boiled in a tin, not in a bag.

ELIZABETH GOODWIN.

South Berwick, Me.

August 24 1913

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG (Mme. Strakosch) is publishing her recollections in the Saturday Evening Post. In Paris the memoirs of actors and singers are often written by amorous and enthusiastic young journalists; thus the long drawn out attack on Sarah Bernhardt, a vile book attributed to Marie Colombier, was the work of Paul Bonnetain, chiefly known at the time by an impudently indecent romance. Who was the author of Mme. Judith's reminiscences?

There is no doubt about the authorship of Mrs. Kellogg-Strakosch's memoirs. They are evidently by a woman who is not disinclined toward gossip about singers and actresses, who is at times rather sharp in her judgment and is not afraid to question her own mother's views on life and education. "My mother's way was to guard me eternally. She would have called it protecting me; but really it was a good deal like shutting me up in a glass case, and it was a great pity. My mother was an extraordinarily fine woman, upright as the day and of an unusual mentality. Uncompromising she was, not unnaturally, considering her heritage of race and creed and generation. Yet I sometimes question if she were as uncompromising as she used to seem to me, for was not the life she led with me, as well as her acceptance of it in the beginning, one long compromise between her nature and the actualities?"

Miss Kellogg's Memoirs

The Saturday Evening Post is within the reach of all and we do not purpose to write at length concerning the singer's career and her opinions on life and art. We had the pleasure of hearing her often in the seventies and remember her conscientiousness in all that she undertook. She respected the composer, the audience and herself; yet in these memoirs her dwelling on the fact that she was a surprisingly innocent young thing becomes monotonous. It is often well, even for a singer telling the story of her life, to allow the reader to take some things for granted.

A correspondent of The Herald recently stated that Miss Kellogg was a daughter of Maine. She was born in South Carolina. After a sojourn in Connecticut, her family moved to New York in 1857, and there she fitted herself for the stage. She observed the methods of Mrs. John Wood, Agnes Robertson, Laura Keene, Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Vernon, Mary Gannon, the visitors Rachel and Ristori, and the Camille of Matilda Heron gave her ideas for the impersonation of Violetta. James Wallack and Edwin Booth advised Miss Kellogg to go on the dramatic stage rather than as an actress, or, as the cant phrase is today, a singing actress.

Visiting at West Point she met Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and never liked or trusted her. Possibly because Mrs. Davis always referred to her as "that singing girl."

After this visit Miss Kellogg went on a concert tour with Pauline Colson, Brignoli, Ferri and Susini. Brignoli ate huge quantities of raw oysters before he sang. Mme. Colson told her to smile and show her teeth. "Always dress your best." Miss Kellogg then wore a green dress, an unusual color in those days. "Our young singers generally chose white or blue or pink or something insipid; but I had a very definite taste in clothes, and liked effects that were not only pretty, but also individual and becoming." Miss Kellogg was then 5 feet 4 inches in height, frail, big-eyed, and she weighed 104 pounds.

She made her first appearance on the stage as Gilda, in 1861, at the Academy of Music, New York. She studied the part for nine months. "I simply could not make a mistake, and could do everything connected with the characterization with entire unconsciousness. Yet even then I had little idea of what the opera really meant." Stigelli, whose real name was Stiegel, took the part of the duke, and he smelt violently of cheese and beer. Miss Kellogg does not refer to the remarkable review of the performance that appeared in Vanity Fair.

Adventures in Boston

The singer has something to say about Boston: "The week following my debut we went to Boston to sing. Boston would not have 'Rigoletto.' It was considered objectionable, particularly the ending. For some inexplicable reason 'Linda de Chamounix' was expected to be more acceptable to the Bostonian public, and so I was to sing the part of Linda instead of that of Gilda. I had been working on Linda during a part of the year in which I studied Gilda, and was quite equal to it. The others of the company went to Boston ahead of me and I played Linda at a matinee in New York before following them."

As Linda she refused to appear after her long walk from the Swiss village to appear in Paris dressed in a fresh new gown. Hoop skirts were then universally fashionable, and Miss Kellogg was taught how to full gracefully in one. Mme. de la Grange went to bed in a hoop skirt in the sleep-walking scene in "La Sonnambula."

In Boston she met the literary lions, who roared gently in the house of James T. Fields:

"Your true New Englander always says 'thust' and 'fust' and 'wust,' and Mr. Fields had just the intonation. This reminds me, in a roundabout fashion, of a strange woman who battered in my door once after I had appeared in 'Faust,' in Boston, to tell me that 'that man Mephistofeles was just great'!"

Miss Kellogg and Longfellow were good friends. "He greatly enjoyed my singing of his own 'Beware.' It was always one of my successful encore songs, although it certainly is not Longfellow at his best. But he liked me to sit at the piano and wander from one song to another."

She met T. B. Aldrich. "He was successful too young, and it stultified his gifts." Nathaniel Hawthorne was "tragically shy."

"I met his boy, Julian, however, who was about 12 years old. He was a nice lad, and I kissed him—to his great annoyance, for he was shy, too, although not so much so as his father. Not so very long ago Julian Hawthorne reminded me of this episode.

"'Do you remember,' he said, laughing, 'how embarrassed I was when you kissed me? "Never you mind," you said to me then, "the time will come, my boy, when you'll be glad to remember that I kissed you!" And it certainly did come.'"

At the house of Charlotte Cushman she met Sidney Lanier. "He was poor then, and Miss Cushman was interested in him and anxious to help him in every way she could. There were dried-up little Boston old maids there, queer creatures, who were much impressed with high art without knowing anything about it. One composition that Lanier played somewhat puzzled me and at the end I exclaimed

"'That piece doesn't end in the same key in which it begins!'

Lanier looked surprised and said:

"'No it doesn't. It is one of my own compositions.'

"He thought it remarkable that I could catch the change of key in such a long and intricately modulated piece of music. The little old maids of Boston, however, were somewhat scandalized by my effrontery."

A Social Imposition

"It was after that first performance of 'Linda,' some time about midnight. My mother and I had just returned to our apartment in the Tremont House and had hardly taken off our wraps when a knock came at the door. For the sake of quietness and privacy we had a sitting room near a side entrance, but we paid a penalty in the ease with which we could be reached by any one who knew the way. My mother opened the door. Before her stood two ladies who overwhelmed us with all sorts of gracious speeches.

"They had heard my 'Linda!' They came because they simply could not help it, because I had moved them so deeply! Now, would we both come the following evening to a little musicale and they would ask that delightful Signor Brignoli too. It would be such a pleasure!

"Although I was not singing the following night, I objected to going to the musicale because certain experiences in New York had already bred caution. I said, however, with perfect frankness that I would go on one condition.

"'On any condition, dear Miss Kellogg!'

"'That you won't expect me to sing.'

"'Oh, no, no, no!'

"Accordingly the next night my mother and I presented ourselves at the house of the older of the two ladies. The first words our hostess uttered when I entered the room were:

"'Why, where's your music?'

"'I thought it was understood that I was not to sing,' said I.

"But in spite of their previous earnest disclaimers on this point they became so insistent that, after resisting their importunities for a few moments, I finally consented to satisfy them. I asked Brignoli to play for me and I sang the Cavatina from 'Linda.' Then I turned on my heel and went back to my hotel; and I never again entered that woman's house. After so many years there is no harm in saying that the hostess who was guilty of this breach of tact, good taste and consideration was Mrs. Paran Stevens, and the other lady was her sister, Miss Fanny Reed, one of the talented amateurs of the day. They were struggling hard for social recognition in Boston and every drawing card was of value, even a new young singer who might become famous. Later, of course, Mrs. Stevens did 'arrive' in New York; but she traveled some difficult roads first.

"This was by no means the first time that I had contended with a lack of consideration in the American hostess especially toward artists. Her sisters across the Atlantic have better taste and breeding, never subjecting an artist who is their guest to the annoyance and indignity of having to sing for her supper. But whenever I was invited anywhere by an American woman I always knew that I should be expected to bring my music and to contribute toward the entertainment of the other guests."

Some of Her Colleagues

One person in the Italian company who never gave Miss Kellogg a kind word, "although she was not an Italian, was Adelaide Phillipps, the contralto. She was a fine artist and had been singing for many years, so perhaps it galled her to have to support a younger countrywoman. When it came to dividing the honors she was not at all pleased. As Maddelena in 'Rigoletto' she was very plain; but when she did Pierotto, the boyish, rustic lover in 'Linda,' she looked well. She had the most perfectly formed pair of legs—ankles, feet and all—that I ever saw on a woman."

"I had learned that the more you look your part the less you have to act. The observance of this truth was always Henry Irving's great strength. The more completely you get inside a character the less also are you obliged to depend on brilliant vocalism. Mary Garden is a case in point. She is not a great singer, although she sings better than she is credited with doing or her voice could not endure as much as it does, but above all she is intelligent and an artistic realist, taking care never to lose the spirit of her role. Renaud is one of the few men I have ever seen in opera who was willing to wear dirty clothes if they chanced to be in character. I shall never forget Jean de Reszke in 'L'Africaine.' In the Madagascar scene, just after the rescue from the foundered vessel, he appeared in the most beautiful, fresh tights imaginable and a pair of superb light leather boots. Indeed, the most distinguished performance becomes weak and valueless if the note of truth is lacking."

"Tenors are often queer creatures. Most of them have their eccentricities and the soprano is lucky if these are innocuous peculiarities. I used to find it in my heart, for instance, to wish that they did not have such queer theories as to what sort of food was good for their voices. Many of them affect garlic. Stigelli usually exhaled an aroma of lager beer; while the good Mazzoleni invariably ate from one to two pounds of cheese the day he was to sing. He said it strengthened his voice. Brignoli had been long enough in this country to become partly Americanized, so he never smelled of anything."

"When singing 'The Star of the North' there was one bouquet that I was sure of getting regularly from a young man who always sent the same kind of flowers. I never needed a card on them or on the box to know from whom they came. Miss Hauck used to help me pick up my bouquets. The only trouble was that every one she picked up she kept. As a rule I did not object, and, anyway, I might have had difficulty in proving that she had appropriated my flowers after she had taken the cards off. But one night she included in her general haul my own special, unmistakable bouquet. I recognized it, saw her take it, but as there was no card had the greatest difficulty in getting it away from her. I did, though, in the end!"

"Most of the Marguerites I have seen make her too sophisticated, too complicated. The moment they get off the beaten path they go to extremes, like Calve and Farrar. It is very pleasant to be original and daring in a part, but anything original or daring in connection with Marguerite is a little like mixing red pepper with vanilla blanc mange. Nilsson, even, was too—shall I say—knowing? It seems the only word that fits my meaning. Nilsson was much the most attractive of all the Marguerites I have ever seen, yet she was altogether too sophisticated for the character and for the period, although today I suppose she would be considered quite mild. Lucca was an absolute little devil in the part. She was also one of the Marguerites who wore black hair. As for Patti—I have a picture of Adelina as Marguerite in which she looks like Satan's own daughter, a young and feminine Mephistopheles to the life. Once I heard 'Faust' in the Secondo Teatro of Naples with Alice Nielsen, and thought she gave a charming performance."

Mr. Apthorp's Tribute

The late William Foster Apthorp in his entertaining reminiscences ("About Musicians," vol. 2, Boston, 1898) mentioned Miss Kellogg as the first Marguerite in this country. "And how charming Kellogg was in those, her younger, days! when she sang Margherita in 'Faust,' Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni' and 'Fra Diavolo,' Amina in 'La Sonnambula,' Elvira in 'I Puritani,' and had not yet aspired to the heavy dramatic business. Her light soprano voice was purity itself, and she sang to perfection. Her Margherita stands unapproached in my memory—that is, unapproached from a Barbier-Carre-Gounod point of view; for there was nothing of Goethe's Gretchen in it.

But let us hear Miss Kellogg herself: "I dare say that one reason why I played Marguerite so well was because I was so ridiculously innocent myself."

Notes Chiefly Personal

Henry Bataille's new comedy, "L'Amazone," has been accepted by the Comedie Francaise, but it will probably not be brought out this season. A new comedy by him will be played at the Vaudeville and a new piece, "Manon, fille galante," will be produced at the Porte-Saint-Martin.

"The Intimate Meaning of Wagner's Tetralogy," written in choice French by M. Carl de Crisenoy, has been published in Paris by Perrin. We thought the time had gone by for this class of books.

A prize composition, "Fruehlingsfeier," by Carl Prohaska, will be produced in Vienna Oct. 28 by the Society of Music Friends.

'Cellists may be pleased to know that a new concerto by Graedener and a fantasie by Adolph Busch are announced for performance next season.

Reznicek has composed a new symphonic poem, "Der Sieger," and Felix Nowowiejski has composed a new oratorio, "Kreuzauffindung."

A hitherto unknown symphony by Anton Bruckner, composed at Linz in 1863, will be played for the benefit of members of the Vienna Concert Society.

It is said of Winkler's piano trio op. 17, recently played at St. Petersburg, that it has a Russian folk character seen through Schumann's spectacles.

The report that Beatrice Harrison, the English 'cellist, and Eugen d'Albert, the distinguished "Heiratsvirtuose," are to be married has been denied by Miss Harrison's mother.

M. de Max will sub-rent a theatre in Paris next winter for the production of Greek tragedies, Shakespeare's plays and works by young French poets.

The municipal council of Leipsic has granted the management of the Stadt Theatre $20,000 for the production of "Parsifal" early next year. Max Klinger may supervise the scenery. The officials of Halle refused to subsidize the performance of this music drama, which, by the way, has been performed by an Italian company at Buenos Ayres.

Giovanni Tronchi, a pupil of Johann Svendsen, will edit posthumous works of his dead master.

The 400th performance of "Hullo, Ragtime," a review by Max Pemberton and Albert de Courville, took place Aug. 13 at the London Hippodrome.

A new drama by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton will be produced at Drury Lane early next month. "The story is said to deal with fashionable society of today, and to unfold a stirring tale of love and patriotism. The big sensation scene will, indeed, show how a great danger to the British Isles is averted, and the authors hope it will appeal to all who have the safety and welfare of the kingdom at heart."

Mme. Lydia Yavorska will open her season at the Ambassador Theatre on Sept. 17, with "Mademoiselle Fifi," a play in one act, translated by Frederick Deffell from the French of Guy de Maupassant and Oscar Metenier, and "I Love You!" a comedy in three acts, adapted by James Parker from "La Fine del Amore" of Roberto Bracco.

Mr. Seymour Hicks worked hard in a condensation of "David Garrick" at the Coliseum, London. "It is this hustling quality which makes him popular with a large number of playgoers, who like 'vitality' above everything else, because they can recognize it when they see it. The same public probably dote on the writings of Mr. Hall Caine—that hustling gentleman who was once so happily summed up in the words, 'He writes at the top of his voice.' I had hoped that when Mr. Pemberton adapted so much of the substance of Robertson's play, even down to the names of char-

[illegible] he would at least have spared us the [illegible] unhistorical ending which makes 'little Davy' marry a young lady he certainly never married, and probably never met in real life. Well, we have the old end of the play, with bigot shedding his blessing over the rapturously embracing couple. And the audience evidently liked it very much for the applause which, after the proper scene, had been confined almost entirely to the cheaper parts of the house became general after the final fall of the curtain. Obviously, so long as they got their 'happy ending' they were not going to worry about history."

Ysaye will return next season for 30 concerts, and Godowsky for 20. Jean Gerardy, the 'cellist, will give 50 concerts. He returns after an absence of six years.

Edmond Clement, having sung in Paris, Copenhagen and Madrid, will return to Boston in November.

A new spectacular drama by Gerhardt Hauptmann, dealing with the time of Ferdinand, Cortez and Montezuma and the introduction of Christianity into Mexico, is promised shortly. The title will be "The White Saviour," to symbolize the new religion in the minds of the Aztecs.

William Poel has collected a number of his essays on Shakespeare's plays and the production and acting of them. The volume, "Shakespeare in the Theatre," is published by Sidgwick & Jackson (London) for five shillings. "He does not hesitate to suggest that, as a rule, when the 'producer' enters, the poet-dramatist makes his exit; and he illustrates this melancholy suggestion sufficiently copiously to establish it as a fact. He is all for acting the plays as they were acted in Shakespeare's own day, giving virtually the whole text and all the scenes in their intended order; and he is dead against elaborate 'realistic' scenery. He pours his scorn on an illiterate or apathetic public: 'Our public is sufficiently indifferent to the welfare of dramatic art,' he says, 'to allow its leading actors to be their own stage managers and often their own authors.'"

Mascagni, questioned about his new opera, "Parisina," with libretto by D'Annunzio, replied: "If it is a masterpiece, my career is ended. I know that a masterpiece is expected from me, and when I compose it everybody will be satisfied and expect nothing further from me. People think that I have not yet written my masterpiece. It is a mistake. I have written it and torn it up, because I do not want my career to end. I want to go on composing, and, for this reason, in all my works there is always something that just misses making them masterpieces."

The manuscript copy of a history of the Popes by Verdi has been found. It may be remembered that he wrote the libretto in prose and verse of an opera, "King Lear," to which he thought for a long time of setting music.

A Gallery Evolution

This article suggested by audiences applauding the Russian ballet in London is worth reading. It was puhlished in the Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 5:

"The recent performances of the Russian ballet revealed a new kind of gallery audience. One has seen portions of it before, stray members in the Court Theatre, when the Irish players were there, and occasionally in the promenade concerts, hut never till the Russian ballet came to London in full force. The members of this audience have a great power of disguise. In the queue outside you saw just an ordinary gallery crowd, undistinguishable from that waiting for the 'Girl in the Taxi' or 'The Only Way.' But when, after hurrying breathless up the blind, stone stairs, snatching your metal check here and giving it up there, after a moment's confusion and immediate scramble for seats, you settled down and took a look round, you found yourself in a new land, or, rather, in a new island of theatreland. Though it was principally the women that gave this look of strangeness, one accustomed to the vagaries of fashion or who never noticed dress at all would still be struck by the strangeness of these islanders. The men all seemed to be in fancy dress.

"When I went alone to Drury Lane I was struck by the sort of conversation into which I was plunged without preamble by the two or three odd men I addressed in the corridor or on the staircase between the acts. It began with some subtle criticism about the last ballet 'the music has a certain saccharine quality in places.' Then one would say, 'I was looking at those Rembrandt drawings in the British this morning' or 'Do you think Grimm's fairy tales would go well in verse? I am thinking of doing some of them.' With these men I was at home at once, but there were others whose remarks made me feel my inferiority. One would ask if I remembered the saxophone solo in 'Les Ames,' by Ripolin, or the passage in consecutive sevenths in some ballet by Zogltoff. And another would say, 'I think the dancers miss the significance of those augmented thirteenths.'

"There was something in the appearance of these islanders which all had in common. They might almost be garden citizens of a pronounced type, though they are not really like food reformers or simple lifers. There is too much individual variety. A regular fig-

[illegible] in the centre of the gallery was [illegible]sky beauty with a pink-and-white striped bathing cap, whom a painter friend of mine insisted must be Gauguin's wife. Then there were several jolly girls with short hair a la Trilby—obvious art students. Most of the ladies smoked cigarettes on the staircase and talked in loud voices. One of the most striking wore a sort of dressing gown made of a blue curtain with a bold pattern of orange and scarlet flowers, and, of course, there was always a sprinkling of jerseys in primary colors. Among the men there was a noticeable lack of linen. There were bearded youths in pungent tweeds, pale aesthetes with long smooth hair and high black stocks and even a velvet jacket; and one or two obvious post-Impressionists. One of the latter wore a scarlet shirt and collar with an orange-colored tie which made his dark complexion appear a dirty green; another in a silver gray suit wore a pale mauve silk muffler where one expected collar and tie, or at least a glimpse of shirt. They always appeared in the same clothes. My painter friend suggested that they kept a special wardrobe for the gallery. 'Excuse me,' they say, 'I must go and dress for the ballet.' They tear off their linen collars and dull workaday clothes, and drag out old stained flannel bags and bits of their sisters' blouses; they ruffle their hair, and shut their eyes to tie their ties, put on their oldest boots and walk to the theatre.

At first we thought there must be a lot of Russians among them, but we rarely heard a word of anything but ordinary (Chelsea) English. My friend always recognized members of the Neo-Futurist group and the Modern Art Club. One night I saw a well known Irish dramatist, a producer of a provincial repertory theatre, and two quite distinguished authors in the gallery, and my companion pointed out a man he said was one of the greatest living English (or rather Scottish) etchers. And there was always a sprinkling of young composers and students of the R. A. M. and the college. But the bulk of the islanders are painters. There you see every style, the William Morris type, with beard and Harris tweeds, the Liberty girls with strings of beads, the more recent smart young painter in stock and sidewhisker and smooth oiled hair, and, most modern of all, the Post Impressionists, with their return to the Quartier Latin style. Whether or not a Russian effect is aimed at by these arty young men I do not know; there were certainly no top-boots, nor did any of them wear, as Russians do, their shirts outside their trousers.

Most of these interesting people were at Covent Garden and again at Drury Lane recently, though there seemed fewer of them in the latter show. Where will they hibernate until the Russians come again? Will they become ordinary mortals, and put all these queer clothes away in garlic and cigar stumps to preserve the right Bohemian air? I am sure lavender would be despised. Wherever they go we may be sure that when Nijinsky and his friends come back they will muster in full force, more enthusiastic than ever, and, let us hope, no less picturesque.

A Paris Shocker

M. J. Joseph Renaud, journalist and dramatist and one of the ablest fencers in France, delights in blood-curdling stories, and his play, "Le Roi de l'Etain," founded on his novel, "La Nuit Tragique," has just been successfully brought out at the Grand-Guignol. The end has been slightly modified, but the alteration makes the story more thrilling. In the first act we are in the house of Mr. Halifax, a wealthy American, known under the name of the "Tin King." He has a marvellous collection of drawings which he shows his guests, and as one of these drawings represents the chair in which persons sentenced to death are electrocuted, the question of the death penalty is discussed. Nothing can be more terrible than to be executed, say the guests. He, Halifax, is of a contrary opinion. Lifelong imprisonment, he says, is worse than death, and true to his habit of enforcing all his arguments by a bet, he offers £20,000 to any one who will undertake to remain a whole year in solitary confinement without even seeing the face of the jailer who brings him his food. Among the guests is Jacques, a poor journalist, in love with the Evelyne, a lovely girl, but as poor as he. Evelyne has lost her young heart to Jacques, but, as she knows from experience what poverty means, she refuses to become Jacques's wife until he is in a position to marry her. Jacques, tempted by Halifax's bet, at once accepts the wager, and it is arranged that his imprisonment will begin that same night. The little drawing room where they are assembled will be turned into a cell. Jacques will not be allowed either to read or to write, and his food will be served him through a hole in the wall. A knife will be kept at his disposal in case he would like to commit suicide, and there will be an electric bell should he wish to call his warder to give notice that he throws up the game. In the latter case he will be at once released. Evelyne cannot help feeling sorry that her admirer should have embarked on such an undertaking, but she knows that it is now too late to interfere. In the second act we see the prisoner in his "cell." It only wants another hour to complete the year, but Jacques, almost bereft of reason, has no notion of the time. He [illegible] horrible [illegible] and several times he extends his hand toward the knife to put an end to this torture. He cannot even call for help, for in a fit of madness he has destroyed the electric wires. Then he hears the grating of a key in the lock. His warder enters and he learns that in an hour he will be free and he will have won his bet. In fact, the guests have already arrived to be present at his release. But after the warder has left him he is once more seized with a suicidal fit, and he might possibly have destroyed himself when once more the door opens and Halifax, the "Tin King," enters. The latter is trembling with excitement. He has speculated heavily and lost tremendous sums. Jacques alone can save him, for if he is called upon to pay at once the £20,000 which Jacques has the right to claim, he is a ruined man. He therefore implores the youth to say that he lost the wager, promising to pay him a promium of £4000 at a later period, together with the money he owes him. But Jacques is obdurate. He insists in having his money, and when Halifax sees that nothing is to be obtained from his prisoner he seizes the knife and kills him. He thereupon calls for help, and the guests rush into the room where Jacques is lying lifeless. Evelyne faints, and Halifax, cool and undisturbed, explains to his friends that solitary confinement must necessarily impel a man to put an end to his life.—The Era (London), Aug. 6.

Pavlova and Artisans

Mr. St. John G. Ervine bored in a London music hall, where the mechanical had supplanted the living and thus banished laughter yawned through the acts until Pavlova came out.

"Into that display of mechanics came a slender figure with light feet. It was as if a blossom had blown through a power station. Her companions danced charmingly, but I was conscious as I watched them that they had feet. When, in the course of a movement, they were lifted into the air and then restored to the ground, I felt myself waiting for the collision between their feet and the stage, and when it came there was a slight shock, a feeling of violent contact, as if the rhythm of the dance had momentarily been disturbed. It was not so with Pavlova. Her feet regained the ground as lightly as a snowflake falls upon the sea. When Novikoff lifted her from the ground it seemed that he was needlessly exerting himself, that a gentle air would make her float like the petal of a dandelion; and when he put her down again her slender feet touched the ground without the appearance of violence. Her dancing was all compact of human spirit and beauty; it was as if a lyric had come to life, as if a melody had taken to walking in human shape; and while I watched her, moving like a secret rose through a wilderness of cogs and wheels and vain contrivances, I suddenly remembered that this grace of movement was achieved after years of labor and hard training. I recalled the fury of Tolstoy when he spoke of the effort put into the training of a ballet girl, and lamented that this great labor was not utilized for the growing of potatoes, and how he tried, but, I think, unsuccessfully, to express his view artistically in 'The Kreutzer Sonata.' And thinking of that grim old man and that graceful, beautiful woman, I knew immediately why it was that the other performers that day at the Palace failed to move me, while she moved me immeasurably. It was that they had made life subservient to machinery, while she had made machinery subservient to life, which is the difference between the artisan and the artist."

The World of Variety

Are English turns unpopular in our variety houses just now? The question has lately been asked, and a "charge" preferred at the same time against music hall managers of cold-shouldering native "talent" in favor of the foreign article. In other words, the English music hall performer, it is alleged, is denied a fair chance, and his place has been—and is being—usurped by the continental and—for there is obviously a distinction—the trans-atlantic artist. What is the justification, if any exists, for this assertion? In support of it one story was told of an English performer—a lady—who wrote to 12 managers asking them to witness a show she thought likely to catch on. Not one reply was received. Acting on the advice of a friend, she then applied to the same managers under a foreign name, stating that she was on a visit to this country, and offering her "turn." Her ruse succeeded, for nine of the managers replied, and one of them offered her bigger terms than she had thought of venturing to ask.

We can pretend to no knowledge as to the truth or otherwise of this story. But, in any case such an occurrence must surely be of the rarest. For in view of the enormous and ever-increasing competition that managers have to face nowadays it is hard to believe that any of them would neglect the opportunity of securing any turn, of whatever nationality the artist concerned that promised to prove attractive. And this was precisely the point of view advanced by two of the most prominent managers in London in conversation on the subject with the present writer. "We care not a scrap," they said in effect, "where the artist comes from, to west country he [illegible] brings the right goods. Therefore to talk about a boycott of native performers seems, on the face of it, rather absurd.

But there has unquestionably in recent times been a tendency among variety managers to look to America for new turns. To a considerable extent, of course, the rage for ragtime has accounted for this tendency. But America has sent us any number of performers who do not specialize in ragtime. How then, are we to explain this invasion from the States? One manager accounts for the prevalence of American made turns partly on the ground that the public here have acquired a taste for the peculiar and characteristic qualities of the transatlantic comedian's humor. "For one thing," said this authority, "they like the twang," and English audiences are unable to distinguish one twang from another, whereas an English comedian with a strong Cockney accent is at once detected, and many people object to him because of it. The same manager, who has wide experience, added that at present there is a real and a widely felt dearth— of English comedians; hence the enormous salaries asked —and obtained—by the very few whose services are in request. It seems pretty certain, nevertheless, that the American business is being worked to death. Some of the turns booked in New York in recent times have proved highly successful, but there has undoubtedly resulted a good deal of indiscrimination booking of American "novelties." Of 89 turns from the land of the dollar that have been tried at one of the most popular and fashionable houses in London within the past year eight had to be cancelled at once, while not less than 5 per cent. of the remainder failed to "make good." —Daily Telegraph (London), Aug. 9.

A New German Play

"Geachtet," a play in seven scenes, by A. Braehme, produced at the Luisen Theatre, Berlin, was unusually successful. The correspondent of the Era gives the following account of it:

"The reception accorded to the piece was a flattering one. Perhaps it had leaked out that the popular author-manager, Herr Ritterfeldt, was responsible for the skilful adaptation from a serial novel, although he had chosen to make use of a nom de plume. The author calls his play "a woman's fate in seven sections," which is, to say the least, original. The title of the novel from which it is drawn is, I believe, "Geachtet" (despised), and the writer is Fraulein Else Klein. It is a very emotional story, and the audience alternated delightedly between tears and thrills. There are at least four nationalities in the persons of the play, so that there is no monotony. The heroine is Hester Carol, an English girl—the Luisen is very fond of English environments—daughter of Sir Graham Blair's steward. She is very beautiful, and good as she is beautiful. To save her father from an unpleasant predicament, the nature of which is superfluous, Hester consents to wed a wealthy old man whom she detests. When a year or two later he dies mysteriously, the unhappy young wife is accused of poisoning him. She is innocent, and the court acquits her, but the suspicion is never eradicated from the countryside, and Hester leaves her home in despair. She turns her steps toward Paris, where she finally takes a situation, trusting she may never be recognized.

A real English "count," Leopold Count Arden, meets her and falls genuinely in love with the beautiful, sad-faced girl. She returns his affection, and yields to his request to marry him. The young couple return to the home of Count Arden, where bliss appears assured. As ill luck will have it, one of the first persons the countess meets knows her past story, and again she has recourse to flight. This time the persecuted woman takes refuge in a convent, and here she believes she has found rest. Exciting things, nevertheless, happen, such as are by no means usual in a nunnery. A man is one day carried to the convent door in a dying condition, and the good mother superior takes him in to nurse him. It is the long-sought villain, the real murderer of Hester's first husband. With his dying breath he makes a full confession, and Hester is rehabilitated in the full sense of the word. Fortunately she has not taken the final vows, and so Count Leopold is summoned, and all is bliss again—of a permanent character this time, if appearances are not deceitful. The acting was capital."

Cinema and Public

The Pall Mall Gazette of August 8 spoke editorially of the cinemas in London: "A Sunderland vicar has just been denouncing picture palaces in his Parish Magazine, letting himself go, as they say, with notable energy on the vulgarities, the sickly sentimentalities, and the sheer imbecilities put forward in many of these places by way of entertainment, and gratefully received as such by thousands of simple people in this country. As he very truly says, a knot of persons exchanging thoughts and views 'even over a pint of beer,' would be far more profitably engaged than the people who are moved to stupid laughter and more stupid tears by the shimmering drivel of so many of the so-called cinemas. We need not say that with much of the reverend gentleman's outburst we are entirely in sympathy. But do the people really enjoy these wretched pictures? We have seen no signs of such 'enjoy

n l... program gen... one or ... pictures well worth looking at, and ... hese, as a rule, are applauded while ... he drivel passes and vanishes for the ... nost part in silence. At its best, indeed, ... he cinema picture can be both an in... struction and a delight. Those who ... aw the Durbar pictures at the Scala ... Theatre talk of them with admiration ... o this day; and during the recent war ... etween Turkey and the Balkan states ... nost interesting pictures were shown in ... London, and surely throughout the ... country, presenting notable persons and scenes in that conflict. We do not want to see the cinema extinguished, but we ... o want to see it elevated; and the ... ower of elevating it lies with the gen... ral public. Let them show the man... agers that they resent imbecilities and vulgarities, and the programs will soon be improved."

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The red aborigines,
Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls as of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled to us for names,
Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongabela, Sauk, Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco,
Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-Walla,
Leaving such to the States they melt, they depart, charging the water and the land with names.

Ear Balm.

In the old geographies, the boy looked at brilliantly colored countries on the map and hoped some day to visit them. Lands of a drab hue did not tempt him. And so there are names of countries, rivers, towns, mountains, seas, that have an irresistible fascination, as Guatemala, Guadalquiver. The Vale of Kashmir, Demascus, Zanzibar, St. Just-in-Roseland. There are Euphonious names in the Pathfinder, but if a man should open the little book with his eyes shut and put a finger on the name of a town or village, he might be sorely disappointed with the place for a vacation, though the name itself might be to the ear as honey to the tongue. The old lady that throbbed with ecstatic bliss whenever she heard her minister speak the word "Mesopotamia" would have been uncomfortable if she had been obliged to sojourn between the Euphrates and the Tigris. Mr. Le Gallienne, we believe, once went on a bicycle tour in England "through beautiful names" and was not always happy. Stevenson thought the finest place-names were those of North America. "The names of the states and territories form themselves into a chorus of sweet and romantic vocables. There are few poems with a nobler music to the ear." And Stevenson dreamed of a new Homer for the Western continent whose verse would be enriched "with the names of states and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular"

On the Cape.

It is not fantastical to say that a man on his little vacation is influenced somewhat by the name of the locality in which he rests, or is restless. One joy of the Cape is the survival of Indian names. J. Hector St John de Crevecoeur, whose real name Michael Guillaume Jean de Crevecoeur, is almost as sonorous, gave a list of villages over 130 years ago on the "great peninsula of Namset, now Cape Cod": Pamet, Nosset, Pashee, Potomaket, Soktoowoket, Nobscusset. If Nauset is preferable to Eastham, Yarmouth is more alluring than Nobscusset. But we like to think of the tribes of Hyannees, Costowet, Saconasset and Waquoit. What a pity that the word "Osterville" was allowed to be formed! There should be no "ville" on the Cape. "Bournedale" and "Puritan Heights" are equally incongruous. "Wellfleet" has the right ring.

Why Thursday?

The holiday season is closing for the great majority, though there are sensible souls who leave the town in October, December or March. The London county council collected votes a short time ago as to the proper day for a half holiday and there was an overwhelming majority for Thursday. The Daily Chronicle approved the choice, and declared that Thursday is the one day which has no stimulus to work. The reasoning is not to us convincing, but here it is: "Monday has its sudden call to energy after the rest of Saturday and Sunday. With Tuesday the brain and muscle are coming to the full pressure, and Wednesday is the day of the week—that is, between the opening and closing Friday brings the prospect of the week-end, a good day. But Thursday is the beastliest day of the week. Neither the one thing nor the other. A Thursday means that you haven't done what you meant to do, and you haven't time to do what you mean to do. Therefore Thursday is the proper day for a half-holiday to spend in meditation and repentance."

There was an old English doctor of music who wrote a catch asking which was the properest day in the week to drink. Words and music were so arranged that the perplexed hearer was obliged finally to come to the conclusion that every one of the seven was the correct answer. And so it is with holidays, any day is the best for putting down the shovel, pick, pen, book and going somewhere to forget, if only for a few hours, the brickyard routine.

Cheerful Egoists.

There are irritating persons who, taking a long holiday, remind you of your own summer hardships—for a rest of two weeks is in effect a rest of a day or two; the first 12 are spent in "letting-down," in sinking to a lower and normal pitch of nerves and thought. As soon as they are on the steamship, these holiday-makers begin to prick those staying at home with picture postal cards. French chateaux, lakes of northern Italy, Swiss peaks, Venetian canals, the Dolomites, Munich beer halls are put before your eyes, with a hurried scrawl: "Weather perfect"; "Having a great time"; "You should see this castle." No thought of your discomfort; no sympathy for any nose at the grindstone. Yet those egoists scampering over Europe mean well. They remember you and are glad that they are at play. They are of close kin to friendly automobilists, who passing you as you plod along the highway, wave patronizing hands and scream words of recognition and good will, not so intelligible as the dust that chokes your rage. And when you are invited to a motor car ride your gesture to those in the road is still more sweeping, your shout of greeting more boisterous.

One of Many.

The Manchester Guardian reminds us that Cody, the air-man recently killed, was first of all the showman. "For years he kept his hair long, pinned up, except for ceremonial occasions, on the top of his head like a woman, and when he went to a flying meeting like Doncaster he had no scruple in having the town covered with bills about his arrival." He used to make little speeches from his passenger seat to the crowd, "talking in the curious raucous and penetrating voice of the showman born and bred."

And why not? We are all showmen in one way or another, and if our voice is weak and hesitating, we welcome the aid of a friendly barker. We all have show windows to dress, although it is not given to every one to display his goods so that a crowd gathers and is tempted.

August 27 - 1913

Readers of The Herald may remember that sometime ago a correspondent asked when bacon and eggs first became generally a breakfast dish in the United States. There were many answers to this question, and learning and ingenuity were displayed, but the information was not definite, it was of the digressive order. We were reminded of this by reading that a boycott of bacon for a fortnight had been suggested in England to lower the price and that the keeper of a boarding-house at Margate protested, saying that his boarders would "hunger-strike" if there was no bacon at breakfast. The Daily Chronicle remarked apropos: "It is not so long since bacon has been in vogue for breakfast. We learn from Macaulay that the fare served in 1831 at Rogers's breakfast parties—the most famous on record—consisted of "very good coffee, very good tea, and very good eggs, butter left in the midst of ice, and hot rolls." When did orange marmalade first come into fashion for breakfast?

For Breakfast.

Fear not, suspicious souls; we have no intention of talking about breakfast foods and whether man should eat breakfast or go till noon on a glass of water and two or three English walnuts. Yet we cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that some regard fish as indispensable. We have already quoted Leigh Hunt's views concerning the furnishing of a breakfast table. Hunt insisted on something potted. Dr. Folliott in "Crotchet Castle" approved chocolate, coffee, tea, cream, eggs, ham, tongue, cold fowl, but he described fish as the touchstone. Anchovy is the first step, prawns and shrimps the second, potted char and lampreys are the third, and a fine stretch of progression. But lobster is indeed matter for a May morning, and demands a rare combination of knowledge and virtue in him who sets it off.

On a Visit.

We met a young man at a country house last week who had much to say about temperate living and hardening of the arteries. No sooner had he taken his seat at the breakfast table than he began to talk in a thin voice about his morning habits. "At home, I drink two glasses after I arise, and for breakfast I take a soft boiled egg, fruit in season, and a small piece of dry toast. No coffee. One cup of it is more intoxicating to me than three glasses of whiskey would be. If I should eat the ordinary breakfast, my brain would feel clogged and I should not be able to write either in prose or verse." We observed young Mr. Smithers, and this was his breakfast; a good sized melon, two pears and a peach; hominy with blueberries, thickly sugared and with much cream; two eggs on toast with bacon; corn muffins galore; two large cups of coffee. "When I visit," said Mr. Smithers, "I change my manner of life lest I might seem to reflect on my hostess' table, but I assure you the simpler the fare, the happier and healthier I am. Michael, I think I'll have another egg."

The Years Go by.

Passing by lawns, we see women of all ages playing croquet. They tell us that the game has been greatly changed since Capt. Mayne Reid wrote his pamphlet containing the rules and the etiquette. There is the same laughter, the same trifling with a male partner, disturbed by the shout: "It's your turn to play." There is the same long and careful aiming for a shot the length of the ground; the same old miss, the same old consolatory cry: "You ought to have made it." The cheating is as brazen and primitive, but there is less coquetry in the display of the ankle. The modern dress does not allow a fleeting, ravishing glance. There is liberal and constant exposure that puts curiosity to flight.

And where now are the Swiss Bell Ringers, and the Bohemian Glass Blowers with their stationary engine of glass? They drew crowds to the Town Hall, and the entertainments were considered moral and improving. We would willingly leave a croquet ground to hear those bells again or choose a trick tumbler that looked as though it were full of beer.

With a Ball.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, as editor of Harper's Weekly, realizes the importance of baseball now that the seats hold

Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize;

now that maidens pitch with curves and drops and fadeaways, throw like grown men and outrun Atalanta. There was at least one professional female baseball club in our youth, but the members were not comely or of high caste. In 1777 the Countess of Derby played her cricket team of aristocratics ladies against an eleven of other noble dames at the Oaks in Surrey. The Duke of Hamilton fell in love with Miss Elizabeth Burrell at the match, where "her Diana-like air communicated an irresistible impression." She led the score, by the way. But before this, in 1747, there was a game of cricket between the Maids of Charlton and the Maids of Singleton, and in 1768 at Upham, 11 married women played 11 single women for a plum cake and a barrel of ale. The spinsters won, which should set professors of eugenics to thinking.

One More Recipe.

As the World Wags:

Probably "M. A. A." will be deluged with recipes for blueberry pudding, but her pathetic appeal moves me to send one of my husband's mother's recipes, which in his opinion is the best possible.

Two cups of sour milk, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one cup of flour with a teaspoon of soda and a full teaspoon, rounded over, of salt sifted in milk. Add more flour to make the mixture stiff. Lastly as many berries as you can. Boil or steam three hours. Cook in what is called a tin pudding bag. It has a close cover and a tube in the middle, and must be buttered or otherwise greased. Better prepare old plate or saucer or trivet under it in the kettle. Have the water boiling and see that it is kept to reach more than half up the pudding tin and boils steadily, but not furiously. Twenty minutes before taking up to serve, take it out, remove cover and put in oven.

This dates from 1848. Any good cook book will give you a wine sauce. Blueberries are better than huckleberries, less hard. CAMBRIDGE.

Worcester.

August 26 1913

SAM BERNARD AT THE SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE: Sam Bernard in "All For the Ladies," a new farce with music, in two acts and a prologue. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom. Music by Alfred G. Robyn. First performance in Boston.

Marie	Miss Louise Meyers
Alphonse Clemente	George A. Schiller
Georgette Clemente	Miss Ann Flack
Ernest Panturel	Teddy Webb
Nancy Panturel	Miss Frances Demarest
Francois	Henry Holt
Hector Renaud	George Austin Moore
Leo von Laubenheim	Sam Bernard
Madam Suzette	Miss Amy Leicester
Pinette	Miss Vivian Lawrence
Helene	Miss Rose Huber
Augusta	Miss Lillian Howell
Blanche	Miss Cardelia Haager
Baroness des Herbettes	Miss Gladys Benjamin
Marquise de Calvados	Miss Ethel Russell
General Villefranche	Harry Semels
Gaston Le Blanc	Homer Potts
Grand Duchess Alexia of Russia	Miss Lena Robinson

"All for the Ladies" has been adapted by Mr. Blossom from "Aime des Femmes," a farce by Hennequin and Mitchell, produced at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, in the spring of 1911. In this production Miss Monna Delza, well known for her beauty, appeared as Marie.

The adaptation has been shrewdly made and, while there are changes, the piece is still amusing. As a clever burlesque of the prevailing manners and customs in fashionable foreign dressmaking establishments, it has been unequalled.

The prologue takes place in the offices of Panturel, Clemente & Co., Paris. The firm is failing. The two partners, Panturel and Clemente, are old fogies with antiquated notions. They do not understand the methods of attracting customers. Hector Renaud, a substantial backer of the house, proposes that Leo von Lauhenhelm, the successful manager of a rival house, be made a partner.

Leo is the darling of Paris. His clientele is large and ever increasing. He hob-nobs with ladies of the nobility. Russian grand duchesses beseech his favors. He is deluged with love letters.

He transforms Panturel, Clemente & Co., hires numerous models to display his gowns, has a miniature stage built for the further convenience of his customers and insists upon their choice being made and their fittings conducted to the accompaniment of appropriate orchestral music.

Both partners, however, have young and susceptible wives who do not remain insensible to the charms of the irresistible Leo. Hector Renaud invents a plan by which their intentions are frustrated. There are complications which provide additional material for the plot.

But the plot itself is of little consequence. The piece is a brilliant spectacle, admirably staged, an amusing series of incidents for which Mr. Robyn has written agreeable and tuneful music, which has distinction and is above the average variety usually found in such productions.

But the farce is something more—it is a setting for the capers of Mr. Bernard whose talents as a comedian are both well known and appreciated. As the dapper Leo he appeared to excellent advantage. His song, "It's Permissible" delighted the audience as did his mannerisms of speech and his dancing. At the end of the first act in response to insistent demands he made a few characteric remarks.

Miss Frances Demarest as Nancy Panturel was showy and sang with spirit and vivacity. Miss Flack as Mme. Clemente was piquante and statuesque Miss Meyers as Marie, the demure typewriter, was girlish and danced with grace and agility. Mr. Moore as Hector gave pleasure by his singing and dancing. The two partners, Panturel and Clemente, were acceptably impersonated by Messrs. Webb and Schiller. There were other effective members of the cast, and among them Miss Leicester as Mme. Suzette and Miss Russell as the Marquise de Calvados.

The settings for both acts were elaborate while the costumes displayed in the dressmaker's establishment, as well as those worn by principals and chorus in the second act, were of unusual beauty and effectiveness as to textures and colorings. A feature of the performance was the display of fashions on the miniature stage when models appeared wearing costumes of classic, colonial and modern times.

An audience of fair size was continuously appreciative.

Victor Moore, who has in the past contributed his full share to the success of many a popular production, is appearing at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week in a sketch that is all his own. It is a sketch, in fact, that few would have the courage to undertake, for it is one of those rough and ready, elastic affairs that gives the star every leeway and in it the fellow lacking in versatility or originality would be lost in an instant. "Change Your Act or Go Back to the Woods," is the name that has been given this bare-stage, back-stage sketch, and the name tells the story.

Mr. Moore, in a lot of laughable nonsense in which the stage hands and even Doc O'Neil, who himself has a place upon the bill, are pressed into service, kept the audience last night in a constant roar. In addition to his impromptu assistants, Mr. Moore was also aided most admirably by Miss Emma Littlefield, who was the ingenue, the dancer and all other parts not assumed by Mr. Moore himself. It was altogether an intensely laughable, amusing affair, not brand-new altogether, but good from start to finish because Victor Moore was in it.

Another sketch that everybody applauded again and again was presented by Ben Deely and his company, entitled "The New Bell Boy." Mr. Deely himself has the part of the bell boy, and the scene is laid in a hundred and 'steen story hotel, with the bell boy and the telephone operator, attractive Marie Wayne, doing all the work. Rae Eleanor Ball, visiting the Keith house this week for the first time, is a charming violin virtuoso, who is not afraid to give her audience something of the popular in musical as well as the classical. Doc O'Neil, a monologue artist, sprang a lot of new Al jokes and gags.

Others having more or less prominent places upon the bill were the Three Bartos, mighty men of muscle; Roser's aerial dogs, wonderful in the balancing aid slack wire walking; Goldrick, Moore and slack wire walking; Goldrick, Moore "Camping"; Billy and Edith Adams in songs, etc.; Tom Mosher and company in a lot of new work awheel.

August 28 - 1913

The Andania, the latest addition to the Cunard fleet, runs between London, Montreal and Quebec. What bright-eyed, studious boy can tell us with hair-trigger promptness the origin of her name? Who gives the names to steamships and drawing-room cars and what is their salary by the week, or what do they receive for, say, 100 names? We saw a few days ago a drawing-room car, the Porthos. Are the other heroes of Dumas forgotten? Are Thackeray and Dickens ignored? Do porters insist on brushing the dust off Mr. Golightly and on Mrs. Bulstroper in the

...ky Sharp or the Micawber?

Foreign News.

A monument is to be erected at Sanatte to the memory of Hubert Latham, the first aviator that attempted to fly across the English channel. Although he died while hunting in Africa, he will be represented as standing on a rock with a cigarette between his fingers. This is to be regretted, for a cigarette is not heroic. If Latham must be figured as a tobacconist—we use the word in its old meaning—let him stand with a bulldog pipe in his mouth, or, better yet, a stained and nicked T. D.

The Pall Mall Gazette makes this sour remark:

"English football professionalism may not differ much from American baseball professionalism, but we do not parade its slavery as such. But American papers publish portraits of 'Doc Ayres, Pitcher, property of (!) Nationals,' and tell us of 'Chappell (sic), the fancy-priced outfielder purchased from (!) Milwaukee.' In England we call it 'paying for a transfer.'" The exclamation marks are the Pall Mall Gazette's own. Note the "buts" in unpleasant proximity.

A dependent in the police court of München-Gladbach, asked why he had not answered a summons at an earlier date, replied that he had been unable to read the signature appended to the document and therefore doubted its authenticity. His lawyer argued that the illegible signature rendered the document void of legal value, and he supported his argument with so many legal precedents that the court decided in his favor. There are men who write illegibly because they think that a baffling scrawl is a mark of genius. They will be taken for nimble-minded persons or deep thinkers. With some it is a pose. There are musicians who, having read that Beethoven wrote a blind hand, deliberately forget the writing master and write as though they had dipped the butt of the penholder in ink. Better the ornate Spencerian hand of our schooldays with its unnecessary lines and flourishes. More enviable is the ability to draw with a pen an American eagle with a scroll in its defiant beak.

Aids in Selection.

Professors of anthropology, sociology and economics from the Golden Gate to Eastport have given descriptions of the ideal bride and husband with words of advice and solemn warning to those contemplating the bond of matrimony, and now M. Elie Dautrin in the Paris Figaro tells young girls how they can know the character of a man. Watch him at table. "If he should bend over his knife and fork and finish his roast in three gulps beware! He is not the man that will be able to submit to tender sympathy and caresses." **If he eats without** enjoyment, he will never appreciate his squaw's hats or style of dress. Immoderately fond of sweets, he will nag. Does he prefer the cheese and roast? He will be muscular and placid. A bread-eater is fond of the country.

"The best test of a future husband is to watch him at the moment of dessert. See how he handles a peach. Does he take it distractedly or like a man in a hurry? Does he swallow it hastily? Then say to yourself: 'He is not the husband for me.' But if he takes it slowly and tenderly, like a connoisseur who appreciates what he eats, if he does not swallow it at once, but peels it with the air of an artist, and treats it with devotion, then do not hesitate to marry him as quickly as you can." Is this fantastical? No more so than advice in the matter of eugenics that has come from Cambridge, Worcester, Chicago and Berkeley.

Anecdote for the Day.

One day Lady Tempest sent him a present of trout stewed in claret, of which he was extremely fond. It was frosty weather, and the whole, from being kept all night, was frozen almost into ice. Being much afflicted with the toothache, he could not touch it, and to light a fire he thought expensive; therefore, as he generally lay in bed to keep himself warm in cold weather, he caused fish and sauce to be put between two pewter plates, on which he sat until the fish repast was tolerably warm.

At Dunmow.

At Dunmow this August the famous flitch of bacon was awarded to William and Agnes Hewitt. The counsel for the flitch asked William why, after a married life of 25 years, he had waited until bacon was 11 pence a pound before he put in his claim, to which William, a ready wit, answered, "Because I'm going to celebrate my silver wedding wi' that sort of bacon."

"G. A. G." asks in a letter when the custom originated. The first award on record was in 1445, but there must have been earlier awards by the priory, for Chaucer's Wife of Bath says:

The bacon was nought fet for him, I trowe,
That some men feele in Essex at Donmowe.

There was a similar custom in Brittany for 100 years. But it was at Dunmow that a wife swore on oath that her husband had bought her for £5. As early as 1896 a wife sold in the market-place at Hull, England, for 20 guineas. We are not told whether the halter about her neck was thrown in.

August 29. 1913

Now that there is interest in escapes from prison and even the staid New York Times publishes a record of distinguished murderers and burglars with portraits—that preceded Mr. Thaw at Matteawan in triumphant sallying forth, it may be profitable to compare the hectic accounts of these deeds published in the newspapers with the common phrases of old writers who in chap-books celebrated hair-breadth escapes. Let us quote from the life of Jack Sheppard. "Six strong doors, one of which had never been molested for seven years together, were wrench'd, by which he forc'd his passage into Newgate Leads, from which, by the help of an old blanket that before was employ'd in the capacity of a bed which he fastened to the wall with an iron spike, he stole out of the chapel (for sacrilege nor anything else could be any obstacle to one of his undaunted resolution), he descended to the leads of one Mr. Bird, a turner, whose house is contiguous to Newgate." As Mr. Charles Whibley says, the grammar is not blameless, "but few words are wasted, and the humble style gives an impression of reality at which Harrison Ainsworth (for instance) aimed in vain." The writers of these old chap-books knew nothing about nuances in style. "That blessed word 'psychology' is not in their vocabulary."

Simple Narration.

Note, for example, this quotation from "The Strange and Unaccountable Life of the Penurious Daniel Dancer, Esq.," printed for Ann Lemoine in 1797. Mr. Dancer was at times fortunate in picking up a dead sheep on a neighboring common. "It was immediately skinned and cut up, and the fat carefully laid aside, and an immense number of pies made of it, with proper seasoning, so that Mr. Dancer's house for a while resembled a Perigord pie-maker's shop preparing to pack up for exportation."

Was it one of Dickens's men who delighted in reading the life of Daniel Dancer, also that of John Elwes, a miser, yet generous and a gentleman in and out of Parliament?

Gayly Covered.

Looking over a catalogue published by Dick & Fitzgerald of New York in the sixties, we found the titles of romances that we would gladly read today. "Grace Weldon; or the Pretty Milliner" is a story about the Sewing Girls of Boston, "full of fun and adventure." We should be happy to put on the same self: "Clarence Bolton," described as "one of those fascinating tales of city life that gives (sic) an insight into every class of society"; "Caroline Tracy, the Milliner's Apprentice; or Life in New York Among the Lofty and Lowly"; "The Matricide's Daughter," another story of life in New York; "The Belle of the Bowery"; "Ellen Grant, or Fashionable Life in New York," which "embraces scenes from every phase of life in the metropolis"; "The Orphan Seamstress; a Narrative of Innocence, Guilt, Mystery and Crime." For any one of these romances, published at 25 cents a piece, we would give in exchange all of Mr. Chambers's later novels.

Turning the page we found a list of novels about celebrated highwaymen and housebreakers, with "beautiful covers, printed in colors upon enameled paper." "All the wild, daring and dashing scenes of robber life, from the most perilous and astonishing adventures on the highway to the most exciting and curious incidents in the bower of love, are portrayed by the author of these thrilling narratives." The shapes arise! Captain Heron, The Hangman of Newgate, Tom Ripon, Dick Clinton, Ned Scarlet, Captain Hawkes, Fearless Fred. We miss the yellow-covered "Sixteen-String Jack," which we read with fear and trembling behind a geography in the old grammar school.

Shameless Michael!

The "nice" people are not all in the United States. It seems that the municipal council of Marseilles objects to a full-sized copy of Michael Angelo's David, and decrees that the "shameless frankness of execution" unfits the statue for a public square. If the controversy were about the sculptor's "Leda" we could understand the row, although that work of art is nobly planned and heroic in expression; but why this fuss about David, the harpist and sweet singer of Israel? The sculptor represents him in his youth before he saw from the palace roof in an eventide one Bathsheba, very beautiful to look upon.

That First Recipe.

As the World Wags:

As an experienced cook, I ask who would dare risk three quarts of huckleberries, five eggs, etc., with only eight tablespoons of flour (even measure, of course) in making that pudding. I know it may be right, but it looks like misprint to me.
A COUNTRY COOK.

Two Pronunciations.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, "Orthoepist" (whose name is very generally mispronounced) gives in the word "irrefragable" a good instance ... almost univer-

... word which I think I have never heard correctly pronounced, viz. "apotheosis." The general custom is to pronounce it as if divided thus a-poth-e-o-sis; the accent on the second syllable.

Boston, Aug. 21. TERTIUS.

And this pronunciation is allowed by some of the larger and later dictionaries, though the accent on "the" is preferred.—Ed.

Bread Grease.

As the World Wags:

One can easily imagine the state of Orthoepist's feelings as the word "irrefragable" is frequently mispronounced; but there is a much more common word in the same category, and that is "oleomargarine," which is almost invariably called "oleomarjerine." Perhaps some of these transgressors imagine that this culinary substitute is derived from "marjorie." I prefer to say "oleomargharine," a hard "g." FRANCO.

Brookline, Aug. 21.

This reminds us of the old joke with an illustration in Vanity Fair. "How do you pronounce the 'g' in 'lager'; soft, as in 'gin'?" "No. Hard as in 'gout'."—Ed.

PROFESSIONAL.

It was remarked at the late International Congress of Medicine, held in London, that the president, Sir Thomas Barlow, wore a full beard and mustache, and at least two prominent members of the British section—Sir William Osler and Sir Edward Schaefer—sported hair on the upper lip. A London journal said in comment: "It is not so long since a medical man with a mustache would have been regarded with suspicion in England." Mr. G. W. E. Russell, most entertaining of gossips since Montaigne and Pepys, fell into the hands of a mustached physician in 1877. "Every one condemned the hirsute appendage as highly unprofessional, and when, soon after, the poor man found his way into a lunatic asylum, neighboring doctors of the older school said they were not surprised; that there was a bad family history, and that he himself had shown signs of eccentricity. That meant the mustache and nothing else."

Before the fear of bacilli saddened life in this country the bearded physician inspired confidence. In the sixties of the last century the beard of the old family doctor was fragrant with snuff. This beard was a part of his professional make-up: it went with his gig, his leather case of medicine phials, his anecdotes concerning Sir Benjamin Brodie, whom he had met in London. Young physicians cultivated a beard with the utmost anxiety. If the growth was scanty the future was dark, and they enviously ascribed the success of certain colleagues to luxuriant whiskerage. The quacks whose portraits were published in newspapers were masked in impressive, solemn beards. For the beard had long been associated in the minds of the people with philosophers and other men bursting with wisdom. The oriental leeches who figure in the wondrous tales, physicians knowing the secrets of nature, expert in white and beneficent magic, were full-bearded.

With the fear of the bacilli came the daily use of the razor. There was not even the thought of sterilizing the facial decoration. Off with beard, whiskers, mustache, lest the life of a patient be imperilled. This operation of the surgeon or physician on his own face was a capital one. In some instances weakness was disclosed in the mouth and also in the chin that resembled a poached egg. Supposed firmness turned out to be only a petrified and unmeaning smile. Wisdom faded into foolishness.

The patient no longer runs the danger of a populated beard. But to the lover of symbols in costume and ceremony a glory has departed. This, however, is characteristic of the age. Even lawyers of advanced years no longer consider a silk hat as indispensable to the dignity of their profession.

August 30. 1913

Even the Paris conducted for strangers is changing, they say. Amiable and sentimental plays are produced at the Bouffes Parisiens; romances for exportation are now idyllic; and now the quadrille has been brought back to drive out the tango and various menagerie dances. The statement that the quadrille revived is the "genuine stately measure as trod in the early forties by ... students of Murger's time at the

balls of the ...tin Quarter, ... traditional graces and courtesies ... well excite homeric laughter, f... in the quadrille that Mlle. Fifine or Mlle. Miranda, with a sky-defying kick, removed the hat of Uncle George, who, with Dea. Cephas Field, was then seeing Paris for the first time. The quadrilles at these balls and also at the Opera ball were famous for their reckless freedom, whether the dancers were Clodoche and his assistants or nimble-footed students with their sweethearts.

"First Couple."

A Frenchman of the 18th century exclaimed: "How many things there are in a minuet!" There were even more things in a quadrille, as danced at the Jardin Mabille, the Closerie and other halls where Parisians amused themselves and the bystanders. The formal steps soon broke into the can-can. Parents who approved the Lancers and frowned on the Waltz in towns along the Connecticut river during the Sixties had little idea what the ingenious French could do with a quadrille.

Then there was the music by Musard and Jullien. Do any in Boston remember Jullien with his orchestra, the first grand orchestra with virtuoso players that came to this country? Before conducting, Jullien in the sight of the people would put on straw-colored kid gloves presented to him on a silver salver by his valet. After the performance of a piece, Jullien would sink exhausted into an arm-chair. An extraordinary man, he made and lost fortunes and died in the madhouse. He also wrote the Firemen's Quadrille with realistic effects.

Operas and religious compositions paid tribute to the quadrille. Airs from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were twisted into dance tunes. But who can tell offhand who wrote the music for The Lancers, or why one of the numbers was called Trenitz? Education even in our richly endowed universities is sadly superficial.

Anecdote for the Day.

During his last illness, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt, remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation. When he replied that, having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant, Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose.

A Correction.

As the World Wags:

In the Elizabeth Goodwin recipe for huckleberry pudding, **it should read 3** (three) pints of huckleberries instead of 8, as you have it printed. Please rectify this mistake, as the pudding would not be eatable.
ELIZABETH GOODWIN.

South Berwick, Me., Aug. 22.

Ready to Subscribe.

As the World Wags:

Reference in The Herald to the sale of Buffalo Bill's horse reminds at least one reader that he brought pleasure to millions of people, and now that "age has left him naked to his enemies," we ought not to forget. Surely many others will agree that those two friends who "for a quarter of a century knew each other better than brothers," ought not to be separated. Would it not be well for The Herald to propose a fund for restoring the faithful animal to its master? I hope some wealthy person will do this, but would it not be more pleasing to the Colonel if the fund were raised in smaller sums, so as to be within the reach of people not wealthy? I suggest $1 and less, but will not insist on that figure. Do you know what the horse sold for?

Foxcroft, Me., Aug. 23. R.

An Englishman in Paris.

As the World Wags:

Since all the world is interested or entertained by the Revel of Stripping that is going on among women, it is not mal-apropos to quote the following incident: A gaunt Englishwoman while shopping in Paris last spring was determined to procure a gown of ultra-modern style, and accordingly requested a fashionable modiste to send her, on approval, something choice. The following day a small package arrived, which proved to contain a frock of a very diaphanous character, also a note in which the modiste declaimed the merits of her creation, concluding with the following words: "I am sure Madame will be particularly pleased with this robe, because by merely inserting a pink ribbon underneath, Madame will have the appearance of being absolutely naked."

Beverly Farms, Aug. 23. F. C. E.

Garden Gods.

The Herald has told the story of the town officers in Marseilles objecting to a copy of Michael Angelo's David, the young David with a sling, in a public square. "Stendhal" years ago insisted that the hero's legs were too heavy, but the objection in Marseilles was not thus voiced. There is a story that the sculptor made a group in bronze of David and Goliath which went to France, but no one knew what became of it.

...follow the ex... of a stat... in the grounds a chateau near the ..., there is ...Lecon d'Amour dans un Parc,' ...tten gracefully by M. Rene Boylesve. ...Vatteau-like romance, voluptuous and ...lancholy in early 18th century man... M. Henri de Regnier has designed ... approve in his choice French this ...nance and others by the ingenious Boylesve.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

...here is a vacant chair in the ...nch Academy for an Immortal, and ...re is a report that this Immortal ... be a woman, the Countess de ...illes, a poet highly esteemed—in ... own country. M. Anatole France, ... has not for years attended a ...ting of the Forty, announces his ...ntion of going soon to the Acad... for the purpose of voting in her ...alf; but M. France is looked upon ... his colleagues as a dangerous man, ...Socialist, a Dreyfusite, a mocker at ...litary pomp and glory, at the re...ion of the Dictionary, at the Acad... itself. His advocacy might do ... harm. Will the Immortals be per...aded to admit a mere woman to ...ir number? Will the countess be ...ed through courtesy from the hu...liating ordeal of the visits before ...ballot is taken?

The countess is not the first woman ... be proposed by her admirers for an ...nor which, though derided by ...ny, and not only the disappointed ...d hopeless, is eagerly coveted. Mme. ...sbordes-Valmore as a poet is even ...w ranked higher than Mme. de ...oailles, but she was not seriously ...nsidered. There was George Sand; ... Academy that ignored Balzac, ...autier, Dumas the Elder and Flau...rt could not have been expected to ...k favorably on that fiery soul who ... her later years wrote innocent ro...ances of domestic, humble, country ...fe. Surely Mme. Curie, on account ... her scientific researches, deserves ...e honor, and it is doubtful whether ...e Academy that includes vulnerable ...embers would be deterred solely by ...e affair that suggested to Henry ...taille his impressive play, "Les ...mbeaux." And what might not be ...id in favor of Mme. Bernhardt, one ...f the most remarkable women of the ...orld, whose only rivals for fame at ...e time were said to be the Empress ...owager of China and Mrs. Mary ...aker Eddy?

Academies are necessarily academic ... conservatism. If one woman is ad...itted, will not others clamor at the ...oor? Corot said that woman dis...bs the landscape. Might she not ...ivert the attention of the Academi... from their solemn work of re...ion in etymology and definition?

CASTLE SQUARE OPENS SEASON

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"London Assurance," a comedy in five acts ...y Dion Boucicault.

Dazzle	William P. Carleton
...rles Courtly	John Craig
Sir Harcourt Courtly	Donald Meek
Max Harkaway	Frederic Ormonde
Dolly Spanker	Carney Christie
Mark Meddle	Al Roberts
...ol	George Ernst
Solomon Isaacs	J. Morrill Morrison
Martin	Alfred Lunt
James	Robert Capron
Lady Gay Spanker	Miss Doris Olson
Grace Harkaway	Miss Florence Shirley
Pert	Miss Mabel Colcord

The sixth season under Mr. Craig's management opened brilliantly at the Castle Square Theatre last evening with a spirited performance of "London Assurance."

This famous comedy of manners was first performed at Covent Garden in 1841. Charles Mathews then took the part of Dazzle and Mrs. Nisbett that of Lady Gay Spanker.

It was revived last June at the St. James Theatre by command of King George V. The production was elaborate, and the cast included, among other distinguished players, Sir Herbert Tree, H. B. Irving, Arthur Bourchier, Charles Hawtrey, Irene Vanbrugh and Marie Tempest.

The piece is highly entertaining with its wit, its high spirits, its rhetorical luxuriance, the admirable sense of the theatre it displays, and Mr. Craig is to be commended for his choice of an opening attraction, as well as for the excellent quality of the performance.

He was himself a capital Charles, exuberant, boyish, a gallant lover. Mr. Meek succeeded in concealing his personality beneath an air of dandified affectation, and sustained his part as Sir Harcourt Courtly with a skill which delighted the audience. Mr. Carleton was appropriately buoyant as Dazzle. Mr. Ormonde played the rural Max Harkaway with becoming heartiness. Mr. Roberts's Meddle, continually waiting for a kick and at last getting it from a valet, was diverting and full of droll touches, while Mr. Christie was amusing as the timid Dolly Spanker.

Miss Doris Olson, a new member of the company, played Lady Gay Spanker wittily and with spirit. She shows indisputable talent, and has, besides, the advantages of youth and comeliness. Miss Shirley was arch and provocative as Grace Harkaway. She is rapidly gaining the technique of her art. The minor characters were well taken.

A large audience, in holiday mood, welcomed heartily every member of the cast and showed its appreciation throughout the evening. At the end of the third act there were speeches by Mr. Craig and every member of the company.

August 31. 1913

THE National Federation of Musical Clubs has offered a prize of $10,000 for an "American grand opera." One of the conditions is that "the libretto must be in English and the text, either original or translated, be worthy the sponsorship of the National Federation of Musical Clubs." This condition excited adverse and jocose comment, and this has irritated the more sensitive officers of the federation. Thus we find Mrs. Jason Walker, the chairman, saying—we quote from Musical America: "The condition holds no criticism of anything that has been accomplished in the operatic field of creative work, but only voices the hope of a great national musical organization that the demand of the people of this country for higher standards, purer living and cleanliness in thought and action will bring out a work the drama of which will be an inspiration to higher, more spiritual thought and nobler lives. It is a pleasure to state that Los Angeles has a large number of citizens, broad-minded, public-spirited and clean-hearted, who are co-operating with the National Federation of Musical Clubs in this great work for American composers and who are heartily in sympathy with all the plans of the federation."

Another officer, Mrs. Flournoy Rivers, chairman of the Federation Extension Department, made a reply that is characterized as "pungent": "Many grand opera plots escape police interference because they are given in language not familiar to the public! And many of these plots, such as 'Salome,' 'Don Juan,' 'Rigoletto,' etc., are far more fit for the garbage can than for public presentation. True, if literature is a portrayal of life—and soul ache and all with countless sins and wrongs—evil must be depicted for the sake of truth— and artistic contrast in the drama—but there is a vast deal of difference between such portrayal of evil and the obscene orgies of licentiousness many librettos show. If the promulgators of pure food laws deserve the respect and support of the nation, certainly we have an equal right to see that the artistic pabulum offered America is pure and above reproach.

"Distinctly immoral things are hostile to the welfare of a people. And operas like 'Parsifal,' 'Pelleas et Melisande,' 'Aida,' etc., while treating of evil, are not immoral. I do not think we meant to debar sin as a topic—simply to keep out debasing impurities. Our standards of morality are not European. We do stickle for decencies, and in offering prizes for librettos we mean to stand for beauty and for uplift—not for stale and filthy plots. Music in itself cannot be vulgar. It must be associated with words to become so. With a world full of beauty to choose from—we see no desirability in selecting unseemly things and indorse heartily that plain statement of the Almighty's in Deuteronomy: 'Evil favoredness is an abomination to Me.'"

An Old Reproach

This is interesting reading, although Mrs. Rivers's style might be condemned by purists as Asiatic. Reading her diatribe, we were reminded of protests made years before there was any federation of musical clubs.

The Herald recently mentioned a new life of Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, the first one to take the part of Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera." This opera was produced when conversation was coarse and morals loose; when incredibly scandalous pamphlets were written about women on the stage, with the result that these attacks excited general laughter rather than the indignation that ended in a revengeful flogging, or an action for slander; yet "The Beggar's Opera" was condemned by some on account of its 'immorality.' The Rev. Thomas Herring preached a sermon against Gay's libretto. A writer in the London Journal exclaimed: "How shocking then would it have appeared to the venerable sages of antiquity to have seen an author bring upon the stage as a proper subject for laughter and merriment a gang of highwaymen and pickpockets triumphing in their successful villanies and braving the ignominious death they so justly deserve, with the undaunted resolution of a ... philosopher. * * * The ... ...will ... promoted it the ...es of such abandon'd wretches as robbers and nightwalkers are described as agreeable and full of mirth and jollity." The writer, "Philopropos," was grieved because there was a happy ending; he wished to see Capt. Macheath hanged, not reprieved. Today the writer would be disappointed in "The Girl of the Golden West." As a matter of fact, a version of "The Beggar's Opera" with a moral in it was produced half a century later—in 1777—and Macheath was sentenced to the hulks. Polly and Lucy found him grateful for the mercy, penitent, and hopeful for the future. But the public would not have it. The revision was a dismal failure.

Was "The Beggar's Opera" Immoral?

There were answers to the attacks, and these attacks, by the way, were in many instances prompted by political antagonism, for had not Gay and Pope and Swift dared to assail covertly Sir Robert Walpole? One defender said that the clergyman mistook the object of this opera, "which was not to recommend the characters of highwaymen, pickpockets and strumpets as examples to be followed, but to show that the principles and behavior of many persons in what is called high life were not better than those of highwaymen, thieves, sharpers and strumpets. Nor can these characters be seductive to persons in low life, when they see that they must all expect to be hanged."

Gay himself took the matter with characteristic lightness. He wrote to Swift about Herring's sermon against the opera, and added: "Which I look upon as no small addition to my fame." Swift, however, was indignant, and devoted the third number of the Intelligencer, a short-lived weekly paper started by the dean and Dr. Sheridan in Dublin in 1728, to the defence of his friend. Toward the end of this article he said that the opera "will probably do more good than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a divine. . . . All the characters are just and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice. It discovers the whole system of that commonwealth or that imperium in imperio of iniquity, established among us, by which neither our lives nor our properties are secure, either in the highways, or in public assemblies, or even in our own houses. It shows the miserable lives and the constant fate of those abandoned wretches; for how little they sell their lives and souls. . This comedy contains likewise a satire, which, without inquiring whether it affects the present age, may possibly be useful in times to come. I mean, where the author takes the occasion of comparing those common robbers of the public, and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the several acts of politicians in times of corruption. This comedy likewise exposeth with great justice that unnatural taste for Italian music among us, which is wholly unsuitable to our northern climate and the genius of the people, whereby we are over-run with Italian effeminacy, and Italian nonsense." And then Dean Swift added a sentence that we regret to say is unprintable in these days. We refer the curious reader to Swift's works, vol. XI., p. 2?, in the London edition of 1765 from which we quote.

Swift was probably wrong in ascribing to Gay any idea of attacking or satirizing Italian opera.

Dr. Johnson discussed the matter with ponderous common sense. "The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is therefore not likely to do good, nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." This is in his life of Gay. In conversation he remarked that he did not think any man had ever been made a rogue by seeing the performance. "At the same time I do not deny it may have some influence by making the character of a rogue familiar and in some degree pleasing."

Mr. Charles E. Pearce, in his "Polly Peachum," does not refer to the judicious remarks of William Hazlitt about this opera, or to the bitter jibe of Hazlitt at the expense of the Americans who were shocked by the sight of these low persons on the stage of American theatres. As a matter of fact, "The Beggar's Opera" was a favorite entertainment in this country for many years, although in some instances it may have excited protests.

Changes in Taste

We have dwelt on this old opera and the arguments for and against its influence for evil, because these arguments, in the same or slightly varied form, are heard today. Commenting last Sunday on the interesting reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg now publishing in the Saturday Evening Post, we quoted her remark about the unwillingness of Bostonians to hear "Rigoletto" in the early sixties. "Rigoletto" was not the only opera that was then looked upon with disapproving eyes.

In November, 1862, Miss Kellogg sang in Masse's "Noces de Jeannette" in Philadelphia.

"The critics found in Jeannette a great many surprising things. It was considered broad, risque, typically French, and so on. In reality it was innocent enough; but it must be remembered that this was a day and generation that found 'Faust' frightfully daring, and 'Traviata' so improper that it required a year's hard effort to persuade the Brooklyn public to listen to it!

"It was really about 'Traviata.' In 1861 President Chittenden of the board of directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music made a sensational speech arraigning the plot of 'Traviata,' and protesting against its production in Brooklyn on the grounds of propriety, or rather impropriety. Meetings were held and it was finally resolved that the opera was objectionable. The feeling against it grew into a series of almost religious ceremonies of protest, and, as I have said, it took Grau a year of hard effort to overcome the opposition. When at last, in 1862, the opera was given, I took part in it. The audience was all on edge with excitement. There had been so much talk about it that the whole town turned out to see why the directors had withstood it for a year. Every clergyman within travelling distance was in the house.

"Its dramatic sister, 'Camille,' was also opposed violently when Mme. Modjeska played it in Brooklyn in later years. These facts are amusing in the light of present-day productions and their morals, or dearth of them. 'Salome' is, I think, about the only grand opera of recent times that has been suppressed by a directors' meeting. But in my youth directors were very tender of their public's virtuous feelings. When the 'Black Crook' and the Lydia Thompson troupe first appeared in New York, people spoke of those comparatively harmless shows with bated breath, and no one dared admit having actually seen them. The Lydia Thompson Blondes, the troupe was called. They did a burlesque song-and-dance affair, and wore yellow wigs. Professor Brander Matthews married Ada Harland, one of the most popular and charming of them. I wonder what would have happened to an audience of that time if a modern, up-to-date Broadway musical farce had been presented to their consideration.

"At any rate the much advertised 'Traviata' was finally given, and proved a huge and sensational success. Probably I did not really understand the character of Violetta down in the bottom of my heart. Modjeska once said that a woman was capable of playing Juliet only when she was old enough to be a grandmother; and if that be true of the young Veronese girl, how much more must it be true of poor Camille. My interpretation of the Lady of the Camellias must have been a curiously impersonal one. I know that when Emma Abbott appeared in it later the critics said that she was so afraid of allowing it to be suggestive that she made it so, whereas I apparently never thought of that side of it and consequently never forced my audiences to think of it either.

"Violetta's gowns greatly interested me. I liked surprising the public with new and startling effects. I argued that Violetta would probably love curious and exotic combinations, so I dressed her first act in a gown of rose pink and pale primrose yellow. Odd? Yes, of course it was odd. But the color scheme, bizarre as it was, always looked to my mind and the minds of other persons altogether enchanting."

Old and Abused Favorites

Is Miss Kellogg correct in saying that "Salome" is the only opera that has been suppressed by a directors' meeting? For a long time the managers in Paris refused to bring out "La Lepreuse" on account of the libretto, but the opera was finally performed.

What she says about "Faust" recalls the absurdly savage attack made upon it by Dr. Dio Lewis. He solemnly warned mothers against allowing their daughters to attend a performance, saying that no girl would preserve her purity untainted if she should submit herself to the influence of Gounod's music. There was a story that Miss Emma Abbott introduced "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in the garden scene to show the inherent goodness of Marguerite.

As for "Traviata," it was considered as the abomination of desolation. See what Shorley had to say against it in his reminiscences of the opera in London. The story as told by the younger Dumas was repulsive to Tschaikowsky and he censured Arensky for choosing the subject for a suite or symphonic poem. The letter in which he expressed his indignation is in the life of Tschaikowsky by his brother.

The libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was attacked in Germany as soon as the popularity of the opera was established, and yet Dr. Heinrich Pudor wrote a pamphlet in defence, declaring that the opera was a powerful argument for the sanctity of the marriage tie.

And what has not been said against the immorality of "Die Walkuere" and "Tristan und Isolde"! Even Schopen...

[illegible] music drama. [illegible] Heinrich Porn's attack on "Tristan" is a fine example of the brutal [illegible] invective that was once the distinguishing mark of earnest theological discussion.

"La Favorita" was also bitterly condemned.

Victor Hugo's Defence

Miss Kellogg speaks of the objections raised against "Rigoletto." There are many who, while they patiently endure Puccini's "Tosca" and boisterously call the singers before the curtain of the second act, cry out against the abduction of Gilda and the situations in the third and fourth acts. There was the same objection against "Le Roi S'amuse" when it was first produced. Today the play on which Verdi's opera is based is regarded as boresome, a play to be read perhaps, but a dull thing on the stage. Even Got failed as the jester when the drama was revived. The play was called immoral in 1832 and Hugo made a long defence in a preface after the government had ordered a suspension of the performances at the Theatre Francais. Hugo insisted that the piece was profoundly moral. The title should have been "The Curse of M. de Saint Vallier," for the father of Diane de Poitiers, reproaching Francis I., who had dishonored her, was subjected to the insolence of the deformed and malicious jester, who hated the King because he was King, the lords because they were lords; he loathed able men that were not humpbacked. The father cursed the jester, also a father. The jester suffers as de Saint Valliere had suffered. The King whom the jester had educated in vice destroys the daughter whom her father had taught to believe in virtue. "It is not for up to decide," said Hugo, "whether this idea is dramatic; it is surely a moral one." And, taking one act after the other, Hugo defended the morality in the development and the expression of the idea. This preface is more forcible than soliloquies and the tirades in the play itself.

After all the educational value of opera is slight nor is it essential to artistic perfection. No one wishes gross immortality on the stage: no one wishes the refined immorality that insiduously corrupts. The chief objection to "The Jewels of the Madonna" is that it combines sacrilege and lust in a peculiarly clumsy and disagreeable manner.

Gossip About the Stage

On Sept. 1 Bernard Shaw's new play, "Androcles and the Lion," will be produced at the St. James's Theatre. "Joseph and His Brethren" will be produced on Sept. 2 by Sir Herbert Tree, and on Sept. 4 Barrie's new play, "The Legend of Leonora," will be produced at the Duke of York's.

In the new play, "Sealed Orders," at Drury Lane an American actor and an American actress, Hale Hamilton and his wife, Myrtle Tannehill, will take part, for the first time at Drury Lane. The manager says that the author' Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, have taken the title of their play from the practice in the navy of giving to fleet commanders orders upon their departure from port which are to be opened only when they are at sea. A string of battleships sails from Portsmouth, but the admiral does not know the destination until, perhaps a couple of days after the departure, he opens the secret dispatch. "What would be the value of those sealed orders to a spy? Who would, or who could, seek to snatch them?" That for the moment is the secret of the dramatists. The play is in three acts with about 14 scenes. The first act is in the country, the second in London, and the third at Portsmouth. "There are negotiations with a firm of modistes in Paris for showing for the first time on any stage the gown that will be in fashion next year." They will be worn in a representation of a great social event of the London season, also at a diplomatic ball. The production will be early in September.

"The Happy Kingdom," a comedy in three acts, written in blank verse and prose by Arthur Maquarie, has been published in London by Bickers & Son. The story is of a Sardinian King who lacked a male heir. Either he or his daughter must wed. The princess hates all men except the jester, who makes fish-hooks for her. This jester turns out to be her cousin and the two make a match. Here are quotations. The King says:

> Our ancient law
> Refuses right of regimen to my child
> For that she is a woman

The scullions talk of how "by the smell o' these pot-washings we are to see good viands moving." The princess describes a suitor as

> That whiskery prawn!
> That long asparagus stalk! That chattering jay!
> That glass of lemon water! Oh, that worm.
> That grasshopper! That mottled sugar-stick!
> That gilded baby-rattle with two bells,
> And "Bite Me" on the fore end!

It would seem that this play is for the study, rather than the stage; yet the Drama League might recommend it for production.

This reminds us that the "Play of Today" [illegible] indorsed by the Drama League of America as a "timely work" and "one of the most valuable among recent publications." The Academy (London) quoted this indorsement in a review of the book and ended its pooh-pooh article as follows. "She will take your little hand in hers and lead you gently but informingly toward the pleasant glades, the fruitful plains, the ever popular orchards of the obvious."

The stage salaries of German actors are surprisingly low. Sixteen earn $2500 or more in a season, which may be counted as eight or nine months during the year. Half of the actors who answered an inquiry give $375 as the amount of their income for the season. The table of more than 2000 answers is:

Less than $100	56
From $100 to $187.50	394
From $187.50 to $250	376
From $250 to $312.50	348
From $312.50 to $437.50	121
From $437.50 to $500	93
From $500 to $625	122
From $625 to $750	98
From $750 to $1000	111
From $1000 to $1500	100
From $1500 to $2000	35
From $2000 to $2500	22
More than $2500	16

The Verdi centenary festival at Rome will not be held until November, to accommodate many who would be unable to be present on Oct. 10. Distinguished musicians and directors of conservatories the world over will be invited by the city. The Academy of St. Cecilia will give four performances of the Requiem at very low prices.

Perosi has recently composed a Pastorale, also a suite. "La Festa del Villagio," for small orchestra. How little attention has been paid to him of late years in the musical world! Yet there was a time, and not so long ago, when he was characterized as a modern Bach with the melodic grace of Mozart.

Max Reger, who is also described by his admirers as the modern Bach, has composed a set of four "tone pictures" after Boecklin's paintings: "The Fiddling Hermit," "The Frolic of the Waves," "The Island of the Dead" and "Bacchanale." They are about to be published in Germany as op. 128.

When Mozart's "Requiem" was performed at Salzburg this month, a curtain painted by Brioschi hid the singers and orchestra from the audience. Mme. Lilli Lehmann proposed this in the hope of giving additional effect to the music. The idea of hiding the singers and the orchestra in all concerts has long been discussed in Germany, and experiments have been made before the one at Salzburg.

Richard Strauss says that he is working "with exceeding joy and with an overflow of inspiration" on his ballet, "Mme. Potiphar." No one has ever accused him of lacking self-confidence, and hitherto he has been able to point a derisive thumb at his detractors. Does the scenario of this ballet include the tales told by the Rabbi and in the Koran?

The Zurich Opera House will open today and two weeks will be devoted to "Parsifal." There will be six performances, beginning at 4 P. M., and the prices will range from 3 to 10 francs.

A suite for the lute, by Sebastian Bach, has been published recently, and for the first time at Brussels. The original manuscript is in the Royal Library of that city, and was probably bought in 1836 at the Leipsic sale.

"Parsifal" will be produced at the Paris Opera House on Jan. 2, 1914. The work of preparing the production has already begun.

Andre Messager is completing his new opera, "Soeur Beatrice," which will be produced at Nice next season.

Paul Ferrier has written the libretto of a lyric comedy. The music will be written by 10 composers in collaboration: Saint-Saens, Leroux, Messager, Erlanger, Hahn, Lecog, Hirchmann, Cuvillier, Rudolph Berger of waltz fame, and Willy Redstone.

Arthur Pougin speaks highly of a new life of Chopin by Edouard Ganche (published by Mercure de France, Paris). He describes it as the most complete and the most useful. Mentioning the biographies that preceded this one he does not mention Mr. Huneker's name—an unaccountable omission—and he does not do justice to the biography by Elie Poirec. M. Pougin, however, complains of the author's lack of judgment in the choice of letters from Chopin's correspondence. M. Ganche quotes the opinion of a contemporary of Chopin and other pianists: "Thalberg is a king, Liszt a prophet, Chopin a poet, Herz an advocate, Kalkbrenner a minstrel, Mme. Pleyel a sibyl and Doehler—a pianist."

G. W. Marshall-Hall, an English composer, who for some years has been a teacher at Trinity College, Melbourne, is little known in this country, although some years ago Mr. Runciman, in a savage attack on the academic school of England, extolled the talent of this self-exiled composer. Fifteen years ago the "Alcestis" of Euripides was performed in the original Greek by the students of Trinity, and Mr. Marshall-Hall then wrote music for the play. This music was afterward performed with the play at Meissen, and it met the approbation of the audience and the professional critics. Mr. Marshall-Hall has set music to the "original text" of "Romeo and Juliet" and the opera will be produced at Stuttgart next season.

"The Typhoon," which in London has already been played over 150 times, will have to move for the fourth time on Sept. 8, when "Years of Discretion" will be produced at the Globe Theatre by Charles Frohman.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writ[illegible] The first nov[illegible] the Com[illegible] [illegible] Française will [illegible] 'Macbeth' in a translation by M. Jean Richepin, the Academician, who last winter delivered a very brilliant series of lectures on Shakespeare's dramatic works at the Universite des Annales. A short time ago M. Richepin, whose spacious genius should make him the ideal translator of Shakespeare, went on a pilgrimage to the blasted heaths of North Britain, that he might set his local color or lack of it right. As a result of his investigations, it appears that we are to have authentic mud huts on the stage of the Francais similar, says the Comoedia, to the subterranean dwellings which are inhabited by the Esquimaux. Haggis, heather and whiskey will presumably be among the lesser properties."

An opera, "Bella Imperia," by Salvayre, will be produced at the Paris Opera this coming season. Is the libretto founded on Balzac's droll role?

Musical America announces that New Orleans will have opera this season. "With the signing of a $45,000 gauarantee by Philip Werlein a season of French opera is assured for New Orleans next season, with last year's tenor, Mr. A. Affre, as the impresorio. Mr. Werlein assumed the obligation personally, trusting to be relieved by the subscribers later on. The lease of the Bourbon street house has in consequence been transferred to Mr. Affre. In order to protect Mr. Werlein the Association of Commerce, which had opened a campaign for a more high-class opera season, has started a guarantee fund, to which Mayor Martin Behrman was the first subscriber."

The Chorus Girl of 1890

Mr. Kebel Howard in his latest "London Dialogues" pictures "the chorus girl—Then and Now."

I. 1890.

Algy—Hello!

Lottie—Hello, old boy! Awful sorry I'm late!

Algy—That's all right. I say, you look rippin'!

Lottie—Oh, cheese it!

Algy—But you do—simply clinkin'!

Lottie—Strite?

Algy—Honest Injun!

Lottie—Well, it's a wonder. I got such a blewing on top o' the 'bus I thought my blooming hair was coming off. My word, but my inside's chatty!

Algy—Bit peckish, old dear?

Lottie—You can take yer oath to that. Have I got too much color?

Algy—Not a bit! You look fairly in the pink!

Lottie—Good on yer, Algy!

Algy—Didn't order the grub. Thought I'd wait till you showed up. Could you do half-a-dozen oysters?

Lottie—What is the matter with a dozen?

Algy—Right O! And then some fish?

Lottie—Oh, blow the fish. I like something I can get my teeth into, so I tell yer!

Algy—Bird?

Lottie—Blow bird! What about a nice bit of steak? I'm not a dainty little flower o' the field, yer know. I've got 12 stun ter keep up!

Algy—Sorry, old sport. We can order the sweets after. Now about the booze. Bottle of fizz?

Lottie—I'm not dead nuts on fizz, old dear. Puffs me out so! Wot I shud reely like, if I 'ad me choice, would be nice tankard of stout-and-bitter, with a nice glass of port to follow.

Algy—Rippin'! Same for me, waiter. Look sharp with those oysters!

Lottie—Well, an' wot 'ave you been doin' since I saw yer last? Been stayin' with yer people, haven't you?

Algy—Yaas. Bit o' huntin'—bit o' shootin'—couldn't stand it for long!

Lottie—Had to come back to the old village, eh?

Algy—Rather! Any news since I left town?

Lottie—Our show's comin' off, but I've bin taken on fer the next. Guess what yours truly's going ter be in the first act?

Algy—What?

Lottie—A milkmaid, if you please! All us girls think the guv'nor's gorn dotty! Fancy me in skirts!

Algy—Lor'!

Lottie—Don't give the show a chance. The boys'll give us the chuck—yew mark my words!

Algy—What's the notion?

Lottie—Oh, we all know what it is. That there Floss Smith—Doris Marchbanks, yer know—don't 'appen ter fancy 'erself in tights an' no wonder, the sticks she's got on' 'er! So me an' all the other gels must needs perade ourselves in skirts!

Algy—Stiff luck!

Lottie—Oh, well, I don't mind if they don't. Tights is a beastly noosance when all's said an' done, but you can't run a musical comedy without 'em, an' it's no good their tryin' * * * 'Ere's good 'ealth, old boy!

Algy—Thanks awf'ly. * * *

II.—1913.

The Chorus Girl of 1913

Evelyn—Splendid!

Bobbie—Em A leet?

Evelyn—Possibly, dear heart. Can't say that I've consulted the chronometer.

Bobbie—May meed is so freetfully sloo!

Evelyn—The result, dear soul, borders on the alluring. [illegible] Oo, the teal! [illegible] me! How tiresome!

Evelyn—Hand the fellow thi[illegible] emolument, porter * * * Poor child! I have secured unto ourselves rather a pleasant table. * * *

Bobbie—Oh, A wonder if they have a fen? A feel so feent!

Evelyn—Menial! Kindly set your electric fan in motion, will you? * * * Have you any hunger, dear heart?

Bobbie—Oo, nao, I don't theenk so!

Evelyn—Could you dally with an oyster or two?

Bobbie—Oo, nao! A detest a-sters!

Evelyn—The grouse-bird, for some absurd reason, is not available until tomorrow. Shall we endeavor to cope with the lighter portion of the humble chicken?

Bobbie—That would be very nace.

Evelyn—Make some writing to that effect, waiter. And now as to beverages. A little of the light and sparkling.

Bobbie—Do you mean chempeegne?

Evelyn—Wonder-worker! How you read my thoughts!

Bobbie—Oo, A detest chempeegne. Steel! A mate teek half-a-glass. * * *

Evelyn—Make more literature in your little book, fellow. More anon. * * *

Bobbie—That fen is a lit-tul strong, don't you theenk?

Evelyn—They have no sense of proportion, I fear me * * * Menial, check your electrical apparatus slightly. * * * And now tell me all the news, dear heart. You have the look of one wearied.

Bobbie—Oo, A feel quate worn aoot! These dreadful rehearsals are so tairing!

Evelyn—I gather that you have been wasting your sweetness on the empty stalls?

Bobbie—Oorl dee!

Evelyn—My poor petal!

Bobbie—May heed is simply spiceting!

Evelyn—The penalty of hypersensitiveness!

Bobbie—Thet ees just eet. And then, you see, A have a whole leen to see bay mayself!

Evelyn—No?

Bobbie—Oo, yeaz. The whole plee depends on may leen!

Evelyn—Accept my felicitations!

Bobbie—A would not mind so much if A were only stronger, but, you know, A'm not at all stuong, and the stuain of may leen——!

Evelyn—You have all my sympathy, dear heart. And the dresses? Do they meet with your satisfaction?

Bobbie—Oo, yeaz, the duesses are quate pretty—quate. * * *

Evelyn—A little creme-de-menthe with your coffee?

Bobbie—Oo, A adore cuemc-de-menthe!

Evelyn—To think that mere English soil should have produced a creature so exquisitely French!

Bobbie—Em A lake the French gaarles?

Evelyn—In all that is most alluring! * * * Do you insist on driving home in splendid isolation?

Bobbie—Ooo, yeaz. Good-nate. * * * A hev so enjoyed mayself. * * *

English Opera in England

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, now starting in Great Britain under the management of Walter Van Noorden, an Englishman in spite of his Dutch name, is starting on its 43d tour. He talked recently with a London reporter:

"My general opinion is that there is considerable doubt whether taste is improving in the direction of opera. It is so difficult to get audiences for anything new that we still have to rely for the most part on old standard works. Yet we have introduced many new and beautiful operas to England. There were Goldmark's 'Cricket on the Hearth' and 'Queen of Sheba.' No one but the Carl Rosa company has performed these operas. 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' however charming as it is, was not a success. 'The Queen of Sheba' has been a success for about two years. But two years seems to be about the limit for new works, if they go at all. The latest work we have produced, Wolf-Ferrari's 'Jewels of the Madonna,' has so far been as great a success with us as it was at Covent Garden. It is a glorious and magnificent work. Mozart's 'Magic Flute' has also been a very great success. We are also doing 'The Tales of Hoffmann.' The standard of vocal technique is a great deal higher in the case of British artists than it is, for example, in that of German artists," and he mentioned the fact that as many as 400 English-speaking artists are now taking principal roles in German opera houses. But English singers "get a better opportunity than in England of learning repertoire. The atmosphere is more operatic. British artists have to be versatile and able to appear one day in German operas, the next in Italian, the third perhaps in French, and the fourth in English. Compare this work with that of the Italians. Italian artists, of course, are extremely good, but in a narrow groove. You cannot imagine, for example, Caruso singing Tannhaeuser or Siegfried. We sing every opera in English. I am a fixed and firm believer that all opera should be sung in the vernacular of the country in which it is produced. As for the argument that English is not a singable language, I say 'rubbish.' It is nonsense to say that it is not so singable as French or German. True, Italian is most musical and singable, but so is Welsh for that matter. You will hear foreign artists say that English is not a singable language, but that is because they will not take the trouble, or have not the brains

... opera of ... ... "... Take ... ..." There are ... little ... and many characters ... the ... of the ice-cream and coffee venders, the flower and fruit sellers, and the ... letter writer that English audiences would never understand unless the opera were given in English. If modern operas are to succeed in England they must be sung in English."

Horse-Power of Voices

That competition of town criers at Hastings should have been a handicap contingent on the singing voices of the competitors. A French scientist has gathered together some curious facts about what may be termed the horse-power required by different voices to be audible at definite distances. In every case he found that the bass was at a big disadvantage compared with the tenor, inasmuch as its possessor has to expend from seven to 16 times as much energy to make himself heard equally well. The baritone comes about midway between the bass and tenor.

The same investigator found that in ordinary conversation a man expends at least four times the energy of a woman. But the lady who can talk four times as easily and four times as long as her husband is beaten hollow by her children. "The larynx of a child," we are told, "is so small that it can talk for hours and never feel distressed."

A man who speaks for an hour does work equal to 48 kilogram-metres. That is to say, he is as busy as if he were lifting a two-pound weight to a height of, roughly, 40 inches every minute. But if the same man lets himself go before, say, a political audience, the energy he requires for an hour's oration would enable him to lift a sack of coals from the floor to his shoulders—or if he lasted long enough he might even justify the time-worn metaphor about talking the hind-leg off a donkey. —Pall Mall Gazette.

SEASON OPENS AT COLONIAL

Dialogue Clever and Music Pleasing—Enjoyed by a Large Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE. First performance in Boston of "The Merry Martyr," a musical farce in three acts, book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough, music by Hugo Riesenfeld. The composer conducted.

Don Vincente de Bazan	Maelyn Arbuckle
Donna Estrellita	Holly Hollis
Senorita Clemencia	Alice Dovey
Don Carillo de Villena	John H. Goldsworthy
Ramon	Robinson Newbold
Antonio Goya	Denman Maley
Capt. Pablo	John McCowan
Donna Patricia Magonigle Guerrero	Tessa Kosta
Lisetta	Emilee Mackay
Baltasar	Richard H. Hall
...nchez	Geo. F. Moore
Jonica	Gertrude Vanderbilt
...bolledo	Harry W. Smith
...en Serrano	Harry W. Smith

This farce is based on "Narrenfanzi" a satirical comedy by Leo Birinski, which was produced simultaneously in several German cities in September, 1912, and at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, on Nov. 13 of the same year. Birinski's play deals with the revolutionary movement in Russia and satirizes the weaknesses of the agitators. The governor who arranges to have a shot fired at him by one of his subordinates, is finally taken for the chief of the revolutionaries and his wily secretary succeeds him in office.

Mr. MacDonough's adaptation is frankly a farce, and satire is replaced by the humor of improbable situations and a dialogue that is occasionally amusing in itself, and not requiring the "personality" of an actor to carry it across the footlights. The revolutionaries are in a Spanish town, which gives occasion for brilliant costume and piquant musical rhythms. There is a secretary, a dry wit. The governor has a wife, who in the original play is charming and coquettish. In the farce she is a too familiar type that long ago ceased to be amusing. The tavern where the conspirators meet is the scene of a tragic dance in which a jealous lover kills his rival, and then the dancing girl, to blind the police, dances with the corpse—all to excite horror in the breasts of undesirable English travellers and drive them from the place. As danced by Mr. Moore and Miss Vanderbilt this scene is one of the chief features of the farce. Another scene that excited the applause of a large audience was the building of the barricade in the second act.

Mr. Riesenfeld's music is well constructed for dramatic effects and for the ears of the public. His vein of melody is abundant; his ensembles are sonorous, and yet not too serious, his rhythms are varied, and he has a sense of orchestral color. The song, "Say to Him," has genuine charm, although it lacks the classic simplicity of Offenbach's song beginning with the same words in "La Grande Duchesse." Here and there old melodic acquaintances were not forgotten, but the composer ... to say for himself, and he says it well as a musician who knows the demands of the stage. The Spanish music has true character; there is a delightful change from the tragic to the comic in the finale of the first act, and there is humor in the quartet "A Tete-a-Tete at Eight."

Mr. Arbuckle, who endeared himself to thousands by rolling a cigarette with one hand in "The Round Up" and uttered a famous remark about love and avoirdupois—he was once a Shakespearian actor, we are solemnly informed—took the part of the Governor and in his statesmanship reminded us of Mr. W. J. Bryan. He made the most of his part which in itself does not drip with fatness. Mr. Maley has a style of his own, and Mr. Goldsworthy was a manly revolutionist and lover. Miss Dovey sang with refreshing purity of tone and was a sympathetic figure. Miss Kosta acted vivaciously and sang with aplomb. The costumes were fresh and brilliant. The chorus was effective. The large orchestra was adequate.

"The Merry Martyr" evidently pleased the audience last night, and it will probably please many this season.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Miss May Irwin in "Widow by Proxy," a farce comedy, in three acts, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. First performance in Boston.

Gloria Grey	May Irwin
Dolores Pennington	Clara Blandick
Gilligan	Alice Johnson
Saphronia Pennington	Helen Orr Daly
Angelica Pennington	Hele Weathersby
Capt. Penington, U. S. N.	Orlando Daly
Jonathan Pennington	Pell Treton
Alex. Galloway	Joseph Woodbur
Robbins	Arthur Bowyer

Joyous May Irwin gave life to "Widow by Proxy," which opened the season at the Plymouth Theatre last evening. It was easy to say that she deserves a better piece, yet this would be unfair, for Miss Irwin is the whole show, and she is almost constantly on the stage.

The theme of the play is not conspicuous for its novelty. It is the familiar one of assumed identity. Gloria Grey, a hard-working singing teacher befriends a young widow. The death of a relative makes Mrs. Pennington an heiress. She, however, refuses to conform to the necessary formality of meeting her husband's relatives to claim her inheritance, for she had been frowned upon by them since her marriage, because of former theatrical associations. The intrepid Gloria impersonates Mrs. Pennington, subdues the relatives, and incidentally captivates a bachelor cousin. They are about to be married when the supposedly dead Jack Pennington makes his appearance. Matters are, however, happily adjusted.

The moment Miss Irwin appears on the stage there is no questioning the character of the plot or the dialogue. It matters little whether the texture of the piece is thin and drab or firm and brilliant. She is much more than a "pleasing personality." Her appeal is frank, not sly or insinuating. Her humor is contagious. She is the embodiment of health and high spirits. She is wholesome and clean and even when wildly extravagant, still womanly. Most women are pert, fresh, brazen, silly or witty in a hard-finish manner, but few have the courage to be really funny, and Miss Irwin is naturally and irresistibly funny from the beginning of the play to the end. A feature of the performance was her singing in the second act. Few trained singers are as successful in grasping the innermost meaning of a song and conveying the meaning to the hearer with authority.

Miss Irwin's supporting company is capable if not brilliant. Miss Clara Blandick, as Mrs. Pennington, was prim and forbidding. Mr. Daly was amiable and debonair as Captain Pennington. The Misses Pennington were acceptably impersonated by the Misses Daly and Weathersby, but should not these estimable spinsters have been more venerable in appearance? Miss Johnson, as the dressmaker, Mme. Gilligan, was piquante.

An audience of fair size was appreciative of Miss Irwin.

September 1, 1913

As a mortal, thou must nourish each of two forebodings; that tomorrow's sunlight will be the last thou shalt see; and that for fifty years thou wilt live out thy life in ample wealth.

Who Was Desborus?

As the World Wags:

The sixth (final) stanza of Samuel Woodworth's poem entitled "The Old Maid's Complaint; or the Puff Positive" is as follows:

When first we bloomed, no magic art
The charms which nature gave improved;
But now Desborus can impart
Charms so bewitching, all are loved.

Please explain the allusion to Desborus, telling who he (or she) was, etc.
INQUIRER.

We do not know. Was he, or she, a beauty-doctor? Can "Old Timer," "Looker On," "Inconstant Reader," or Mr. Herkimer Johnson, give the desired information? Apparently the name does not rhyme with "phosphorus" or "Bosphorus," although Mr. Woodworth may have availed himself of the poet's license.—Ed.

A Good Word

As the World Wags:

Reading an account of the medical congress in London, I came across the word "anaphylaxis." I do not find it in the New English Dictionary or in Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Dictionary. What does it mean?
JOSIAH UNDERWOOD.
Falmouth, Aug. 29.

Neither is the word in the Everyman Encyclopaedia which contains surprising statements. It should come there between "anapaest" and "anapli." We consulted a learned leech, who has made a specialty of nervous diseases, and he says it is "a synonym of insomnia, to denote the disease or continued state of being awake," which, being interpreted, means sleeplessness. He may have taken advantage of our ignorance. —Ed.

A Valuable Work.

According to the Everyman Encyclopaedia, the Atlantic Shipping Trust, or "Morgan Combine," was organized in 1902 by Mr. S. (sic) Pierpont Morgan. The "Monna Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci was stolen from the Louvre "about 1912." E. A. Abbey, the illustrator, also painter, was apparently living early in 1913. Poor Baudelaire! "His is the art of presenting passion and vice in daring and brilliant colors, and clothing horrible and abominable ideas in exquisite language." If there was ever a poet free from "passion," as that word is understood and misunderstood, his name was Baudelaire. "Froblberga" was a pupil of Frescobaldi. Never; but one Froberger was. Chopin "mostly employed dance forms round which to weave his melodies!" In volume 2 and on page 518 we are told that Pope Alexander III. died in 1458 and was the father of Cesare Borgia, who was born in 1476. In Vol. I. and on page 173 we learn that the Pope Alexander III. was in power from 1159 to 1181. This is confusing, but the Borgias were an extraordinary family. The sketch of Lucrezia Borgia is merely the libretto of Donizetti's opera condensed, but with this ending: "The wine was poisoned and Lucrezia arrested all the guests. Gennaro died after hearing that he was son of Lucrezia. The latter no sooner saw her son dead than she died, too." And yet this encyclopaedia, in spite of a mass of misinformation and grotesque judgments in matters of literature and art, contains much that is valuable to the general reader.

"Temperance Drinks."

Teetotallers in England are discussing what they can drink when ordinary water palls as is thought to be impure. A professionally sober man who took beef juice was so affected that he was accused of drunkenness. We are informed that a sudden drink of English soda water may produce a "brain swirl." Then there is the expense to be considered. In the ordinary English inn a two-penny siphon of soda costs a shilling. A story is told of four friends who went to Belgium for a holiday. Three drank bock beer and paid together four pence halfpenny. The fourth ordered a lemon squash and it cost him five pence. Some Londoner, a man of incredible ignorance, or a dry humorist, suggests purl. The word sounds innocent, as though the drink were for babes and maiden aunts; but purl is mulled ale laced with gin, and with sugar added, and ginger or some other spice. Some put wormwood in the drink, thinking that intoxication will not crown the bowl. On a memorable night Mr. Richard Swiveller and The Marchioness played cribbage and drank long draughts of purl, careless of the fact that the palace was damp and the marble floor was sloppy. "Tewah Diddle," which from its name might be given to children, is a pint of table beer or ale, with a tablespoonful of brandy, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, or syrup, a little grated nutmeg or ginger, and a roll of thin cut lemon peel.

On the Beach.

The sea-bathing season is drawing to a close, but those who are sticklers for the proprieties might approve an old custom that prevailed about 100 years ago at Blackpool, England, a town that has been called "the Brighton of the North." "Of bathing machines there were but few; a bell was rung when ladies went to bathe; and if, during the time set apart for them, a gentleman was seen on the beach, he was fined a bottle of wine."

September 2, 1913

Mr. Filson Young asks why certain persons habitually mutilate their baptismal names. A man whose name is Charles will call himself "Chas.," and George "for some dark reason," will write his name "Geo." Is it to save time? "What can be the saving of time compared with the mental contortion required in turning John into 'Jno.'?" Mr. Young prefers to think that the habit indicates a certain type of mind, "Generally it suggests the dramatically business-like, but it is capable of sub-division." Thus "Wm." for William reveals "a certain smallness of mind and ideas." If Henry deliberately signs himself "Hy." he proclaims "a kind of fluid jocularity, while 'Thos.' for Thomas proclaims a vulgar mind, and one devoid of humor." By the way, are girls christened Thomasin today? It is a good old name, often found in the early records of New England, and simple Thomasin in Hardy's "Return of the Native," is an admirable foil to the superb Eustacia Vye. But this is a digression. Mr. Young adds that no man has sole ownership of any of these names, and he has no right to debauch them. "There is many an honest Charles whose progeny is depr... ...ated every time the w... 'Chas.' is written So just because a man signs himself 'Jas.' do not you fall to his level; but address him in reply with a full, honest 'James'."

Comic Fathers.

Mr. Young says nothing about the unfortunate little wretches that had a humorist for a father. In the Somerset House Registers is evidence that Mr. Mineral Waters, Mr. Frosty Winter and Mr. Alfred Day Weeks once walked on English soil. A father in Hampshire county of this commonwealth named his sons Primus, Secundus, Tertius and Quartus; but it was a Canadian, one Cumber, that was named Quintus, and newspapers in good faith often printed his name Mr. Q. Cumber.

There are fathers who, at their wits' end give the name of a place to a child We knew a woman named Venice, and she was not an actress. Was "Boston" the real name or the nickname of the man that shot Lincoln's assassin? Was not Mr. Rudyard Kipling named after a place? Andrew Lang in one of his books mentions the children of a courier, who named them after places where he happened to be when he heard of their births. The names were St. Petersburg, Naples, Kattegat and Skagerrak (twins), and the only daughter was named Vienna.

One William Camden.

Some old sage, quoted by William Camden in his "Remains," observed that seven things—Virtue, Good Parentage, Wealth, Dignity or Office, Good Presence, a good Christian name, with a gracious Surname and seemly Attire, do especially grace and adorn a man. Camden, in his chapter on "Christian Names," thought the naming of a child "Remedium Amoris" or "Imago Faecuil" merely a vanity, and although he had an ancestor "Called Lower" he did not approve the bestowal of such names as "More Fruit," "Free-Gift," "Tribulation," "Thankful," or "The Lord Is Near." The chapter is good reading. Certain Bostonians may not be aware that Botolph, contracted into Botall, means Help Ship, "as Saylers in that Age were called Botescarles." Florence has long been given indiscriminately to boys and girls, and without thought of the Italian city. Among the Christian names of women Camden includes Philadelphia. And is it not possible that Venice, a name given to a girl, was a softening of Venus, that the girl's innocence might not be suspected?

Anecdote for the Day.

A small boy visited Lord Melbourne in his official room. Asked what he would like to carry away with him, the youngster begged for a large stick of red sealing-wax. It was immediately thrust into his hand, with a bundle of quill pens. "You can't begin too early," said Melbourne. "All these things belong to the public, and your business in life must be to get out of the public all you can."

Foreign News.

The "corpse reviver" of South Africa is easily concocted. It is enjoyed by those "in search of an early grave." The Daily Chronicle gives the recipe, "You go into a bar and into a large glass pour a little from every bottle in the place."

At the Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court, London, a relic of the Duke of Wellington has excited attention. It is the large shaving mug used by him on the morning of Waterloo. He first used it legitimately and afterwards drank success to the day in it.

An English girl going to an Italian school in Naples found on a board in the hall on the first day of the term this notice: "All girls wishing to have a bath this term are requested to write their names here." Dr. Fortescue Fox, who at the International Congress of Medicine condemned the hot bath, would recommend this school to parents and guardians.

It is asked whether the Guinness brewed at Manchester will be the same as Guinness brewed at Dublin? "It can hardly be that the water of the springs of the Liffey will be conveyed across the channel. Yet the water is the thing, though in a brewery the very word is fined—it is always 'liquor.'" The Berliners claim that decent weiss beer can be made only with the water of the Spree, and surely the weiss beer of Berlin is the only beer of that variety fit to drink, and it must be drunk in that city.

We call the attention of literary young men to a valuable prize offered by Russia. The subject is a study of the life and work of the Tsar Alexander I. The prize fund was deposited in the Bank of St. Petersburg in 1833, and it was ordered that the fund should accumulate at compound interest until 1925. The first prize will then amount to about a million dollars of our money, and there will be consolation prizes to the amount of nearly half a million.

William Hawtrey, an eminent English actor and a brother of Charles Hawtrey, who has already gained much prominence upon the American stage, is appearing at B. F. Keith's this week, having the headline position on the bill in the little comedy "Old Nick & Co.," in which he is making his vaudeville debut. Mr. Hawtrey is under the direction of Jesse L. Lasky and his company is composed entirely of English players. The

[illegible] of "Old Nick & Co." is not altogether new, for it deals with the aged inventor who is in the clutches of a pawnbroker. In "Old Nick & Co." the old theme is treated along somewhat new lines and Mr. Hawtrey as the old inventor is admirable, as is his daughter Lalla, played by Miss Cassie Jamieson, and also the other characters in the cast.

A sensational feature of this week's bill is the appearance of Miss May Wirth, a dainty miss of 17, and one of the members of the famous family of equestriennes who have, in the past, devoted their attention to the centre ring in tented shows. On the stage at B. F. Keith's Miss Wirth is presenting practically the same act used in the circus and her well trained horse seems quite as much at home. Others of the Wirth family appear in support of the youngest and most proficient of them all.

A most attractive and unique sketch is that entitled "The Three Beautiful Types," in which are shown the blonde, the brunette and the auburn girl in a series of pictures in which light effects play a no small part. The costumes worn by the young women in the various settings are of the picture variety being thrown upon them by the use of slides and lights. All three are beautiful alike in face and figure.

The "first time here" designation applies to almost all of the numbers making up this week's program. It is true of Herbert Williams and Miss Hilda Wolfus in their intensely amusing sketch, "Almost a Pianist"; of Howard and Ratliff, who are assisted by Miss Dorothy Hayden in "A Happy Combination" of song and mirth, and of Valentine Vox, one of the best ventriloquists even seen at B. F. Keith's.

The rest of the bill includes the Tuscano Brothers, battle axe jugglers; Flo and Wynne in "The Mystery," and the original Eight Berlin Madcaps, a very pretty terpsichorean specialty in which some pretty girls take part.

MELODRAMA AT THE PARK

"The Ghost Breaker" Enjoyed by Large Audience at Opening Here.

H. B. WARNER IN CHIEF PART

Support Is Excellent—Romance of Current Period Forms the Plot.

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Ghost Breaker," a play in four acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Produced at Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 10, 1913, with Messrs. Warner, Campeau, Sampson, Westlon and Miss Katharine Emmett, the chief comedians.

Princess Maria Theresa of Aragon, ...Rita Stanwood
Warren Jarvis....H. B. Warner
Nita....Marion Stephenson
House detective....Charles N. Greene
Rusty Snow....Sam J. Burton
Hotel porter....Frank Hilton
Steward....Kenneth Lee
Carlos....Frank H. Westerton
Detective....John Sharkey
Detective....Louis Baum
Dolores....Sarah Biala
Vardos....Walter Dean
Maximo....Arthur Standish
Gaspar....Allen Prentice
Don Robledo....Albert Cowles
Pedro....James Anderson

"The Ghost Breaker" is an artless, absurd melodrama, but in spite of its crudity it may interest audiences that delight in the improbable, as long as there is a Princess in distress, a fearless American who thwarts the schemes of rascally Spaniards, a haunted castle that admits of a fall into an oubliette, and the introduction of lanterns and a faithful and comic negro servant, who incidentally assures his master, the vassal of the Princess, that she loves him, for he heard her tell her story to the moon.

In the old-fashioned melodrama of our youth we expected to see the hero in the first act prancing across the stage with a drawn sword; but the time in "The Ghost Breaker" is the present and the first scene is a room in the Hotel Manhattan, New York. The hero enters the room of the Princess. He holds a revolver and he has just shot a prominent citizen of Kentucky in the hope of ending a fine old family feud. The Princess of Aragon, who came to New York for the purpose of finding a mysterious locket, looks him over and engages him at once to rid a castle at Segura of a ghost or two. Detectives are on his track. She hides him in a trunk, which is taken to her stateroom on the Lusitania. His faithful negro servant goes on board. Carlos, [illegible] the cabin. Why he is in America is another mystery, until we are told he too was looking for the locket. He suspects the hero, and the hero is sure that Carlos is a dangerous man. Detectives enter the cabin, and, thrown off the track by the shrewdness of the Kentuckian, they are convinced that Carlos has bats in his belfry and they take the pilot boat back to New York. The Lusitania is then shown ploughing her majestic way in midocean.

The third act is in an old tavern in Segura. The villian still pursues her. Don Robledo promises the villian that he will rid the earth of the adventurous Kentuckian. There are lights in the haunted castle, and as Jarvis is on his way to solve the mystery, free the Prince and find the treasure, Robledo lies in wait to kill him. Jarvis knocks over an expensive lamp, shoots in the dark and wings his man. In the last act a man in a suit of armor tries to kill Jarvis with a six-foot sword, but the Kentuckian, warned by his faithful negro, grapples with the unknown assassin and throws him down a dark hole. The Princess enters, Carlos, hidden behind a portrait, is discovered. He hands over the locket to the Princess and then makes a high-bred exit, advising Mr. Jarvis to return as soon as possible to Kentucky. The Princess expresses her desire to see the blue grass and the curtain falls.

This melodrama was acted with commendable seriousness by all the members of the company. Mr. Warner played the part of the Kentucklan in a simple, straightforward manner, without heroics, and with a quiet humor. He deserves a better play. Miss Stanwood, an attractive young woman, had the requisite dignity, and easily inspired adventure for her sake. Mr. Westerton was sufficiently villanous, and Mr. Burton did not give way to the temptation of overacting. An audience that filled the theatre last night was greatly entertained by the serious and humor-

'LES MISERABLES' AT THE TEMPLE

Remarkable Motion Picture Production Has Opening in Boston.

Another remarkable exhibition of motion picture photography was seen at Tremont Temple last evening, when a dramatized version of Hugo's "Les Miserables" was presented in four acts and eight parts for the first time in America.

The characters were impersonated by representative actors and actresses from leading theatres of Paris. Henry Krauss, a stalwart and imposing figure, appeared as Jean Valjean. Mr. Eltevant was seen as Javert, while other prominent parts were taken by Mmes. Ventura, Frommet and Mistinguett and Messrs. de Gravonne, Bernard, Milo, Gaudin and Angelo.

The pictures are remarkable for their clarity and vividness. While the story, acted with all the wealth of French gesturing and expressive pantomime, is told realistically and with consummate skill.

The spectacular element is introduced by the pictures representing the riots of 1832 when the working classes poured into the streets in every quarter of Paris barricading themselves against the troops.

Jean Valjean's several escapes from imprisonment are pictured in a remarkably realistic manner while an excellent idea is given as to the ghastly conditions existing among imprisoned convicts.

All the characters of the story are sharply outlined. There is the noble Valjean, the pathetic Fantine, the beast, Javert, the gentle priest, Myriel, and Cosette, the little waif, who was restored to happiness through Valjean's devoted care. There are, too, the Thenardiers, clamorous for gold, and Fauchelevent, the grateful old cripple.

These pictures are not merely an enjoyable entertainment. They permit a wider familiarity and acquaintance with a famous story. They should please many audiences.

'HANKY PANKY' AT THE BOSTON

BOSTON THEATRE — Lew Fields's company in "Hanky Panky," a jumble of jollification in two acts, by Edgar Smith, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz, music by A. Baldwin Sloane and the production staged by Gus Sohlke.

Sir J. Rufus Wallingford....Hugh Cameron
Herman Bierbeister....Bobby North
Wilhelm Rausmitt....Max Rogers
Solomon Bumpski....Harry Cooper
Clorinda Scribblem....Miss Florence Moore
Blackie Daw....Clay Smith
Iona Carr....Miss Virginia Evans
Cleopatra....Miss Christine Nielsen
Hiney Rausmitt....William Montgomery
Dorothy....Miss Ruth Harris

It looked like old times in the Boston Theatre last night, when some old favorites were welcomed back. It was [illegible] third opening night, and a welcome home after the trip to the Pacific coast and through northwest Canada.

"Hanky Panky" returns better than when it went. There is a lot of new and excellent fun. The comedians have added several scenes and incidents. To Montgomery and Moore's specialty several new songs have been added, of which "Roll on, Missouri," sung by Harry Cooper, is easily the best. This song was written by Harry Carroll, who wrote "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other successes. Clay Smith introduces "I'll Take a Ragtime Tune," which he wrote and is very well received.

The cast is the same as that which appeared here on the other two visits of the show. Max Rogers, Harry Cooper and Bobby North are as amusing and Christine Nielsen as attractive as ever. Montgomery and Moore still have their absurdity, Clay Smith is handsome and clever and Hugh Cameron's football scene is a hilarious feature.

Virginia Evans, Myrtle Gilbert and Flo May sing and dance their way through the production, while the chorus girls, as a whole, are better than the ones here last season and their work is smoother.

Sept. 3. 1913

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

Much in a Name.

As the World Wags:

I am glad that you have touched on the subject of names, because it is one that delights me. And talking of Indian names, I once had occasion to speak of a chap as coming "from the classic shades of Skowhegan." The amiable youth to whom I referred told me afterwards that, till that moment, it had never occurred to him that the name Skowhegan was in any sense less euphonius than Athens, Paris or Vienna. So there you are, as our own Henry James might say.

You, perhaps, remember that Mr. George Moore trifled pleasantly with the idea that a man with a fine name wrote well, and that a man with a silly name must perforce write stupidly. Of course it is obvious that a man named Tennyson must write good verse, while a man named Tupper could hardly escape his fate.

The same idea is a fruitful one in the matter of artists. How could a man named Beltraffio do other than paint well? And on the other hand, what can you expect of a man named Laslett J. Potts? Does not the name Watteau hold a promise of his delightful manner? And does not the name Fragonard shiver with the exquisitely perverse refinement of his handiwork?

On the other hand, Botticelli has been mistaken by the uninitiated for the name of a kind of cheese; and any Boston artist will tell you that he was "a piece of cheese."

Yet speaking of Boston artists, though one is quite convinced that three or four of our painters are the best in America—"'n' when you say that, it means the world, I guess; git up thar, what ye beans," as the stage driver said to me—though one is quite convinced of this, I say—yet are the names of these gentlemen as euphonious as Giorgione, Veronese, or Tilpolo? I fear me no. They are good, honest names, but— NEMO.

Is Athens a "beautiful" name? In towns along the Hudson river, the Athens of New York state was frequently pronounced "A-thens," with a heavy, defiant accent on the "A."—[Ed.

Proper Pride.

Mr. George F. Babbitt in his interesting "Observations" published in The Herald last Sunday spoke of Prof. von Thring of Goettingen, the university made famous by the poem of Canning and the bitter pages of Heine. The professor, an authority on civil law, prided himself rather on his ability to brew the best bowl of punch in Germany and to drink more of it than any other professor. Rossini and Dumas the Elder were as proud of their culinary achievements as of their operas, dramas, romances. We remember an evening at the home of Alexandre Guilmont at Meudon. The celebrated organist and composer for the organ rapped on the table for attention. The guests expected some remarks about the interpretation of Bach's fugues or the condition of ecclesiastical music in France. And these were his words: "There are fashions in music, and we cannot say what the future will bring forth; but here is something of which I am very proud, and it would be relished, I think, fifty years from now: a salad of my own mixing." By the way, how did the French word "fatiguer" come to mean the "mixing" of a salad? Because an expert mixer, taking from a half-hour to an hour in the mixing, tires out the materials—always including a tooth of garlic—and also the hungry guests?

Let Us Be Tolerant.

As the World Wags:

While you are upon the subject of "words that have annoyed me" will you kindly advise us whether you entertain any hopes, present or future, for the individual who speaks of rich people as "[illegible]-this" (always with the ex[illegible]

Also how do you feel about that locution which has lately become so common in the newspapers, the use of "query" as a transitive verb with a person as object? For example, "The reporter queried the district attorney without result."

Can this usage be defended on either literary or mental grounds?

QUIDDITY.

Wakefield.

Let us be tolerant as we grow older. The sun does not refuse to shine on the man that says "those sort of people." Why be as sensitive as the late T. B. Aldrich, whose feelings were hurt when he heard anyone saying "people" for "persons"? As we all near the grave, why let "Be you" and "Warn't" disturb us in our contemplation of the Infinite?

But to "query" a person, that is to question him, though a rare use of the verb, is not modern. Gayton in 1654 wrote: "The Don assaults the first pittiful Scout * * * whom he should have quaeried in this manner." [Ed.

Anaphylaxis.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent did put one over on you regarding the word "anaphylaxis," and it is a pity that while he had his Greek dictionary at hand he did not "study" it out!

The meaning is just the opposite of "sleeplessness," for the word is "aphylaxis," with the prefix "an" making it negative. "Not on guard" is the best definition. It is a condition of the body in which there is no ability to resist disease, and is induced by a condition of the blood and probably the serum of the blood. Experiments with the latter fluid upon different kinds of animals show that certain soluble "toxines" induce this "anaphylactic state." Extreme nervousness and sometimes death are produced in many cases.

EDMUND D. SPEAR, M. D.

Boston, Sept. 1.

Sept. 4 1913

FOR FOREIGNERS.

It is announced that a course in English etiquette has been provided at the University of London for the benefit of well-intentioned foreigners who through ignorance might commit solecisms. There will then be no excuse for Herr Mueller, M. Martin, or Jabez Tarbox, Esq., of Peoria, violating the rule that "tweeds and a Norfolk jacket may be worn from Friday afternoon to Monday morning, but at no other time during the week, unless, as the dispatches put it, one is really and truly going to the country." If the foreigner goes anywhere near a river, he should wear white flannel trousers, white canvas shoes, white socks and a straw hat, though the weather may be cold and stormy.

Perhaps the costume for golf on English links will be determined by the learned professor with a view to comfort. The rule has been that a golfer must wear a coat. He is not allowed the ease of a white flannel shirt, or the dress for cricket or tennis. Mr. Filson Young recently protested against the idea that a game of golf should be a fashionable parade. "Go into the dressing room of any golf club and look at the rows of weird and tattered garments which hang there by the hundred. I declare that there is nothing so slovenly in the whole world of sport as these aisles of dusty and moth-eaten remnants surmounting rows of squalid and shapeless boots which are equally abominable." Why should not a clean white flannel shirt be preferred? Mr. Filson Young names vanity as the reason, "vanity enlisted in the cause of squalor"; but Mr. Young is in the eyes of the conservative a dangerous man, a pestilential fellow. It is true that we cannot approve his use of the word "weird."

Yet Englishmen are not so absurdly conservative in the matter of dress as they were. The top-hat is no longer considered absolutely essential to dignity in the city or at afternoon functions in the summer. The straw hat has made its buoyant way into the House of Commons, although there are some who look on it with insular eyes as a part of the deplorable American invasion, to be associated with slang, western beef, apples, the chorus girl and other American products, the American heiress always excepted.

But why should the Englishman be so rigorous toward foreigners? When he travels on the Continent, he does not hesitate to wear his tweed suit in an orchestra seat at the opera. Many visiting in the United States have not troubled themselves to dress for dinner, even when they were at

...d as ... of h...
r men, than Matthew Arnold a...
historian Freeman commented ...
ly and adversely on the nature
quality of dishes served at the
e of an American hostess. And
there is to be a class in etiquette
the benefit of foreigners. Years
James Howells wrote a little book
which advice was given to Eng-
men about to make a continental
... A revised and enlarged edition
ht now make the Englishman
...ad a little more companionable.
suggest a Frenchman, an Italian,
...erman and an American as an
...isory board of editors.

... George O. Durgin of Exeter, N. H., ...s us a clipping from the News-Let... of that town: "The fact that people ...e to inquire the name of a town ...tes n want not filled. It would be ...all matter but a great convenience ... thousands of strangers who come ...eir autos to know in what town ... are, and if each town would attach ...wn name to the guide boards at the ... limits, it would seem to fill the ... for information, and the cost ...uld be but a trifle. The clipping con- ... a model.

EXETER.

Strat...am	4 M
Greenland	5 M
Portsmouth	14 M.

...nd points the way to each town ... the distance from Exeter indicated. ...r Durgin writes "A little placard ... this would be like holding out a ... of welcome, saying, 'This is ——. ... are glad to see you, and will try to ...ke your stay pleasant, and as the ...veller leaves from the opposite side of ... town another card on the guide ...d seems to say 'We hope you like ...well enough to come again. Au re-...r.' By indicating the name of the ...n travellers would be informed ...ether they are on or off their intended ...ute.

Several Questions.

...e World Wags:

...ould like to ask if the word "ga...d" (...ed in an editorial article pub-...hed in The Herald of Aug. 29 as a ...pe Cod term for "confused"—Ed) is ...e same word that occurs in the com-...on "galley-west," which appears to ...e a similar meaning?

Also can you or some Herald reader ... what has become of an old passage-... from Washington street to the ...ast corner of Province court, ... which I often used to run as ... about the year 1875? It was en-...ly distinct from the present passage. In return for the above information I ...l furnish my contribution toward the ...tion of your problem of yesterday ...garding the naming of drawing room ..., though I cannot guarantee its au-...enticity.

Some twenty or more years ago, per-...ps at the time of the famous Pull-...an strike, I read a newspaper article ... the effect that Mr. Pullman charged ... against each car as the cost of ...ing a name for it, and that this ...ney was paid to his daughters and ...stituted their pin money. I have ...rd that in recent years the task of ...ming cars has been performed for a ... more moderate compensation, and ... matter of routine.

H. B. HASTINGS.

Boston, Aug. 29.

"Galley-west" is defined by the fluent ...d ... J. S. Farmer as an Ameri-... "An indefinite superlative." ... Mr. Hastings will find some in-...ation in M. Thornton's book

A Question of Accent.

...he World Wags:

I ... surprised at the statement of ...ibus" that the general custom to pronounce the word "apoth-...is" with "the accent on the sec-... syllable" and I am equally sur-...sed at your statement that "this pro-...nciation is allowed by some of the ...ger and later dictionaries." Please ...te what "larger and later dictionaries" ...unt...nance the placing of the ac-...nt upon the second syllable ("poth") ... that word.

ORTHOEPIST

The pronunciation "ap, o-the-o-sis" ...ith the chief accent on "the" is pre-...rred by the Century, the New English ...Oxford), Stormonth's, Webster and ...orcester "Ap-oth-e-o-sis" with the ...ief accent on the "o" is allowed by ...e Century, "A-poth-e-o-sis" with ac-...nts on "poth" and "o" is allowed by ...e New English and the Encyclopaedic ...(Hunter's) dictionaries. In schools, in ...ego and in general conversation we ...ver heard the word pronounced with ...cent on "the" until about 15 years ...go and then in Boston.

A note in the New English Dictionary ... that the pronunciation with the ...hief accent on "the" is given by the ...eat majority of orthoepists from Bai-...y and Johnson downward, "but the ...econd" (with the chief accent on the ...o") "is now more usual."—Ed.

"Mog Along."

...o the World Wags:

We were watching a little girl of less ...an 3 years playing about her mother, ... working over h... with us said "... ... Elizabeth mog along." She appeared as surprised that we were not familiar with the word "mog" as we were to hear it; and then she added: "Don't you remember little Miss Moggins?"

Whence cometh this word "mog"? Webster's unabridged of 1879 does not give it. Perhaps you used to hear it in western Massachusetts?

CHESTNUT HILL.

"Mog" is a good old English dialect word, known also in Ireland and the United States. It is generally used with "off" or "on." It means to move on, depart, walk off, especially to decamp, go off quickly or hastily. It also means to walk along steadily, but slowly, and is then followed by "on" or "along." Another meaning is to remove, and from one place to another, especially to change cows from one pasture to another, and so we have the interjection "mog," a call to cows, usually repeated three times. The verb in Shropshire also means to exchange cards in the game of "costly." To "mog out" means to dress oneself out.

Who was Miss Moggins?—[Ed.

Cultivate the Cheap.

Men have spent their lives in organizing the taste for the proper cigar, champagne, and lost their fortunes over the quest. But why not turn it the other way about? It is surely quite as easy to cultivate the taste for the cheaper commodity, even to prefer it. With a little education you may train yourself to enjoy the very cheapest packet of French cigarettes. And you will find precious little difference between good wine and bad wine but in the price. Train yourself to the enjoyment of the cheap. Why rouse yourself to a sixpenny cigar when the proper education would give you enjoyment for twopence?—Daily Chronicle (London).

September 5, 1913

I hate the dulnesse of my feet, and of horses when I travel, and cherish the nimblenesse of my thoughts, which can flie over the world in an afternoone.

With Milk.

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the threatened rise in the price of milk, recalls "the fact that when tea was first drunk in Europe nobody thought of mixing it with milk, although it was customary to sweeten it with sugar or sugar candy." The newspaper quotes Mme. de Sevigne writing to her daughter in 1680 and characterizing Mme. de la Sabliere as an eccentric person because she drank milk in her tea.

But milk was drunk with tea before Mme. de Sevigne found pleasure in poking fun at Mme. de la Sabliere. In 1658 appeared, as a broadsheet in London, the long advertisement of Mr. Thomas Garway, a sonorous and eloquent panegyric. Tea, according to Mr. Garway, "helpeth the headache, giddiness and heaviness thereoff" It cleanses the spleen and is a remedy against the stone and gravel. It removes the difficulty of breathing. "It is good against lippitude distillations and cleanseth the sight." It purifies a hot liver; it prevents or cures agues, surfeits, colds, dropsies, scurvies. "It is good against crudities, strengthening the weakness of the stomach, causing good appetite and digestion, and particularly for men of a corpulent body, and such as are great eaters of flesh."

"It (being prepared and drunk with milk and water) strengtheneth the inward parts and prevents consumptions."

A Slow Poison.

And yet Mr. Garway in his praise admitted unconsciously one of the chief objections urged today against tea. German visitors in England recently complained of English beer as too intoxicating, too dear and too bitter, whereupon a London physician, asked his opinion, agreed with them, but made this declaration: "Tea is bad all round, coffee is bad for the nerves, and beer is, if anything, the worst drink of the three."

Now listen to Mr. Garway: "It (tea) overcometh superfluous sleep and prevents sleepiness in general, a draught of the infusion being taken; so that, without trouble, whole nights may be spent in study without harm to the body."

The chief trouble with tea is that, even in the most carefully conducted houses, the brew is seldom fit to drink; yet each housekeeper prides herself on her own brew and complains of that served in any other house. When the herb was first introduced in England, it is said that the art of preparing the beverage was not understood, and the leaves were boiled, served as greens and eaten with melted butter. Thus the tannic acid was not so dangerous.

The chief objection to five o'clock tea is that it awakens a passion for hot buttered toast. The fatal descent to jam with the toast is only a step.

Anecdote for the Day.

Opposite us at the table d'hote seven o'clock dinner sat the popular novelist Conan Doyle, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" and such, a young'sh man, large, and less bibulous than I should have fancied a popular and successful novelist to be.

With the Lawyers.

Two cases in English courts are of interest to thousands of Americans.

1. A Bow street magistrate decided a fortnight ago that a hotel porter calling a taxicab for a guest who eventually did not use the conveyance is liable for the fare. This seems to us an extraordinary decision. Does not the porter in such a case act as the servant of the guest? If he is the servant of the guest, acting within the scope of his employment, without negligence, and in obedience to the employer's instructions, should not the guest be liable? Or take the view that he is the servant of the landlord?

2. A golf caddie was accused of larceny because he had kept lost balls. He was exonerated, and the opinion of the late Justice Wright was cited: "If there is in any case anything to raise a reasonable presumption of an intention to abandon, a taking knowingly invito domino (i. e., against the owner's will) would be excluded, and such an intent may fairly be presumed where the thing is inappreciable or of no value; but questions will rarely arise upon such things; and in matters of value an intention of abandonment is too improbable to be made the foundation of a test." Any club may regulate the disposition of lost balls found by its caddies. Is not the general rule of law this: "If one finds goods that have been actually lost or are reasonably supposed by him to have been lost, and appropriates them with intent to take the entire dominion over them, really believing when he takes them that the owner cannot be found, it is not larceny; but if he takes them with the like intent, though lost or reasonably supposed to be lost, but reasonably believing that the owner can be found, it is larceny."

Changes in Dress.

Many will be sorry to hear that Punch in London will appear this fall with its cover printed in colors. Doyle's world famous design will not be changed in any way, yet the cover will not be the same. The Sun of New York has not been the same to many of its once faithful readers since it changed its dress.

September 6, 1913

If some few of the lives given in the course of this work may not be thought perfectly coincident with the plan, we beg leave to observe, that it is very difficult to draw the line between moderate eccentricity, and what may be deemed only an extension of the too arbitrary bounds prescribed by rigid regularity and decorum.

A World of Wonders.

We read in the old books catalogued by booksellers as "quaint," books like the "Wonderful Museum," or the "Eccentric Biography," about misers, hermits, gargantuan eaters, strong men, men with horns, women with whiskers, and we wonder at the freaks and caprices of Nature, but there is material every year for still more encyclopaedic volumes, year books of "Living Marvels." Read the newspapers. There are wild men in the New England states. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, not believing in holidays, because they "too often lead to extravagance," kept the laborers on his "estate" hard at work on Sept. 1. Letters to the New York Times inform us that there are persons, otherwise sane, who are endeavoring to color meerschaum pipes. There was a hermit in the heart of London a few years ago. He lived in a cellar, "the sole vestige of a house in Clare Market, pulled down and forgotten by its owners." Tradesmen of the neighborhood gave him food, and he was lazily happy until a journalist discovered him. The hermit was then interviewed and photographed, and the work-house authorities pulled him out of his cellar and cleaned him, so that his glory as a hermit faded. Mr. Chris Granger of Brooklyn on Aug. 24 ate 39 lobsters weighing from a pound to a pound and a quarter. Not long ago he ate a 15-pound bluefish, six green peppers, nine potatoes, two loaves of bread at a sitting, and, heeding not physicians who advise against drink at table, gayly put down 10 bottles of beer. Truly this is a little world of great wonders.

Sanitary Perversity.

Go back a few years. Did not John Ruskin deserve a place in an "Encyclopaedia of Wonders"? We do not refer to his handing over Mrs. Ruskin to his artistic friend Mr. Millais; we do not allude to his crusade against railways and factories. When he suffered from any malady, he always asked what would be worse for him; then he ordered it and ate it. The physicians told him that pepper was dangerous. He scattered it profusely over every dish. An obstinate man, when he was most disobedient, recklessly porverse, he recovered.

A Mysterious Telescope.

Some of us remember the old man who for 40 years had a telescope at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, in New York, Mr. Frederick J. Seybold, known to thousands only as the Professor. This learned stargazer invited the public by little placards to see the Man in the Moon or the Mighty Jupiter. He had studied medicine, chemistry, law. He was a profound astronomer and an ingenious inventor. He was a member of the Grand Army. Why did he become a street astronomer? No one knows, and when he died a few days ago in a hospital at Hoboken, all that could be said of him was that he died chiefly from starvation. Living on a canal barge on the Hudson, he had burned all his papers.

Did Edward Harrigan have him in mind when he sketched the part of the Street Astronomer in "Squatter Sovereignty"? It was not one of Harrigan's best parts; yet the performance was amusing.

Misunderstood.

"I. M." incloses a clipping from The Herald, a review of "Hanky Panky" containing this sentence: "Imagine that wonderful 'Sextet' from 'Lucia,' one of the cleverest ragtime selections ever sung in musical comedy," etc.

"Is it possible," writes "I. M." "that Donizetti (fortunately dead under the circumstances) has all these years usurped the credit of having composed 'one of the cleverest rag-time selections ever sung in musical comedy'; credit which rightly belongs to some one among the stupendous geniuses now flourishing in our midst in this 'Golden Age of Ragtime.' Possibly I have missed a very deeply hidden jest in this paragraph, but if so, it would have been kind in the perpetrator to have indicated in Shakespearian style, 'this is a joke.' "

"I. M." is evidently unacquainted with "Hanky Panky," and has never heard the amusing rag-time version of the famous Sextet.

ED.

A Pettiangre.

As the World Wags:

The past few days I have been searching files of very old Connecticut newspapers, and in the Middletown Gazette of 1797 I found an advertisement headed: "A Pettiangre," and the gist of it was that the subscriber had seen this floating down river abreast his place, had brought it to his landing place and secured it, and was requesting the owner to prove property, pay charges and take it away. A good many years ago I had a pupil from a country town not far from Hartford, and on singing a song with the word "madrigal" in it, she turned and blithely asked: "What kind of a bird is a madrigal? I have looked through pa's bird book and can't find it there." So I have consulted the Century dictionary and one other, and cannot find Pettiangre.

N. H. A.

Worcester, Aug. 30.

Once More.

As the World Wags:

According to the Britannica Year Book, "an aphylaxis" is identical with serum sickness, the malady brought on by the use of antitoxin, or by some similar serum. In its widest sense the word covers such idiosyncrasies as the occurrence of rash from eating shell fish. Richet in 1902 was the first to use the word.

EMENDATOR.

Gloucester, Sept. 1.

September 7, 1913

THE Herald has published letters by Mr. Edwin D. Mead and Mrs. Mead concerning the national anthem, "America," ("God Save the King") and "The Star Spangled Banner," the tune of which is "To Anacreon in Heaven." Mr. Mead writes again. Unfortunately his letter, though it is an interesting one, is too long for publication in full. We publish his remarks concerning the authorship of "God Save the King," and his last paragraph.

"America" and Mr. Mead

I was a little surprised that Mr. Hale, in commenting upon my letter in The Herald:

To the Editor of The Herald:

aid the other day about the authorship of "God Save the King," should impeach my respect for the Dictionary of English Biography, to which I referred for its discussion of Henry Carey, by declaring the Dictionary to be "not a work of plenary inspiration." Unhappily plenary inspiration is not lying around loose in any field. Mr. Elson, whom Mr. Hale appeals to in favor of Carey, and whom all of us hold in such high honor, would certainly laugh at its attribution to him. The Boston directory is not infallible; but it is the best thing to turn to in starting a study as to what Henry Careys live in Boston. The Dictionary of English Biography is the best summary to refer to for the authorities upon the lives of Englishmen. Undoubtedly there are misstatements in its 70 or 80 great volumes; but it is a work so monumental for its learning and service that no American scholar can help hoping that Prof. Hart and his friends will succeed in their effort for a counterpart of it for America, where we have nothing half so good, and students of musical composers especially, it seems to me, remembering its searching studies of Haendel and Purcell and the rest, are bound to speak of it with respect. Its general accuracy, and certainly its serious carefulness, are to be gratefully recognized, and its article upon Henry Carey is the best brief review which I know of Carey's life work. I have stated that it decides against Carey's authorship of "God Save the King"; but it does it only after stating clearly the reasons why and referring to the authorities, so that the student

[illegible] 17[illegible] that Henry Carey had [illegible] he sang to him in order to correct the bass,' which, I submit, is no very solid ground for any belief whatever as to who composed the tune. If my Fitz 'friendly suit' with Mr. Hale prompts any more definite information from any quarter, we shall certainly be glad and since there is difference of opinion, it may help inquirers to have the issue clearly stated. Such discussions are profitless unless at least they lead to clarity.

Mr. Mead then discusses the authorship of the tune, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and, quoting Grove's Dictionary and an elaborate article by Mr. O. G. Sonneck, gives his reasons for believing that John Stafford Smith wrote the melody that is not easy to sing.

Let us here say that Grove's Dictionary (revised edition) is notorious for erroneous statements. Furthermore, it is singularly prejudiced and insular in opinion. We cannot agree to Mr. Mead's statement that "the most critical students certainly decline to accept Carey's authorship."

Mr. Mead says nothing about the testimony of John Christopher Smith, to whom Carey took the words and music of "God Save the King."

In conclusion Mr. Mead says: "To many these matters are of slight account. But for those of us who care for the history of our national songs they possess a distinct and perennial interest, and I trust that this added word may be of use to some, especially for the line of study it suggests as to the composer of the music of the "Star Spangled Banner," into which I did not enter in my letter the other day with the cogency or detail with which perhaps, if entering at all, I should have done. As to the words of the song from which that music was taken, Mr. Hale and I should have no difference, as Ralph Tomlinson's authorship seems clear. Mr. Hale is of course right and Mrs. Mead would thank him for the correction, as to the song "To Anacreon" not having belonged to an opera and as to the air of "America" not being of German origin, although it chanced to be in a German collection that the author of "America" in 1832 found the air. Those who care to study the various hints of the air or approaches to it before its use with "God Save the King" in 1745 can find several of the interesting old bars reprinted in the article in Grove.

Aug. 29. EDWIN A. MEAD.

A Pittsfield Senator in Rome

The Senator in "The Dodge Club" heard on the Pincian Hill airs of his country played on a barrel-organ.

He heard "Hail Columbia." "The Pincian Hill," said the Senator, with deep solemnity, "is glorified from this time forth for evermore. It has gained a new charm. The Voice of Freedom hath made itself heard!"

Then came "The Star Spangled Banner."

"There!" cried the Senator, "is our true national anthem—the commemoration of national triumph; the grand upsoaring of the victorious American Eagle as it wings its everlasting flight through the blue empyrean away up to the eternal stars!"

"Yankee Doodle" followed. "The senator did not speak. He could not find words. He turned his eyes first upon one, and then another of his companions; eyes beaming with joy and triumph—eyes that showed emotion arising straight from a patriot's heart—eyes which seemed to say: Is there any sound on earth or above the earth that can equal this? * * * The tune was from the very first taken to the national heart, and has never ceased to be cherished there. * * * The people do not merely love it. They glory in it. And yet apologies are sometimes made for it. By whom? By the soulless dilettante. The people know better. * * * Why? Because this music has a voice of its own, more expressive than words; the language of the soul, which speaks forth in certain melodies which form an utterance of unutterable passion. The name was perhaps given in ridicule. It was accepted with pride. The air is rash, reckless, gay, triumphant, noisy, boisterous, careless, heedless, rampant, raging, roaring, rattle-brainish, devil-may-care-ish, plague-take-the-hindmost-ish; but! solemn, stern, hopeful, resolute, fierce, menacing, strong, cantankerous (cantankerous is entirely an American idea), bold, daring—

Words fail."

Some Music Notes

The 190th meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford, will begin this afternoon at Gloucester. There will be a festival sermon preached by the Dean of Gloucester and a musical service. The programs of the festival include these new works: Saint-Saens's oratorio "The Promised Land" (Sept. 11), a motet "Ye Holy Angels Bright" by Villiers Stanford for unaccompanied chorus (Sept. 11), and a scene by Sibelius for soprano (Mme. Ackte) and orchestra (Sept. 10). These choral works will be performed: "Elijah" (of course), Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," Bach's "Matthew" Passion, Parry's "Te Deum," Verdi's "Requiem," Saint-Saens will conduct his oratorio and play Mozart's piano concerto in B flat.

For the performances of "Aida" in the Roman Amphitheatre at Verona, Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello, were announced. The Milan correspondent of the Daily Chronicle wrote: "There are over 800 performers with the orchestra of 150 players from the Scala. "Several thousand pounds has been expended on the gorgeous mammoth scenery rendered necessary by the enormous size of the amphitheatre. The eight columns of the facade of the Theban Temple are nearly 60 feet high and 4 feet in diameter. A veritable forest of palm trees has been imported from Nice, and 50 horses and bulls take part in the pageant. The subterranean and lateral chambers, which were used 2000 years ago by Roman gladiators and charioteers when performing in the arena, have been transformed into up-to-date modern dressing rooms for the artists. The amphitheatre seats about 30,000."

Leoncavallo's new opera, "Are You There?" is not yet ready to be produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London. It was found at rehearsal that more time was needed. Albert de Courville, who wrote the libretto, describes the piece as an attempt to link up old-fashioned musical comedy with the modern revue. "If the piece really takes the fancy of the public," he said, "I consider there is every prospect that it will create a new form of entertainment. Should it fail—and that is an eventuality for which every innovator must be prepared—it will probably fail absolutely. Still there is the emphatic hit made by 'Hullo, Ragtime!' at the London Hippodrome to justify my faith in the Prince of Wales venture. We have been told that the 'revue' is already on its last legs in this country. That I take leave to doubt, although quite willing to admit that if it is to hold its place on the variety stage it will have to be developed in fresh directions and improved in many ways. In 'Are You There?' my aim has been to emulate writers of French farce; in other words, to obtain rapidity of action, coupled with arresting situations. To these features I add big spectacular effects and tuneful musical numbers. Playgoers want a good deal for their money nowadays, and I intend giving it to them at the Prince of Wales. Whether it will prove exactly what they require is, obviously, a problem which only time can solve."

Miss Shirley Kellogg has agreed to play the principal part in her husband's farce-comedy-revue.

Widor is scoring his new opera "Nerto." The libretto by Maurice Lena is based on one of Mistral's poems.

The Morgenpost of Berlin announces that Oscar von Chelius will succeed Count Huelsen as Intendant of the Royal theatres in that city. Chelius, born in 1859, served in the "Hussars of the Guard" with the Emperor. He has written two operas, "Haschisch" and "The Mad Princess." Both have been performed.

The manuscript of a piano trio by E. T. A. Hoffmann, the hero of Offenbach's opera, brought $230 at auction in Berlin, while the manuscript of Weber's first piano sonata brought $775, and seven minuets of Mozart written when he was 13 years old, $593.

The New Bach Society will hold a festival at Eisenach, Sept. 27 and 28, and pay the travelling expenses of poor organists and choir conductors. For three years money has been given to the society for this purpose.

There will be a historical exposition of Italian theatrical art for the Verdi centenary at Parma. There will be these sections: Iconographic, Bibliographic, autographic, history of the stage costume, accessories and mechanical devices, musical instruments, history of the lyric and dramatic theatre. There will be an attempt to reproduce the orchestra of Monteverde, and there will be performances of scenes taken from the most remarkable Italian operas from the year 1500 to the present time.

The first performance of Charpentier's "Julien" in Germany will be at Leipsic.

A new opera, "The Bell Ringer of Notre Dame," by Franz Schmidt, will be produced at the Vienna Court Opera House in November. The season opened Aug. 18 with "Lohengrin." "The Girl of the Golden West" will be performed for the first time in Vienna next month. The rehearsals of "Parsifal" will begin this fall.

A new orchestral composition, "The Nymphs: Introduction and Rondo," by Hermann Bischoff, whose first symphony is a favorite here with Dr. Muck, will be produced this winter at Oldenburg, where the composer, Ernst Boehe, is now Court conductor.

Excerpts from the Music Drama "The Birth of Arthur," by Rutland Boughton, were announced for performance at Bournemouth the 27th ult. Mr. Boughton, who said to a reporter, "I loathe realism," began to write the music some years ago for a new version of Malory by Reginald Buckley. "Dancing scenery" will be a feature of this performance. "His work is primarily intended for the open air, where, as he says, one gets wonderful ideas of distance, processional effects, and much else that is inevitably lost in the enclosed theatre, and where also 'one does without the abominations of limelight and grease paint, and so forth.' But in open air representations of dramatic and operatic arguments, scenery is always a problem for the producer, and the new dancing scenery is an attempt in the direction of a solution upon altogether new lines. Mr. Boughton's chorus will have to dance, and the members of it will be clad in garments of symbolical shape and color and will perform symbolical movements." In the chorus will be "the musical critic of one of the most influential continental newspapers." Mr. Boughton is wise in his generation.

Gossip About the Stage

Miss Marie George will return to London in the farce, "Never Say Die," to be produced at the Apollo Theatre by Charles Hawtrey next Thursday.

"It is quite a coincidence," said Allan Aynesworth at the Garrick Theatre, "that I should be playing in 'The Real Thing,' the French title of which was 'La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom.' My grandfather, Cornet Henry Abbot-Anderson, was present at the fall of Berg-op-Zoom, the little town in Holland, and was afterwards wounded at Waterloo, and he became a general before he died."

The festival week of the British Empire Shakespeare Society, which begins on Monday, Sept. 29, and takes place at the Knightstone Pavilion, Weston-super-Mare, will include six performances of "The Merchant of Venice" (under the direction of Mr. Acton Bond) played by members of the society from all parts of the kingdom; and in addition there will be two special lectures by Prof. Gollancz and Stephen Phillips, as well as receptions and debates. The railway companies are granting reduced rates to all those visiting Weston, and also for the many special excursions in the West of England. There will be three different Shylocks taking part in these performances.

S. W. Carroll, the author of the new drama, "The Big Game" (New Theatre, London, Aug. 19), says that the idea of the play came to him in this way: "Like most people, I take the greatest possible interest in the character of Hamlet, and I could not help wondering whether Hamlet's father was quite such a paragon as he considered him to be. Was there, perhaps, some excuse for the step-father? Why not, I thought, write a modern play, and endeavor to work out that idea?" Mr. Carroll, who is also a manager, does not see why an author should not take a theatre and produce his own plays, in the way an actor exploits his own personality.

George R. Sims's new drama of London life, "The Ever Open Door," was announced for production at the Aldwych Theatre last night. The play deals with life in the slums of Westminster and the work of the rescue missions among the poor. Mr. Sims is sure that this play is "the best example of the style of drama which has made him so justly famous with all classes of the public." The incidental music has been composed by Herman Finck.

The vicar of Brixton, the Rev. A. J. Waldron, has written a one-act problem play for a London music hall. "The circumstances are more subtle than in 'The Fallen Idol,'" he said, referring to Hon. John Collier's academy picture, of which the artist has recently given an explanation, "and it sets forth that love is absolute trust between man and woman. I have attempted to do something more serious than has yet been seen in the music halls, which, with their vast audiences, offer a unique opportunity for teaching a lesson. It is something different, however, from the ordinary morality play." The incidents occurred within the experience of Mr. Waldron, and the scene is laid in a clergyman's study. There are four characters—a clergyman, a woman and two men. "This is my first appearance as a playwright," said Mr. Waldron, "and I wrote the play, which is entitled 'Should the Woman Tell?' in two days."

The Daily Chronicle thus comments on the vicar's play. "The vicar of Brixton, secure in the precedent of the Rev. George Birmingham and other clerical playwrights, can announce that he has written a music hall sketch without fear of rebuke from the ecclesiastical authorities. Clerical dramatists of an earlier age, however, could rely upon no such immunity from criticism. When the Rev. John Brown, canon of Carlisle, ventured to publish two tragedies in 1754, Warburton and many other prominent clerics lamented that 'a clergyman should compromise his dignity by making a connection with the stage. In Scotland the kirk was even less tolerant. When the Rev. John Home produced his 'Douglas,' he was compelled to resign his living, and the General Assembly suspended another minister for going to see the play."

There is no truth in the report that Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat and also Miss Kate Moffat ("Bunty") are to play in London in Pinero's "Sweet Lavender."

The Pall Mall Gazette's "Digamma" went to the Tivoli. "A gentleman named G. Ricano, who gave up 'vocal impressions,' affected at first a broken English, and, as his first impression purported to be one of Signor Caruso singing 'La Donna Mobile,' the foreign accent seemed harmonious enough. His appearance in a black-moustached make-up suggested the famous tenor rather more realistically than his singing. Afterwards he gave an impression, 'without singing,' of the great Napoleon and talked of 'the cruall fate' which had driven him and his Josephine apart and of the 'carassas' he could enjoy no more. Once more the eye was convinced a good deal more than the ear. 'The Death of Nelson' and as by this time his foreign accent had entirely departed, and he sung the old song really very well indeed, it 'brought the house down,' as they say, and he had to appear before the curtain again and again. All of which exactly bears out what I said in this column a week or two ago—namely, that our music hall audiences are simply longing to hear a few of the songs they have known and loved all their lives, and that any amount of enthusiasm is awaiting the artistes who have the good sense to revive them, and the voices and methods and sense of refinement for doing them something like justice."

Mr. Milton Rosmer, the admirable actor who visited Boston last season with Miss Horniman's Manchester Players, has joined Mr. Algernon Grieg and they opened the Court Theatre, London, Aug. 30, with "Nan.", Miss Irene Rooke, of course, took the part of the heroine.

The new school of dramatists begins well enough, writes Mr. Boyle Laurence in the Pall Mall Magazine, but the fount of inspiration seems so soon to be dried up. They drift into writing for the sake of writing, without taking the trouble to find the "matter" on which to base their "manner." Poverty of invention cannot be hidden by cleverness of decoration. It is true that, in the highest work, action should spring from character. The new school very often provides the character, but no action evolves from it. Sir James Barrie alone retains his artistic youth, his fertility, his inventiveness. He remains to us the one oasis in a desert of played-out cleverness or cleverness that is strangely ephemeral. There are many admirable novels, there are exceedingly few good plays. Why will not the novelists and the dramatists collaborate?

A New French Play

"Yvonne," a new drama in verse and in three acts, by Paul Ferrier and Miss Jeanne Paul Ferrier, was produced by the Comedie Francaise in its temporary home at the Opera Comique, Aug. 19. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph tells the story as follows:

Rose, wife of a Breton fisherman, Kerhostin, and mother of Yvonne, a girl of 18, succumbs during her husband's absence on the Dogger Bank to the wiles of a village Don Juan. Yvonne is the child of this liaison. Her existence is known to no one save to the distant relatives to whose charge she has been given. Then Rose falls ill, and at the same time Yvonne's nurse having died suddenly, the baby is brought back to her. She is driven to confess her sin. Yvonne, her daughter, and the two women take counsel together as to what must be done, for the return of the fishing fleet is announced. Kerhostin and Yan, who is betrothed to Yvonne, enter the house just as Rose draws her last breath, and find the child there. Yvonne takes on herself her mother's guilt, faces her father's terrible anger, and gives her lover back his ring. But Yan's love makes him clairvoyant. He sees that Yvonne is not guilty, but is sheltering another. He even divines the exact truth—that it is her dead mother whom she shields. He promises that he will keep silence and marry her, despite all that neighbors may say. He will even brave public opinion to the extent of adopting Yvonne. When Kerhostin learns of Yan's resolve to marry his daughter, the terrible old man, true to his cruel conception of honor, curses his child and her lover, and drives them from his house. The curtain falls on the old man alone on his knees by the bed of the dead wife, whose infidelity he will never know. M. Paul Moment was a stern and rugged Kerhostin, and Mme. Lara an appealing Yvonne.

Mr. Zach in St. Louis

Mr. Max Zach, conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, has made up his programs for the coming season. The orchestra will play for the first time in St. Louis these pieces: Bantock's Procession and Jaga-Naut; Clapp's "In Summer" (MS), Guy-Ropartz's Symphony No. 4, which is now printing; Sibilius, En Saga; Ravel, "Ma Mere L'oye"; Strube, "Loreley"; Enesco, Suite op. 9, Wallace, "Villon"; Debussy, "La Mer"; Glazounoff, "The Kremlin"; Rachmaninoff, symphony No. 2; Liszt, "Battle of the Huns"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar." Some of these compositions have not been heard in Boston.

The programs will also include more familiar works by these composers: Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 2, 5, 7 and overtures to "Coriolanus"; Brahms, Symphony No. 2 and "Academic" overture; Haydn, "Military" Symphony; Berlioz, "Romeo and Juliet"; Frank, Symphony; Tschaikowsky, "Pathetic" and "Manfred" symphonies and Italian Caprice. One program will be devoted to Wagner.

The soloists will be as follows: Yvonne de Treville, Bachhaus, Egenieff, Irma Seydel, Herma Menth, Bauer, Thibaud, Pautr, Kreisler, Ottilio Melzger, Ysaye, Mme. Matezenauer, Van Endert, Flesch Teresa Carren.

Mr. Zach may well take pride in the fact that through his efforts and achievements as conductor, the audiences in St. Louis have learned to appreciate programs of a high order, and to be curious concerning music of the ultra-modern school.

The Indefatigable Mr. Shaw

At least Mr. [illegible] Sillward was a great success in the production of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." The Daily News informs us that Mr. Shaw for months studied lions in all their moods at the Zoo and wrote the part for Mr. Sillward, for seven years the dog-nurse Nana in "Peter Pan." "By diligent practice he has learned to roar and rage to the complete satisfaction of Mr. Shaw. For weeks past Mr. Sillward has been practising his part on a city roof as the most suitable place for a retiring lion to complete its education for the stage." A reporter visiting him was disappointed because the tail was the only part of the animal that he was allowed to see; all the other parts were either dead secrets or at the costumier's in the making. "I have been on all-fours for the last six weeks," Mr. Sillward explained, wagging the lion's tail and righting himself.

Mr. Sillward for 16 years has been on the stage and had no speaking part, but he has made noises like lions, dogs, cats, monkeys, donkeys and wolves.

Mr. Shaw's play on phonetics will be performed the first time not in England but in Germany (says the Manchester Guardian London correspondent). The title of the play is "Pygmalion," and it is in five acts.

"Pygmalion" has absolutely no sex interest, and it is literally a play on phonetics. The first act opens in the porch of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, at midnight on a wet evening after a fancy dress ball, and as each person comes to the porch to take shelter a voice in the darkness, on hearing the person speak, announces the facts of that person's career.

The voice belongs to a student of phonetics, who probably bears some resemblance to Mr. Henry Sweet, to whose book "Elementarbuch des Gespraechenen Englisch," Mr. Shaw makes a flattering reference in the notes to "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

The heroine of the piece is a flower-girl who is anxious to acquire the accent of a lady. More than that I cannot say about the piece, but I have said enough to indicate that it is something of a novelty, and little enough to indicate how five acts can possibly be made out of this theme.

"The Typhoon" and the Japanese

Mr. Arthur Diosy, who is well acquainted with manners and customs and thoughts of the Far East, discussed the play "The Typhoon," which is still running: "A grand play, grandly acted. This is not only my opinion, but that of the numerous Japanese who have seen it, and with whom I have conversed on the subject. I have seen the play several times, and am more and more impressed with its value as a representation of the Japanese national spirit. Mr. Laurence Irving's impersonation of the hero, Dr. Takeramo, is marvellous; he has, as the French say, 'got into the skin of the character.' By one of those delicate touches in which his acting abounds, we get an inkling of the secret service on which he is engaged. When the curtain rises on the second act, he is discovered copying some plan or drawing, possibly of some foreign fortification."

While lavishing praise on the drama and on its interpretation and staging, Mr. Diosy pointed out that there were two or three blemishes that prevent it from being absolutely true to life. The chief of these, a very important one, did not exist in the original play, written in the Magyar tongue by the Hungarian author, Melchior Lengyel, who did not cause his hero to commit suicide as an expiation of his crime, but allowed him to live on to bear his burden of remorse.

"The fact is," said Mr. Diosy, "that it is very improbable that any Japanese would commit 'Seppuku,' the horrible form of self-destruction better known to Europeans by its colloquial name of 'Hara-Kiri' (cutting the abdomen) to expiate his killing of such a woman as Helene. Nor would he kill himself to atone for his being the cause of his innocent friend undergoing seven years penal servitude, as he would be perfectly ready to perform a similar act of self-sacrifice if his duty to Japan seemed to call for it. The backbone of the play is the instant and cheerful readiness to sacrifice every personal interest for the sake of the nation as a whole.

"It has been objected to by some Japanese that no man of their race in Takeramo's position would have surrendered so completely to the charms of a 'Parisian wanton' as he appears to have done until recalled to duty by the Japanese statesman, Baron Yoshikawa.

"The answer to this objection is to be found in the fact that now and again, although seldom, Japanese students abroad have succumbed to the fascinations of European and American women, as frail as they were fair.

"A jarring note is struck by the frequent references to 'The Mikado.' This term, meaning, literally, 'The August Gate' (like the Turkish 'Sublime Porte'), is not used by the Japanese in ordinary speech. They refer to their 'Heaven-descendant Sovereign' as the 'Tenno' (the Emperor) or 'Heika' (His Majesty). The poetic term, 'Mikado,' is, however, [illegible] used in the play because of its being more familiar to European [illegible]. It [illegible] on [illegible] ... calling the inhabitants of Japan 'Japs' when the characters in the play pronounce the honorific affix 'San,' a contraction of 'Sanna' (literally 'Lord,' but really equivalent to our 'Mr.') always used after the proper name, as if it were spelt 'Sann.'"

The Modern Conductor

Dr. Max Nordau has an article in the Paris Revue on the evolution of the orchestra conductor, says the Daily News and Leader correspondent. Formerly, says the writer, the conductor was a modest man who took infinite pains with the rehearsals and effaced himself on the great day of the public concert.

Nowadays he is a hero. You only see him; the orchestra is merely a pedestal for him. In the French army of former days there was a personage who could be compared with him—the drum-major. He has the same prestige without the aid of the drum-major's stature, lace and stick. He must be a finished actor.

There was Gustav Mahle, the most astounding artist in dumb show. All the muscles of his clean-shaven face were contracted into the furious mask of a samurai when he let loose the heroic sonorities, and relaxed into ecstasy during the pianissimo.

Arthur Nikisch also "reflects" tragedies and idylls, but grace suits him best. In the Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven) he is the rococo shepherd, tickling with the outstretched finger of his left hand the fair neck of a pretty shepherdess.

Napoleon's Great-Grandson

Juan Bonaparte, an actor, who claims direct descent from the great Napoleon, and who is engaged in the well-known play, "A Royal Divorce," attended at the Wandsworth bankruptcy court today for public examination.

His affairs showed liabilities of £147, and assets £160. The debtor was born in Holland, and was the son of John Bernard Bonaparte, otherwise Scheuer, a grandson of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Replying to the official receiver, the debtor stated that he had used the name Bonaparte for professional purposes since he came to England five years ago. As he was at present receiving only a small salary he had incurred liabilities through being pressed by creditors, and as he was threatened with a committment summons he had filed his petition.

He had raised money on a bill of sale in June, 1912, the contents excluding a few family oil paintings and heirlooms.

The examination was adjourned.—Pall Mall Gazette, Aug. 21.

Who, pray, was the great grandmother of this actor? Last spring there was a discussion in San Francisco whether a son of Napoleon, a jeweler born on St. Helena, whose mother was an Englishwoman named Gordon, was buried in the old cemetery of that city. There is a story told in recent volumes concerning Napoleon that he, a captive, had a son by a beautiful English woman who took in washing; that this child, born on St. Helena, came to the United States and grew to be a newspaper man in a Connecticut town, Waterbury or Meriden.

Decline and Fall of Mr. Punch

The following article, from the Daily Chronicle, should interest Mayor Fitzgerald and others now purporting to amuse and instruct ingenuous youth by public performances of Punch and Judy.

A few days ago Mr. Kendal, the well-known husband of Mrs. Kendal, the actress, complained bitterly of the disturbance created before his door by the proprietor of a Punch and Judy show, and a few days ago, writes a "Daily Chronicle" representative, when I met a sad-eyed looking man pushing the shaky framework of his theatre along the road, I asked him what he thought of the incident. He put the theatre down, and shouted "Kimmere!" to dog Toby, who looked as if a square meal would not be disdained, and then said despondently:

"I dunno! It's only wot you might expect. The profession's goin' down something 'orrible! 'Ardly any of us left on the road now, an' them that is don't 'ardly get a livin'."

He drew the theatre close to the hedge when he had settled in a large car and when he had settled it a large car went swiftly by, sounding its hooter.

"They're killin' the profession," he said, pointing to the disappearing car. "Simply knockin' it all to bits. An' then these 'ere sinemers, they don't do no good to the profession, you know. Make the kids too knowin' an' 'ard to satisfy!"

The motorcars, it appeared, drew the rich away from the theatre, and the picture palaces draw the poor away from the Punch and Judy show.

"Don't 'ardly make my keep out of this business now," he continued. "They won't stop to look at the performance. Don't seem interested in Punch no more, some'ow! I dunno! Seems to me everything's upset nowadays, wot with motorcars an' sinemers. I was up at 'Ampstead 'Eath the other day. Now, that used to be a first-rate pitch, that used to be. Reg'lar little fortune could be made rede in an afternoon. 'Ow much you think I got, eh? Tuppence! An' that was out of charity, an' not because the gentleman liked the show."

The Chronicle man suggested that the show should be taken into country places and villages where there are no picture palaces, but the old fellow laughed bitterly.

"That 'ud be starvation, that would!" he said. "Nobody in these villages seems to 'ave no money nowadays. They look at the show awright, an' that's a comfort in a way, but they don't give you a ha'penny. Ain't got it to give. I dunno! Seems to me there'll 'ave to be a change of some sort, or else the profession 'll bust up altogether. That's wot'll 'appen. These 'ere sinemers is awright, but they're noo. That's wot they are. Noo! An' noo things don't last, least they didden ought to last, not when there's old things like Punch an' Judy!"

He picked up his theatre, and shouted "Kimmon," to the wretched Toby, and began to move slowly on.

"I tell you wot," he shouted to me over his shoulder, "they'll be sorry when they've bust up the profession altogether, an' there ain't no more Punch an' Judy. That's wot they'll be. An' a fat lot of good their sinemers 'll be to them then!"

STRANGE SYMPATHY.

One of the most curious features of the Thaw case is the sympathy for the acknowledged murderer and colossal egoist entertained by many well-bred, intelligent and gentle women. There are always females who send flowers to murderers in prison, especially if the murder was peculiarly atrocious and the murdered one of their sex. Nor is it surprising that "a handsome brunette" some days ago in a Canadian courtroom expressed loudly her desire to kiss Mr. Thaw. Any one that has done a daring or a violent deed appeals to certain women, who thus show their admiration for "strength." But women of a sane and normal mind are heard exclaiming "Poor Thaw!" or "I hope he will get away." They have no pleasant word for the woman in the case. They do not mention the name of the architect. "Poor Thaw!"

Is this a case of compassion for the 'under dog'? But women are supposed to worship success. Does the melodramatic escape from the asylum excite their imagination? Do they themselves welcome this opportunity for voicing their revolt against the conventionalities? In a foolish, boasting, lawless spendthrift they see a hero, one persecuted, a man hounded by cruel laws. They give no reason for their sympathy, their maudlin sentiment, except this: "He has been punished enough." If they could only be persuaded that Thaw is an international hero!

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The ghost-breaker in the melodrama now playing in Boston had little faith in apparitions and great confidence in a revolver. The dramatists and Mr. Warner may be pleased to know that solemn exorcism is still practised in England. A ghost had annoyed the inmates of Asfordsby Rectory, Leicestershire, for over 80 years. A few days ago the Rev. F. A. Gage Hall, the rector, put on a cassock and a surplice, went in to the haunted section of the house and commanded the ghost or ghosts to depart "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." The rector now believes that the exorcism was successful. The rectory is an old and rambling building, which has been the dwelling-place of well known persons, and the scene of horrid deeds.

Assorted Ghosts.

This ghost of Asfordsby was not a headless lady, not a blood-stained and groaning spectre. It did not move to the clanking of chains. The habit of the spook was to pull off blankets and sheets from the beds of sleepers in the middle of the night. Thus the Rev. C. H. Strudwick, Vicar of Whetstone, recently slept in one of the haunted rooms. He was awakened by a tugging at the bedclothes. In spite of his resistance, he was left uncovered. The vicar lighted a candle and saw a heap of disordered bedclothes on the floor. "There was nothing else to indicate that anything unusual had occurred. I searched the room thoroughly and all was in order. The door was locked on the inside and no one could have entered. But when the same thing happened the very next night, I was glad to change my room."

How different the conduct of the old family ghost at Ionia, a plantation belonging to the Rives's in the Green Spring region, Louisa county, Va. The guest goes to sleep. He is awakened. An old lady with a sweet face stands with a lighted candle by the bedside, puts the candle down, then tucks the bedclothes tenderly around the neck of the guest, takes up the candle and glides through the shut door or a wall. Not far from Ionia is a house in which the ghost of an old negro family servant rubs [illegible] of the hall and room in the early morning, and in a room above, in broad daylight, a rocking chair will rock, although there is no draught of air and no one ever ventures to sit in this chair. Only a few weeks ago a girl, practical, a Socialist and an ardent advocate of woman's rights, assured us that in a historic house at Hadley she had heard more than once some one singing old songs although she was alone. The voice was that of a woman and it was sweet and melancholy.

Occasions for Profanity.

"E. F. S." of the Westminster Gazette has been considering the ethics of stage "damns." Why is it that in Boston, as elsewhere, many persons who are conventionally smug in their walk and conversation laugh uproariously when a comedian says "damn" or the word that should never be mentioned to ears polite? It has been said that the best men swear horribly on one occasion. "When we play golf, anatomy, genealogy, theology are all brought into the swearing that comes of a little failure with a little ball." The case of the Scottish minister is cited. "'It's nae guid,' he said sadly, pausing after two or three unsuccessful strokes, 'I'll ha'e to gi'e it up.' 'What?' asked his senior deacon. 'The golf?' 'Nae, nae, the meenistry.'" It's an old story, but it will serve.

It is also said by a Londoner commenting on "E. F. S.'s" article that no one swears at billiards, a game that is as irritating to the novice as golf. "I have never heard in a billiard room anything like the furious outbreaks of the golf course. When a man misses his stroke he will not swear—he says only, 'Ah, too fine' or 'Not legs enough.' A man who swore like a golfer in a billiard room would be evicted immediately."

Is this true? Some years ago a member of a club in this city was playing billiards. Missing shots, he swore like a trooper. This man in earlier years had been a clergyman; his profanity was so forced, violent and in a way amateurish that it shocked the other members in the room, and one of them administered a cutting rebuke. For this profanity, and for clipping periodicals and bullying the waiters, he was summoned before the House committee and reprimanded. Not long afterwards he resigned his membership.

Pious Italians.

If Francis Galton is to be trusted, Cardinal Newman once maintained in a lecture "that the profane and blasphemous oaths habitually used by the people of Italy proved that the objects of devotion were always present to their minds in whatever aspect, and that the state of mind of an Italian was far preferable to the apathy and indifference of the lower orders in England." But for picturesque and imaginative profanity, commend us to the Orientals and also to the Spaniards. Burton gives some fine examples of Oriental swearing. As for Spanish profanity, see Ford's "Gatherings from Spain" and Brantome's little treatise, "Sermens et Juremens Espagnols."

Hands Across the Sea.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the inquiry in this morning's Herald as to the meaning of "anaphylaxis" a note appearing in Notes and Queries (London), for the 2d August, and giving the same definition as you did, namely insomnia, was replied to in the number for the 23d August, as follows:

"The term 'anaphylaxis' scarcely denotes insomnia. The word was coined by Richet in 1902, and means a sensitiveness of the system to receive certain poisons, in contradistinction to 'prophylaxis.' The one word means a proneness to, the other a protective against, certain morbid influences."

FRANCIS A. FOSTER.

Edgartown, Sept. 1.

It is a curious fact that two correspondents separated by the Atlantic about the same time make the same mistake with regard to a word that is seldom used outside the medical profession. Ed.

September 9-1913

Those who have been disquieted because Mr. Page, ambassador in London, might not live in a manner becoming his rank, may now breathe freely. Among the residents of the 51 houses of Grosvenor square mentioned in the directory are three dukes, one marquis, two earls (probably belted), seven barons, three baronets, four members of Parliament, one Lord, and five ladies of title.

Serious Questions.

Two questions that may have perplexed others came to us again as we looked over a volume of old songs.

1. Did the young man who smoked his last cigar on the quarter deck off the blue Canary isles one glorious summer day descend to a pipe the next morning, or did some obliging sailor share his plug with him?

2. There is a song that was once sung with great expression, and the refrain is as follows:

Lizzie dies tonight, mother,
Lizzie dies tonight.

It is a melancholy song. This is one of the more cheerful stanzas:

I'm [illegible]ing, mother, of the time
When little Willie died;
We laid him down with bursting hearts,
My father's tomb beside.
'Twas then you feared my tender form
Would vanish from the light.
But ah! My grave is 'neath the wave,
For Lizzie dies tonight!
Lizzie dies tonight, mother,
Lizzie dies tonight!

Did Lizzie die, or was it a false alarm? In the first verse she admitted that there was health upon her cheek once more, and a new light in her eye. We like to think of Lizzie living today, a venerable grandmother, still famous for her seedcakes and huckleberry pudding, reading The Herald daily without the use of spectacles, and not biting an audiphone, not holding an ear-trumpet. Excellent Lizzie!

Mr. Jerome's Chance.

The Herald mentioned the prizes amounting to over a million and a half dollars to be distributed by the Russian government in 1925. There are other prizes that bright-eyed boys should keep in mind. A woman in Paris bequeathed to the French Academy a sum amounting to $50,000 to be awarded with compound interest to the person that first comes into communication with the inhabitants of Mars. Another prize is that to be awarded by the Royal Goettingen Society of Sciences to the person that first solves the theorem of Fermat. The prize is $25,000 and it was bequeathed by Prof. Paul Wolfskehl, which does not sound like an assumed name. The competition is open until Sept. 13, 2007. But what is the "Theorem of Fermat"? We were invariably conditioned in mathematics while we were "enjoying the privileges of a collegiate education," but we learn from "books that have helped us" something about Pierre de Fermat, a French mathematician of the 17th century; how he made discoveries in the properties of numbers, probabilities, and geometry, and is said to have been the first to hit upon the principles of the differential calculus. Mr. W. T. Jerome recently remarked at Coaticook, that the game of poker is based on "the doctrine of probability and governed by the integrals of differential calculus." Why is he not the man to solve the theorem of Fermat?

A Good Word.

As the World Wags:

It is an irony of fate that a Boston editor should be stumped on this word which is associated in worldwide fame with the names of Drs. M. J. Rosenau and Theobald Smith.

As to the meaning of the term: In an editorial the New York Medical Journal of Dec. 19, 1908, says: "The term anaphylaxis was introduced by (Prof. Dr. Charles) Richet (of Paris, I think), who intended to express by it a condition the opposite of prophylaxis" (another "good word"). This editorial begins: "A Harvey lecture was delivered by Dr. M. J. Rosenau on a subject with which his name has been intimately associated, namely, anaphylaxis. Those who were present heard, not a long, wearisome recital of laboratory experiments or of opposing theories, but a concise exposition of our present knowledge of anaphylaxis, supersusceptibility, supersensitiveness or Allergie, as the condition has variously been termed."

"When in 1906 Rosenau and Anderson published their well known study on the Cause of Sudden Death following the injection of horse serum, few realized that this should mark a most important contribution to our conceptions of immunity. These authors found that guinea pigs which had once been injected with a small dose of horse serum were liable to an acute fatal poisoning when again injected with horse serum some time later." * * * "In 1903 Ehrlich's attention was drawn by Theobald Smith to this same phenomenon. Ehrlich gave this problem to his pupil Otto * * * who published a paper containing conclusions entirely in accord with those of Rosenau and Anderson. Otto therefore speaks of the 'Theobald Smith phenomenon.'"

The interest of these investigations so far as the general public is concerned lies in the fact that diphtheria antitoxin is made from the serum of horses, and deaths had followed the use of this remedy a second time in the same individual. In consequence of these investigations diphtheria antitoxin prepared in such a way as to be free from this danger I believe can now be obtained. PAUL F. ELA, M. D.

East Douglas, Sept. 2.

"Boston" Corbett

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of today you ask whether "Boston" was the real name or the nickname of the man who shot Lincoln's assassin. In my boyhood days I knew Mr. Corbett. He was a religious fanatic and some thought a little overbalanced because of this. It is said that it was religious zeal which led him, in disobedience to orders, to fire the shot which killed Booth. He himself told me that he adopted the name "Boston" when he was converted, because that was the city in which he had been "born again."

GEORGE FREDERIC DEGEN.

South Byfield, Sept. 2.

OUIDA PLAY AT CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE — "Under Two Flags," Edwin Mordaunt's dramatization in five acts of Ouida's novel.

Bertie Cecil.....William P. Carleton
Rake.....Donald Meek
Col. Chateauroy.....Frederic Ormonde
Berkeley Cecil.....Carney Christie
Lord Rockingham.....J. Morrill Morrison
Lord Carloton.....George Ernst
Ezra Baroni.....Albert Roberts
Capt. Chaurellon.....Russell Clarke
Marshal of France.....George Ernst
Malon.....George Hunt
Picpon.....Robert Capron
Orderly.....Carl Nispel
Sedi Hridden.....Alfred Lunt
Cigarette.....Miss Doris Olsson
Lady Venotia Corona.Miss Florence Shirley
Lady Guenevere Carleton.Miss Augusta Gill
Nora.....Miss Mabel Colcord

Mr. Mordaunt's version of Ouida's novel is not skilful. Yesterday the piece dragged. The chief incidents of the story are not always effectively presented in this adaptation. There is a bewildering network of detail. Too often unnecessary scenes by minor characters are introduced and delay the action.

A feature of the performance was the elaborate staging. The scene in Lady Venetia's tent was picturesque and that of the pass in the African mountains effective.

The part of Cigarette is associated with Miss Blanche Bates. Yesterday Miss Olsson acted with intelligence and fine emotional intensity. She played the impetuous vivandiere with proper abandon and vivacity and was successful in suggesting the complexity of the character.

As Bertie Cecil, Mr. Carleton was earnest, dignified, conscientious. He emphasized the man's natural dignity, his family pride, his high sense of honor. Mr. Meek did a clever bit of character acting as Rake, Bertie's devoted valet. Miss Shirley, as Venetia was an attractive figure. Mr. Ormonde who took the part of Col. Chateauroy, the Black Hawk, was an imposing and melodramatic villain with a sinister sneer and harsh voice. Other members of the cast gave efficient support. Next week "Bachelors and Benedicts," a new comedy by Jackson O. Haag will be performed for the first time in Boston.

Clifton Crawford, who used to star in vaudeville long before he made himself famous as the star of "The Three Twins," and later of "My Best Girl," has once again returned to the twice-a-day game and is heading a very excellent bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Mr. Crawford carries with him, as always, an assortment of catchy songs, set to catchy music, all of his own composition. Between his songs he tells some good stories and is quite as effective at telling a story, and telling it right, as he is in the best of his song hits. At last night's performance he was enthusiastically received and obliged to respond to a number of curtain calls.

Another act that met with instant favor last night was that of John E. Henshaw, assisted by Miss Grace Avery, presenting their "Strangers in a Strange Flat." Mr. Henshaw has always been a popular comedy star here in Boston and the sketch that he is now using with Miss Avery gives him just the range he needs to appear to best effect. That it has stood the test of time and went exactly as well, perhaps even better, than when they presented it a year ago is the best evidence of its popularity and its merit. Miss Avery is extremely good in the ingenue role, while Mr. Henshaw's songs were, every one of them, encored.

The Five Mowatts in "A Carnival of Clubs" present a great exposition of clever artistic club swinging. Chalk Saunders, the cartoonist, makes a number of humorous sketches at lightning pace. English and Johnson gave another of the numerous recent expositions of the latest New York dances. Sydney Jarvis and Virginia Dare sang several songs. Roy Cummings and Helen Gladyings sang well and danced better. Killian and Moore sang a "Like Kelly Did" song and several others of more recent creation. The Transatlantic Trio gave some of the musical items in the act they used abroad: The famous Adas troupe of European aerialists completes the bill.

A special engagement of Jack Northworth for next week is announced.

September 10-1913

The Grand Duke Michaelovitch of Russia as he wended his ducal way in Newport took snapshots of the fluttering and delighted ladies; those whom he met, those who got in his way and also those that were unconscious of the ducal presence and his leonine eye and roar. And the Grand Duke Michaelovitch is now pleased to say that Miss Marie Taller of New York is the most beautiful woman he has seen in this country. The friends of Miss Taller prolong the rapturous note and swear that the august visitor has declared her to be the most beautiful woman in the world.

A startling fact [illegible] comes from the nice adjustment of aesthetic matters. Mrs. McGee, Mrs. M. McGee, instructor in physical culture at the University of California, says that Miss Zamlock Lowe, a Chinese student, daughter of a rich merchant, is physically perfect, girl of ideal proportions. The writers of passionate headlines describe Miss Lowe as a "Western Venus." They forget that one of the epithets given by the Romans to Venus was "Calva," Venus the bald-headed. The grand duke might condescend to characterize Miss Lowe, who, we are informed, is careful in her diet, and eats only the best and simplest of Chinese and American foods, "the Chinese Miss Taller."

A Pathetic Appeal.

The Germans, in spite of their proverbial sentimentalism, are ever responsive to the call of duty. Witness the appeal that was published recently in an advertising column of the Gransee Zeitung:

"As I am greatly hindered and delayed in my professional work by incessant calls which can only have the object of bringing me into touch with marriageable daughters, I most courteously beg that such manoeuvres may be suspended. (Signed) The-in-quiet-retirement-in-spite-of-his-singleness-happily-living-estate-owner."

A Chocolate King.

Henri Menier, head of the great chocolate firm, died a few days ago in Paris. And this is the year, according to the Corriere della Sera in which we should celebrate the 400th anniversary of the introduction of chocolate into Europe, for in 1513 a small consignment was brought from Mexico to Spain. The books tell us that Portugal was the only other country to favor the drinking or eating of chocolate for a century afterward, and chocolate was drunk for the first time in France in 1660 "at the banquet held to celebrate the marriage of Louis XIV. with the daughter of Philip IV. of Spain." This may or may not be so, but this is true, that for many years chocolate was not in favor with the clean livers and the high-minded, for it was thought to be an aphrodisiac and therefore the favorite beverage of Mme. Pompadour.

The Mexican Berry.

One Gage wrote years ago that this name "Chocolatte is an Indian name, and is compounded from 'atte,' as some say, or as other 'atle,' which in the Mexican language signifieth water: and from the sound which the water, wherein is put the chocolatte, maketh as choco, choco, choco, when it is stirred in a cup by an instrument called a 'molinet,' or 'molinillo,' until it bubble and rise into a froth." An ingenious derivation, but deep thinkers assure us that the Spanish word comes from the Mexican "choolatl," compounded of "coco," cacao, and "latl" water. Mr. Henry Hawks, merchant, lived in Mexico for five years, and in 1572 he drew a relation of the commodities of that country at the request of Richard Hakluyt, Esq. Mr. Hawks had this to say: "In certaine provinces there is growing great store of cacao, which is a berry like unto an almond; it is the best merchandize that is in all the Indies. The Indians make drinke of it, and in like manner meat to eat. It goeth currantly for money in any market or faire, and may buy any flesh, fish, bread or cheese, or other things." Mr. Hawks does not tell us whether the Mexican cannibals drank cacao or abstained, fearing it would dull their palate. For these cannibals were masters of their trade. "I have seene the bones of a Spaniard that have bene as cleane burnished as though it had bene done by men that had no other occupation. And many times people are carried away by them, but they never come againe, whether they be men or women."

A Song in Season.

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For he comes of a gentle kind.

The Islander.

And this Menier was fortunate not only in his chocolate, for the dream of every healthy boy who has read "Robinson Crusoe" came true to this Parisian. He owned an island, the island of Anticosti. It is true that the delightfully inaccurate Everyman Encyclopoedia says that M. "Memler" bought the island, but for the second "m" read "n." Anticosti is described as sterile, but there is good fishing for salmon, trout and herring, and there is beer and seal hunting. This is nothing, however, of ownership, the ability to fly one's own flag, be free from automobiles and wearying "social functions." There are Americans that own their little islands, and they are marked on the mainland by an independent bearing, a disregard for petty things valued by the great herd.

To go back to the drink. Until 50 years ago cocoa was taxed in England as a patent medicine. In Spain and Italy a substitute for coffee is made out of the broken and roasted cocoa shells, and appropriately named "miserabile," a term that might be applied to coffee as served in too many American hotels, clubs and private houses.

September 11 - 1913

An immense majority of men must always remain in a middle state, neither very foolish nor very able, neither very virtuous nor very vicious, but slumbering on in a peaceful and decent mediocrity, adopting without much difficulty the current opinions of the day, making no inquiry, exciting no scandal, causing no wonder, just holding themselves on a level with their generation, and noiselessly conforming to the standard of morals and of knowledge common to the age and country in which they live.

His Favorite Month.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell in one of his books of anecdote and gossip confesses that September is his favorite month. "You go home to dress just as it is growing dark and no one compels you to sit in the garden after dinner, with centipedes falling into your coffee cup. The weather is neither hot nor cold. * * * Traffic is mitigated; the 'road hog' is ravaging the provinces, and it is possible for elderly gentlemen to cross Piccadilly without being destroyed by omnibi (as the classical lady said), or reviled in the vernacular by conductors. You can breathe in the theatre and kneel down in church. If you are on friendly terms with the manager you get a box for nothing, and the verger at St. Paul's or the Abbey, differentiating you at a glance from the transatlantic crowd, pops you into the most comfortable stall."

Hats off!

Much has been written of late concerning the decay of manners; how the young, especially among "our best people," have no reverence for age or tradition; how supposedly well-bred women elbow and trample their way; how the phrase "Thank you" is now considered vulgar and is classed with "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am." Lord Rosebery recently spoke earnestly on this subject to school boys in England. It is therefore a pleasure to learn that a league of young men has been founded in London to revive the courtesy of the past. Raymond Arthur Price Pierpont, Esq., the honorable secretary of the league, says that the objects of the members are: Reverence for the great, respect for the dead, honor for the living. These members have begun their pious work by raising their hats in profound respect whenever they pass the statue of a great Englishman. Thus they naturally attract attention and draw a crowd. Then one of the members talks to the throng on the need of retaining courtesy. Mr. Pierpont lays much of the blame for the "attitude of scoffing at ideals that should command respect, if not reverence," to Mr. Bernard Shaw and his school of iconoclasts.

Remembering the statues in London, we wonder how the members of this league can keep straight faces when they raise their hats. Would not true reverence insist on pulling the statues down? And what would a Boston crowd not do to a devoted band doffing hats to the statues in the Public Garden, Commonwealth avenue and near the State House?

The Children of Bagnet.

As the World Wags:

In reading what you say about giving children the names of places, I am reminded of the fact that in Dickens's "Bleak House," ex-Artilleryman Matthew Bagnet ("Lignum Vitae") and his wife ("the old girl" or "my old girl" as Mr. Bagnet used to term her) in the home circle called their two daughters Malta and Quebec (though they were not so christened) from the respective places of their birth in barracks, and that Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet had a son Woolwich, which geographical name is not stated, as in the case of "Malta" and "Quebec" applied to the daughters, to have been a nickname, and which, presumably, was given to him because of his having been born in barracks at the place of that name. I. R.

Boston, Sept. 9.

Able Guessers.

"N. H. A." of Worcester recently asked what a "pettianqre" was or is. L. M. S. asks if the word was not meant for "petty anchor." Mr. Harmon of the Rutland county (Vt.) court writes: "The 'pettianqre' referred to on page 10, column 5, of The Boston Herald of Sept. 6, is probably a typographical error for the word 'periauger,' or 'pirogue,' defined by Webster in 1850 as a certain kind of canoe or boat. The writer of this advertisement in 1797 probably wrote it blindly and misspelled the word. The word is to be found in most modern dictionaries."

"Pirogue" is a word, we believe, of West Indian origin, and it passed into the French language by way of Spain. The boat was a dugout canoe, and afterwards any small boat, or a large flat-bottomed boat without a sail and for shoal water use.

Those Sleeping Cars.

As the World Wags:

The story that the names of sleeping cars were formerly evolved by the female members of the Pullman family at so much fee calls to mind a cartoon in one of the illustrated papers some years ago which represented Mr. Pullman showing visitors over the works. They were standing at the entrance of

wall space, all blackboard, covered with possible car-names. Standing in the room with crayon in hand was a wild-eyed man, and Mr. Pullman was saying: "This is a raving maniac. He names all our cars."

P. H. BULLOCK.

September 12-1913

And what saith Seneca in his epistle: Natura homo mundum et elegans animal est. By nature man is a cleanely and neate creature.

Down with the Bowl.

It is reported that the Hotel Keepers' Association of the Northwest has agreed to banish finger bowls from the table for the reason that they are too noisy. Many of the guests make a disagreeable splash in using them and children of nature from the villages and farms mistake them for tumblers. What are the tenderfooted from the East to do henceforth? Will curly-haired boys and maidens be provided as at the feasts of ancient Romans? There are fussy persons who are not content with the dry wash of a napkin, and there are few landlords who would act on this suggestion of Montaigne: "I am sorry we follow not a custome, which according to the example of kings I have scene begonne by some: that upon every course or change of dish, as we have shift of cleane trenchers, so we might have change of cleane napkins." The orientals, especially those in the wondrous tales of a Thousand Nights and a Night, might serve as examples, but the landlords of the Northwest would probably dismiss them curtly as "Dagos." Yet in Chicago they look favorably on the noiseless soup spoon, which, we hear, is now found in the palaces of the wealthiest.

Perplexed Albanians.

There are fashions in finger bowls. We did not blame Uncle Amos when, seeing a slice of lemon in the bowl before him, he drank a mighty draught and was bitterly disappointed at the weakness of the beverage. There was a man in Albany, N. Y., a good many years ago, a pompous person and a tuft hunter. He pursued stray lions, caught them, fed them and invited his neighbors to see the lions at table. Having visited England, he brought back with him a huge and elaborately worked bowl of precious metal. At the end of the dinner, when the roaring of the lion was only a purring of sleek contentment, the host ordered the bowl to be passed. It was full of perfumed water. Lion and lesser animals were ill at ease. No one dared to drink as from a loving cup. No one was brave enough to inquire into the use or ceremony. Heads were shaken and the bowl returned to the host. He, as though a high priest at a solemn sacrifice, dipped a corner of his napkin into the water, wet his hands and lips, dried them, threw the napkin on the table and then looked around the table as one that said "There, you boobs, you boneheads, that's the way it is done in perlite sassiety."

Absent Minds.

"There are always the novices who commit the faux pas of trying to drink from them whether thirsty or not." A man may drink from them through sheer "absent mindedness." Any one dilating on a subject dear to him may become so intoxicated with his earnestness that he puts sugar on raw oysters or, returning to his ancestors, shovels in peas with a knife. There is the story about Pasteur. He was seen at a dinner party to dip each cherry in a glass of water and wipe it before he put it in his mouth. His neighbor made some remark about the unnecessary precaution. Pasteur then talked at length concerning the dangerous microbes always found on cherries. When he had exhausted the subject, excited by the fervor of his thought and expression, he took up the glass in which he had washed the fruit and drained the contents—water, microbes, all that was therein.

Napkin Rings.

"Our best people" entertain a prejudice against napkin rings. They believe in a fresh napkin for every meal, though they do not go so far as Montaigne in this. The great majority of householders cannot afford this luxury, and since father has reached the gravy-spilling age, and Arabella is finically neat, since the young Augustus smears his napkin till it looks like a painter's palette, mother believes in the distinguishing ring. It may be of silver, wood, bone, ivory, curiously carved. It may bear an inscription, formal or affectionate; the ring identifies the napkin, and thus is indispensable. A really cleanly race would not use linen napkins at all, even for only one meal. The wipe would be destroyed immediately after use. The napkin-bib would share the same fate, though the fastener gaily embroidered and lettered "To My Dear Husband," or "For Our Father," and fresh last Christmas, might be retained, for even the most reckless carver of a duck seldom succeeds in soiling the back of his neck.

Anecdote for the Day.

Mr. Albert Dathan won a ... years in a cafe at Gorin... ... a ...

Proper Pride.

The employers are not always the snobs. There is a restaurant-keeper in the Rue des Carmes who thus proclaims himself:

"Ancien Secretaire-aide du second cuisinier de S. M. R. et I. le roi d'Angleterre."

The Philippine Tree.

Can Mr. Dean Worcester, or will he, enlighten us with regard to a story told by Mr. Henry Hawks, merchant, in 1572?

"It was my fortune," wrote Mr Hawks, "to be in company with one Diego Gutieres, who was the first Pilot that ever went to that Countrey of the Phillippinas. Hee maketh report of many strange things in that Countrey as well riches as other, and saith, if there bee any Paradise upon earth, it is in that Countrey; and addeth, that sitting under a tree, you shall have such sweet smels, with such great content and pleasure, that you shall remember nothing, neither wife, nor children, nor have anykinde of appetite to eate or drinke, the odoriferous smels will be so sweete."

THE LAST HAZLITT

William Carew Hazlitt, whose death is announced, was of a family that might have illustrated the theory of Sir Francis Galton concerning hereditary genius, or been cited by Buckle, who strenuously maintained that there is no proof of the existence of hereditary talents, hereditary vices and hereditary virtues. Certainly the line of Hazlitts is known, but there was only one genius in it. The Unitarian clergyman who once lived near us was a man of parts, but he is now remembered chiefly as the father of William, the brilliant essayist whom Stevenson envied, the remarkable talker to whom Charles Lamb gladly listened. An unhappy man, abused and persecuted by writers of the opposing political party, a timid yet passionate and eloquent amorist, the great Hazlitt wrote about books, plays, manners and life as no Englishman wrote before him or has written after his hopes and courage were crushed by Waterloo.

His son William, a gentle, retiring soul, is known to lovers of books by his excellent edition of Montaigne's essays and as a modest editor of his father's works. The fourth in line, William Carew, was an industrious hack; versatile, but careless and inaccurate. He edited certain Elizabethan dramas, and his show of learning was ruthlessly exposed. He compiled various books, among them a volume of proverbs. He wrote about folk lore, he busied himself with coins. In his writing, whenever he expressed his own opinions, he was pretentious and irascible. Not many years ago he wrote two volumes purporting to give the history of the Hazlitts. As he told many anecdotes reflecting unpleasantly on men then living, the book was suppressed. When William Hazlitt attacked Gifford or Southey he displayed a splendid savagery. The characteristics of his grandson's polemical work were peevishness and a feeble malice. The bitterness of the grandfather was a weapon in what he believed to be a righteous cause; it was the indignation of a noble soul wounded by the thought of cowardice, snobbishness, hypocrisy in politics and daily life. His grandson nursed the grief that he was not appreciated and spluttered impotently.

September 13. 1913

Looking round him on his entrance into life, and asking himself what was his place and business in it, he turned for examples to his fellow men, and found little that he could venture to imitate. Whatever they professed, they all really guided themselves by their different notions of what they thought desirable; and these notions themselves resting on no more secure foundation than a vague, inconsistent experience, the experience of one not being the experience of another, men were all, so to say, rather playing experiments with life than living, and the larger portion of them miserably failing.

Natural History.

Now is the time when cottagers, dreading the return to the town, are tormented by flies seeking the warmth within. Hornets are looking for sheltered, sunny places where they can be pretentiously busy; wasps are not yet sluggish and discouraged. The hornets, friendly creatures if they are not tormented, might be utilized as fly catchers. We quote from Crevecoeur's "Letters from the American Farmer": "In the middle of my new parlour I have, you may remember, a curious republic of industrious hornets; their nest hangs to the ceiling, by the same twig on which it was so admirably built and contrived in the woods. Its removal did not displease them, for they find in my house plenty of food; and I have left a hole open in one of the panes of the window, which answers all their purposes. By this kind usage they are become quite harmless; they live on the flies, which are very troublesome to us throughout the summer; they are constantly busy in catching them, even on the eyelids of my children. It is surprising how quickly they smear them with a sort of glue, lest they might escape, and when thus prepared, they carry them to their nests as food for their young ones. * * * By their assistance, I am but little troubled with flies. All my family are so accustomed to their strong buzzing that no one takes any notice of them; and though they are fierçe and vindictive, yet kindness and hospitality has (sic) made them useful and harmless." This was before the revolutionary war.

Vedder and the Wasps.

Crevecoeur was not disturbed by the wasps that built their nests of mud fixed against the shingles of the roof near the pitch; but the yellow wasps of the meadows were feared by the mowers, and he regretted that he had to destroy them with fire and brimstone. "I have often thought it a great pity, for the sake of a little hay, to lay waste so ingenious a subterranean town, furnished with every conveniency, and built with a most surprising mechanism."

In this Mr. Elihu Vedder would have sympathized with him. Mr. Vedder who saw the sea serpent in its lair, painted "The Lost Mind" and drew the highly imaginative, but often incongruous, pictures for Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam. Mr. Vedder tells in his "Digressions" of an invasion of wasps into his studio. "Wishing to save myself and the wasps, I tried to snip off their wings with scissors. Wasps are sometimes impatient, so in my attempts I sometimes cut off more than I intended. Their equilibrium being altered, they fell to the ground and buzzed round in circles. It struck me that by restoring the proper weight their power of flight would be restored. Lighting a candle, I made some pellets of sealing wax of the proper size and weight, and, softening them, deftly placed them in the sockets caused by cutting the tail in two. To my delight I saw them fly off as well as ever with their bright new red tails—harmless and seemingly proud."

Anecdote for the Day.

One of the celebrites of the Academy cabaret during the Second Empire was a man named Parigot. He had dabbled in nearly all the learned professions but had stuck to none and he ended by becoming the bravest tosspot that ever was. It was reckoned that in 12 years he had put down 65,820 glasses of absinthe. An entertaining talker, he was always surrounded by a host of admirers. Men like Parigot make the fortune of a cabaret and Pelletier, the landlord of the Academy knew it. He instructed his successor to pay a daily rent of a dozen absinthes to Parigot, who drank conscientiously to the day of his death, which was in 1881, and he was then 80 years old.

Funeral Etiquette.

We all know the man that would put a damper on a funeral. He is as unwholesome a companion as the young man that is "the life of the ship." But it appears that in France there are chatterers at funerals, and we are also informed that attendance at burials is "a common feature of French social life." "Au 'revoir. I'll see you at the poor countess's funeral tomorrow," we hear the Duchesse de Contmartin say to her Alphonse. The chatter is not necessarily about the late lamented, how he had speculated or how she had sounded the depths of extravagance. No, there is gossip about the living, talk about business deals, the races, politics, in the church or chapel where mass is said, or on the road to Pere Lachaise. Perhaps the most amusing scene in Anatole France's "Histoire Comique" is the funeral of the third-rate actor with the eulogy at the grave. The chatter during the requiem mass is especially delightful in its amiable cynicism, for when M. France wrote the "Histoire Comique," he was still amiable; there was not the bitterness shown in "L'Isle des Penguins." And now to correct these evils, this frivolous behavior in church and in the cemetery, a "League for the Promotion of Silence at Funerals" has been formed in France. But this is the age of noise. What can any league do against the prevailing passion?

An Old Song.

As the World Wags:

One night several years ago I was standing in the lobby of the Metropolitan Hotel, Washington, and I heard a young congressman from North Carolina singing "There's a hole at the bottom of the ocean." This man had evidently taken a little too much and he certainly furnished amusement for the guests who happened to be about at the time. Can any reader of The Herald inform me where the song originated?

HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Boston, Sept. 8.

At the Park Theatre tomorrow melodrama will succeed melodrama, for "The Conspiracy" is frankly a melodramatic piece, although when the play by Messrs. Emerson and Baker was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, on Aug. 27 it was described by a reviewer as "What is called in the United States 'a drama of heart interest.'" The same reviewer, "H. M. W." of the Pall Mall Gazette and he is a man not easily pleased in the playhouse, said the drama, called there "The Scarlet Band," is "a very good specimen of its class, containing a highly agreeable assortment of impassioned people, who act according to their temperaments and 'keep the pot a-boiling' in great style, so that each of the three acts is followed with breathless interest." There are several scenes "of an unusual gripping kind"; there are two episodes during the progress of which "a pin's drop, as they say, could have been heard." "A very good specimen, indeed,' the reviewer concludes; "written with a good deal of dramatic ingenuity; moral without being preachy, and as our newspapers have lately been proving, exceedingly topical."

We all now have the opportunity of seeing for ourselves. We should be especially interested in the "elderly man of genius who writes 'serials' dealing for the most part with crime, for the pages of a weekly journal." Perhaps we shall thus learn the secret of his success.

Shows to Come

"Her Little Highness," described as a comedy with music, which is perhaps not the same thing curiosity of many who enjoyed Mr. as a musical comedy, should excite the Pollock's play, with Miss Ferguson as the charming Princess. Mr. De Koven has a faithful public and there should be a throng to see and hear any operetta prima donna named Mizzi Hajos from the Hunyadi Janos country.

"The Conspiracy" has been a long time in coming to Boston, but our "novelties" come late. "Fanny's First Play" is as yet known only to intrepid souls who risk the journey to New York or visit London. "The Five Frankforters" is still thought by many excellent Bostonians excited over the uplift of the drama to be a farce with a motif of sausages. But "Joseph and His Brethren" is coming soon to the Boston Theatre and there will be a mad rush to see if Joseph's temptation was really difficult to resist. As this play is called "Biblical," there will of course be no interference on the part of a sensitive mayor or the professional Watch and Ward Society. That admirable actor, Mr. George Arliss, will return in his entertaining perversion of history entitled "Disraeli." Miss Julia Sanderson, ever blithe and young, always a sunshine girl, will dance and sing in the musical comedy that might have been named after her. We hope that Vernon Castle and his wife are with her. Mr. George L. Tracey has genuine melodic talent and a gift for color in orchestration. "The Courtin'" should be a grateful subject to New Englanders. Nor should we forget to sit again beneath "The Ham Tree" or to comment on the "Follies of 1913" as they pass, especially the follies in undress.

By the way, if any one wishes to read at leisure Mr. Louis N. Parker's enlargement of the story in the Bible of Joseph at the court of Pharaoh, with incidents furnished by Jewish legends and the Koran, he should know that the play has been published by John Lane of London and New York.

Few concert announcements have been made. The Symphony series will begin on Friday, Oct. 10, and inasmuch as Dr. Muck will conduct, the program, though it cannot please everyone, will at least give us again the opportunity of admiring his eloquent control of the players. It is not that he is superior to the composer; but the composer is understood and his work is played with fine appreciation of whatever merits therein lie.

The list of singers at the Boston Opera House has been published. Mr. Russell is especially pleased with his tenors. He thinks that the unfamiliar operas, "Monna Vanna" and "Francesca da Rimini," will please the public. Will Mr. d'Annunzio come here to be lionized? We should like to see him if only for the sake of his wardrobe. Mr. Maeterlinck was shy. Even the knowledge that Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck would sing and act in his play, with and without music, did not tempt him to brave the Atlantic and Boston. Mr. d'Annunzio is anything but shy except on the approach of certain Italian creditors who persist in harrassing a peculiarly poetic soul.

Gossip About the Stage

When "Joseph and His Brethren" was produced in London several persons wrote that a play constructed from a Biblical story was a novelty in England. They forgot the old sacred play, the mysteries, and one or two dramas acted within recent years by amateurs.

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] Vic- [illegible] by William [illegible] at [illegible]ridge in [illegible] I [illegible] forth the at [illegible] the [illegible] rider to rob [illegible] the casting of [illegible] into prison, and the [illegible] dream wherein he [illegible] 'hit with a farce of [illegible] imps of every frightful [illegible] words in the flaming [illegible] of Naboth, amid the [illegible] was also represented. [illegible] the tragedy culminated. [illegible] Tishbite, pronounced the [illegible] the wicked, the drama ter- [illegible] the announcement of the [illegible] Jezebel, and the destruction by [illegible] the traitors who had sworn [illegible] life away."

[illegible] story of Androcles and the Lion, [illegible] Mr. Shaw thinks the present [illegible] has forgotten, is generally [illegible] from the "Gesta Romanorum," [illegible] the original tale is from Aulus [illegible]. It is given on the authority [illegible], who asserted that he [illegible] himself an eye-witness of the [illegible] between the lion and the slave [illegible] the arena. There is, however, a [illegible] similar story in Aesop's Fables.—[illegible] Mall Gazette.

Many found that the Irish Players in "The Workhouse," at the Coliseum, London, were almost entirely inaudible in some parts of the house. "It is a [illegible] and pities that such actors should neglect the first business of an actor, which is—to be heard. There have been [illegible] a number of complaints in the [illegible] this season on this very point. It is to be hoped that they will have effect, for when an actor becomes inaudible he is artistically dead, and when he is artistically dead the sooner he submits to burial the better for everybody concerned."

Albert Chevalier has reappeared in London. "At his best there is no truer artist on the variety boards, and none with a more perfect control over an audience. Of late years he has allowed a tendency towards over-deliberation to become a rather irritating mannerism; but when he delivers his words, either in song or 'patter,' at a reasonable rate, he is delightful."

Maxime Gorky, back at his villa at Capri, says that he has already "the outline of a great work for the theatre," but for the time being he will publish nothing, not even his studies on politics and Socialism, which are now ready and will be left as an inheritance to his son.

M. Lou Tellegen, who was seen in Boston with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, began his season as manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Aug. 28, with a dramatization by Miss G. Constant Lounsbery of Oscar Wilde's novel "Dorian Gray." The Pall Mall Gazette said that the adaptation was as good as any one had a right to expect, but the play is rather a bad one, "for, while it purports to portray life, there are only two or three people in it who, with any truth, can be called alive." Dorian does not live in the play or the book, neither does Haleward, nor Sybil, nor Lord Henry. The audience smiled when Dorien was assured that women would die for his wonderful beauty. "When, in the second act, he turned up in Sybil's dressing room at the theatre, with his long brown-gold hair parted so sweetly in the middle, and his dress-front bulging forth about four inches, and his soft white cuffs folded back on his coat sleeves, and began to murmur his transcendental Tosh to the love-lorn maiden—well, was there a man or woman in the audience who cares for good acting who did not wish that M. Lou Tellegen had been engaged on better things? Of course he did everything beautifully—and his French accent was delightful. Once indeed in the third act, in the scene where he heard of Sybil's suicide, he gave us a moment of really splendid acting. We rarely hear so thrilling an outburst. On the whole, however, we felt that a talent was being wasted. After all, there were only two things Oscar Wilde could write for the stage—sentimental melodrama (which we find scattered over his 'serious' plays) and very brilliant farce; and most of 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' is of the former. An adaptation by Arthur Scott Craven of Strindberg's "Sirocco" was produced the same evening.

When we read that Sacha Guitry's farce "La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom" was to be adapted and played in London, we rubbed our eyes, for this farce, though cynically amusing, extremely funny, is untranslatable, impossible for any respectable English-speaking audience. The adaptation was made and produced at the Garrick Theatre Aug. 29. "In the French," said a leading critic, "the piece is 'Qu' q'chose amusant.' In the English it becomes something exceedingly dull, and not a little offensive; and when the curtain fell last night the applause of one part of the audience was mingled with a good deal of hissing from the pit. The leading parts were played by Allan Aynesworth and Phyllis Neilson-Terry, both of whom gave us the impression that they were feeling a little uncomfortable. They certainly made some of the audience feel so in one way or another * * * The real heroes of the occasion were the gentleman who first thought that 'Le Prise de Berg-op-[illegible] translate effectively into English and the adapter who tackled the job.'"

The title of M Leon Xanrof's new farce, "SOZ MG Aq.," puzzles his friends.

Henry Bataille is writing incidental music for his comedy "Poliche." He has already composed a prelude to his "Songe d'un Soir d'Amour."

M Lavedan hopes to finish before Jan. 1 his three-act play for M. Guitry.

Miss Suzanne Despres, playing Hamlet, will open the season at the Theatre Antoine.

There is already an opera "Aphrodite" founded on Pierre Louy's romance of the same name, and now one Frondale is turning the romance into a play.

"In the Air," a one-act drama by Frederick Fenn, produced at the New Theatre, London, turned out to be a poetico-dramatic pamphlet, written to induce the British public to take a livelier interest in its aerial fleet. It shows the navy destroyed by airships of the enemy, and its own aerial fleet mismanaged by wireless telegrams. "As the drama proceeded we learned that the officer in command was disobeying his orders from Whitehall. 'Great God!' shouted the young man with the glass. 'Great God! He's laughing at them! He's flouting them! He has told them to go to hell!' And a rather large section of the audience laughed, too, probably because they could not for the life of them see how the young man had acquired so much very precise information. 'It's a massacre,' he roared again. 'They're coming down like rotten apples!' and again there was laughter in the house; and small wonder. Mr. Fenn's literary sense should have suggested that a reference to rotten apples scarcely cohered with the tragedy of the moment. 'Is any one hurt?' asked the girl at one point. 'Fifty men; that's all,' replied the officer, and once more the audience displayed a happy hilarity. And when near the end the girl cried, 'Isn't it over now?' and the young officer answered, 'No, it's only just beginning,' quite a bellow of laughter pealed forth from the pit. * * * A love incident introduced amid all the banging and massacreing was artistically the worst touch of all. The picture of an officer talking to a girl of his love for her while the last defence of his country was engaged in a life-and-death struggle a mile or two away struck us as about the most flagrant bid for 'sympathy' we have ever encountered in a theatre."

Gerhard Hauptmann has nearly completed his new play "The White Saviour," which treats of the introduction of Christianity into Mexico under Cortez. The scene painter will have a great chance when he comes to "the Halls of the Montezumas."

Prof. Richard Ordynski, a stage manager at the Deutschen Theatre, Berlin, went not long ago to Warsaw to stage "Sumurun." They begged him there to take the part of the Hunchback, and although by profession he is a philologist and he had never taken any part on the stage, he obliged them and was loudly praised for his performance.

The discussion on the pit and its contraction or abolition, which began in the Manchester Guardian, still continues, and among other recent contributors to it has been Mr. Oswald Stoll, who has declared that "the queue system undoubtedly gives the public a certain grievance." He thinks the theatres would profit by making all seats bookable except those in the gallery. Well, the experiment has been tried. A quarter of a century ago Irving tried it at the Lyceum, and had to abandon it. He found it improved nothing. Five years ago Miss Lena Ashwell tried it at the Kingsway. The present management at that theatre has not found it desirable to continue the experiment, and in spite of the queue system being maintained, the pit and gallery are running nightly.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The First "Faust" in Boston

To the Editor of The Herald:

Reading in your columns extracts from the reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg brought to mind my having seen her years ago in "Faust" at the Boston Theatre. Whatever else one may have thought of it, her Marguerite was certainly unsophisticated. I remember particularly the spinning-wheel scene, and how much too much in evidence the gauze curtain was. It reminded me of a certain ghost of Hamlet's father who used to play the part covered from head to foot with blue mosquito netting, in which he occasionally caught his toe, at critical moments. By the way, was Castle the Faust and Campbell the Mephistopheles when Miss Kellogg first sang in the opera here? I recall Karl Formes, on another occasion, performing the part of the sarcastic gentleman in red and black with the cloven foot, and how impressed I was by it, especially with the low notes when his voice descended into Hades. Would it thrill one as much now, I wonder, or has all the glory departed with the lapse of time? The scenery in those days was distinctly bad, but the blissful inward eye of youthful imagination enabled one to give it the absent treatment.

"J. W.'s" Memories

It seems strange to see it stated that the Carl Rosa opera company is starting [illegible] in England. [illegible] times I have seen Ca[illegible] as well as the lamented [illegible] in bygone days at the Boston Theatre! Those were happy nights when we were paid 50 cents apiece to walk about in stage processions in ill fitting, but picturesque attire, and with objects more or less like galvanized coal hods on our heads for helmets. How top-heavy we looked, and how proud, though diffident, we felt! One of us got in the way of George Ringold when he was playing Henry V. the warlike Harry with the port of Mars—and the shock of the collision tumbled the soldier's headpiece into the footlights, where it should have brought up with a crash, but, being made of pasteboard, it quietly came to rest and was awkwardly recovered, much to the delight of the audience. Sir Herbert Tree, who is, they say, a great stickler for realism, would have been profoundly shocked at such "make-believe"; but my sympathy rather goes out to Miss Maxine Elliott, who, as Potiphar's wife in "Joseph and his Brethren" insists upon having two white men "blacked up" carry her "off" at the opportune time instead of two full-blooded Ethiopians.

Miss Elliott is quite right in thinking that realism and art are two distinct things, a difference too often overlooked in these matter-of-fact days. Real water is all right in its way if you don't have to drink it, and consistency is likewise all right when essential, which it seldom is. Speaking of water, Richard Grant White says in his interesting book, "England, Without and Within," that all Englishmen are hereditary commanders of the bath; but if you ask a butler for a glass of water at the dinner table, not improbably he will receive the request with such a look of fish-eyed wonder as he might put on if a chance whale should wallow into the dining-room and ask for the material for a spout, and then you may see him turn to a footman—lower means suit lower ends—and say, "Tubbs, ah, ah, gloss of—ah—wa-a-ter."

I recall Mr. and Mrs. Seguin in opera at the Boston Theatre in the palmy days and how enthusiastically we used to greet them. Boston was then quite a small place, so that celebrities when they walked the street were a good deal in evidence. Castle, the tenor, and William Warren of the Boston Museum used to stroll about together, and I recall meeting Edwin Booth one day on Washington street, near the corner of Winter, in company with "Soda" Tompkins, which somehow seemed a bit incongruous.

Although I saw Booth play Hamlet several times, but only once did his portrayal really move me. I think Walter Leman was the Polonius, and a good one, too. Leman afterwards went to California, where he was highly regarded. C. Leslie Allen must have played Polonius a good many times in the course of his career, and he wasn't half bad, which reminds me that years ago a lady in New Haven, I think, was shocked at an English writer's impoliteness in applying this phrase to the griddle cakes he was enjoying at her breakfast table. It was a distinct compliment to the flap-jacks. When Shaw says Shakespeare is not "half-bad" he means, of course, that the divine William ranks next to himself—after Hall Caine—which is highly creditable to W. S. It was at the Boston Theatre, during revivals of "As You Like It," that we used to hear a male quartet sing "The Mellow Horn." How extremely popular it was, and how many times it was redemanded! As I think of it now I recall Wordsworth's beautiful stanzas:

Beneath the Birch, beneath the Spruce,
(Perchance beneath the Pine,)
A Maiden walked, a Fair Recluse,
The lovely Angeline.

The Daughter of a Mountain Guide,
She dwelt beside the Mere.
An Orphan since her Father died—
Mistaken for a Deer.

Speaking of the Boston Theatre, brings to mind my old friend "Gene" Foster, who has been connected with this theatre ever since the laying of the corner-stone. How many actors, good, bad and indifferent, he must have seen in the course of his long career! Then there is Mr. Wright, next door, at Keith's, who only the other day celebrated the 25th anniversary of his connection with vaudeville. He must be able by this time to sing all the popular topical songs by heart, and dance them, too.

J. W.

Boston, Sept. 6.

Marguerite—Kellogg's Colleagues

No, "J. W.," William Castle and "Sher" Campbell were not in the company when Clara Louise Kellogg took the part of Marguerite for the first time in Boston, Mr. Apthorp, in his reminiscences, gave the cast of the first performance, and said that it had seldom been equalled in Boston.

Faust	Mazzoleni
Mefistofele	Biachi
Valentino	Bellini
Margherita	Kellogg
Siebel	Sulzer

Miss Kellogg tells us in her memoirs that the good Mazzoleni invariably ate from one to two pounds of cheese the day he was to sing. "He said it strengthened his voice." When "Faust" was first given in New York at the Academy of Music, late in November, [illegible] Mazzoleni [illegible] cheese when the curtain went up and munched cheese at intervals all through the laboratory scene." Miss Kellogg thus describes him: "He was a big Italian with a voice as big as himself, and was in a measure one of Max Maretzek's finds. Maretzek had taken an opera company to Havana when first the war slump came in operatic affairs, and had made with it a huge success and a wide reputation. Mazzoleni was one of the leading tenors of that company. He sang Faust admirably, but dressed it in an atrocious fashion, looking like a cross between a Jewish rabbi and a Prussian gendarme. Of course he gave no idea of the true age of Faust—the experienced, mature point of view showing through the outward bloom of his artificial youth. Very few Fausts do this; and Mazzoleni suggested it rather less than most of them. But the public was not enlightened enough to realize the lack." She says nothing about the others in the cast.

Now let us hear Mr. Apthorp: "It was announced on the play bills that 'In order to give eclat to the performance Sig. Bellini has consented to accept the comparatively small part of Valentine. Mazzoleni was no longer in his first youth, he was a robust tenor with a rather too metallic voice of very peculiar quality, and sang uncommonly well; he was a good actor, and his love-making was superb—indeed, he had been a lawyer by profession before taking to the boards, and was an adept at pleading. Until Capoul came, years after, no other such stage lover was to be seen here in opera. Biachi was a rich-voiced basso cantante, and also an excellent actor; I doubt if his Mefistofele has been surpassed here since; he gave the part its full caustic humor, but without a suspicion of buffoonery. Bellini was a conventional actor, though he had a grand stage presence and manner; but he had the most glorious baritone voice I ever heard in my life, and was a capital singer. And how charming Kellogg was in those, her younger days! When she sang Margherita in 'Faust,' Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni' and 'Fra Diavolo,' Amina in 'La Sonnambula,' Elvira in 'I Puritani,' and had not yet aspired to the heavy dramatic business." We quoted this eulogy a fortnight ago, but it is worth re-reading. "Her light voice was purity itself, and she sang to perfection. Her Margherita stands unapproached in my memory—that is unapproached from a Barbier-Carre-Gounod point of view; for there was nothing of Goethe's Gretchen in it. Enrichetta Sulzer—Mrs. Annibale Biachi in private life—was in no wise remarkable, though she sang Siebel well enough. But the whole cast worked together like a charm; the ensemble was admirable. The success of 'Faust' was immediate and overwhelming; probably Goethe's poem was largely answerable for it, for Gounod's music was in a then new and unfamiliar style, and old opera-goers used to complain that 'there was only one tune'—Siebel's flower-song—'in the whole work.' The soldiers' chorus was regularly encored."

In the Concert Hall

Two new pieces by Cyril Scott were performed at a promenade concert in London on Aug. 26. The Pall Mall Gazette published this characteristically British conservative review: "There were two 'Poems for Orchestra,' bearing the titles 'The Twilight of the Year' and 'Paradise Birds.' The poetic basis for both of them is supplied by extracts from a couple of poems, which are also the work of the composer. Neither in poems nor music is anything more substantial than 'atmosphere' or 'mood' to be discerned. We have a richness of emotional epithets and alliterative phrases, on the one hand, a lavish use of the orchestral box of colors on the other. Whatever 'The Grave of Eros' and 'The Voice of the Ancient' may be, as wholes, those parts selected for musical illustration are the merest suggestion of actuality. So, too, the music is as far removed from definite idea as it is possible for music to be that (one may say) is still in the fetters of definite pitches. The next development of atmospheric music can only be the substitution of gliding pitches for fixed sounds and a basis of orchestral nuances like vocal 'slurring.' This whole type of music is surely the very antithesis of healthy, virile art. It is the combination of thought and feeling that is wanted if the music is to satisfy. The same evening we heard Handel's glorious 'Let the Bright Seraphim' from 'Samson,' and that other masterpiece, 'The Ride of the Valkyries,' of Wagner. Each of these numbers is an instance of the true purpose of orchestral color. For all this limited orchestral resources, Handel has made the trumpet reveal to us 'the bright Seraphim in burning row,' while it is superfluous to speak of the marvellous score of the 'Ride.' The difference is that with these composers mood has found an outlet in action, or, otherwise expressed, in a theme. Mr. Scott's pieces taken singly undoubtedly interest the hearer, but a whole evening of such music would, we fancy, prove monotonous in the extreme. The ear would soon thirst for a pure, fresh melody 'like a hart for the water-brooks,' and the rhythmic complexity, which is a feature of these pieces, would prove their downfall. In this connection we may add that probably a much simp-

[illegible] as [illegible] 1—16 [illegible] of 3—[illegible] [illegible], etc. (for six [illegible] oars) might have been found without making any difference in the effect. Mr. Scott seems to have overlooked the normal 'give and take' of any performed music, which, except when played for dancing, should probably also be noted in rhythms equally complex if actual fidelity of time-value, etc., was aimed at."

In the same issue of the Pall Mall Gazette there is a highly laudatory editorial article concerning the late "Stephen Adams" in which there is an allusion to the "solemn dignity" of "The Star of Bethlehem."

Glazonnoff's piano concerto was played for the first time in England at a Promenade concert in London on Aug. 23. The pianist was Alfred Quaifer. The concerto did not please the reviewers, who spoke of flagging invention and laborious effort. The first movement is an Allegro with introduction and the usual two contrasting themes which are afterwards recalled at the end of the "Theme and Variations" which forms the last half of the concerto. "Where the composer aims at stormy passion he only achieves an indecisive restlessness of but little emotional significance, and where a more graceful flow of melody succeeds it is wanting in character. Nor in this respect is he happier in the second movement. The theme is monotonous, despite the employment of two simultaneous rhythms, and it seems to have defied every effort to prevent it in any manner of spontaneous charm in the variations."

George Darling Gribble has written a book, "The Master Works of Wagner," published by Everett & Co., London (10s. 6d. net). We had thought that there were already enough books of comment on Wagner's music drama with examples of the leitmotiv printed in illustration.

Mr. Filson Young thus discusses Handel's nationality: "Apart from the legal definition (which differs in different countries), what does nationality consist in? The Kaiser is perfectly right in claiming Handel the man as a German, but Handel the musician was an Englishman. A man's work takes the nationality of the country in which it is done; his nature keeps the character of the soil on which he was born—or, at least of the place in which his childhood was passed, when life made its earliest and strongest impression on him, and when he was most sensitive to the influences which determine, not [illegible] considered achievement [illegible] material or ideas, but the motions of his heart and his nature. Yet beyond even these the the [illegible] influences of race which, if the race be pure and well established, [illegible] [illegible] transplantation: the Jew remains a Jew in whatever country he be born, however far he travels, and the negro and the Zulu, although they inhabit the same continent for centuries, remain forever as different and distinguishable from one another as Latin from Scandinavian. And I think the Scotsman although he were transplanted for generations to the pole or the equator, would remain a Scotsman still."

Sir Frederic Cowen, not having the fear of W[illegible] before his eyes, says that an [illegible] is a festival not of music, but of 'pot-hunting,' where the competitors listen to no one's work but their own and abuse the judges if they are not successful.

Variety Curtain Raisers

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has introduced at the Comedy Theatre, London, a short variety entertainment, instead of the usual one-act play, to precede the important piece of the evening. Some favor, more disapprove the innovation. Mr. Chudleigh talked after this manner with a reporter:

"We are laying no fixed laws of theatrical management, we are only following the golden rule of giving the public what we think the public wants, and we can alter our program to suit their tastes. Some variety managers think the waits in the ordinary theatre far too long; other people hold that an audience likes a wait."

"The variety turns are in place of the usual curtain-raiser, of course?"

"Yes."

"You are competing with the variety theatres now?"

"I do not say that, nor am I comparing the legitimate with the illegitimate drama, but the variety theatre has one disadvantage—it is compelled to present at least five 'turns,' owing to the nature of its license, whereas the ordinary theatre can give what entertainment it pleases."

"Your variety program may possibly turn out as successful as the play itself?" suggested the interviewer.

"We are hardly likely to grumble at that," replied Mr. Chudleigh. "That would only mean that the stalls would fill [illegible] it as well as the pit. We only hope the will. However, we are not [illegible] much afraid of the variety [illegible] dwarfing 'The Scarlet Band' into [illegible]. * * * Our experiment [illegible] preliminary program is no hard-[illegible] rule. We risk nothing. If the public do not like it we can alter it or take it off altogether, and return to the curtain raiser. We are only [illegible] with the times. If [illegible] be initiat-[illegible]

[illegible] entertainment.

And Mr. Sydney Blow of the Criterion Theatre wrote as follows.

"The objection to introducing variety turns in front of a drama, such as is being done by Mr. Arthur Chudleigh before 'The Scarlet Band' at the Comedy Theatre is not only that an audience is either a theatre audience or a music-hall audience, and that one must cater definitely for one or the other or fall between two stools that is simply a business matter, and a question for the management of the theatre. There are other and more artistic grounds of objection.

"No matter of whom the audience is composed, the atmosphere of the theatre, as I may call it, is quite different from the atmosphere of the music-hall. Looking on at a play may be compared to looking through a keyhole at incidents in the private lives of other people. The audience sits in darkness, and is taken out of itself as it watches the 'unsubstantial pageant' which passes before it. For the time there is, or should be, an atmosphere of illusion.

"The music hall destroys this atmosphere. The bright lights, the movement through the house, the attendants passing backwards and forwards, the striking of matches—all these distract the attention and make illusion impossible. The audience is not lifted out of itself into another world; there are a dozen things to remind it of its surroundings. It is not looking on unobserved at the private lives of strangers. It is sitting in an auditorium being agreeably entertained by a number of the clever ladies and gentlemen of the day whom it feels to be its old friends, and who come down to the footlights and address it with familiarity.

"The atmospheres in both cases are thus entirely different, and a variety show introduced into a dramatic entertainment is therefore 'out of the picture.' The audience has come to see drama; the atmosphere should be the atmosphere of the theatre.

"Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has spoken of the difficulty of finding good curtain-raisers as distinguished from sketches, and no doubt there are considerable limitations. The plot must not be worked up until the end the beginning of the piece is interfered with by the arrival of late-comers. But it can be done, and I have some experience of the art, as I have produced three one-act plays for Mr. Cyril Maude at the Haymarket and Playhouse theatres, 'Their Point of View,' 'Aunt Bessie' and 'The Dusty Path,' all of which had successful runs.

"I venture to claim that in front of 'Oh! I Say!' at the Criterion Theatre, in Mr. Stanley Houghton's 'The Dear Departed,' we have a curtain-raiser which any pit and gallery can enjoy. It is so constructed that very late-comers can easily pick up the plot, and yet the beginning of the piece is not irrelevant or boring; the illusion is not destroyed by a few words of the dialogue being lost.

"A curtain-raiser can be written if the author is sufficiently skilful. My case is proved by our curtain-raiser here."

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I would not have his building [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] house of a [illegible] pouring on his books as some do, as if he were a day-labouring man, neither do I think it fit, if at any time, by reason of some solitarie or melancholy complexion, he should be, seene with an over-[illegible] application given to his booke, it should be cherished in him, for that doth often make him both unapt for civil conversation, and distract him from better imployment. How many have I seene in my daies, by an over-greedy desire of knowledge, become as it were foolish?

The Clamport Club.

As the World Wags:

I went to the store last night after supper. Deacon Eldridge told us what he would do with Thaw if he had his way, and Mr. Nickerson explained why the new Democratic tariff would ruin the cranberry business on the Cape. I thought for a moment that I was in Boston and hearing the talk at the Porphyry Club, until Baxter, the storekeeper, turned the conversation and discussed education as it is practised today. "Here we have a new schoolhouse that's big enough for Brockton, and our taxes climb high for it. What do we get in return? The scholars don't want to learn anything that is, most of 'em don't—and the teachers are no good. How many of our children who go to the High School in Ugawoult finish the course? Most of 'em drop out at the end of the first year, because they are not properly prepared. And what do they teach at the High School? Why, they are teaching music, and drawing, and basket-making. But reading, writing and arithmetic are old-fashioned." "You are right," said Uncle Bill Sears. "I asked a young city chap yesterday if he knew that the compass and the chronometer were synonymous, and he looked foolish. I told him when I was navigating I had to work by logarithms." "And they don't know nothing about geography," said Baxter. "I read in the paper a dispatch from Brisbane saying that some scientific man had been killed and eaten by Papuans, and I asked the boys—they had been to our school—where

[illegible] tell you there's no such thing as education nowadays. When we went to school, we had to learn, and we were licked if we didn't know our lessons."

Prevailing Ignorance.

When I went back to my humble but shingled cottage, I thought it all over, and I believe they were right at the store. To tell the truth, I cannot tell where Brisbane is, but I don't believe it was named after that close reasoner and modest thinker who writes editorial articles for Mr. Hearst. How many of us can answer simple questions? Ask your boy just out of college how many gallons there are in a barrel and how many in a hogshead. Or ask him to give the dimensions of a cord of wood, honestly piled. Ask him off-hand to define "perch" and "rood." If you yourself, making a week-end visit, take with Blivens, what the French call the walk of the proprietor, and he says that he owns about four acres, have you any idea how much ground there is in an acre? I read the other day that the English yard came to be exactly 36 inches in length because Henry I. ordained that the length of his own arm should be the standard yard of cloth measure, and his arm happened to be 36 inches long and not 35½ or 37½. This is valuable information, and now that colds in the head are prevalent, it is pleasant to know that the elder Pliny's remedy was three kisses on the mouth of a mule; but I could not tell, if I were asked suddenly, how many yards there are in a furlong, and the only mule in Clamport was sold last week and taken away, so Pliny's remedy is not practical as far as we are concerned.

Reading vs. Knowledge.

Last night I read the chapter "Semantics" in Mr. Earnest Weekley's entertaining book, "The Romance of Words." I learned that a "furlong" is a furrow-long; that a "yard" is a small stick, and the "rod," "pole" or "perch" a larger one; but how about the "perch" in the canary bird's cage? "Scruple" is from the Latin "scrupulus," "a little sharpe stone falling sometimes into a man's shooe," while "stone" is used for heavier objects: yet when I read in an English novel that the hero weighed so many "stone," I have to look in the dictionary to find out how many pounds are equal to a stone. Nor could I approximate with my eyes the length of a rod or pole or perch.

This is all wrong, and I submit that many of us were not well taught in school. From what I hear, and from my own observation, I infer that our children are not faring better.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Sept 12.

Miss Dinah's Drink.

The time of hop-picking in New York state is at hand. So we are told by a garrulous visitor from Pompey. The pickers are a queer crowd, and men like Mr. Halliday Witherspoon living with them would find material for humorous and tragic stories. John Evelyn years ago denounced the hop business. A lover of trees, he could not bear the thought of cutting down the young for the making of hop-poles, and he petitioned the King and landowners to "plant cider fruit, until the taste for more natural drink do quite vanquish hops and all other drugs of that nature." But it is not easy to obtain cider that is neither sickish sweet nor doctored. That cider is a temperance drink is only a fond delusion. Dr. John Beale about the middle of the 17th century praised cider as "the richest, strongest and most pleasant and tasting wine" of England; but he also said that it could be strong Rhenish or as rough as the fiercest Greek wine. "We have kept it until it burn as quickly as sack, draws the flame like [illegible], and fires the stomach like aqua vitae."

Abu Hamed.

Was cider, even when kept by Dr. John Beale of the Royal Society, as strong as "Abu Hamed," a compound of gin, vermouth, angostura, lime juice and soda? George Steevens described it: "It spreads blessedly through body and spirit, not swirling through like the Athara, but irrigating like the Nile. It is soil in the sand, substance in the wind, life in death. Your sap runs again, your biltong muscles take on elasticity, your mummy bones toughen. Your self has sprung up alive, and you almost think you know how it feels to rise from the dead."

And now we hear Mr. Herkimer Johnson asking "What are Athara and biltong?"

September 16-1913

King Demetrius having forced and won the city, Megara demanded of Stilpo, the wise philosopher, whether he had lost any goods in the sackage and pillage thereof. Sir (quoth he), I saw not so much as one man carrying anything of mine away.

A Contented Spirit.

Not long ago a woman near Boston complained in court that her furniture had been damaged in a storage warehouse. A witness asked about the value of this picture or that [illegible] of furniture, shrugged his shoulders and said: "I wouldn't have it in my house." He may have been mistaken in the pecuniary value of the articles, but the spirit that prompted him to the remark was admirable. Happy is the man that breathes this spirit when he sits in the palaces of the rich and sees the pompous table equipage, the pictures that should be in a public gallery, furniture that would grace a museum, objects of curiosity and decoration that require endless care, eternal vigilance lest they be chipped or smashed. Rooms not made for sitting comfortably with crossed legs. Books whose costly binding discourage a reader. And then at dinner the curious array of forks that perplex others than Uncle Amos, who has the excuse of being near-sighted. We once saw even Mr. Herkimer Johnson at a dinner given by Mrs. Golightly in honor of a visiting English lord, with wild whiskerage, eating fish with a fork that was intended for ice cream.

Uncomfortable Rooms.

It is not necessarily a feeling of superiority, of finer taste, that leads one to say, "I wouldn't have it in the house." There are no more comfortable chairs than the old-fashioned straight-back with arms that used to stand in grandmother's living room. What is the furniture of Louis Quatorze, or Louis Quinze, or the Empire, what are pieces of buhl, in comparison with the "best room" and the bed chamber set in the old house, the old house sensibly patterned after a box, with a hall running through the centre and two rooms on each side. There was only one out: in the ideal dwelling house the woodpile is next the hearth; not at the end of a long ell. Rogers statuettes are no longer in fashion—by the way, what has become of them all?—but there are other parlor ornaments, bought at a high price, that we would not have in our house. Too many parlors—even when the host has hired an aesthetic decorator and furnisher and said unto him: "You know what's the proper and swell thing, so go ahead; I'll stand the racket"—are cluttered. There is no comfort in them. Or the picture by Monet has no light and clashes with the prevailing color scheme of the room.

The Dear Kittens.

As the World Wags:

I was talking yesterday with a white haired woman who might have sat to Walt Whitman for his portrait of "the old face of the mother of many children," the woman in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farm house, "the melodious character of the earth." Her grand children were sprawling on the veranda, playing with kittens. "Yes," she said, "every summer that I come here I get a couple of kittens. They are such companions and they amuse me as much as they do Libby and Jack. They are such dear things!"

"I suppose you take them home with you?"

"O dear no! That would be too much of a nuisance. No, I can't bear to kill them at the end of the season, and the villagers won't take them, so I go out some miles from here in my automobile and drop the poor things near a farm house. That's better than having their heads chopped off."

She is not the only one. The woods near here know more than one cat that was last summer a petted kitten. They are wild. To quote from the old story: "Wouldn't you be wild if you were in their place?" HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Sept. 14.

A Looker-On in Paris.

The second volume of the "Journal du Comte Rodolph Apponyi" has been published in Paris. His cousin was the Austrian ambassador in that city and Rodolph arrived there when he was 23 years old, as his cousin's secretary. The young man smiled at the efforts of Louis Philippe to combine republican ideas with a monarchical rule, and he was serious and diplomatic when he led cotillions, but he had a pretty vein of mockery and a considerable amount of common sense. As an aristocrat he was not easily pleased. He was at the first performance of "Le Roi s'Amuse" and he found the play a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. He noted that the actors did not take the lines seriously. Nor did he think much of "Lucrezia Borgia." The characters were to him colorless and the dramatic effects palpably artificial; but he admired the diction and gestures of Mlle. Juliette. The count thought Hugo himself a dreadful bore, clumsy in drawing-rooms, not knowing what to do with his hands and feet, standing on a pedestal that young men might worship him. Chateaubriand, who is now known to us in Boston chiefly by the steak that bears his name, was another bore, pretentious and ineffective. Yet it must have been worth while to be bored by such men if the bored had any sense of humor. The count thought Balzac physically vulgar. Others have said so, yet noble dames loved him and not only sat for pen portraits, but shaped his course and gave him sage advice. Eugene Sue was not a bad looking fellow, though he had a beard like a dog-collar. M. de Salvandy spoke too loudly and laughed too much. The count was fond of roasting the lions of the day, and he was often amusing.

September 17-1913

Mr. Whistler.

A [illegible] about Whistler [illegible] going [illegible] to his credit [illegible] he [illegible] He was trying on a hat [illegible] a customer mistaking [illegible] for a clerk exclaimed "I say, [illegible] him [illegible] Whistler looked at [illegible] 'at [illegible] and answered "N[illegible] him [illegible] and I'll be hanged either [illegible] the color of your trousers" [illegible] d if I [illegible] What [illegible] of a man [illegible] ho was [illegible] to [illegible] ntil at [illegible] better if he had [illegible] How [illegible] Let's go to the nea[illegible] swered: [illegible] rest pub, [illegible] nt!"

POLICE PLAY AT PARK THEATRE

"The Conspiracy" Performed in Boston for First Time—Author in Cast.

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Conspiracy," a "popular detective comedy" in three acts, by Robert Baker and John Emerson. Produced by Charles Frohman.

Winthrop Clavering	John Emerson
[illegible]	Francis Byrne
[illegible]	Georgio Majeroni
[illegible] Schultz	C. Krauss
[illegible]	Langdon Gillet
[illegible]	Warren Cook
Capt. Ryan	William J. Kane
[illegible]	Georgio Majeroni
[illegible]	Boyd Agin
[illegible] Holt	Willard Barton
Margaret Holt	Mary Keener
[illegible] Towne	Roslyn Mundell
[illegible] Perez	Helena Rapport
[illegible]	Julia Blanc

This play, which might be a thrilling melodrama, to be classed with "The Queen of the Secret Seven" and "Convict 999," was evidently regarded by the large audience last night as a screaming farce. Mr. Emerson is one of the authors of the play and it is therefore fair to suppose that he knows how the part of Clavering should be played. When the drama, entitled "The Scarlet Band," was produced in London, Aug. [illegible] of this year, Mr Fisher White played Clavering and he was praised by a leading critic for giving "a touch of the genuine Macabre to the figure of the old novelist." Mr. Emerson chose to represent Clavering as a farce-comedy character, and when he should have been most impressive the audience went into fits of laughter.

The story is a simple one. A country girl, a sister of a man in the district attorney's office, comes to New York. Her brother does not meet her and she falls into the hands of a friendly woman who takes her to a house where she is kept prisoner. What happened to her is hinted at, not shown. She serves finally as secretary to the leader of the Scarlet Band of White Slavers, and suspected, she kills him. She turns up at a refuge, tells a plausible story, and becomes secretary to Clavering, who writes sensational stories about crime for the Evening Journal. Meanwhile, her brother in a manner that is not clearly told becomes a prisoner of the gang. The novelist dictates a story to her based on the murder and is at last convinced that she is the assassin. He does not give her over to the police for he despises the whole force, but succeeds in obtaining the arrest of the leaders of the gang, and a fresh young newspaper man marries the secretary.

There are two good dramatic moments in the piece: the curtain of the second act, and the dark scene of the arrest in the third act with Clavering on the top of a stepladder smiling on his work. What should thrill in the play is told in narration; it is not seen in action. It would not be worth while to speak at length of the commonplace character of this play, which is wholly artificial and is put together without ingenuity. It may, however, be said that the audience was entertained, highly amused and laughter occurred when the authors expected goose flesh and short breath.

We have spoken of Mr. Emerson's conception of the part he took. As he is the author, he has a right to it, but he played in a hard, aggressive manner; he was often farcical, when he might have been sinister and melodramatically impressive. The one person on the stage who acted in the appropriate key was Miss Rapport, whose Juanita Perez was a genuine characterization. Miss Keener was an amiable young woman in evident distress.

"THE COURTIN'" AT THE BOSTON

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Courtin'," a comic operetta in two acts. Music by George Lowell Tracy; libretto by Charles Felton Pidgin and Justin Adams. Mr. Lowell conducted. The cast:

Deacon Barker	Ernest Armour
Zekiel	George Ridgwell
Hezekiah Hawkins	Isidore Marcil
J. Quincy Adams	Walter Paschal
Reuben Green	Paul Irving
Huldy	Grace Freeman
Patience Plummer	Hester La Valle
Sophia Barker	Edna Nickerson
Teddy Titcomb	Hadie Massey

It is said that "The Courtin'" was inspired by the verses of that name by James Russell Lowell, and it will be remembered that Huldy and Zekle alone were the characters involved, with the mother of Huldy mentioned. In the play last evening the authors have taken up the personnel of "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

The theme of "The Courtin'" is easily explained in the title, and there is the story of the "sparkin'" of Zekle (Zekiel in the cast) and Huldy. In the performance last evening the courtin' is merely episodic and has its place in the second act 'mid a maze of interpolations. The first act thus becomes purposeless—indefinite as to objective. To be sure, the act is entertaining—entertaining by way of Mr. Tracy's music and again through the performance of Miss Freeman and Walter Paschal.

Mr. Tracy's music was often a pleasure, particularly his setting to Lowell's lines in the courtin' scene, and "Old Glory," the finale of the first act, the latter with a stirring and rousing swing.

The ensembles were lacking in spontaneity and there was here and there a pronounced hesitancy that may easily be corrected in the days ahead. Of the numbers most popular were "Mr. John Quincy Adams," "Old Glory," "The Courtin'," "Smoke," "The Witching Hour of Night."

The performance of Miss Freeman as Huldy was a well conceived one. She was the simple country girl as suggested by Lowell. In voice Miss Freeman is singularly gifted. Clear and with splendid enunciation, she uses the upper register with ease and strength, the whole aided by an engaging archness and fine dramatic talent.

The Zekiel of George Ridgwell continually lapsed, though there were moments that he rose to the ideal of the poet, as in the actual courtin' scene when

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Walter Paschal as J. Quincy Adams was splendidly important as the young lawyer from Boston, and the Patience of Hester La Valle and the Hezekiah Hawkins of Isidore Marcil were each in their way acceptable.

NEW PLAY AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

"Bachelors and Benedicts" Given Its First Performance in Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Bachelors and Benedicts," a comedy in three acts by Jackson D. Haag. First performance in Boston.

Leslie Gilbert	William P. Carleton
Charles Harter	Donald Meek
Thomas Greenville	Frederic Ormonde
Lloyd Foster	Carney Christie
Frederick Penton	Al Roberts
Evan Evans	George Ernst
Hal Sanford	J. Morrill Morrison
Dorothy Allerton	Miss Doris Olsson
Annie Warder	Miss Florence Shirley
Grace Leland Chapman	Miss Augusta Gill
Mrs. Holgate Allerton	Miss Mabel Colcord
Louise Stafford	Miss Anne Faystone
Mrs. Colton	Miss Beatrice Loring

Mr. Haag calls his play a comedy, but it would be better termed a drama. As comedy, the piece leaves much to be desired; as drama, it is not lacking in power.

Leslie Gilbert had lived the life of a man about town. He had only his own pleasure to consult, and if he chose to befriend little Annie Warder, it was no one's affair but his own. But now he must leave Annie to go her way alone. He is to be married soon, and his wife must know nothing of Annie Warder, for, as he said, "she couldn't understand."

Some six months after Gilbert's marriage a message comes to him while he is absent; there is so much secrecy enshrouding its delivery that his wife breaks the seal and reads that Annie Warder, now reduced to desperate circumstances, desires his presence at once. Gilbert appears. His wife demands to know why he should receive such a communication, but refuses to accept what he tells her. They part, for they are each sure that a marriage contracted without a complete mutual understanding from the first is doomed to failure. That is the dramatist's message. He speaks through his characters to express that thought as a personal [illegible]tion.

[illegible] the last act, [illegible] wife are reunited [illegible] this [illegible] tend to weaken the play.

Mr. Carleton's Leslie Gilbert was at all times satisfying, while Miss Olsson made a fetching Dorothy Allerton. Miss Colcord made a motherly Mrs. Allerton, and Miss Shirley made much of Annie Warder, Mr. Meek, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Christie, Miss Gill and others pleased.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree," a musical comedy in three acts. Book by George V. Hobart. Lyrics by William Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz.

Sherlock Zaffles	Lew Bloom
Mrs. Lawrence Pierpont Nicklebacker	Miss Mildred Beverly
L. Pierpont Nicklebacker	Edward Wade
Tessie Nicklebacker	Miss Lulu Wells
Ernest Everhart	Ted Holmes
Mr. Jimpsey	George C. Youngman
Desdemona	Miss Mabel Elaine
Lord Effingham Spotcash	Arthur Barry
Ponsonby	Otto Johnson
Alexander Hambletonian	James McIntyre
Henry Jones	Thomas Heath

Messrs. McIntyre and Heath appeared at the Majestic Theatre last evening to the evident delight of a large audience in "The Ham Tree," the familiar elaboration of their well known vaudeville sketch "The Georgia Minstrels." Both comedians are past-masters in the art of make-up. Both have mastered every phase and peculiarity of the negro character and dialect and both give delightful and irresistibly amusing impersonations.

The story of "The Ham Tree," which concerns the adventures of Alexander Hambletonian, who, lured from his peaceful stable chores by the promises of Henry Jones, joins the Georgia Minstrels to his subsequent sorrow, is a matter of small importance. It is sufficient that the two chief comedians are provided with a plausible setting for their jokes and antics.

Last evening the chorus was a feature of the performance. Unusually well drilled and dressed in handsome and effective costumes, it danced with unity and precision, while intricate figures were performed with remarkable skill. The singing, too, was spirited, and full justice was done to the tuneful melodies.

The supporting company is well cast. Miss Wells was attractive and ingenuous as Tessie while her dancing with Mr. Holmes gave much pleasure. Mr. Barry as Lord Spotcash was the conventional stage Englishman to the life. Miss Elaine provided amusement by her characterization of Desdemona.

JACK NORWORTH AT B. F. KEITH'S

Jack Norworth, in a sketch that is altogether different from what might be expected of him, is the big feature of a capital bill at B. F. Keith's this week. Mr. Norworth, whose songs have helped to no small extent in giving him his present position of prominence, introduces into his sketch a series of motion pictures, that are thrown upon the curtain while Norworth in the role of rapid-fire lecturer relates the interesting points.

The pictures are supposed—Norworth frankly admits that they really do not—to portray a trip of some 30,000 odd miles that he made in a space of a month or so, during which he visited the North Pole and the South Pole, or the territory immediately contiguous thereto. He crossed the desert of Sahara and grappled with the sage brush of the Great Southwest. He harpooned a whale and killed a lion, and did a thousand and one other things in various parts of the earth, all of which are seemingly reproduced by moving picture.

Norworth in his travelogue adds to his other well known accomplishments that of lecturer. Then he reverts to a few more songs of his own creation and bows himself off the stage in his neat little yachting costume that he was supposed to have worn upon his world gallop. It's a great act—and altogether new.

William A. Weston, assisted by Franklin Mae and a company of four others, presents "Attorneys," a little sketch which is really a musical act, with all of the office furniture of the attorney's firm, the files and the letter cases, proving to be only musical instruments, from which the company of lawyers and assistants extract a variety of popular airs. Another favorite act of B. F. Keith theatregoers is that of Ed F. Reynard, the ventriloquist, who carries with him everything from an automobile to a monkey, and gives what is everywhere conceded as one of the most elaborate acts in ventriloquism upon the vaudeville stage.

Fred Jarvis and Frederica Harrison appear in an interesting medley of music and chatter entitled "The Fellow and the Girl on the Bench." The Leo Zarrell Trio, sensational European acrobats, fully live up to their promise to present some of the best work of the sort ever seen in Boston. The Six American Dancers gave an arrangement of five different dances; Carmen Ercell is a dainty singing violinist; the Great Harrah and company show amazing ability upon the roller skates, while The Peers go far to make good the program assertion that they are "the world's greatest comedy bar gymnasts."

For we must not think that our words be like a heavy burden over-loading us, and whereof we should think ourselves well-eased when we are discharged of them: for speech remaineth still as well when it is uttered as before; but men ought to speak either in the behalf of themselves when they stand in need of something, or to benefit others, or else to pleasure and recreate one another by pleasant devices and discourses (as it were), with salt to mitigate the painful travails in actions and worldly affairs, or rather to make the same more savory whiles we are employed therein.

Information Wanted.

As the World Wags:

Can any one of your readers tell me the composition of these drinks that were popular in London about the beginning of the 18th century? "Humty Dumpty," "Three Threads," "Old Pharaoh," "Huginatee," "Clamber Blown," "Hot Poss," "Blind Penneaux," "Stiffle." I am afraid that they were intoxicating and did much harm, but I should like to try one of them if only to confirm my suspicions.

PROHIBITIONIST.

Medford, Sept. 15.

"Humpty Dumpty" was ale boiled with brandy. Disraeli mentions the drink in "Venetia." "Three Threads" is a corruption of "Three Thirds," and the mixture was one half of common ale and the rest stout or double beer, and later ale, beer and two-penny. Porter, or entire, superseded this drink about 1722. "Old Pharaoh" was a strong ale or beer. May not "hot-poss" be a misprint for "hot pot"—ale and brandy heated? Experiments with these beverages should entertain you while we try to find out the nature of the other drinks.—Ed.

The Ha-Ha.

M. de Salvandy "laughed too much." This puts us in mind of Dr. W. McDougall of Oxford, who combats the theory that it is wrong to laugh at the misfortunes of others. Such laughter, he thinks beneficent for "a mass of minor suffering which would otherwise depress humanity is turned into a stimulant that promotes well-being." It makes little difference whether Dr. McDougall combats or approves the theory: a man chasing his hat in the street, or falling down on an icy pavement, or just missing a train, will always excite laughter, though the accident is not a stimulant to him. Whatever McDougall or Bergson or Sully may say about the causes of laughter and its effect on the system, the theory of Baudelaire that laughter is either foolish or fiendish and should be discouraged is not easily overthrown. Having read Baudelaire's essay, some are unusually grave during the performance of a musical comedy.

A Little Late.

As the World Wags:

Now that the Pullman sleeper is under discussion, can you tell me why it is that the name "Insomnia" has been ignored hitherto?

HORACE GAYLORD.

Yarmouth, Me., Sept. 11.

Anecdote for the Day.

It is reported that Cranaus, King of the Athenians, was the first that invented the mingling of Wine with Water. Whether it were profitable or no, I will not now dispute or stand upon.

Mr. Bryan's Passion.

Mr. William J. Bryan again declares his passion for radishes, especially when they are white. His passion is deep and constant, unlike that of Montaigne, who wrote: "I have heretofore found redish-rootes to be very good for mee, then very hurtfull, and now againe very well agreeing with my stomacke."

The Age of Noise.

Mr. Harold Bauer, the pianist, told us the last time he was in Boston that Paris had grown so noisy and dirty, a huge inn and show place for gaping strangers, a city so unlike its former self, that he thought of making London his abiding place, for London is now what Paris was. We thought of him when we read letters from many correspondents complaining of the noise in London, letters published in the journals of that city. Thus "An Old Westminster" wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette speaking of the London of his boyhood in the '60s, when it was a "paradise of quiet" to what it is now. "There were no rumbling trams, no motor Juggernauts making miniature earthquakes, no drivers without whips, but with pestilent puff-balls, making grunts, growls, uncanny squawks and squeaks, and a diabolical racket of exasperating sounds never heard before." He complains also of dogs, "bundles of barks," a "noisy pavement polluting nuisance"; of leather-lunged costermongers and rag-time rubbish whistlers, and as "W. B." wrote, "the perpetual whistling of one damnable tune all day long is not a sign of cheerfulness and joy of life, but merely the outward expression of absolute thoughtlessness. The boy's skull is a vacuum, except for the air emitted from between his teeth with the sound we complain of."

But this is the age of noise, and the great majority enjoy it. There is no quiet in the forest. In the lonely camp is a gramophone. On the distant pond is a chug-chug boat. Boston is probably the noisiest city in the world, noisier even than Naples. In what other city [illegible] such thunderous street cars be [illegible]? In what other city would

r...ht w...ing ... near dwe...ing houses? In what ... town would night-work on the streets be allowed to torture the sick in their beds or all those needing normal sleep? Modern civilization includes noise, smoke and speed. It would be non-existent without them. And the people rub their hands in glee and pity our stupid grandparents who had no comforts and lived dull lives.

DE KOVEN OPERA FULL OF CHARM

"Her Little Highness" Pleases Large Audience at the Tremont.

THE MUSIC DELIGHTS ALL

Mizzi Hajos as the Little Queen Scores Decided Hit.

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "Her Little Highness," a musical play in three acts by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf; music by Reginald De Koven. Max Bendix was the musical director.

Anna Victoria, Queen of Herzogovina	Mizzi Hajos
Baron Co...a	Neal McCay
Gen. Myrza	William Sirnutz
Herr Ramler	William J. McCarthy
Captain of the Guard	George Dunston
Stephen IV., King of Bosnia	James Davis
Place N...s	Holton Herr
Adolph Lauman	Willard Lewis
Elizabeth Lauman	Louise Kelly
Robert Trainor	Wallace McCutcheon
Madeline Schuyler	Ethel May Davis
Eleanor Winton	Mae Murray
Nathaniel Quigg	Mr. McCarty
Mary Ann	Della Niven

This musical play is based on Mr. Pollock's comedy, "Such a Little Queen," which is pleasantly remembered here for its own sake and the delightful performance of the exiled Queen by Miss Elsie Ferguson.

The comedy has furnished an interesting libretto, which might be cut to advantage in the second act. After the quick action of the first act, the scenes in the New York apartment house seem long-winded, especially that which follows the departure of Mary Ann with the meal prepared by the queen. The long stretch of dialogue without music taxes the resources of operatic comedians and the patience of the public. Shortened somewhat, the story would be much improved.

The story itself is familiar to theatregoers and need not be told again. It is enough to say that the libretto follows the comedy and that Miss Ferguson has found a worthy successor in Miss Hajos, who is a pleasing actress and a charming singer.

Mr. De Koven's music is tuneful, rhythmically varied, and thoughtfully scored. There are simple melodies that fit the childlike innocence of the young queen and it is to the composer's credit that he is not ashamed to be simple, and has expressed the character of the heroine in his music. He has also written more elaborate pages for dramatic purposes, exotic music for the sake of national color and for the dances. The ensembles are not always so successfully worked, and occasionally in the more complex choral scenes there is a lack of continuity. By the side of the queen's melodies, the opening chorus of the third act and the music for the Tango may be placed, while there are concerted pieces, as "A Self Made Men," and "C. O. D.," that have conversational flow and marked character.

Miss Hajos is a welcome apparition in the world of operetta. Her voice is agreeable, pure and of generous compass, she sings freely and well. Devoid of any affectation, simple, natural, she has a sense of humor, and at the same time she gives the necessary illusion of court-bred maidenhood. She takes no liberties with the audience even after she is sure of their sympathy. She is girlish but not kittenish; quietly pathetic, but not sentimental. Her face is mobile; she is graceful in movement; she knows the value of significant gesture.

The company is an excellent one. Miss Kelly, a singularly attractive woman, played with her customary vivacity. Mr. McCay gave another of his carefully elaborated character sketches. Mr. Davis was a dignified young ruler and Mr. McCutcheon, a manly lover, danced with marked grace, assisted by the Misses Murray, Davis and Langdon. The dances in the third act, including the Czardas performed by Miss Hajos, excited the enthusiasm of a large audience which was most favorably disposed throughout the performance. Mr. Lewis was amusing as the self-made American and he played with a refreshing absence of exaggeration. Nor should the Mary Ann of Miss Niven be ignored.

Seldom in a musical comedy are the voices and the singing of the principals so good as in this company, and the ... perfectly trained chorus was ...

Mr. Bendix co...ed with ... and taste a competent orchestra. The costumes were in some instances striking and the setting of the third act was conspicuous for beauty of lighting and color.

Mr. De Koven made a short and modest speech after the second act.

September 18-1913

A man of irreproachable behavior and excellent sense preferred on his travels taking his chance at a hotel for company, to the charging himself with too many select letters of introduction. He confessed he liked low company. He said the fact was incontestable that the society of gypsies was more attractive than that of bishops. * * * I knew a scholar of some experience in camps who said that he liked in a bar-room to tell a few coon stories and put himself on a good footing with the company; then he could be as silent as he chose.

In the Tavern.

Skimming a new book by M. Andre Warnod, "Bals, Cafes and Cabarets," a volume in the series "Paris Pittoresque," we read of Monselet, Jacques, the painter of sheep, Gill, Ponchon and others frequenting La Grande Pinte; of Arene, Courteline, Willette, Charpentier at L'Ane Rouge; of Pawlowsky with Bottini and Launay, two painters of talent who died young; Alfred Jarry, the author of "Ubu Roi," who lived with owls in a garret, wore his coat buttoned up to conceal the absence of a shirt, and wondered each day how he could escape starvation; Norviff, who issued strange proclamations in behalf of symbolism and now writes for respectable magazines; a nameless professor, now highly esteemed, who, courting an honest girl, disguised himself as a plumber or a grocer's boy, not to awaken the suspicion of her parents—all these at the Auberge du Clou; of the famous band at the first Chat Noir. And so each cafe had its regular customers, painters, musicians, poets, idlers, who talked eloquently or paradoxically on art and life and dreamed beautiful dreams.

And so in old days there was the group at the Mermaid, there was Harrington's club, Dr. Bentley's; there was the club of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Beauclerk. Mr. George Moore in his audacious "Confessions of a Young Man" lamented the passing of the tavern, for the old clubs in London met as a rule in a tavern; stimulating talk was heard only in those places. It is not to be found in the modern club with its elaborate furnishings and a table covered with magazines.

Mental Lethargy.

Is there any tavern, restaurant, beerhouse in Boston today where men "interested in art and literature" meet daily for an hour of two of talk? The tavern has passed away here with the old-fashioned inn and oyster house. There are one or two clubs with houses where good talk may be heard, but this talk is of a general nature and to many of the members the tariff, Gov. Foss, the baseball season, the Thaw melodrama, are more vital subjects than the recent developments in painting, music and the drama. When Mme. Bernhardt played Hamlet in Paris two well known men—one of them was Catulle Mendes—fought a duel over the question whether the Prince of Denmark was really fat. Sir Herbert Tree recently said that "fat and scant of breath" should read "faint and scant of breath"; but there was no duel in consequence. It is not easy to think of any two members of the Somerset, Algonquin, or even the University Club, settling an aesthetic dispute on the Common or in the Public Garden with sword or pistol.

Only for a Season.

There have been dining clubs and supper clubs in Boston of late years. Two promised well, but they were short-lived. The late T. B. Aldrich sat at the head of one table. The dinner was at hotels, for two or three of the more conventional members thought it would not be respectable to engage a private chamber or sit in the public room of a French, German or Italian restaurant. The dinners themselves were not a magnet, and the talk was chilled by formality. Men that had been delightfully reckless in print when they were young were sluggish or afraid. Prosperity repressed their noble rage. This club died of dulness. There never was a full attendance. This one was obliged to accompany his wife to a "musical evening"; that one was called on to preside at a meeting of the Society for the Relief of Neglected and Deserted Cats. There was a supper club of about a dozen—painters, architects, newspaper men, musicians—that ran its course gayly for a winter. The place was a German restaurant; the room was public. There was one large table and each member ate and drank what he pleased and paid for it. There was no treating. There was no second season. Some of the members lived out of town, and there was always the fear of missing the last train, although a paternal government closed the restaurant at 11 P. M. Had each member said fully what he had to say? Yet there is this to be whispered in praise of this supper club: The members, in spite of their fortnightly association for a winter, are still good friends; the architect does not dodge into a side street when he sees the painter coming, and the musician bows pleasantly to the newspaper man.

An Old Song.

As the World Wags:

I heard a good many years ago the song for which your correspondent, Mr. Harry V. Lawrence, asks this morning. Like him, I remember only the first line, "There's a hole at the bottom of the ocean," but with the noteworthy difference of "in" instead of "at" in the phrase—the whole extremely Rabelaisian. Possibly, however, it was a revised version; but certainly the song as I heard it would never qualify for "Ballads of the Heart and Home." B.

Winchester, Sept. 13.

September 19-1913

Cantab (Classic and Legal) wishes inclusion in occasional country house parties of fellow-gentry, for good fellowship, sports. etc.

Invitations Solicited.

As the World Wags:

This advertisement, which I put at the head of my letter, was recently published in the Agony column of the London Times. I have warm sympathy for this "Cantab." I myself feel the need of companionship and hospitality, not only at country houses but during the winter season in the city. I am a stranger in Boston and was unable to bring with me letters of introduction to those named in the Social Register, but I belong to one of the oldest families in Indiana. My grandfather was highly esteemed, although his early years were spent in toiling and moiling to obtain the wherewithal to avoid financial stagnation. My father was president of the leading bank in the county before he mysteriously disappeared, and my mother was a Shelby.

I can say with due modesty that my manners are easy, that my face and figure, while they are perhaps not strictly handsome, are pleasing. I have an acquaintance with the popular novels of the day and am a diligent reader of the magazines and the newspaper columns devoted to society doings, so that I can talk fluently and easily in the presence of ladies. For the last month I have been taking lessons in modern dancing and am especially at home in the "kitchen sink."

I have no matrimonial intentions, although I would be a good husband to any woman of wealth and position. All I ask for the present is to fill a vacant seat at a dinner party, or to take the place of a missing dancer at an assembly or coming-out ball. I give you my address, which I hope you will treat as confidential

HYACINTH CULBERTSON.

Boston, Sept. 16.

P. S.—I am willing to do errands and even carry bundles for any hostess that would be appreciative.

A Needed Bureau.

We have heard that in London and Paris there are bureaus that supply ambitious hostesses with guests when some of her invitations are not accepted. Members of foreign legations, men of science, artists, and a poet or two are always to be had for a modest fee and the manager's charge is reasonable. In Paris if a poet recites verses from manuscript he receives 10 francs extra and is sent home in a taxi. There should be a bureau, an intelligence office, of this nature in Boston.

No Manners.

As the World Wags:

Your remarks in a recent issue of The Herald on the decay of manners are timely. A book could easily be written on this subject, but its success would be extremely doubtful. Hence, advice in your department is all the more welcome.

The lack of deference of "Young America" toward his seniors, including even his parents, is deplorable; yet I have known present-day instances—rare ones to be sure—where even boys of good families have respectfully raised their hats to elderly people of their acquaintance. Yes, and there are errand boys who will remove their head covering when entering my office. Most men do not practice this form of politeness; but there is no reason why they should not wipe their muddy feet, and leave ill-smelling pipes and dripping umbrellas in a proper place upon entering a private office. But it may be argued by these "rough diamonds" that it is better to be one's natural self (rough and ill-bred) than to be hypocrites.

As an example: I was standing on Arlington street one day watching for my car (I really do not own one, either electric or automobile). Looking about, I noticed a well-dressed young man conversing with what appeared to be a married couple, and all the while he stood with hat removed out of deference to the lady, and it was a cold, windy day. After they had parted and the young man had disappeared around the corner, the lady said to the husband, for both of them were standing near me, "Wasn't he a dear to stand there all the time holding his hat, in all this cold!" "H'm," replied hubby, "perhaps there's a reason; he still owes me the $50 he borrowed over a year ago." FRANCO.

Boston, Sept 16.

Help!

... the World Wags:

... you recall seeing any mention of an article in common use in my boyhood days called "liggen pidgen," a sort of wooden dipper, also a wooden pail holding about a peck and a half, called a "kinnicuin," which was always in use for some sort of meal, like oatmeal? H.

Boston, Sept. 15.

September 20-1913

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel was published not long ago in New York and entitled "The (or "An") Old Adam." It has recently been published in London with the title, "The Regent." Tell us, gentle shepherd, why?

Mr. Bennett's "Book of Carlotta" is a revised edition of "Sacred and Profane Love." The first title was clumsy, and the heroine did not suggest in any way the picture of Titian, in which it is not easy to distinguish between the sacred woman and the one that should be outwardly more joyous. Mr. Bennett characterized Carlotta as "the woman of genius who belongs neither to the middle class nor to any other class, but simply to her genius and to the passions of her own heart." A shorter and more truthful characterization would be this: "The Book of Carlotta" presents a musical chippie.

Foreign News.

The city deputy-coroner of London said at a recent inquest: "It pays omnibus companies better to kill people outright than to injure them. In the latter case they have to pay damages, whereas in the case of fatal accidents they escape everything if the jury exonerates the driver." Artemus Ward, lecturing in the far West, sat by the driver of a stage coach. The night was stormy, the snow was blinding, and as the horses were galloping wildly along the edge of a deep ravine the driver told of accidents that had cost the company much money. There would be no loss from the next accident. The driver said he would examine the passengers carefully. He would let the killed alone. The wounded he would finish with the king-bolt. Dead men don't sue. They ain't on it." And Artemus added: "Thus with anecdote did the driver cheer me up."

Mr. J. Dudley Johnston saw not long ago in Pompeii a wine shop that had been unearthed, with the cash still in the till and the barkeeper at the post of duty. "It was evident, from the arrangements of the shop, that wine in ancient Pompeii was ladled out to customers from pits in the counter, in much the same manner as the present-day milkman measures out the milk." There are Bostonians now living who remember the blessed days when the best of rum in respectable groceries was ladled in a dipper out of a pail and sold for 5 cents a glass, a large glass.

The commonest place-name in the British Isles is Newton. There are 61 Newtons; 117 places which have Newton as part of their name, and 40 Newtowns.

A London cinema firm has found out that Dickens is the most popular author on the film. His "Tale of Two Cities" met with great success. "Plenty of action is required if a film is to be successful, and this is to be found in Dickens." Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and Scott's "Lady of the Lake" brought in large sums, but Shakespeare does not appeal to the cinema audience. "As You Like It" was recently "filmed," but it did not attract. Has the firm tried any one of the more elaborate and conversational novels of Mr. Henry James?

Anecdote for the Day.

And upon the fourteenth of June, 1597 there being divers whales playing about our pinnesse one of them crossed our stemme, and going under, rubbed her back against our keele; but by none of all these we sustained any losse. Thanks be to God that governeth all things.

Where Is He?

As the World Wags:

Your mention of the man who for 40 years had a telescope at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York, calls to my mind the fact that on Boston Common for many years, during the warm months, a one-armed man had a telescope for people to gaze through, at 5 or 10 cents a gaze—I don't recall which. I remember that I once took a look at the moon through that telescope and learned more about the mountains of the moon than I knew about the Mountains of the Moon. Who was the one-armed man with the telescope and what has become of him and it? INQUIRER

Boston, Sept. 16

The Tango Remedy.

Physicians are reported as saying that excess in dancing the Tango is injurious, especially to women. "The only way to neutralize its evil effects is to remain for hours in a position such that the feet are higher than the head." At Deauville women may be seen piling up cushions for their weary feet, and proprietors of hotels are preparing to have railings fixed around the parlor. This will obviate the necessity of wearing a split-skirt.

His Varying Title.

As the World Wags:

An old fellow attached to an English church took a friend into his confidence as to the triviality of the title by which he should be designated. "Well," said ...

[illegible] on the same [illegible] its ex[illegible] [illegible] Look at [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] Tom [illegible] comes a new [illegible] He calls me the sextant. The [illegible] says I'm the violin, and [illegible] man that's [illegible] new calls [illegible] It's all a matter of [illegible]

[illegible] S[illegible] P. D. W. H.

Of Great Price.

The pearl necklace, stolen and curi[illegible] may now bring a million [illegible] is say on account of its [illegible] history. Julius Caesar gave to [illegible] the mother of Marcus Brutus, [illegible] pearl valued at a million ses[terces] [illegible] about $40,000 in our money—but [illegible] of Persia possessed a pearl that [illegible] the traveler, saw, and it was [said] to be worth about $300,000.

September 21 · 1913

The auction sale of seats for the public rehearsals and concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra 1913-1914 will open on Monday morning, Sept. 29. Mr. Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, publishes today the announcement of the soloists and details concerning the auction sale.

Dr. Muck sailed from Bremen by the steamship George Washington yesterday afternoon. He will arrive here with Mrs. Muck a week from tomorrow. For the greater part of the summer he was at his country home at Dobelbad, near Graz, Austria, but the last 10 days were spent in Berlin, where he made preparations for the season. He has engaged several new members, including two first violinists, to take the places of Messrs. Mullaly and Strube, who have retired, two second violinists, a viola and two horns. As announced last spring, he has engaged Alfred Holy, harpist, of Vienna, to take the place of the late Heinrich Schuecker. He has sent over no hint regarding his programs, but an announcement will probably be made directly after his arrival.

Symphony Season 1913-1914

We now quote from the official announcement:

"The character of the musical season is, to a certain extent, established by the invasion of foreign virtuosos. One year there will be a dearth of artists of the highest rank. Another year will be marked by the absence of pianists and an embarrassment of violinists, while the next year an American manager may hardly be able to care for all the pianists that come, and wonder where he can get good violinists.

"Two years ago there were comparatively few artists of the first rank in America. Last season was a year of violinists. The coming season will be rich in pianists.

"For the past several years it has been the rule of Mr. Ellis in engaging artists for the Symphony concerts in Boston to have only a few assisting soloists, those of the highest rank. There is no question about the wishes of the patrons of the concerts; they much prefer to hear the orchestra alone than to have the program disturbed by some mediocre person. For the coming winter, aside from artists in the orchestra who may appear as soloists, Mr. Ellis announces nine names, an illustrious list: three singers, four pianists, two violinists.

The Visiting Soloists

The singers will be Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mme. Elizabeth van Endert and Mme. Louise Homer. Miss Farrar has not been heard here for some time. She has been occupied with her operatic work in New York, but this year, before the opening of the opera season at the Metropolitan, she is making a tour of the West under the management of Mr. Ellis, and she will sing here with the orchestra in mid-November. Mme. van Endert's first appearance in America will be with the orchestra in Boston. She is young and the principal lyric soprano of the Royal Opera, Berlin. Highly recommended by foreign authorities, she will be brought in mid-winter for concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, Cambridge, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Later she will sing several times in the middle West. Mme. van Endert is a pupil of Richard Mueller of Dresden. She made her debut as a singer at Cologne in 1906, and in concert. The next year she was engaged at the Dresden Opera for five years, and there she took such parts as Nedda, Miml, Micaela the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," Marguerite, Eva, and Pamina. Count von Huelsen of the Royal Opera, Berlin, secured her release and in 1910 she became a member of the Berlin Opera Company. She distinguished herself in the Berlin production of Strauss's "Rose cavalier."

Mme. Homer looked upon by many as a Bostonian because she studied here and sang in church, is known to all and always welcomed by many.

[illegible]no, Teresa Carreño, Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann and Ignace Paderewski. Mme. Carreno will be 60 years old on the 22d of next December and she has been playing in public since she was a little girl, an infant phenomenon, yet is her enthusiasm unabated, her fire unquenched. Last season she again excited wonder throughout Europe by her polished mechanism, technical dexterity, imposing interpretation. Mr. Bauer was applauded and appreciated in Boston long before other cities in this country recognized his peculiar merits, and here he has today, as everywhere, a large band of admirers. He has developed, ripened in his art, so that he may now fairly be reckoned among the leading pianists of the world. Mr. Hofmann, idolized here when he was a wonderful child, was greeted rather coolly in Boston when he returned after his studies with Rubinstein and with a European reputation. Nor was this the fault of the public, for the complaint that the pianist lacked warmth and seemed chiefly occupied with matters of the law and not the spirit, was not then hypercritical. When Mr. Hofmann last appeared here his performance justly excited enthusiasm at the Symphony concerts and in recital. Mr Paderewski was last heard here in 1908-09, when his symphony was performed under Mr. Fiedler's direction. He then played in a Symphony concert, and gave a recital. Since then he has made tours in South Africa and South America. Early next month he is returning to America for a season, under the direction of Mr. Ellis. Mr. Paderewski will be 53 years old in November. From all accounts the charm of his playing has not lessened and the heroic side of his performance is said to be greater than ever.

The violinists will be Fritz Kreisler and Carl Flesch. Mr. Kreisler, like Mr. Paderewski, returns to America next month for a long tour under the direction of Mr. Ellis. The popularity of this truly great artist has never been greater than it is today. Music lovers remember the huge audiences that listened to him at his concerts in Symphony Hall a year ago, and also remember the profound pleasure caused by his performance of Beethoven's Concerto with the orchestra. He will play with the orchestra in November. Mr. Flesch, a newcomer, is a Hungarian who for several years has been a prominent figure in the musical world of the continent. He comes to America for the first time preceded by an enviable reputation as an interpreter of the classics.

Symphony Auction Sales

The season will begin with a public rehearsal Friday afternoon, Oct. 10, and a concert Saturday evening, Oct. 11. With the exception of the six weeks, the orchestra is away on tour, the rehearsal and concert will be given every week until May 2.

The auction sales will begin a week from tomorrow, Monday, Sept. 29. On that day at 10 o'clock the $18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold and the sale of the $10 seats will be on the following day. The concert seats will be sold on Thursday, Oct. 2, and Friday, Oct. 3. The $18 seats will be sold on Thursday and the $10 seats on Friday.

There is every reason to believe from the interest already snown taht the season in Boston will be one of the most successful the orchestra has ever had.

Boston Opera Notes

Mr. Henry Russell's list of singers for next season, which will begin on Monday evening, Nov. 24, is an interesting one. The chief singers under "direct contract" are as follows:

Sopranos: Mmes. Bori, Cavalieri, Destinn, Edvina, Garden, Weingartner-Marcel, Melba, Nielsen, Tetrazzini. Sopranos of last season, headed by Miss Amsden, are retained, and there are newcomers, as Mme. Beriza, who is said to have had experience in the French provinces and to have sung at the Paris Opera Comique; Mme. La Silva is a coloratura soprano. "Mme. Hellane, born of Scottish parents in India, was a member of the Metropolitan opera company for one season and was engaged once before for Boston, but was prevented by sickness from fulfilling her contract."

Contraltos: Mmes. Claessens, E. Gauthier, Gay, Leveroni, Mandell, Swartz are retained. The new members will be Mme. Matbenauer, who has already sung here as Brangaene and at a Symphony concert, and Mme. Lydia Archinard-Rienskaja, who will take roles associated with Mme. Gay, for the latter will not return until the end of the season, and Cara Sapin.

Tenors: The list is especially strong. It includes Messrs. Clement, Ferrari-Fontana, Laffitte, Urlus, Zenatello, as leading tenors already known here, besides Messrs. Giaccone, Pini-Corsi, and Ramella. Among the newcomers are Messrs. Martinelli and Muratore, both singers of high reputation.

Baritones: The list begins with the name of our old friend Mario Ancona, who was with the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company on the operatic nights and afternoons in Mechanics' building, where he was associated with Melba, Eames, Nordica, the De Reszkes, Plancon. Mr. Marcoux will return and Messrs. Blanchart, Everett, Fornari and Pulcini are retained. There will be several newcomers, with Henry Danges chief among them.

Basses: Messrs. Lankow, Ludikar, Mardones, Sampieri, Sillich, Tavecchia, White, Wronsky. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lankow will be heard frequently and in parts worthy of his voice. [illegible] Ludikar is described as a Russian basso who has been singing at Buenos Ayres.

To the great regret of many the names of Mme. Lipowska and George Baklanoff are not on the list.

The most prominent members of the Metropolitan and Chicago companies are named, among them Mmes. Alda, Fremstad, Gadski, Hempel, Teyte, White, Zeppilli and Messrs. Amato, Bonci, Burke, Caruso, Dalmores, Goritz, Polese, Scotti. There is this note: "While it is almost certain that each one will be heard at least once in the course of the season, their appearances cannot be guaranteed to tho subscribers at this date."

The conductors will be Messrs. Weingartner, Caplet and Moranzoni. Mr. Urban will be again the general stage director. "La Gioconda" and "Manon" will be restored to the repertory. The cast of "The Jewels of the Madonna" on the opening night will be as follows: Mallella, Mme. Edvina, Carmela, Mme. Archinard-Rienskaja, Genarro, Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, Rafaele, Mr. Marcoux. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

"The Sunshine Girl"

When "The Sunshine Girl" was announced for production at the Gaiety, London, Mr. George Edwardes, the manager, spoke of the difficulties of getting a good story for musical comedy and "making it lead up to the necessary songs and dances, which take so much of the time." He hoped that "The Sunshine Girl" was a good story. "At any rate, it is an honest, English story," and that, he thought, was what Gaiety audiences liked.

The piece, with the book by Cecil Raleigh and the music by Paul Rubens, was produced at the Gaiety Feb. 24, 1912, with Phillis Dare, Olive May, Mabel Sealby, Connie Ediss, Violet Essex, George Grossmith, Jr., and Edmund Payne as the chief comedians. The work girls in the Sunlight Perfume and Soap Factory were dressed in the simple style of 1812, and the fashionable ladies in the latest designs by Lady Duff Gordon, of 1912—"rich reds and crimsons and other shades, with very tight skirts that are almost transparent."

The London journals praised the singing, the dancing and the stage settings. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette was especially moved to enthusiasm by a song, "Miss Blush," sung and danced by Miss Olive May; a song, "Little Girl," with "melody in it and 'devil,'" and by the chorus girls. Hear him: "How can a mere male describe the lovely 'things' they wore, particularly when they strolled on in the second act in evening clothes of the most modern, yet surely a little exotic, type, and each carrying a huge muff? All we can say is: Go and see them! And why, too, dilate on their personal beauty, for, as the poet asks, what so tedious as a twice-told tale?"

The piece was brought out at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on Feb. 3, 1913, and met with great success.

"The Purple Road"

"The Purple Road," a musical play based on an imagined episode in the life of Napoleon, was produced at Atlantic City on March 19 of this year. Changes were made, and Harrison Brockbank instead of Victor Maurel took the part of Napoleon when the comedy was produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, April 7.

Mr. Maurel had hoped to sing in this piece, and not only because Mme. Maurel was one of the librettists, but his stature and face forbade any illusion, and this great actor in grand opera had not the lightness demanded for operetta. It will be remembered that he once attempted to play in straight comedy in Paris and with disastrous results. He publicly acknowledged his mistake and promised to write an essay explanatory of the difference between acting in opera and acting in drama.

The music of Heinrich Reinhardt and the singing and dancing have been warmly praised.

Barrie's New Play

At last we are acquainted with some of the jokes in Barrie's "Adored One," which failed dismally in London on Sept. 4. We quote from the review in the Pall Mall Gazette: "There was a scene in which the judge questioned a witness who happened to be a solicitor and was known as 'Honest John.' 'Is that to distinguish you from other members of your profession?' asked his lordship. Well might a sense of melancholy steal over the audience. A little later the same witness declared that he had played a game of golf with the deceased. 'Did you carry smashers and putties in your bag?' inquired the judge; and the melancholy deepened. 'Did you play a fearsome? I have always understood that when four men play golf together it is called a fearsome.' Can Sir J. M. Barrie have written this?"

The judge addressed Leonora, who was on trial for pushing a man out of a railway carriage and killing him—he refused to have a window open and her little girl had a cold: "You are not the woman of today. She is something wiser and better. When she speaks we hear the voices of a thousand nightingales. You are already a legend, and we wish you Hail and Farewell." He acquitted Leonora and the critic adds: "Which sounded very like sentimentality gone wrong, for women have [illegible] [illegible] are to be told that they have [illegible]. And they do not want to be told seriously that they are so particularly wise or so exceptionally good, any more than they desire to be accused jocularly of murdering a man for insisting on having pure air in a railway carriage. What does it mean? Sir J. M. Barrie, as we all know, has in his capacity of dramatist, in play after play, been sitting at the feet of woman, adoringly gazing up at her superiorities over man. Can it be that the dislocated humor of 'The Adored One' is a kind of Nemesis? We know not. All that is certain is that the play failed last night."

And the Pall Mall Gazette published this editorial article:

"That there are limitations in the choice of a comic idea seems to be illustrated in the play, 'The Adored One,' produced in London last night. Sir James Barrie has apparently built up a fabric of comic fantasy on a murder which was duly followed by an inquest; and he exhibits the Old Bailey trial of the murderess. It seems pretty obvious that, to English taste, the foundation is all wrong. American humor is different in this respect. The humorists of the United States have found matter of great laughter in death, mutilation, physical deformity, and so forth. But whether it is stupidity or not on our parts, we English do not as a rule find such matters funny. If, as our dramatic critic suggests, Sir James Barrie's heroine could have contented herself with a minor assault, all might have been well."

Child Actors in England

On Sept. 15 the children (employment abroad) act went into operation in England. The bill was accepted by both Houses during the last session.

"There can be no doubt, as one authority pointed out to a Pall Mall Gazette representative, "that the absence of any restriction on the employment of children abroad up to a certain age offered many opportunities to the unscrupulous to make quite a business of getting bands of youthful performers together, and after a certain time—when only a period of the contract had expired—for some plausible reason diverting the girl to some other mode of living.

"Under the present act it is impossible for unsuspecting parents to sign long contracts with apparently attractive salaries, trusting to the honesty of the conductor of the tour. The license under the measure only runs for three months, but if the magistrate receives satisfactory information that the conditions have not been violated he can renew it.

"Before the license is granted to enable a child to perform or be exhibited for profit abroad, the police magistrate has to be satisfied that he or she is going with the consent of the responsible guardian and that a particular engagement is to be fulfilled. Provision has also to be made to see that everything is done to make the child happy and contented.

"In other words, the conditions which have been perfected by so many of our theatrical academies in this country are to be compulsorily extended to those touring abroad, so that the danger rof being 'stranded' or of falling into the hands of evil persons will be severely minimized.

"Several of those responsible for large touring companies in this country make ample—and expensive—provision for the education and general well-being of the little ones engaged. Special matrons—in one particular case a matron for every six children—and a special certined school teacher are supplied."

The Curtain Raiser

"First Night" thus replies to Mr. Blow whose letter on "The Curtain Raiser" was published in The Herald last Sunday:

"As a devoted playgoer who has endured agonies from limp, or ill-acted, or would-be forcible curtain-raisers, please allow me to say a word for the substitution of the variety 'turn,' such as has been made at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. Blow in his letter to you states, and, no doubt truly, that the atmosphere of the theatre is quite different from the atmosphere of the music hall—artistically, I presume. In the former there should be illusion. And I agree absolutely that 'the audience has come to see drama'; we should add—'if they can.' If they cannot, give them something they will enjoy; and they will not enjoy one-act plays, in some cases badly acted, of which they only see half, and then with interruptions. I should indeed modify the above axiom by a still greater one—'the audience has come to be entertained,' and I have the authority of one of our greatest critics that the object of the drama is entertainment.

"I do not pose as an authority, but I am not certain that the performance of, say, a ventriloquist or a conjuror is not a little play of its own. Nor am I an author; but I should have thought that the ingenuity of our dramatists could have devised some form of drama which could cut up into chunks, so to speak, so that the thread could be taken up at any time by late comers.

"In any case, better no dramatic at-

...e tha... d ... ...ements are really in fa... ... turn. The distractions during the performance of the 'turn' are the same as for the curtain-raiser, but with this difference: that the interruptions spoil one, and do not spoil the other. Therefore, give me the 'turn. The dramatic atmosphere of the evening is in any case rudely broken into by the finish of the curtain-raiser and the performance by the orchestra before the principal piece.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating in cases of public entertainment —the public is always right. I saw the artistes at the Comedy, and heard applause that is rarely given to any curtain-raiser. And how many curtain-raisers have I seen greeted with a feeble murmur of approval only extorted by the indulgent politeness of the house!

"Another correspondent of yours, by the way, has made an appeal for the abolition of the kerbstone artists, who strive to amuse—and afterward blackmail—the queue outside, and I am entirely with him. But he has little knowledge of law. The police, and not the management, have the sole control of what happens in the street. As Mr. Chudleigh has stated in reference to the queue, the responsibility of the management of a theatre begins only when the audience enters the house."

September 22. 1913

An Australian who made a lengthy stay in England 25 years ago, but who had not been here since until last week, was asked what change had struck him most. Without hesitation, he answered: "The death and burial of Sunday clothes."

His Sunday Best.

We are sorry to say that in the American cities known to us there is too little distinction drawn in the matter of dress between Sunday and any other day of the week. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is always generous in sharing his vast store of sociological information with those that have an honest thirst for knowledge, informs us that at Clamport the men and women of the village put on their best attire although they may not go to church. The men wear shirts with a highly polished front, stand-up collars, gaily colored cravats, and usually a suit of black. The best time to see them in their glory is while the one mail of the day is sorting. Then they stand in front of the post office, in sculptural attitudes, and they are a fine sight as they discuss politics, indulge themselves in touch-and-go talk of an appalling personal nature, or lay desecrating plans for the afternoon. The women too, are on parade, and old and young thus observe the Lord's day. Only the summer people make no difference in dress except possibly to wear older and slouchier garments than on other days.

"Ready for Meeting."

In our boyhood and in our little town everyone dressed with scrupulous care for Sunday. We described some time ago the men of the sixties who slushed their hair and perfumed their whiskerage to make their odorous way up the aisles of the Old Church. Squeaking shoes were in order. More time was spent in the preparation for church than is now consumed by women in bedecking themselves for the opera or a ball. The bath, the weekly bath, was of course on the night before, so there was more time for clothes and hair. Sunday was a day of torture to any boy of a healthy body and mind, and the hour of fussing before the solemn walk to the meeting-house was more terrible than the rack, strappado, ladder, boots or any singularly ingenious device of Torquemada and his Dominicans. The hair was combed with a fine-tooth comb, then combed again for a more aesthetic purpose, then brushed till the scalp smarted. The clothes pinched and choked. There was no play for legs and arms. We remember a broad collar that chafed the neck. This collar had tassels which dangled in a foolish manner. Rude boys laughed at any playfellow whose mother had made him look particularly "nice." Sometimes after Sunday school they were not content with mockery; they tripped up the unhappy urchin; they threw things at him on his way home; or in winter they would rub his face with snow.

Proper Pride.

Nevertheless we now look back on this respect for Sunday with pleasure. The respect was in some households exaggerated, but the day had character, and now the week, to the great majority, is only an apportionment of time. Coleridge tells us in his "Devil's Walk"- that- when- satan- visited- the earth to see how his snug little farm went on, he was in his Sunday best, and we know that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. It is a good thing for the young man or woman to work for a Sunday suit. The youth may have it only for courtship, but if the girl wishes to attend church in the evening, to sit close in a back pew or in the gallery, her sweetheart has the proper little pride. Let him slouch as he likes during the days of work. On Sunday he should feel himself "fit and proper" ... not the blackamith wooing in the ... ...dy ... ... the young ... who ... ted or ... call...

...Sunday, ... is ... a pleasure to see on a Sunday afternoon the servant girls, the maids of all work—alas, a diminishing race—in their best clothes, escaping for a few hours the drudgery of cooking and scrubbing, giggling with a swain and looking forward to a home of their own.

Professional.

We go further. The trades and professions should have a distinguishing dress. A poet should not be mistaken for a note-broker. A plumber should be at once recognized and respected. There was a time within the memory of men now living when the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, were known by their dress when they passed in the street. In other centuries the members of guilds were identified by something in their costume. Not long ago a physician died in Cambridge, a worthy soul in certain ways, an old-fashioned doctor, not a specialist, handy at an operation. He used to wear a long black coat, a celluloid collar and a white cravat, say, rather, a white wisp, which might be accurately described as a "tie." The collar should have been linen, but the spirit of the man was admirable. He respected his profession and he wished outwardly to be professional.

September 23. 1913

And Plato had reason to say, that to be a good Physition, it were requisite that he who should undertake that profession had past through all such diseases as hee will adventure to cure, and knowne or felt all the accidents and circumstances he is to judge of. I should surely trust such a one better than any else. Others but guide us, as one who sitting in his chaire paints seas, rockes, shelves and havens upon a board, and makes the modell of a tall ship to saile in all safety: But put him to it in earnest, he knowes not what to doe, nor where to begin. They make even such a description of our infirmities as doth a town crier, who crieth a lost horse, or dog, and describeth his haire, his stature, his eares, with other markes and tokens, but bring either unto him, he knowes him not.

Be Warned.

This is the season of coughs and colds. A cold contracted now, either through the extravagance or the meanness of a landlord, or through foolishness in food and drink, or through bravado in exposure, may waste the system and make you a nuisance to mankind throughout the winter. There may be a fatal result. What did the old patent medicine advertisement say? "Stop that cough. Colds lead to catarrh, catarrh to consumption, and consumption to the GRAVE."

We therefore feel it our duty to give a few simple and approved remedies that have come down through the ages.

For a Cold.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson a few days ago mentioned the infallible remedy prescribed by the elder Pliny for a cold in the head: three kisses on the mouth of a mule, but as Mr. Johnson shrewdly said, a mule is not always within reach. The following remedies are perhaps as efficacious: Wolf's liver dissolved in hot wine; the gall of a bear mixed with honey; a powder made from rabbit skins and bullocks' horns burnt and pounded. Or wrap your fingers in the skin of a dog just killed. A mouse hung up by the tail, roasted alive and then slowly eaten will relieve the whooping cough and the water in which a mouse has been boiled helps against the quinsy. If the cold is "on the chest," fill a stocking with earthworms, tie the stocking on the sufferer's chest and leave it there all night. If catarrh sets in, hold a frog—a tree toad will do—in your mouth for a minute and when he jumps out he will take the cough with him. There are other sure cures for whooping cough than the one we have just mentioned. Hairs from the sick child's head should be rolled in a piece of meat and given to a dog. Feed the child with bread and butter given to you by parents named John and Joan. Pass the sick boy three times under the belly of a piebald horse. The gypsies prescribe roast dormouse, and it is well known in Maine that if a child rides a bear, it will never whoop in coughing.

The mother of Gen. Wolfe knew a good water for consumption and wrote it in her book of household recipes. This water was compounded of a peck of snails washed in beer and a quart of salted earth worms. Then angelico, egrimony—hear's feet, barbary, wormwood, saffron, rue—tumeric and milk were added. The mixture was distilled all night over a slow fire. In the morning cloves were added. The dose was two spoonsful.

Fresh Air at Night.

A magazine and newspaper physician recently pooh-poohed the idea that fresh air is necessary for the comfort and health of a sleeper at night. He recommended the example of the animals, who choose a stuffy corner when they wish to sleep. Shall we, then, imitate the Germans who believe that fresh night air in bedchambers, beer halls, theatres is fatal? There is nothing new in this modern theory exploited by the American physician. Nearly 400 years ago Andrew Boorde wrote in his Dietary of Health: "To bedward and also in the morning, use to have a fire in your chamber, to waste and consume the evil vapours within the chamber, for the breath of man may putrify the air within the chamber. In the night let the windows of your house, especially of your chamber, be closed. Let your nightcap be of scarlet, and this, I do advertise you, to cause to be made a good thick quilt of cotton, or else of pure flocks or of clean wool, and let the covering of it be of white fustian, and lay it on the feather bed that you lie on."

To Go Back.

But let us go back to the remedies. Any one that owns a piebald horse has the power of curing the whooping cough by suggesting any cure he may name. If roasted mice are given to the child three should be eaten, although some recommend nine, to be taken three the first morning, then wait three mornings and give him three more; wait three mornings more and then give him the last three. The mice may be fried or roasted. New milk drunk out of a cup made from variegated holly helps in some cases. If a hairy caterpillar is tied in a small bag around the child's neck, the cough will go as the caterpillar dies.

And what is to be said of this passage from the works of Aaron Hill, poet and dramatist, who patented an oil from beech masts as a substitute for olive oil and organized a company to work plantations in Georgia: "I have heard of great and sudden cures in far gone consumptions, from effect of a very simple remedy. A pint to a quart a day of coffee, made with milk instead of water and taken at pleasure like other coffee. Surprising changes have been wrought in a fortnight by this humble recipe." Mark well these few remedies that should help the suffering. They are named here without hope of glory or expectation of pecuniary reward. We do not even ask for gratitude on the part of the relieved. Our constant aim is to be of service to the complaining millions of men. The only true happiness is in helping others.

'SUNSHINE GIRL' OPENS HOLLIS

Julia Sanderson Delights Eye and Ear of Large Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Sunshine Girl," a musical play in two acts, book by Paul A. Rubens and Cecil Raleigh; lyrics by Paul A. Rubens and Arthur Wimperis, music by Paul A. Rubens. Ross Motley was the musical director. Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Feb. 24, 1912.

Lord Bicester	Basil S. Foster
Vernon Blundell	Alan Mudie
Schlump	Joseph Cawthorn
Steve Daly	William Sellery
Hudson	Roy G. Sydney
Whitney	Edward C. Yeager
Derer	Joseph Tullar
Dora Dale	Julia Sanderson
Lady Rosabelle Merrydew	Vra Jeane
Mrs Blaker	Florence Morrison
Marie Silvaine	Flossie Hope

This musical comedy, produced in New York at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Feb. 3, 1913, had a successful run, due chiefly to Miss Sanderson and the dancing of Mr. and Mrs. Castle. Mr. and Mrs. Castle are not on the stage this season, and the New York company has been changed for the tour in the "provinces." Mr. Lewis, Miss Kearney and Miss Eva Davenport have been replaced by Mr. Sellery, Miss Jeane and Miss Morrison.

The book is thin, vapid, inconsequential. It is a pretext for the appearance of Miss Sanderson, Mr. Cawthorne, and an attractive chorus of singing dancers. The music is an agreeable jingle, but Mr. Rubens has written more melodious strains.

An audience that filled the Hollis Street Theatre on the opening night of the season was greatly pleased and evidently amused. Miss Sanderson is always a delight to the eye. Some say that she has acquired mannerisms. Would that other women in musical comedy were as graceful and charming! Her voice is musical, whether she speaks, or sings in her modest way. Her dancing may best be described by the old fashioned word "neat." No matter how poor the play, how paltry the music, she delights the spectator. Not that she makes any deliberate appeal to the audience. She has no airs and affectations. She does not come forward as a spoiled darling of the public. She plays with gusto, with an enjoyment that is contagious.

Mr. Cawthorn is regarded by many as an amusing comedian. His accent, his facial accentuation of a line, his struggles with the English language, his delivery of a song—these excite honest and uncontrollable laughter, and even when he comes forward in an old-fashioned vaudeville act and favors the audience with "a musical selection." there is laughter the moment he appears. A comedian of this sort defies analysis. You either laugh or you are ...sed. Last night the audience ...ed, and it laughed heartily.

Miss Morrison has a merry eye and she spoke her lines effectively. She escaped vulgarity, and in such a part it is easy to bid for favor by being vulgar. The others in the company were adequate, but Mr. Sellery relied too much on "cuss words" to force a laugh. The evolutions of the chorus girls were pretty and the piece was well mounted.

"The Sunshine Girl" will undoubtedly have a successful run, for Miss Sanderson is always a lodestone, and the music trips along amiably, and the dancers are fresh looking and girlishly attractive.

NAPOLEON ON OPERATIC STAGE

Little Corporal Central Figure of "The Purple Road" at Shubert Theatre.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Purple Road," an operatic romance in two acts and an epilogue. Book and lyrics by Fred de Gresac and William Cary Duncan. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt and William Frederick Peters. First performance in Boston.

Napoleon	Harrison Brockbank
Col. Stappe, Talleyrand, Sidney	Edward Martindel
Wanda	Miss Valli Valli
Fran Stimmer	Miss Elita Proctor Otis
Kathe	Miss Eva Fallon
Fouche	Ernest Stallard
Murat	John Maddern
Bernadotte	John Ward
Vestris	Clifton Webb
Pappi	Raymond Crane
Empress Josephine	Miss Norman Winslow
Duchess of Dantzic	Harriet Burt
Page	Miss Ann Walker

"The Purple Road" is remarkable chiefly for the charming music by Messrs. Reinhardt and Peters, and for the gorgeousness of the production.

The libretto is vague, episodic and its theme but a slender connecting link for elaborately staged musical numbers.

Wanda, a peasant girl, is seen and loved by Napoleon during a visit to Schoenbrunn. Disguised as a captain in the French army he woos her, gives her an address and persuades the enraptured maiden to follow him to Paris. At the Tuileries Wanda learns her lover's identity and overhears a plot to end his life. She denounces the traitors before the court and returns to her village, chastened and in tears.

Napoleonic legends, fictitious and supposedly of historical accuracy, have been freely invented or ingeniously revived by dramatists with more or less successful results. The present story, however, though it suggests possibilities, has not been skilfully treated.

But if the libretto was disappointing, the music last evening was a constant delight. There were many charming melodies, and among them Miss Valli's numbers, "The Mysterious Kiss" and "In the Valley of Beautiful Dreams" were particularly enjoyable.

The setting of the first act in the village of Schoenbrunn was picturesque, and in the scene the chorus was sportive and showed itself well drilled in song and dance. The second act in the Palace of the Tuileries was sumptuously staged and the court costumes were costly and impressive. The epilogue on the island of St. Helena was effective.

Miss Valli as Wanda was charming by reason of her simplicity. She sang with a sentiment that was neither mawkish nor theatrical. She was a comely apparition.

Miss Fallon as Kathe was visibly eager to please. Her voice was often hard and metallic, while her mincing affectedness spoiled "Pretty Little Chickis," in itself an attractive number.

Miss Winslow, who replaced Miss Eleanor Gordon, played the Empress Josephine with becoming dignity, and Mr. Brockbank gave his version of the Little Corporal.

Miss Elita Proctor Otis and others in the company rendered efficient service.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Ninety and Nine," a rural melodrama in four acts by Ramsay Morris.

Tom Silverton	William P. Carleton
Hud Bryson	Donald Meek
Mark Beveridge	Frederic Ormonde
"Burton's" Red	Carney Christie
Abner Blake	George Ernst
Milt Green	Russell Clarke
Lige McLane	Alfred Lunt
Dave	Homer Snow
Gene Hammers	Al Roberts
Frank Baillie	J. Morrill Morrison
Sam Grant	Robert Capron
Ruth Blake	Doris Olsson
Rachel Blake	Mabel Colcord
Kate Van Dyke	Anne Faystone
Mrs. Bedelia Dougherty	Barbara Milton
Mrs. Aramantha Markham	Augusta Gill

The scene for "The Ninety and Nine" is set in rural Indiana, and, like the average rural melodrama, this play introduces people who are quite simple in this, as in other such plays, we see the town gossip, the peppery old man the boy idiot, the eccentric servant and the virtuous young heroine. Mr. Morris's play has for its chief character the people we associate with such pieces. In this, as in other ways, it is not at all the common of its type.

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[illegible] of her te- [illegible] toward [illegible] vested to it. But the [illegible] would not accept him [illegible] still in en- [illegible] to solve them. Then [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] created [illegible] se of producing the [illegible] to be centered [illegible] telling for the mo- [illegible] is attn'al. Mr. [illegible] a sympathetic S[illegible] was always appeal[illegible] was attractive [illegible] Mr. Meek's [illegible] Bryson was [illegible] tragically powerful. [illegible] Mr. Crest, Mr. Christie, [illegible] pleased.

[illegible] on the Wheel" next [illegible]

FRITZI SCHEFF IS KEITH HEADLINER

[illegible] Scheff who has just plunged [illegible] owing the termina- [illegible] engagement in "The Love [illegible] her first appearance at [illegible] Keith's Theatre yesterday, look- [illegible] exactly as attractive and singing [illegible] as sweetly and effectively as when [illegible] in "Mlle. Modiste" that made [illegible] famous [illegible] these half-dozen years [illegible] Ner apparently has she for- [illegible] successes in that opera, for [illegible] favored her audience last night, [illegible] a third enthusiastic en- [illegible] the "Sweet Summer Breeze" [illegible] she first used in that pro- [illegible] Miss Scheff in all of her selec- [illegible] was excellent, but in her songs [illegible] "Mlle. Modiste" she was best of [illegible] and the big audience would not let [illegible] leave the stage for good until she [illegible] once more appeared in front of the curtain and bowed her acknowl- edgments. At the piano, while Miss Scheff appeared, was Eugene Bernstein, a Russian pianist of marked ability, as [illegible] between some of Miss Scheff's songs.

Madden and Fitzpatrick provide a [illegible] laugh from start to finish in their [illegible], supposed to portray student [illegible] in Paris, entitled "The Wanderer." Dunbar and Turner made an instant [illegible] appearing first in the role of suf- fragettes and singing a song dealing with the joys of the suffragette and the trials and tribulations of the [illegible]ntis. Their act is topped off by one of the most grotesque as well as clev- erly executed dances seen on the stage in a long time.

[illegible] F. Murray—the "man in laven- [illegible] his designation upon the pro- [illegible] was well received in his act and [illegible] ever, entertaining comedian. [illegible] Newhoff and Dode Phelps, in the [illegible] classic "In Care of General De- livery," sang a few love songs and did [illegible] or two, while the Gardner Trio presented a terpsichorean specialty, in- [illegible] the Texas Tommy and divers [illegible] of the supposedly latest society [illegible]. The Cabaret Trio, comprising [illegible] a piano and some songs, was well received and enthusiastically [illegible]. F. Artusa, a wonder at hand- [illegible] and hand-jumping, opens the [illegible] the concluding number is [illegible] by the Carl Eugene troupe a [illegible] European feature, in truly [illegible] and accurately-timed acro- [illegible] feats.

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Personally, I hope to see the day when a [illegible] will bring out all the men in London [illegible] of [illegible] white flannel or colored crepe- [illegible] opening V-shaped about their [illegible] and columnar throats, with well-cut [illegible] and handsome gold-ringed sashes [illegible] cummerbund-fashion about their waists. [illegible] consciousness of his picturesqueness would give the [illegible] man a sense of power and [illegible] it would bring back romance and [illegible] and the old Elizabethan spirit.

Rich Chocolate.

The Herald spoke some days ago of [illegible] as the 400th anniversary of the in- troduction of chocolate into Europe, for [illegible] a small consignment was brought from Mexico to Spain. The Herald also quoted a reference to the cacao berry in the account of Nova Hispania, writ- ten by Mr. Henry Hawks, merchant, in [illegible]2. London journals now commemo- rating the anniversary give further in- formation about cocoa as a royal drink. It appears that the Emperor Monte- zuma took no other beverage than chocolate flavored with vanilla or spices. He drank from golden goblets, and the spoons were of gold, or from tortoise- shell cups. After the goblets had been drained they were thrown into the lake surrounding his palace.

This story probably came from a com- panion of Cortez and no doubt is re- lated in Prescott's "Conquest of Mex- ico," a book to which we are not now able to refer. Hawks, the merchant, says nothing about Montezuma's table habits and manners, but his account of that monarch is worth reading. We quote in part: "Mutezuma, which was the last King of this Countrey, was one of the richest princes which have bene seene in our time, or long before. He had all kinde of beasts which were then in the countrey, and all manner of birds, and fishes and all manner of wormes which creepe upon the earth, and all trees and flowers, and herbes, all fash- ioned in silver and gold, which was the greatest joy of all his treasure, and in [illegible] the [illegible] And unto this day [illegible] Indians report. And unto this day they say that the treasure of Mutezuma is hidden, and that the Spaniards have it not. . . . Ho had as many wives or concubines, as hee would have, and such as liked him. Always whensoever ho went out of his Court to passe the time, he was borne upon 4 of his noble mens shoulders set upon a table, some say, of golde, and very richly dressed with feathers of divers and many colours and flowers. He washed all his body every day, were it never so cold. And unto this day so do all the Indians, and especially the women."

King Mutt of Mexico.

Montezuma, or Mutezuma, was a fine fellow in his way, and we know that at the end he played the man. (Query: Did any Spaniard dare to address him as, "I say, Mutt, old Boy"?) Yet he was a creature of routine, for he changed and shifted his clothes four times a day, nor was any pot or dish twice brought before him. But to go back to chocolate. In Mexico the cocoa bean was roasted in earthenware ves- sels, ground between stones, then mixed with cold water and sometimes a little capsicum was added. Others mixed the powdered bean with vanilla or spices, used sugar or honey to sweeten and whipped to a froth. It is said that the Spaniards kept the method of prep- aration a secret until in 1606 an Italian who had sojourned in Spain, one An- tonio Carletti, divulged it. The spread of this drinking habit was deplored by stern moralists and bitterly condemned.

Mr. Whithal's Marriage.

Some one may ask, What is Montezu- ma to you or me? Even the frothiest western statesman discussing the Mexi- can situation has refrained from allud- ing to the Halls of the Montezumas. Let us confess it frankly: our interest in cocoa and the great king whom Cortez cruelly humbled is on account of the description given by Mr. Hawks, the merchant, at the request of Richard Hakluyt. And open any volume of Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voy- ages and Discoveries of the English Nation" and you will find English as it should be written. Read, for example, a letter of Mr. John Whithal from San- tos in Brazil to Mr. Staper:

"It is in this countrey offered mee to marry, and to take my choice of three or foure: so that I am about three dayes agoe consorted with an Italian gentleman to marry with his daughter within these foure days. This my friend and father in law Signor Joffo Dore is borne in the citie of Genua in Italy; his kindred is well known amongst the Italians in London: also hee hath but onely this childe which is his daugh- ter, which hee hath thought better be- stowed upon mee then on any Portugal in all the countrey, and doeth give with her in marriage to me part of an Ingenio which he hath, that doeth make every yeere a thousand roves of sugar. This my marriage will be worth to me two thousand duckets, little more or lesse. Also Signor Joffo Dore my father in law doeth intende to put in to my handes the whole Ingenio with sixtie or seventie slaves, and thereof to make me factor for us both. I give my living Lord thankes for placing me in such honour and plentifulnesse of all things."

International Song.

As the World Wags:

I have been living in blissful ignorance since I was a boy, singing, when occa- sion warranted:

The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

with American patriotic fervor. Now I am told by Ralp Connor in "Corporal Cameron," a novel of the Canadian Northwest, that the melodious lines mentioned are of British origin. So it seems I have been celebrating the flag of old Hingland instead of my own, if Mr. Connor is right. Well, hereafter the

Star-spangled banner, oh, loug may it wave,
O'er the home of the free and the land of the brave,

is good enough for me. BAIZE.

Dorchester, Sept. 17.

September 25. 1913

R. H. C. asks whether any reader of The Herald knows the maiden name of Sarah (born in 1680, died in 1767), the wife of Maj. Edward Winslow of Roch- ester. "Was she a daughter of Andrew and Mehitable Clark of Harwich?"

Star-Gazers.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent's query regarding the present whereabouts of the one- armed man who had the telescope on the Common brought to my mind its previous owner, Mackenzie Axe, who for many years showed "celestial ob- jects" to random star-gazers for a modest fee. The instrument was then located near the West street gate, at the foot of Dr. Holmes's "Long Path." The lenses were ground by Clacey, who had a room on Washington street, near Summer, where I used to go to see him at work. After Mr. Axe's death I came across the telescope in an optical fac- tory on Hanover street, near the Amer- ican House, up three or four flights of stairs, where it was for sale at the modest price of $1200. The instrument had a wooden tube, which is a [illegible] proposition for a refractor, and [illegible] mounting was also defective. This was the same glass "the one-armed man" had when he stood on the mall at the [illegible] and [illegible] it [illegible] where it is now I do not know, neither do I know what has become of him. Wordsworth has some astonish- ingly bad verses about a public tele- scope which, in his day, was located in "Leicester's busy square" in London. What most impressed him about the star gazers was their general air of dejection after they had taken a peep.

One after one they take their turn, nor have I one espied
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatis- fied.

Although a philosopher and deep thinker, the reason for this general air of being sat on Wordsworth could not fathom. It remained for Bernard Shaw to give the clue. It is because "the English take their pleasures sadly!"

Boston Astronomers.

Many years ago a schoolmate of mine had a public telescope on the Common, near Winter street. He was a protege of Ernst Perabo, and developed into a skilful pianist. He was one of several Mayhew school boys who, in the early Sixties, went on the Common after dark to watch for meteors. Among them was a brother of William Bellamy of Charade fame, who is himself an astronomer and mathematician, and whose observatory, situated on the slope of Mt. Bowdoin, was thought by Dorchester wiseacres to be a sort of synagogue wherein a high priest of the occult performed his night- ly incantations. I performed some there myself, once upon a time, when, after viewing Saturn with Mr. Bellamy's re- flector, I suddenly threw my head back and hit it a resounding whack upon the sloping roof. A thick skull was all that saved me from a fatal fracture. Among these Mayhew school boys was another amateur who won recognition as a vari- able star observer; and only a few years ago the French government gave the Lolande medal to a former West end boy for his astronomical research work. Star-gazing is a fascinating occupation, and Boston has had rather more than its fair share of capable observers who have been a credit to their native city.

Boston, Sept. 22. J. W.

A Dismal Ditty.

As the World Wags:

I enclose a song of considerable an- tiquity, I believe. Perhaps some of your readers will know its origin. The musical notes are written as nearly as possible in the way it was sung to me by an elderly lady. She sings it with much reluctance, as she is not proud of the fact that so lugubrious a bit lingers in her memory.

Truro. A CAPE COD READER.

The words are as follows:

There was an old woman all skin and bones,
There was an old woman all skin and bones.
She went to church one summer day
And stopped to rest her on the way.
An when she got to the pew door
She stopped to rest a little more.
When looking up and all around,
She spied a corpse up—on the ground.
And, from the nose down to the chin,
The worms crawl'd out and the worms crawl'd in.
The woman to the parson said,
"Shall I look so when I am dead?"
The parson to the woman said,
"You will look so when you are dead."
The woman to the parson said: "O-o-o- o-h!"

We wish we could reproduce the mus- ical notation. The tune ranges from E flat on the first line to B flat on the third. And. "Oh!" is set to an ascending and descending octave (E flat, E flat.) —Ed.

Heard on Nantucket.

As the World Wags:

The words "Piggin" and "Cannikin," concerning which your correspondent "H." inquires, were familiar terms in my boyhood days at Nantucket, 70 years ago, and they are thus correctly defined in the Century Dictionary of today:

Piggin: A small wooden vessel with an erect handle formed by continuing one of the staves above the rim.

Cannikin: A wooden bucket (with a cover) for holding sugar, rice, etc.

I have heard cannikin also called a "cannapail" and a "can pail."

Now, can "H." or any other corre- spondent reciprocate by giving me the correct spelling of the name of a port- able stove with a bale, of about the size and shape of a large water pail? In my boyhood home it was called a "roshow," but I have never been able to find any word of that spelling, or which would have that pronunciation. I should be grateful to any one who can assist me in finding the word.

Roxbury, Sept. 19. NANTUCKETER.

"H." asked about "liggen pidgen" and "kinnicum." "Cannikin," as we all know from Iago's song, is a small can or drinking vessel. The English (Ox- ford) Dictionary does not give the defi- nition—the second one—found in the Century.—Ed.

September 26. 1913

The illiterate used to be popular with Kentish employers. A master of a brick- field once told me he was always ready to pay double wages to a man who could neither read nor write. He works harder, he don't think, and he don't know enough to grumble."

Boston Corbett.

As the World Wags:

Is Sergeant Boston Corbett still liv- ing and, if so, where? It was only a [illegible] days ago that, in turning over the [illegible]es of some book, I came upon a few lines in regard to [illegible] As [illegible] I re- member of what was said about him [illegible] that it was stated that it is not known what has become of him or whether he is alive. I don't remember in what book it was that I saw that mention of him, nor do I recall when the book was pub- lished. On Feb. 15, 1887, while he was serving as doorkeeper in the Kansas House of Representatives, he had a crazy fit and, armed with two revolvers, put the House into a panic and forced it to adjourn. In consequence of that outbreak on his part he was, according to Osborn H. Oldroyd's book on "The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln," ex- amined mentally and placed in an asy- lum, from which he escaped, and was marked on the records as dead. A To- peka man was appointed his guardian, and Oldroyd's work states that, at the time when it was written, he had a piece of land in Cloud county, Kan., and some pension money due him, that his guard- ian wanted the insanity charge against him removed so that he could come into control of his property, and that for the last four years he had been a trav- eling salesman for a Topeka patent medicine concern, his territory being Texas and Oklahoma, and his headquar- ters and home being at Enid, Okla. In a sketch of him given in Harper's Weekly of May 13, 1865, it is stated that he was born in London in 1832 and came to the United States when he was 7 years old; that in early life he worked in Troy, N. Y., where he learned the trade of hat finisher, and subsequently worked in Albany, Boston, Richmond and New York; and that, while he was living in Boston, he joined the Metho- dist Episcopal Church and, never hav- ing been baptized, was at a loss as to what name to adopt, and that, after making it a subject of prayer, he be- lieved himself instructed to take the name of "Boston," the name of the place where he was converted. That sketch of him given in Harper's Weekly says that he was a religious fanatic; "he was a constant attendant at the Fulton Street Meeting, and greatly an- noyed it by what was considered his fanaticism." It is seen that that sketch of him in Harper's Weekly agrees with George Frederic Degen's statement in today's Herald that he was a religious fanatic and that he gave himself the forename of "Boston" in consequence of his having been converted in the place of that name.

I once saw Corbett in one of Boston's cheap amusement places, where he was filling an engagement as one of the at- tractions—I think that it was at Austin & Stone's Museum on Tremont row, but am not sure. At that time he showed no trace of having ever been inoculated with genuine religion—to use a slang phrase, "on the contrary, quite the re- verse." His conversation was thickly interlarded with profanity and, if he then had any piety, it must have been some such brand of the article as is the theme of the poem entitled "Pious Like Hell." INCONSTANT READER.

Sept. 9.

We are under the impression that Mr. Corbett died some time ago.—Ed.

Both Dictionary Words.

For "ots," read "orts" which is in the dictionaries today. Nor is the Lady from Cleveland sound in her derivation. The plural is the usual form and the word is common in English provinces. In Northamptonshire it is confined to edible fragments left on the plate at meal times. In Yorkshire it is the re- fuse of hay left in the stall by cattle. Shakespeare used the singular in "Timon of Athens" and the plural in "Julius Caesar"—"a barren spirited fel- low, one that feeds on abject orts" and in "Troilus and Cressida." In Ben Jon- son's "New Inn" we find "thou son of crumbs and orts." There is the old proverb, "Evening orts are good morn- ing fodder."

Is not "tittravating" a corruption of "titivating"? "Titivate" is a good old English verb meaning to tidy, clean, re- store, renovate.

Class in Pronunciation!

As the World Wags:

Since "Orthoepist" expressed surprise at my statement that the general cus- tom is to pronounce the word apotheosis with "the accent on the second sylla- ble," I have taken time to get in touch with some of the school teachers of Boston. I have tested several, and all pronounced it with "the accent on the second syllable!".

And now will you kindly tell me if there is authority for pronouncing the word dec-or-a-tive with the accent on second syllable. I have heard refined well-educated persons thus pronounce it. TERTIUS.

Boston, Sept. 18.

The primary accent in this pronunci- ation of "apotheosis" comes on the sec- ond "o"; but when the word is pro- nounced rapidly, nine out of ten put the stress on "poth."

We know of no authority for the pronunciation of "decorative" with the accent on the second syllable. This pronunciation, however, was affected in the days ridiculed by Gilbert in "Pa- tience," when Japanese fans covered chamber walls and there was much chatter about Eastlake, dado and frieze.

September 27 1913

The t[illegible]le of a play has [illegible] much to do with its success at the box office. It sometimes gives an erroneous impression. The Boston public delights in musical comedies, farces with music. Many are undoubtedly looking forward to the production of "The Five Frankforters," thinking that the frankforters are the frankfurters served with beer and with or without sauerkraut. They will not be consoled when they find out that these Frankforters are all of the Rothschild family. Possibly there was thought of this when it was proposed to change the German title into "The Golden Lane." In the same way that charming little comedy "Green Stockings" gave a false idea of the piece, and was probably a bitter disappointment to representatives of the Watch and Ward Society. The comedy was not known by this title in England. Is it possible that the new title was chosen "to answer the requirements of American taste"? "Such a Little Queen" was a silly title for a pleasant comedy, and it deterred some from seeing Miss Ferguson and the excellent company.

Alluring Titles.

It has been said that an indefatigable writer of melodramas in New York first invents and patents a title, then engages an artist to design blood-curdling pictures for the billboards, fences and walls, and when the title and the pictures of scenes are to his satisfaction, he sits down and writes the play. When we were young, and a visit to the theatre was an event of the year, the title had much to do with the choice of a play. We have always regretted that we did not see "The Cataract of the Ganges." "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," was an alluring title. "How Women Love" was as compelling as "Why Women Love." The billboards were more attractive in those days. How could one escape the mottoes that were often printed in bold type? One still haunts us:

When greed of gold makes man to man unjust,
In vain the workman seeks the needed crust.
Starvation stretches out her bony hand,
And sad [illegible] mourn throughout the land.

We forget the name of the poet. He was perhaps the author of this noble couplet:

Eternal silence caught along the shore
And spectral [illegible] upon the floor.

Jones at the Play.

A prudent man never recommends a play, a tailor, a novel, a shoemaker, anybody or anything to others. Let us suppose that Jones is foolish enough at the Porphyry to dilate pompously on his enjoyment of a new musical comedy. "The story was coherent, interesting and it lasted until the end. The music was something more than a mad rush of noise with here and there a sugary sentimental song in slow waltz time. The chorus girls were pretty and not undressed in a laboriously indecent manner. They were fresh of face and voice, not brazen. There was no buffoon with stale slang and cheap profanity. The leading woman sang and acted delightfully." And Jones waxes enthusiastic and says to those near him: "You must see the show. Don't miss it. Take my word, you will thank me." The next afternoon, as he sits in his accustomed seat in the club, Brown, Smith and Robinson come in and look at him as Banquo entered and looked at the feasting Macbeth. There is an ominous silence, broken at last by these contemptuous remarks: "So that's the kind of a show you like." "The next time you tell me a play is stupid I'll engage seats for it immediately." "Dullest, punkiest thing I ever saw." "The leading woman is pretty, but she can't act. She's the limit." The more practical Ferguson joins in the hostile chorus. "I'll take one on you, old top. You ought to give me back my money." Yet Jones really enjoyed the show, and he is not to be shaken in his opinion. He has passed the age when his looking-glass was decorated with photographs of actresses, but the new singer charmed his eyes and ears and he will remember her gratefully. When the ale is brought in its native pewter, he drinks to her—but silently, for he remembers the line in the old play: "Heed not the rude shouts of the villagers."

A Nice Question.

As the World Wags:

I appeal to you as an authority on the meaning of the word "next" in a call dated Sept. 11, 1913, for a town meeting "on Tuesday the 23d day of September next." The point was made that "next" meant 1914, and the moderator did finally so rule. Is not "next" synonymous with "nearest" and was not the moderator wrong?

Boston, Sept. 24. NEEDHAM.

We do not pretend to be an authority on anything. We sit on the fence to view the passing procession, and ask with Montaigne, "Que scais-je?"

The phrase quoted from the call was worded in an unfortunate manner. The call was dated in September. It named a day that might be reasonably supposed to specify the next September, which will be in 1914. "Next" may mean immediately following, or in the nearest time, place or rank, or immediately [illegible] nearest to. In this [illegible] of next [illegible] to be within Tuesday [illegible] for the next Tuesday would have been Sept. 16. The next September will be in 1914. If "next" had been omitted, the Tuesday would have been supposed to be Sept. 16. This was undoubtedly the writer's intention, and the moderator probably knew it.

September 28-1913

This week should be one of unusual interest. "The Five Frankforters" is a delightful comedy of manners and sentiment, admirably acted—for the company at the Majestic, it is said, will be the one that we saw in New York. Mr. Parker's pageant, "Joseph and His Brethren," has been highly successful in New York and London. Mr. Arliss returns with "Disraeli," and Mrs. Arliss will be seen here on the stage for the first time. Mr. Cohan purposes to leave the stage at the end of this season, that he may have more time for writing comedies and producing plays. Then there is the annual appearance of the Follies.

"The Five Frankforters" "The Five Frankforters" is an adaptation by Capt. Basil Hood of a German comedy, "Die fuenf Frankfurter," by Karl Roessler. The comedy depicts an episode in the history of the Rothschilds, although the family name is not used in the play. The mother, Gudula—played in a masterly manner by Mathilde Cottrelly—and her sons, Anselm, Nathan, Solomon, Karl and Jacob, are first shown in the mother's modest home in Frankfort. The simple plot is narrated elsewhere in The Herald today.

The play was produced in the original German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, Oct. 1, 1912, when Georgine von Neuendorff took the part of the mother. The English version was produced at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1912, and Mrs. Lemoyne then took the part of Frau Gudula. It has been said that the title of the play would be "The Golden Lane," but the original one was retained. The English version was produced in New York on March 3, 1913, with Mme. Cottrelly. Roessler, the author of the German play, is an actor who several years ago was a member of the Irving Place Theatre Company.

Capt. Hood's version was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on May 7, 1912. The Censor's hand was shown. Frau Gudula became Frau Naomi, and her sons were re-named Michael, Joseph, Samuel, Earnest and David. The word "banking" was substituted for "money lending." The Referee found all this "silly," and had the audacity to say: "What struck me as peculiar in this regard on the first night was that notwithstanding the censoring and scissoring * * * certain strange points were left uncensored. For example, there remained the statement that the title of Baron given to the five by the Austrian Government of the period (1822) had really been bought by the head of the house foregoing—on behalf of the family—a huge debt owed to it by that government. There also remained the episode showing how Nathan Rothschild (I should say Joseph Naomi) sought to marry his sweet daughter Rachel to the local impecunious Duke on condition of the Family lending him 12,000,000 crowns."

The London Times had much to say in a mealy mouthed manner about the bad taste of introducing this historic family on the stage. "You cannot help feeling that in watching their behavior, you are prying into the family affairs, the early history, of a set of real and well known people. The history may be fictitious, but you cannot be sure, and even if it be, it hardly seems quite the thing to amuse playgoers with fiction about the past of an actually existing family. It may be said that the fiction or blend of fact and fiction is quite harmless in itself, that there is no 'scandal about Queen Elizabeth,' that in fact the family are treated in the most kindly spirit. But is that a valid excuse? It is not, in our opinion, a question of how you treat the family affairs of living people, the question is whether it is legitimate to treat such a subject at all. Apart from that question, the question of good manners and taste, there is nothing to cavil at in the play." And at the end the critic was obliged to confess that "the peculiarity of the play on which we have felt bound to comment ostensibly gave no discomfort to the audience, who indeed received it with every token of favor."

The London Chronicle recently said that the "thirteen superstition has even invaded the house of the Rothschilds, who are reputed never to have anything to do with the unlucky person or number. Baron Alphonse of Paris had a terrible dread of the number 13. And he would not enter his palace in the Rue St. George—which became No. 13 through a municipal reorganization—until the authorities had agreed to alter it." No one of the Rothschilds in this play is depicted as superstitious.

"Joseph and His Brethren" Mr. Louis N. Parker spoke freely about his play, "Joseph and His Brethren" to a reporter of the New York Times before the production at the Century Theatre, Jan. 11 of this year.

"I call this form a new one because it is an innovation in the drama commonly presented on our modern stage. It is different because it neglects two of the three 'unities' which the Greeks considered primary requisites of the drama. Those are time and place. It possesses solely unity of action, a oneness of theme. Although it is a new form today, it is old in reality, for it is the form which Shakespeare employed in his history dramas, as, for example, in the 'Henry' series.

"My play of 'Joseph and His Brethren' illustrates the idea. It is a story of a central character, the Joseph of the Bible. My play deals with the life of Joseph, covering a period of many years and a variety of places. There is no effort to consider a strict observance of the unity of time and place, then, but to deal only with a central character.

"The prime requisite in writing a play of this sort, which presents the life of a character as a moving scene or 'pageant,' is that there shall be sufficient interest in the central character to allow the author to dispense with the two unities mentioned. Take Joseph, for example. The audience is asked to jump years and many miles from bit to bit of the life of the man. Its members must be well enough acquainted with him to bridge these gaps in the story, or else must have sufficient interest aroused in him to do so.

"My 'Joseph' is the outgrowth of my productions of outdoor pageants in England. These were spectacles on a large scale, generally dealing with the history of a city. In that case the town itself became the central figure instead of a person. The age of the town often allowed the presentation of incidents from its history which were separated in point of time by a thousand years.

"My first of these productions, in which in several instances hundreds and even thousands of people appeared, was in 1905. For the following five years I directed yearly some such spectacle. Then out of the outdoor idea I developed my spectacle of 'Drake,' dealing with the national marine figure of England, which is now being presented at His Majesty's Theatre, London. That was my first production of a 'pageant play,' as I decided to call it, although I had previously written 'Joseph and His Brethren.' Now I have also a play on Joan of Arc. All three are built about an heroic and well known figure which is the centre of interest.

"The appeal which a play of this sort makes is in the main primary. For the majority of people its interest will lie in the story. The central character in a sequence of events which go to make up a thrilling narrative is the principal thing. Any symbolism which the play or story may have must be for the majority of people something apart from it.

"Take 'The Blue Bird' a moving spectacle, for an example. How many people who see the play, do you suppose, know anything about the symbolism of it? Certainly, for the children, it is only an absorbing adventure. It is safe to say it is the same thing for nearly all the grown-ups. For those who do get anything more out of it, there is just that much more gain.

"With 'Joseph' I have aimed to compile a moving story. I have used the words of the Bible in many passages—in fact, whole scenes are taken from the Scriptures. I have hoped to develop the symbolic character of the narrative, but if it is there it is over and above the life history of 'Joseph.'"

Thus Mr. Parker. It has been said, however, that Mr. George C. Tyler, visiting London about seven years ago, saw at the Coliseum a tableau representing scenes in the life of Joseph. No words were spoken in connection with the pictures. "Mr. Tyler engaged Mr. Parker to write the words, and brought the play home with him." We quote from the New York Sun of Dec. 4, 1912:

The Wife of Potiphar Of course, Potiphar's wife must figure in this play. When Miss Maxine Elliott, with costumes showing "a tendency toward Assyrian fashion and Assyrian color," took the part in London (Sept. 2, 1913), she rejoiced in the opportunity of being "in a continual state of tigerish passion." She said: "The fact that Zuleika is so ungenerate makes her all the more interesting—and yet she is logical, too, for her time. What could you do with such a woman except put out her eyes? It is no use killing her; she does not fear death." That Miss Elliott objected to being carried off the stage by two real live negroes was the more surprising.

In the Bible the wife of Potiphar and the daughter of Herodias have no name. In Mr. Parker's play the wife is Zuleika, a name given to her by the Rabbi, and also by the Persian poet Jami. The spelling Zuleikha is preferred by some.

This woman has fared badly. Old writers depicted her as coarse, vulgar, [illegible] to temptation. That strange man, [illegible] Wells, wrote a romance, "Ma[illegible] Potiphar," in which he described [illegible] an attempt at seduction. Swinburne, speaking of the woman in the dramatic poem "Joseph and His Brethren," by Charles Wells—the poem was first published in 1824, when Hazlitt told the author that he had great genius, and said the poem was "not only original, but aboriginal"—speaking of Wells's Phraxanor and Shakespeare's Cleopatra, said: "All women in literature after these two seem coarse or trivial when they touch on anything sensual but in their (italicized) passion there is nothing common or unclean; nothing paltry, no taint of vulgar sin or more vulgar repentance, can touch these two. And this the later poet, at least, has made out of the slightest and thinnest material possible; his original being not only insufficient—the very bare bones of conjecture, the suggestion of a skeleton character—not actually, as far as it was anything at all, so associated with ideas simply ludicrous and base that the very name of 'Potiphar's Wife' has the sound of a coarse by-word.

The wife of Potiphar has appeared in operetta and now Richard Strauss is writing music for a ballet of which she is the heroine. What will be not do to her—or for her? She does not appear in Mehul's opera, "Joseph."

She Has Had Friends When Mr. Watts Dunton talked with Dante Gabriel Rossetti about Wells's play, he said that the very title was enough to kill it. "Because the only female interest it suggests is that of Potiphar's wife, a very unsavory female." Rossetti answered: "In every drama there must be a villain or a villainess to do battle with the hero or good person, and as Wells has not tampered with the scripture narrative, but has given us a portrait of a lecherous woman, perfectly unique—perfectly astounding for vigor—you will find that she makes a pretty successful villainess." Mr. Watts-Dunston was not to be convinced. He had not then read Wells's poem. "In any dramatization of the scripture story of Joseph the 'frisky matron' has to take the parts of villainess and heroine both. Without her there is no female interest at all. And remember that in a poem or a novel, although a lecherous female can be tolerated if she is only sketched or outlined, let the same lady be painted thoroughly in and she becomes intolerable. In the biblical narrative Potiphar's wife is a mere impersonation of lust. She doesn't even bear a name, nor does she bear a name in the Koran. * * * A heroine's breath may be as poisonous as that of your favorite damsel, Rappaccini's daughter, and yet she may be romantically treated, but in the flower garden of poesy the breath of Potiphar's wife would be no better than the perfume of a bad cabbage." Rossetti laughed and replied: "But it is wonderful how a bad cabbage can be improved by washing and fumigating." Mr. Watts-Dunton went to the British Museum, read Wells's poem and saw a great light. Phraxanor had not been washed or fumigated, but she was never a cabbage.

The Koran represents Joseph as a youth of fatal beauty, and the Persian poets make the woman's infatuation the result of magnetic attraction.

In Jami's "Yusuf and Zulaikha," the girl Zulaikha, the pure and beautiful daughter of King Taimus of Mauritania, once dreamed at daybreak of "a glorious youth, with a dazzling star upon his shoulder, whose beauty took her captive." She awoke and finding it all a dream pined in her melancholy. This vision she saw thrice and in the vision "Egypt" was named. An embassy came from that land to seek her hand for Pharaoh's grand vizier Potiphar and she argued that he was the dream youth. She went with pomp to the banks of the Nile and found her bridegroom to be "a bland and Oriental fogey, gorgeously apparelled as to dress, but alas! plain as to features." Her state was the more melancholy. She learned, however, that there was a slave in the household, one Joseph, a Canaanite, for whom the ladies of the court swooned in love. She bought him, and the Princess Nasigha and other noble dames were mad with jealousy. As Joseph was about to yield to Zulaikha's entreaties, the angel Gabriel appeared to him in the likeness of Jacob and urged him to fly away—but Joseph was falsely accused and thrown into prison. Zulaikha knew remorse, for she loved her slave, and when Potiphar, always the gentleman, thoughtfully died, she married Joseph.

Effective Coquetry in Dress There is a speech of Phraxanor in Wells's play that may be commended to women who advocate the ultra modern dress. Phraxanor, about to tempt Joseph, gives orders to her maid:

The sultry hour well suits occasion:
That silk of gossamer like tawny gold—
Throw it on loosely; so, 'tis well, yet stay—
See to the neck; fit thou some tender lace
About the rim. The precious jewel shown
But scantily is oft desired most,
And tender nets scare not the timid bird.
A little secret is a tempting thing
Beyond wide truth's confession.

And again:

Myrah, depart; yet stay, and first arrange
My sandal, that unseemly doth escape.
Higher still there, where the transparent silk

[illegible]

Questions Raised by "Joseph"

When "Joseph and His Brethren" was produced in New York, Mr. Tiedermann, [illegible] the play, pointed out one inaccuracy in the production. "In the first act, where the scene is laid in the tent [illegible] there occurs at several places [illegible] pointed white [illegible] to which we give the name [illegible]. As a decorative effect the six-pointed star doubtless serves its purpose, but as a matter of record it did not originate until the time of David [illegible] approximately, after the [illegible] of Jacob."

[illegible] "A. N. Q. P." wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette: "Can any of your [illegible] readers tell us what is the origin of a priest wearing a leopard skin? I see that one of the Egyptian priests in 'Joseph and His Brethren' wears one. Some years ago, reaching [illegible] very early, I strolled into the cathedral, where early masses were being sung, and came across a tall, venerable old canon who knew a little English and evidently was proud of the fact. He told me he was saying the mass of the chapter, and asked me to wait for it. Unlike the other masses said at side altars this was said in the choir, at [illegible] of great length. One by one the [illegible] of the chapter strolled in casually to their personal stalls, each having over his left arm a leopard skin. Arrived at their stall, they disposed of them variously. Some, probably feeling a draught, put them round their shoulders, [illegible] over their knees and others [illegible]. Each did as he pleased. [illegible] some read their own devotions, others gazed at the roof vacantly, possibly meditating; one or two talked, some took snuff and sneezed, [illegible] spat into spittoons. It was small wonder, for the choir is so vast that not a word my dear old friend said could be heard. He was served by two little [illegible], who played high jinks behind his back. Of course, all the chapter knelt at the Elevation, one of the imps having rung the bell. Afterward they retired with their leopard skins on their arms. Is this a relic of Egyptian priest's vestments?"

Mr. James D. Willis was curious as to the age of Benjamin.

"Was Benjamin a young boy? If [illegible] he was a precocious boy, as he took [illegible] sons down to Egypt shortly after he saw Joseph (Gen. xlvi, 31). We are not told his age, but we can get at it in this way: Joseph was 30 years [illegible] when he stood before Pharaoh (Gen. xli, 46). We will suppose that the seven years of plenty began at once. That makes him 37. Allow two years for the sons of Jacob to feel the stress of famine. The sons of Jacob would take corn to last at least one year. Add these three years to 37 and we get 40 as Joseph's age. Benjamin was the next son, so I conclude he was a middle-aged man. A lad in the East [illegible] of any age, a broth of a boy in Ireland is usually a strong man."

Saint-Saen's New Oratorio

Saint-Saens's new oratorio, "The Promised Land," produced at the Gloucester Musical Festival Sept. 11 was adversely criticized by the leading critics. The Pall Mall Gazette dismissed it with a few words. "He [illegible] his new oratorio, 'The Promised Land,' the text of which was compiled from the Bible by Mr. Hermann Klein. The story of the rebellion of the Israelites against Moses, the disobedience of the latter in striking the rock and his punishment by Jehovah, has dramatic possibilities, of which, however, the composer has not taken due advantage. He is opposed to the new paths opened up by modern French composers; moreover, though he recognizes the genius of Wagner, he does not agree with the reformer's theories and practice. His sincerity is beyond doubt, hence no one can object to the form of his oratorio setting of the part. And, after all, form matters little if the contents of a work are interesting. In 'The Promised Land,' however, we find melodies far less fresh and attractive, the workmanship of orchestration much less interesting, and the dramatic element weaker than in 'Samson et Dalilah.' It must, however, be acknowledged that to write an oratorio at all was a courageous undertaking on the part of a composer nearly 80 years of age."

But this music was planned in 1886, and it was not brought forward because Rubinstein forestalled Saint-Saens with his Biblical opera "Moses." Saint-Saens in '86 purposed to have his oratorio produced at a Norwich festival, but while at work on it Rubinstein's opera was published, and the Frenchman immediately consigned his manuscript to a pigeonhole, where it remained until last year. Then, after Mr. Klein, the original librettist, had revised the libretto, the composer took it with him to Algiers, where he completed the oratorio during last winter.

Mr. R. H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph frankly said that it was not a pleasant task to discuss the work, which is new in no sense but the one that it [illegible] recently composed. It is not even [illegible] Saint-Saens, for it lacks [illegible] to so much of his earlier [illegible] and while it is free from the saccharine sweetness of some of 'Samson et Dalila' [illegible] notable in particular to [illegible] * * * That the music is facile [illegible] one will deny, but I emphatically deny that the facility has led to great results and I regret to have to say so."

The London Times in an apologetic vein said that the oratorio was far from being a masterpiece, but that Saint-Saens "in accepting an English libretto naturally thought more of what would suit the place and the audience than of what would suit himself."

Theatre and Concert Hall

At the Odeon, Paris, Schiller's "Brigands" and Becque's "Corbeaux" will be revised. The Paris correspondent of the Era writes: "'La Vie d'une Femme,' by Saint-Georges de Bouhelier, which M. Antoine promises to bring out this season, is a gigantic work. It consists of four parts, 'The Dream,' 'Those Who Have Fallen,' 'Hope' and 'Happiness.' Each part is divided in three tableaux and constitutes a separate drama. Those who were present when the work was read to the artistes say that it is most thrilling, but beyond the reach of 'ordinary intellects.' Paris audiences, however, are not different from others, and the less they understand, the louder they applaud. Thus Hauptmann's 'Cloche Engloutie' scored a tremendous success at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre. As I could not grasp the meaning of the play I asked Sarcey and Jules Lemaitre, two of our greatest critics, who happened to be present, to enlighten me. 'Nous ne comprenons pas un mot!' was the reply; and when I appealed to other distinguished men of letters in the house I was told the same thing. Yet there were rows of long-haired youths and short-haired girls in the stalls applauding lustily and calling out 'Delicieux! Ravissant! Splendide!' Since then I have come across numerous ladies and gentlemen from the fatherland who informed me that the 'Versunkene Glocke' has had, and is still having, a tremendous success in the land of the spiked helmets. 'Then please tell me what it is all about?' I asked; 'you will make the whole of France happy by giving me that information!' But, alas! They gave me a pitying look and said: 'We don't know ourselves what it means, but it is "herrlich," "wunderschoen"!' This happened some 16 years ago, and today I am no wiser."

Anatole France's "Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque" has been turned into a lyrical comedy in four acts by Georges Ducquois, and Charles Levade, a prix de Rome, is writing the music.

The production of "Androcles and the Lion" would have pained Goethe, who severed his connection with the Weimar Theatre owing to the appearance of an animal on the stage. For 27 years he ruled there as a despotic director. "The direction," he wrote to his chief assistant, "acts according to its own views and not in the least according to the demands of the public. Once for all, understand that the public must be controlled." When at length he forbade any expressions of approval or disapproval on the part of the public only the court and the Jena students continued to attend the theatre. The crash came when Duke Karl August invited an actor who had scored heavily with a performing poodle in "The Dog of Montargis" to play at Weimar. After the first rehearsal he declined to have anything more to do with a theatre the boards of which had been desecrated by the presence of an animal.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Prince Vladimir Bariatinsky is in St. Petersburg superintending the production of his two new plays, "The Comedy of Death," and "A. D. 1569." The former will be produced at the Imperial Theatre, and the latter, which deals with the proposal of marriage made by Ivan the Terrible to Queen Elizabeth, at the Literary Theatre.

Robert Vansittard, an English diplomat who has served in Paris, Teheran and Cairo, and is the author of "Cap and Bells," has written a new comedy to be produced in London this fall by Ethel Warwick.

Zola's "Germinal" and Dickens's "David Copperfield" have been adapted for the cinema palaces. The former is 8000 feet in length—a show of over two hours; the second is 6500 feet.

Felix Weingartner will be the pianist at the chamber concert of his own compositions in Berlin, Oct. 29. It will be remembered that he has played in Boston with the Kneisel Quartet. Mr. Weingartner will conduct "Parsifal" at Hamburg in January.

The engagement of Hans Gregor as director of the Vienna imperial opera has been prolonged until 1920.

"Parsifal" will probably be performed in two theatres of Berlin next January: The Royal Opera House and the German Theatre at Charlottenburg.

The directors of the London Symphony orchestra, making their announcement for the season, say: "It has been found necessary to omit from the programs other than standard works, as it has been proved by experience that the public support is withdrawn on the occasions when new and unknown works are performed at the concerts, and it is the general wish of the supporters of the concerts to include only works of the standard order." On the other hand, Sir Henry J. Wood, conductor of the Queen's Hall orchestra, announces Scriabin's third symphony, [illegible] "[illegible] Style," Mahler's Symphony, "Das Lied von der Erde," and Stravinsky's fantasia, "Fireworks," while the first appearance in England of Arnold Schoenberg to conduct his "Five Characteristic Pieces" will excite attention. "The point is that if the novelties are well selected it is not easy to believe that the 'public support is withdrawn.'"

There are no English works on the London Symphony programs and only two in those of the Queen's Hall orchestra. This leads Mr. Gatty to say: "Judging, however, from past experiences, there are other enterprises which one hopes will be repeated, enterprises which are conducted on a belief in the potentialities of native work. In this connection it is doubtless true that English novelties of real merit are not easy to get hold of, and it is only fair to add that Sir Henry Wood does well by them in his Promenade programs. Recent orchestral developments seem to suggest that yet again the British composer is being left behind. Whatever may be their ultimate value, the tonal experiments of men like Schoenberg or Scriabin and the instrumental technique of Stravinsky are advances of a very remarkable nature, and as such demand attention. By their very daring they attract the curiosity of the experienced concert-goer, who the more he is puzzled is the less prepared to tolerate less successful efforts. In fact, just now the key to the situation is sensation. Some may say that it is just as well for the native school that experiments of the kind are being conducted elsewhere; that if these unknown paths are to be explored, they had better be done for us. We shall, at any rate, know what to avoid and be saved a good deal of fruitless energy. But the constant struggle for technical efficiency may easily have the effect of making it appear to be the one thing necessary—to the young composer, that is, who feels that recognition depends upon his power to astonish. On the other hand, the fact that the London Symphony orchestra can offer a series of programs, from this point of view out of date, shows that it is believed that there are still audiences ready to appreciate music which today holds its own by reason of the vitality of its thematic material. No composer, therefore, who has something to say need fear reasonable technical limitations, or be afraid of having no welcome for his message."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones says that the germ of his new comedy, "Mary Goes First," came to him at a diplomatic dinner. "The host had asked me to meet some of the notabilities of the place, and just before the guests arrived he grew uncertain as to which should go in first. His distress and perplexity suggested to me that this question of social precedency might be used as the theme of a play. Although I made a note of the idea at the time, yet it was not until a couple of years ago that the story began to take shape. Of course, when you have a theme for a play you have not got a play. Nor have you a play when you have the leading character. You can only be said to have a play when you have a definite organic scheme of action, and you scarcely get this by any process of forcing. It has to grow in your mind. Even then the story takes about a hundred different shapes before it comes into a straight line of sequence."

Gordon Craig's Art School

Mr. Gordon Craig has been talking in London about his school in Florence for the art of the theatre:

Speaking of the advantages of Florence for the school, Mr. Craig said: "Not only can we work there quietly, but, for some reason or other, one gets in Florence people who are not usually able to come to London—people who are in touch with theatres all over the world.

"During the last fortnight that we were there, for example, I suppose that there were eight or nine representative people from different theatres in Europe. They came from France, Germany, Holland, Hungary and Russia, one of the visitors from Russia being the man who is playing Peer Gynt at the Moscow Art Theatre. You thus keep in touch with all the people of all the theatres, and you are not inclined to imagine, as you are in England, that your own particular theatre is the only theatre.

"Looking back upon the work of the first three or four months at the school, one is at first inclined to think that very little has been done. But on looking into it more closely, I think we have covered a great deal of useful ground. I tell you one thing that we have done, and that is to bind all the men and women together. We are 26 altogether, English, Americans and Italians, and all are in very good accord one with another.

"The curse of the modern theatre is that there is no sticking together. My sister was telling me the other day that, more or less, all the theatres in London are made up of companies that are together for three or four months, and then separate. Unless we can stick together for many years we shall do nothing."

Mr. Gordon Craig's school aims at doing, and revealing the means of doing, what is left undone by the modern theatre—at infusing the life of imagination into every art and craft connected with the stage, so that fresh vigor will be given to the creative powers of those who are actively associated with the drama.

The first division of the school that has been at work is composed of salaried experimental workers in various departments, who have been selected by Mr. Craig to work with him. Amongst them are wood carvers and printers. He does not see, he says, why the printers should not become very good actors. It does not follow, he said, that acting is a special thing. It is an extra thing. The only bit of speaking that was done at the school during the term was done by a wood carver, and he spoke very well.

"But, oh," he said, "if English people would only come to see the school for themselves. They would then know and understand what is being done. We have, besides one that is roofed in, a great empty theatre in the open air. We have not untold wealth to enable us to get firms like Waring's to come in and open it with a splash. I wish we had more money for the work. As it is we are slowly putting the place in order. We are wiring it for electricity, and we are making our own furniture and our own scenes, and trying to accommodate one thing with another. We are not yet doing any show work or making any show efforts.

"Every morning we begin at 9 o'clock, and at 12, when a great gun goes off in the city, every one goes to lunch. At 1 o'clock they return, and go on till 6—eight hours' steady work a day."

On his way back to Florence, Mr. Gordon Craig will spend a little time in Germany. He is engaged on a big book on "Hamlet," which a German gentleman is producing.

"It ought to have been done in England, but a German is doing it, who is going to no end of pains," he said, "and sparing no expense. He has his own press, and an Englishman, Mr. Edward Johnson, is cutting the type. I am engraving the wood blocks. The work is being brought out in French and German, and, I think, in English, the edition being limited to a few hundred copies.

"I have also to see in Germany a group of people about building a theatre, in which I am going to collaborate with the architect, Mr. Van de Velde. And after that I go back to Florence to prepare the work there."

"But why not work in England?" Mr. Craig was asked.

"Because," he replied, "I should starve here; and that is the truth."

Dancing an "Absolute Medium"

The coming of Mme. Pavlowa and her Russian company is an excuse for the consideration of an article published in the London Times last month.

"A welcome analysis in a recent issue of The Times (July 26) showed that the admirable novelty in the choreography of 'Le Sacre du Printemps' lay in its logical and exhaustive exploitation of the composer's rhythms. In 'Jeux,' it was fairly pointed out, the music came through much less. Is it, perhaps, partly for this reason that the not less important nature of the experiment presented in Jeux has won so little recognition?

"In all previous ballets the inventor has been concerned to account for the circumstance that his dramatis personae dance. To this preoccupation we owe the ever-recurring scenes at a court festival, in a harem, or in classic glades, where dancing is in place. For the same reason the choice of a central figure falls now on an advancing doll, now on Salome, now on the fated creature whose steps lure men to destruction. Dancing, again, is a feature of a carnival in real life, and dancing enters naturally into a representation founded on Gautier's 'Spectre de la Rose.'

"This deprecatory attitude toward dancing, this feeling that the appropriate scenario is to be sought in such circumstances as may lend an air of verisimilitude to an unusual spectacle, restricts the art of the ballet no less than the art of the playwright would be restricted did he feel bound to make out that every character who spoke blank verse was a poet—no less than the art of the opera would be restricted did the unnatural spectacle of persons singing oblige the librettist to fashion a drama confined to characters afflicted with the mania for voice production.

"In this important particular 'Le Sacre du Printemps' shows no innovating tendency. The spectator has no difficulty in believing that some such scene of ritual dancing has actually heralded the coming of many a spring. A London audience would have settled down quite quietly to the news that Maoris do the like to this day, and that Nijinsky had brought his idea from a flying visit to the South seas. Indeed, were we also possessed of an elemental belief in divination, in the jealous powers of earth and sun, we, too, might find ourselves thus clustering in groups, stamping the ground and circling in panic, hands to head. But when, in the faint dawn of adolescence, we were projected into those first fresh interludes of sentiment—interludes, indeed, inconsequent, with no knowledge of an end, all wonder, hesitation, vague defection, and rapture impersonal—our behavior was not that of Nijinsky, Karsavina and Schollar in 'Jeux.'

"For the first time we are here treated to an employment of dancing as an absolute medium. At one bound the ballet is removed from its time-honored surroundings of unusual circumstance and is carried into the midst of life as everybody knows it. The dance presents a parallel to emotional experiences without imitating the actions which accompany them in real life. Incidental

[illegible] is pressing [illegible] the individual is young. [illegible] society is young. In 'L'A[illegible] Faune'—that exquisite [illegible] sophistication—the earth itself [illegible].

The British public (which seldom enjoys the consciousness of pressing to the van in artistic movements) has been commended for its readiness in following Nijinsky's lead in the unfamiliar art of the ballet. We owe it to our new reputation that 'Jeux' should not have come and gone without an acknowledgment of its importance. For we did rather, it must be confessed, on the first night incline to tell him that people do not wear red ties and that the notions he put before us promised ill for success at Wimbledon. Our concern with such matters prevented a little even the respect we should have felt for Karsavina's willingness to sacrifice her supreme powers both of traditional agility and of miming in order to play her part in the liberation of dance from the trammels in which she has won a thousand triumphs."

Are we never to see M. Nijinsky in this country? Some managers say that his terms are too high. Others are afraid that his androgynal personality might be offensive to Americans.

September 29 1913

Having a thousand volumes of bookes about mee where now I write, if I please, I may presently borrow from a number of such botcherly-patchcotes (men that I plod not much upon) wherewith to enamell this treaty of Physiognomie. I need but the liminary epistle of a Germane to store me with allegations; and we goe questing that way for a fading greedy glory, to cousin and delude the foolish world.

"Mobled Queen."

Mr. E. H. Sothern thinks that the word "ennobled," instead of "mobled," should be in the famous speech of the First Player in "Hamlet," and he has much to say about the readings in folios and quartos. He will continue to use "mobled queen" in his stage version, not for the purpose merely of pleasing Polonius, but because he would not "distract the attention of an audience by the introduction of a word unfamiliar to their ears." And in this Mr. Sothern is sensible. The theatregoer looks forward to "mobled", as soon as he hears the word he anticipates Polonius in exclaiming "'mobled queen' is good." He does not stop to ask the meaning; the queen may have worn a mob cap; he will not bother his head with the notes of commentators or with dictionaries. This particular queen was "mobled." He has known this from his youth up, and respected and pitied her. Mr. Sothern says "The First Player read this bungling word 'ennobled' from the old play, Hamlet questioned it and Polonius, the critic, applauded it." Possibly Mr. Sothern wrote his long letter to the New York Times for the sake of a parting kick at the critics. This is a point of minor importance; but any man going to hear "Hamlet" has a right to ask his money back if he does not hear the word "mobled." Richard the Third might as well neglect to offer his kingdom for a horse.

Dangerous Breakfasters.

It is the fashion in England to accuse Mr. Lloyd George of all sorts of offences against manners, morality, taste and the law. Because he spoke his mind "spoke right out in meetin'" at Limehouse, the word Limehouse is verb and noun is to go into the dictionary, and "to limehouse" will mean to use scolding, inapt language. The mayor of the borough has protested in vain. Now that Mr. Lloyd George has given a Land Conference Breakfast, he is accused of a desire to revive the old political breakfast party of early Victorian days; and to go out to breakfast has been considered a mark of liberalism. Egremont in Disraeli's romance "Sybil" was for this reason suspected. "He breakfasts with that Mr. Trenchard and does all those sorts of things. Men who breakfast out are generally Liberals. Have you not observed that? I wonder why?" Lady Firebrace answered: "It shows a restless, revolutionary mind that can settle to nothing, but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake." Lady St. Julians agreed with her: "I think those men who breakfast out or who give breakfasts are generally dangerous characters; at least, I would not trust them. The Whigs are very fond of that sort of thing."

Is a man to be suspected of dark designs, balefully lighted up with incendiary ideas, simply because he is amiable and talkative at breakfast? Mrs. [illegible]trulson, in a divorce suit recently brought against her husband for cruel treatment, alleged that he sang mornings in his bathtub, and sang bolsterously, so that unpleasant remarks came from windows in the court. There are men who frankly say that they are cross and disagreeable until 11 A. M. There are families that breakfast in silence. If a guest is present and chatters he is not at all at ease. At the Porphyry some breakfast solitary and remote. At midnight they had been garrulous, confidential, affectionate "I'll see you at breakfast, old man." The two breakfast far apart. Yet the flow of spirits would be ingenuous early in the morning. Then should he the desire to [illegible] [illegible] should be the [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible]

Anecdote for the Day.

It was the last five minutes of the dinner hour, and a group of workgirls were gossiping at the gateway of an Aldersgate street warehouse. As I passed them this fragment reached my ears: "'So now you've got it straight, Emma ——,' I tells 'er; 'and p'r'aps in future you won't be so extra-bloomin'-ordin'ry fond o' chippin' other people about their clothes.'"

"Ots" and "Tittravating."

As the World Wags:

This morning while talking with our general supply man, who was making his diurnal call in the interest of "The Increased Cost of Living," in reply to my dismayed exclamation at the rapidly advancing price of eggs, he inquired sympathetically, "Why don't you have a few hens, yourself, Mrs. Lane? The 'Ots' from your table would pretty near keep 'em, I should think." "'Ots' from my table? What are those?" I found he meant the scrapings from the plates, crumbs, leavings. He says that "Ots" is in common use in this countryside, meaning scraps. He had never seen it written, but thought it ought to be spelled as I have given it above. The Lady from Cleveland and of Ancient New England origin sitting near suggested that it might be derived from "aught" or "naughts."

Our caller went on to speak of another word, orthographically much more impressive, in common use among his country neighbors, "tittravating." Again I spell phonetically, for this word, likewise my informant had never seen, but had heard from his earliest childhood. He expained it as follows: "If your clock, say, gets a little out of order down here, they say it needs 'tittravating.'" He went on to say that his auto wasn't working quite right on a recent ride to Portsmouth (pronounced "Porchmuth"), so he drove it into a garage there, and the expert consulted said: "Nothing much the matter of that car, it just needs a little 'tittravating.'"

This region, excepting its summer residents is sparsely inhabited by a few widely branching families, most of them probably having been here since the earliest days of white occupation. The words under discussion are theirs. Are they the survivals of colonial English, or corruptions of English orally transmitted? LUCASTA LANE.

Little Boar's Head, N. H.

September 30 1913

We have received several letters reflecting on our parentage, bringing-up and present mental condition. We regret that we cannot publish them, for they might amuse the readers of The Herald, and our motto in cloud and sunshine is "We struggle to please." The iron-clad rule of the office prevents publication, for each one of these letters was written by an anonymuncule. One of them laughs "Ha, ha!" because we said that those who pronounce the word "apotheosis" with the accent on the fourth syllable—the second "e"—usually give a stronger accent to the second syllable. We have already stated two or three times that the preferred pronunciation is with the accent on "the." And to those who have signed their names, as "W. J. C." "Vermonter," to more courteous letters taxing us with ignorance, not having read the paragraphs preceding the one on which they comment, we make the same reply.

A Sad Case.

As the World Wags:

I have always supposed that my legs, if not a model for the sculptor, were at least straight; that I was neither bowlegged nor knock-kneed; that I need not be afraid to wear slit trousers, if such trousers were approved by our "best dressers." I have worn tights in amateur theatricals and escaped unfavorable comment, although it is true that I did not receive the next morning scented notes of admiration expressing an uncontrollable longing after a personal acquaintance. I am just 51, and as yet I have escaped a paunch, but I observe that in rainy weather the insides of my trouser legs are badly muddied at the bottom. I am told that I "interfere" when I walk. How can I interfere, if my legs are straight? Is it possible that I have been self-deceived all these years; that my legs have not been what I fondly thought them? Must I be treated like a horse, if spotlessness of trousers is to be preserved?

CLAUDE TITHERTON.

Melrose, Sept. 29.

Anecdote for the Day.

His exploits in the course of his life were wonderful. He began his career by equipping himself with an old pair of trousers, and assumed the appearance of an unfortunate ship-wrecked seaman; in which character he was very successful. Afterwards, he became the honest country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Shippey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Sometimes he was a distressed clergyman, ruined because he could not take the oaths. And every scheme which he undertook he executed with so much skill and dexterity that he raised very considerable contributions.

"All Skin and Bone."

As the World Wags:

of the late Fifties up in Lawrence, when we used to play "Miss Jennia Jones" and "Here comes a duke a-riding" behind the old Buckthorn hedge summer evenings in the twilight this was the way we used to sing the foolish, silly song of the old woman you have recently haled into the limelight of the 20th century. It's aim was the nerve-racking climax of the fearsome "Boo!" after the soothing, monotonous chant preceding. H. W. D.

Brookline, Sept. 25.

The song runs as follows:

There was an old woman, all skin and bone,
Who never in this world was known.
She thought she'd go to church one day
To hear the parson preach and pray;
And when she got to the church gate
She thought she'd stop and rest and wait,
And when she got to the church door,
She thought she'd rest a little more.
And when she got to the church aisle
She thought she'd rest a little while.
And as she turned her round and round,
She saw a ghost lay on the ground.
The worms crawled out, the worms crawled in,
The worms they crawled from nose to chin.
She turned to the parson and thus she said:
"Shall I look so when I am dead?"
The parson he did thus reply:
"BOO!!!!"

The tune sent by "H. W. D." is a simple air in C major, with an obsessing repetition of G (quarter note) and A (half note), the accent falling on A, and with the final measure of each line A (quarter note) and C (half note heavily accented).—Ed.

Apropos of Pisco.

We quote from the journals and letters of the late Richard J. Cleveland an example of clear narration for the benefit of students in courses of English literature:

P. 203: "On the fourth day they arrived at Pisco, where the governor, after examining the viceroy's license, gave him an hospitable reception. Here they were to take on board a quantity of brandy, which was a slow and difficult undertaking, as it was contained in jars of twenty gallons and was sent off in launches and had to be hoisted over the ship's sides in an open roadstead at the imminent risk of breaking, from the rolling of the ship. The knowledge possessed by the crew of the unusual value of every man, owing to their feeble number, and the impossibility of supplying the loss should any one desert, led them to presume upon attempting a measure which would have subverted all discipline and endangered the safety of ship and cargo. This was the bringing on board a jar of brandy to be held in their own possession. My father was on shore at the time, but Mr. Pinkham, seeing the man with it, very judiciously tried to persuade him to give it up, promising it should be dealt out to them in proper rations. This they would not submit to, and swore they would do as they pleased with their own liquor. Perceiving remonstrance to be in vain, Mr. Pinkham very properly knocked the jar out of the fellow's hands, which broke it and spilled all the brandy."

This particular jar, we are informed by a retired naval officer of high rank, was probably a pisquito rather than a pisco, "for a jar of 20 gallons would have weighed about 160 pounds, the liquor alone. The jar, made heavy enough to transport in saddles or stirrups on a mule's back, would have doubled the weight."

ROTHSCHILDS FIGURE IN PLAY

"The Five Frankforters" Is Comedy Based on Life of Famous Family.

MME. COTTRELLY A TREAT

Presentation of Role of Mother of Perfection Such as Is Seldom Seen.

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Five Frankforters," a comedy in three acts by Karl Roessler. Adapted by Basil Hood.

Frau Gudula	Mathilde Cottrelly
Anselm	Edward Emery
Nathan	Lynn Pratt
Solomon	Frank Losee
Carl	Stapleton Kent
Jacob	Pedro de Cordoba
Charlotte	Alma Belwin
Gustavus	Edward Mackay
Prince Christopher Maurice Henry of Klausthal-Agorda	Travers
Prince of Klausthal-Agorda	Lawrence Grant
Count Fehrenberg	Henry Fearing
Princess of Klausthal-Agorda	Georgia Waldron
Princess Evelyn	Ninita Bristow
Madame de St. Georges	Jane Ross

It is said that the original play is bitter in its satire, that the adaptation has been softened. This may or may not be true. As the play now stands in English, the second act is not so interesting as the first, because Mme. Cottrelly is not on the stage. There is little action, and the dialogue is no more brilliant than it was at the Court of Pumpernickle. As a whole, this comedy is an interesting study of character and manners. It is not necessary to speak about any racial study, although the Jewish family life is pleasantly portrayed. The Rothschilds are represented as united in their ambitions, hence their success. The moment that Solomon wishes to make a marriage between his daughter Charlotte and the Duke, this unity is threatened. Young Jacob sees it and protests, but he is in love with Charlotte and although her father does not suspect it, the audience might think the lover prejudiced. Frau Gudula, simple yet shrewd, knows what the result of the marriage would be. If the story were about Gentiles, the moral would be the same, and characters of equal interest might be introduced.

"The Five Frankforters"—an unfortunate title as far as this country is concerned—is also a comedy of sentiment, and the sentiment has a peculiar fragrance. Frau Gudula reverences the memory of her husband and her heart goes out to Charlotte and young Jacob. She herself is old and demands the respect due her as a mother, but she does not exert her authority in a heroic vein. Solomon himself, when Charlotte finally rebels and refuses to marry the duke, sits at his mother's knee, as when he was a little boy. As the part of Frau Gudula is acted by Mme. Cottrelly, there is no false note. The quality of the sentiment is not strained, and Miss Belwin as Charlotte fortunately plays in the fitting vein. She is girlish, ingenuous, affectionate. Played by others, the action might seem slow; the scene in which the mother refuses her sanction might be overwrought; and the comedy might be then dismissed with the patronizing word "agreeable."

As acted by the company, "The Five Frankforters" is an unusually entertaining play, a comedy that leads one to think better of the present condition of the stage. It is a delightful relief from the 'contemporaneous melodrama' and the jingling musical comedy. And on the whole the play is admirably acted, although we missed Mr. Sainpolis, Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Kingsford and Mr. Stephenson, who were in the New York company. The foppishness and the vanity of Carl were not fully brought out last night, and the Prince whose feelings were shocked by the proposed marriage was in New York a far more important personage.

But there are Mme. Cottrelly, Miss Belwin and Messrs. Emery, Losee and de Cordoba, and it would be hard to think of the parts played otherwise. We seldom see in these days such admirable, such perfect acting as that of Mme. Cottrelly. Her unaffected simplicity, the depth of her affection, the infinite tonal variety in conversation, her natural grace and dignity, and above all the revelation of all that is charming and noble in motherhood, made an irresistible appeal.

Mr. Emery was amusing as the good natured banker, Anselm, fond of good living and fond of money, also a disconcerting chatterer. Mr. Losee played with the conviction that is characteristic of him and with genuine force, and Mr. de Cordoba was an excellent Jacob, whereas the grandson might easily be represented as a namby-pamby lover. Mr. Mackay played in a light-hearted ducal manner a difficult part. The homelike scenes in "Jews' Lane" and the unusual setting of the second act gave additional interest to a performance that should be appreciated by full houses throughout the engagement.

PAGEANT PLAY AT THE BOSTON

BOSTON THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Joseph and His Brethren," a pageant play in four acts, by Louis N. Parker. Chief characters:

Jacob	James O'Neill
Reuben	George C. Gunther
Simeon	Henry Harmon
Joseph	Brandon Tynan
Benjamin	Sidney D. Carlyle
Rachel	Cordelia Macdonald
Bilhah	Dolly Morris
Zilpah	Madeline Dale
Serah	Irma Lerner
Pharoah	James O'Neill
Potiphar	William L. Thorne
Enenkhet	Charles D. Herman
Zuleika	Pauline Frederick
Asenath	Ruth Rose

Both as a pageant and as a play "Joseph and His Brethren" deserves better treatment from the public as to numbers than it received at its opening performance. The audience was not large, but it made up in sustained interest and the frequency and heartiness of its applause for its meagreness in size. For the production merits big outpourings of the people and their abundant enthusiasm.

Its dominant note is realism, and realism, too, of the best sort. Its incidents are set forth amid scenery that pleases the eye by its beauty, that attracts and rivets the attention by its wealth of detail and the apparent faithfulness to historic requirements and that conjures up a lively illusion of reality, whether it be in the tent [illegible]

Joseph, in the desert or in the palace of Pharaoh.

Its story of elemental emotions and passions is told with remarkable simplicity and directness, while its dramatic possibilities are made the most of by Mr. Parker with abundant interest and power. In watching the unfolding of the drama, one doesn't seem to see a mere show of costumes, scenery and moving puppets, but feels at every moment that he is looking upon a real living patriarch of Israel, his actual shepherd sons, the very passionate and vindictive wife of Potiphar herself, her warlike husband, the troubled Pharaoh and the intrigues and sycophants of his court.

The Bible story is followed closely enough so that none of its familiar features or innate power is lost, but additions to it are skilfully made to intensify its dramatic force and help to heighten the appearance of real life.

Mr. Parker's skill in making a story of the ancient days live again is generously seconded by the whole company and particularly by the chief actors. They are no manikins in this pageant, but living men and women.

Mr O'Neill, in dignity, in fatherliness, in reserved power is the very embodiment of the patriarch and is intensely moving in his love for Rachel and Joseph and his grief at parting with Benjamin.

Mr. Harmon is crafty, jealous, vindictive and malicious in most vivid and natural fashion as Simeon.

Mr. Tynan rouses both hearty respect and warm sympathy by his portrayal of Joseph's sufferings and the greatness of his character.

Cordelia Macdonald is a lifelike Rachel and the other wives of Jacob are excellent.

Mr O'Neill as Pharash talks and acts like an actual king who is also a man.

Mr. Herman gives a pleasing touch of kindly humor to Enenkhet, the captain of the prison, who befriends Joseph.

Pauline Frederick, by her beauty, her wiles, her passionate hatreds, makes one wonder at the steadfastness of Joseph and sympathize with the fears of her followers.

Miss Rose, as Asenath, whom Josepn loves and finally wins, is fully equal to the demands of the part.

COHAN SCORES WITHOUT MUSIC

COLONIAL THEATRE—George M. Cohan and his company in his latest play, "Broadway Jones." First time in Boston.

Rankin.....M. J. Sullivan
Jackson Jones.....Geo. M. Cohan
Robert Wallace.....George Parsons
Mrs. Girard.....Ada Gilman
Peter Pembroke.....Clarence Heritace
Sam Spotswood.....Daniel Burns
Mrs. Spotswood.....Mrs. Helen F. Cohan
Judge Spotswood.....Jerry J. Cohan
Sara Spotswood.....Mary Murphy
Josie Richards.....Edith Luckett

This time Mr. Cohan has written a play without music, without dancing, without girls and without any reference to the grand old flag or Yankee Doodle, and though thus heavily handicapped has managed to pull out with a success so substantial that there is reason to hope that he will continue in the future to do without these trappings and stick to regular shows.

The present play started in New York a year ago and has been a success all along the line. It is a farce-comedy in four acts, staged in an atmosphere which combines Broadway with the old folks at home and gives Mr. Cohan a congenial opportunity to display his particular brand of vivacity and all the good old Broadway qualities which have so endeared him to the American public.

The story is the simple one of a young man who, having spent all his patrimony, and then some, is about to marry an aged lady in order to spend some of hers. He is saved from this degradation by the death of an uncle which makes him the sole owner of a prosperous chewing gum factory, and the remainder of the play tells how he doesn't sell out to the chewing gum trust, but stops in Joncsville to run the business and marry the stenographer instead.

Mr. Cohan has written a good play. It is genuinely funny, which can be said of very few plays; the plot, though not exciting, is of sufficient interest; the characters are for the most part well drawn, and the situations not too exaggerated. It was received last night at the Colonial by a capacity audience that met every line with merited roars of laughter, and expressed its enthusiasm after the third act with applause that was only stilled by the appearance of Mr. Cohan before the curtain.

The supporting company is in every instance satisfactory. Mr. Cohan Senior's quiet playing of Judge Spotswood is a finished and delightful piece of work and one of the features of the performance. Mrs. Cohan in her part and Miss Gilman in hers are also more than satisfactory. Miss Edith Luckett, who is a most attractive young woman plays Josie the stenographer with the distinction the part demands.

'FOLLIES' FILL THE TREMONT

TREMONT THEATRE—"Ziegfeld Follies," series of 1913, in two acts and 13 scenes, book by George V. Hobart, music by Raymond Hubbell and interpolated numbers by Buck and Stemper.

Like all "Follies" the plot counts for little and the action of the piece begins with a prologue from the roof of the Hotel McAlpin where a band of Indians is observing the life of New York at night, which is vividly described by the chief. Then follows a scene in Bryant Park in which his majesty appears and bids all to follow in the "wild musical cocktail" which is brewed and served with kaleidoscopic effect, the scenes changing in rapid succession, presenting the "Knowledge Seekers," "Good Little Devils," "Turkish Bath Girls," and subway scene, "Palais d'Dance," "Theatre Rabelais" and "A Room in the Santanic Cabaret," all of which serves to introduce a galaxy of entertainers.

I would be hard indeed to say who is the bright particular star as all the principals did their full share and earned much applause from the audience, but Elizabeth Brice certainly carried the honors for the "songfest," and from the time she started "Katy Rooney" and Hello Honey" until the final number, "Without You," she was kept busy responding to encores. Her best work, however, was in the neat little telephone song, with its unique tangling of subscribers, which created much laughter.

Jose Collins delighted with several vocal numbers, particularly "Peg of My Heart" and "A Little Love, a Little Kiss," and in a very amusing scene "L'Amour, or the Psychological Moment," with its burlesque on domestic life.

A new comer to the "Follies" is Nat Wills, the familiar "tramp comedian," who has forsaken vaudeville for the while and appeared in his opening number in evening clothes, which accounted for his not being recognized. Later in his tramp make-up he created a stir with "If the Tables at Rectors Could Talk" and a burlesque selection from grand opera, which kept him in the soptlight for a while.

Without a "drunken scene" by Leon Erroll, the show would lose much of its exhilaration, and this artist is clever enough to know just where to stop. His funny work with a dummy and several bundles in the subway station will long be remembered.

His "Satanic majesty" in the person of Martin Brown is deserving of much praise for his dramatic work and the "classiceccentrique dances" he performed in the second act, and Frank Tinney as the waiter, who later contributed an operatic bagpipe solo and a scene from "La Tosca," came in for generous applause.

Taken altogether this season's "Follies" has a bevy of pretty girls, daring costumes and wonderful scenic effects, which includes the opening of the Panama canal, showing the United States battleships entering with guns booming, and showing the raising of them in the locks. A capacity audience saw the performance.

ARLISS BACK IN 'DISRAELI'

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—George Arliss in "Disraeli," a play in four acts, by Louis N. Parker.

Duke of Glastonbury.....Henry Carvill
Duchess of Glastonbury.....Lelia Repton
Adolphus, Viscount Cudworth...Harold Thomas
Lady Cudworth.....Lilla Campbell
Lord Brooke of Brookehill.....Noel Tearle
Lady Brooke.....Marie R. Quinn
Lady Clarissa Pevensey.....Violet Heming
Charles, Viscount Deeford.....Arthur Eldred
The Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli..George Arliss
Lady Beaconsfield.....Florence Arliss
Mrs. Noel Travers.....Margaret Dale
Sir Michael Probert, Bart.....Charles Harbury
Hugh Meyers.....Oscar Adye
Lumley Foljambe.....Dudley Digges
Bascot.....Douglass Moore
Potter.....St. Clair Bayfield
Flooks.....Edmund Gorst

Mr. Arliss returned to the Plymouth Theatre last evening for a four weeks' engagement in "Disraeli." It will be remembered taht he appeared at this theatre last season for 19 weeks in his remarkable characterization of the prime minister.

Last evening his impersonation was as fresh, as spontaneous, as vital, as at his first appearance. Seldom is so finished an expression of consummate art seen on the stage. And Mr. Arliss, a man of dominating personality, of agile and incisive intellect, a shrewd reader of human nature, does not merely represent Disraeli with his intelligence. He is constantly eloquent emotionally, and beneath his artistic restraint, the grace and sobriety of his gestures, the courtliness and gallantry of his bearing, there is the suggestion of an intense nature, which diplomacy had taught the statesman to keep under perfect control.

It is not necessary to speak at length of the play. There is the incident of Disraeli, by a clever ruse, outwitting spies in the pay of Russia and gaining possession of the Khedive's shares in the Suez canal; there is the romance of Carlos and the young Queen, paternally fostered by Disraeli. But if Mr. Parker has not adhered to historical accuracy, if his play is in places showily carpentered, he has at least evoked a charming picture of the time with its traditions and limitations and he has provided one of the most accomplished actors now before the public with a most acceptable role.

There were several changes in the cast. Mrs. Arliss, who replaced Miss St. John, made her first appearance in Boston as Lady Beaconsfield. She acted with dignity and showed herself an accomplished mistress of the technique of her art. Henry Carvill is now seen as the Duke, Dudley Digges as Mr. Foljambe, Oscar Adye as Sir Hugh Meyers, and there are other changes among the minor characters.

Miss Dale is again at her best in her striking impersonation of Mrs. Travers, and Miss Heming is, as before, an arch and vivacious Clarissa.

A large audience was warmly appreciative throughout the evening.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"A Butterfly on the Wheel," a play in four acts by Edward G. Hammerde and Francis Neilson.

Roderick Collingwood.....William P. Carleton
The Rt. Hon. George Adamston.....John Craig
Lord Ellerdine.....Donald Meek
Sir Robert Fyffe.....Frederic Ormonde
Sir John Burroughs.....J. Morrill Morrison
Frank Carteret, K. C.....Alfred Lunt
Gervaise McArthur, K. C.....Carney Christie
Peggy Admaston.....Doris Olsson
Lady Atwell.....Augusta Gill
Pauline.....Mabel Colcord

Mr. Craig has chosen for this week's offering at the playhouse "A Butterfly on the Wheel," a drama of English birth, which Charles Frohman and later Lewis Waller brought to America and which was seen last year at the Shubert Theatre. The play failed as produced by Mr. Frohman with Marie Doro in the leading role, whereupon Mr. Waller sent for his own company from London. The members spoke and behaved like Englishmen and they understood the people and the conditions which they were depicting. The play became a success.

Obviously, the authors wrote their drama to and from the divorce court scene. Their purpose was to show the seeming impossibility of a woman's proving her innocence under such a relentless and nerve racking procedure.

The first two acts and the last are rather mediocre stuff, lacking both in skill and originality. (The second act, especially, is very reminiscent of "The Liars" by Henry Arthur Jones.) The dialogue is neither pointed nor brilliant; occasionally it is very real, but more often the conventional speech of the stage. The authors show little power of characterization. The third act is, however, well worth while. Based on minute legal knowledge, it is very real, very human and very moving. The appeal is sympathetic and the dramatic interest sustained. We wish that the play had begun and ended with this act. For the conventional happy ending which follows is absolutely false and impossible.

In most instances Mr. Craig's production falls below his usual standard. The actors seem unable to enter into the spirit of their roles. Mr. Craig alone brings poise to his part and suggests the English gentleman. Mr. Carleton lacks the fervor which his part demands; Mr. Meek burlesques and ruins his opportunities. A very beautiful young woman is Miss Olsson. Pictorially she is perfect as Peggy, but the role is beyond her. Only in the trial scene does she gain the sympathy due the young wife. Praise must be given to Mr. Ormonde and Mr. Morrison for the dignity and reserve which they bring to their small parts.

GOLDBERG DRAWS AT B. F. KEITH'S

R. L. Goldberg, originator of "I'm the Guy" and the "Foolish Question" drawings which have long daily appeared in The Boston Traveler and Evening Herald, has a prominent position on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Mr. Goldberg has but recently taken a plunge into vaudeville, doing the twice-daily business in addition to his usual newspaper work.

Goldberg was enthusiastically applauded as he stepped upon the stage and proceeded to portray "Foolish Question No. 13," in rapid-fire fashion. Then he followed it up with a couple of clever "I'm the Guys," after which he sketched, in characteristic Goldberg style, a six-drawing story of the chap who essayed to do Paris, making his sketches upon large pads of paper resting upon easels with a row of incandescent lights back of each. On the stage Goldberg drew his characters with the same dash and freedom that marks his works in the office. To those familiar with his cartoons his clever execution was particularly pleasing. Goldberg, at the end of his 15-minute turn, was called back several times, but his supply of crayon had been exhausted and he only bowed his acknowledgments.

"Chuck" Reisner and Henrietta Gores presented "It's Only a Show," a capital 15-minute diversion in which Mr. Reisner's constant chattering, seeking to convince the audience that none of it is real, that it's all a show, and Miss Gores' dancing are joint features. A. Seymour Brown at the head of his own company presenting his self-written sketch the "Bachelor Dinner" introduces as members of his company a [illegible] of attractive women, who sing well and [illegible] Mack & Co. in "Come Back to Erin" have an interesting idyl of the Emerald Isle.

Included in the rest of the bill are Powell, Cotterell & Hooper in an equestrienne feat; the Ward Brothers in their latest conceit "Bertie and Artie;" Julia Kelety, a soloist from the Paris Olympia; Black Brothers in a novel specialty, and the Juggling Burkes.

October 1-1913

What else than merry madmen can we call Nomenthanus and Apicius, who entertained their very souls in the kitchen; who had the choicest musick for their ears; the most diverting spectacles for their eyes, and the most exquisite meats and drinks for their palates? They have their delights, I own, but not without heavy and anxious thoughts, even in their very enjoyments; beside that they are followed with repentance, and their frolicks are little more than the laughter of so many crazy people.

Mr. Johnson in Society.

As the World Wags:

Occasion drew me to Boston last week and I spent Sunday with my old friend Jim Slingerton at his summer palace on the North Shore. We were boys together in our little village. His family lived the simple life. The father after his day's work was done smoked a pipe on the front stoop and in winter toasted his feet in the kitchen stove. I remember dropping in when they were at dinner. Jim complained bitterly of the chief dish, creamed codfish with baked potatoes. His mother asked him ironically what the little prince would have liked, and he answered: "Chicken and taters with sour-floured gravy."

Jim's dinner hour was half past 12 in those happy days. Last Saturday night he dined at 8 P. M. It was a swollen and a pompous feast. There was a butler; there was a "second inside man." There was a young maiden with a cap. After the soup, the butler brought a platter of fish and showed it to Slingerton. He looked at it wisely and nodded his head. There was the same ceremony before the serving of the meat.

And I thought to myself, what an empty form! Suppose the fish were stale, or the meat high or overdone, what would Slingerton do? Would he curse the cook or reflect unpleasantly on Mrs. Slingerton's household management? Does Slingerton know by this cursory inspection whether the food is fit to eat? I would not trust him to select a joint or a fish in the market.

After dinner, just before going to bed, Slingerton unbosomed himself. "You were very good, Herkimer, not to smile or kick me under the table when the butler went through that performance at dinner. That's my wife's doing, not mine. She says no respectable butler would stay in the house if the dishes were not shown to me before they were served. Good Lord, man, what nonsense it all is! Do you know what I'd like? I'd like, after the soup, to have only two courses, meat and pie, and I'd like to have all the vegetables on the table at the same time, so you could reach out and help yourself. I'd like to do the carving; then I'd be sure of getting a decent piece of meat for myself. Mrs. Slingerton will not allow pie on the table. As soon as it's a little cooler, let's go somewhere in town and have a boiled dinner. Are you with me?"

Slingerton is rich, very rich, but his face is drawn, and he is always grumbling. Yet Mrs. Slingerton is greatly admired, and is described in the Sunday newspapers as a "leader in exclusive circles." Down at Clamport, the carts have stopped running, and we are living chiefly on apples, pears, vegetables, eggs and beach plum jelly.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Boston, Sept. 29.

"Red, White and Blue."

As the World Wags:

You printed in The Herald of Sept. 24 a letter signed "Baize." The writer expresses surprise at being told that the lines:

The Army and Navy forever;
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

are of English origin.

Forty years ago I was a member of a musical class in a large town in the Midlands, England. The song referred to by "Baize" was one of our selections, but of course we sang it as written:

Britannia's the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free.

By the way, after the lines in the chorus—"Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue"—one or two voices would respond with the words, "All serene." I have not heard those words injected into the American version of the song. I wonder if any of your readers have?

Your correspondent's reference to the flag of "Old Hingland" is funny. He might have said "Hold Hingland," and made it excruciatingly so.

"Baize" says "in future I will sing the 'Star Spangled Banner.'" Alas, that is English, too, and it was another of our selections, named "Anacreon in Heaven." In conclusion I warn "Baize" not to take refuge in "America" because we used to close our session with singing "God Save the Queen," which, I think your correspondent will admit, bears a slight resemblance to "America."

Poor "Baize!" JAMES LEE.

Chelsea, Sept. 24.

A Revolutionary President.

M. Poincare has startled France by appearing on a formal occasion in a black coat and the hat known to the

... used in the French republic has tra... in the past the costume of those who came in close contact with ... was carefully regulated. The Prefects were notified that evening dress should be worn throughout the day by all the officials in attendance. Mme. la Prefete was commanded to be in a "robe de demi-gala" until dinner, and then to don a low-cut dress. The depth of the cut was given in centimetres, and no allowance was made for undue fat or too prominent bones. Over 50 years ago Buckle mentioned as one of the premonitory signs of the French Revolution a contemptuous disregard of distinctions in dress, which led to a confusion of ranks. Thomas Jefferson in a letter from Paris in 1787 observed that in society "the 'habit habille' is almost banished, and they begin to go even to great suppers in frock."

October 2-1913

Plutarch, Clarendon, Brantome and Saint-Simon are eclipsed in portraiture of dominating characteristics, both in broad strokes and in minute detail, by Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton, but his predecessors never had such popular heroes for sitters.

Thought for the Day.

The furniture of even our best people is not impressive when it is on the sidewalk awaiting transportation.

Foreign News.

Mr. Robert White is a courageous man. In an article on the "Non-Celtic Nationality of Ireland," published in the British Review, he says: "I suspect that the great Kelly name is really not Celtic, but a late variant of the Norman Quevilly, Kivelli, Cuelli."

That Portable Stove.

As the World Wags:

Another Nantucketer, who was living in Nantucket 70 years ago, thinks me right when I guessed "Cauchand" as the correct spelling of the name (pronounced "soshow") of the portable stove with a bale, of about the size and shape of a large water pail. She dimly remembers having it worked out in school once. This is my only authority, and I send it merely as a possible answer to the inquiry of your correspondent "Nantucketer."

OFF ISLANDER.

Nantucket, Sept. 28.

Answer to "Needham."

As the World Wags:

"On Tuesday the 23d day of September next" might mean Sept. 23, 1919, as that is the next time Tuesday occurs on the 23rd of September. Taking the sentence as a whole it cannot be held to be 1914, for the 23d of September, 1914, occurs on Wednesday.

Boston. LOUIS E. G. GREEN.

A Good Entrance.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me the origin of the motto, "Enter to grow in wisdom"? It is not in Bartlett's "Quotations" or in Cruden's "Concordance." An undergraduate friend tells me that it adorns one of the gates to the Harvard yard.

Boston, Sept. 26. G. W.

"Ots" and "Titravate."

The letter of Mrs. Lucasta Lane, asking the origin of the words "ots" and "titravate," was published in The Herald after the answer to her questions appeared. Mr. A. F. Hunter of Laconia, N. H., writes that "in central New Hampshire 50 to 60 years ago the table and kitchen scraps were commonly spoken of as 'orts.'" He agrees with us in saying that "titravating" is probably a corrupt form of the dictionary word 'titivating.'"

Mr. A. Marcus Morton of Boston writes: "'Ots' is short for 'odds and ends.' To titravate' is to shake up or cause to vibrate, so as to throw parts out of gear into their proper alignment. It is related to 'titter' and 'totter,' all associated with the idea of vibration."

We cannot approve these derivations, nor do we believe that "orts," a word used in Shakespeare's time, comes from the Latin "ortus." Dr. Murray and his merry men say that "ort"—the plural form is more common—is cognate with the Dutch "oor-aete" or "oor-ete," meaning scraps, remains; the low German "ort" and the Swedish dialect "orate."

Constant Astonishment.

As the World Wags:

I have remarked that there are two common words so generally mispronounced by all classes that it is astonishing. They are "new" and "address." Is this "noo" to you? PARENT.

Dorchester.

"Columbia" and "Britannia."

As the World Wags:

In reply to Mr. James Lee, I would say that the air of "Star Spangled Banner" is an old French air, to which "Anacreon" was set.

In regard to "Columbia," I will quote from a British music house (Anglo-Canadian Musical Association, London and Montreal, "Old Favorites, A. D. 1850"): "'Britannia' and 'Columbia' are two songs almost identical. One is, without doubt, a transcript of the other, with a few changes. The question is, which is the original, the American or the British." The evidence [illegible] the [illegible] it was written [illegible] Shaw, an American, and was made to suit the British taste by [illegible] Mackay. It became immensely popular in England at the time of the Crimean war. The reference to the colors applies equally to the British naval ensign and the Stars and Stripes. The British song is the same, excepting that it reads 'Britannia' for two stanzas, but the third is different.

In view of the facts of the case, is not our friend Mr. Lee a trifle 'previous' with his condolences? It seems to me that "Balze" can still delight his patriotic soul with the airs he loves, while friend Lee has still to scratch gravel for a national English song. "Poor Lee."

ALBERT McLELLAN.

Neponset, Sept. 30.

October 3-1913

The parents of Abacaba wished to eat the prisoner, but I never had any relish for such merry-making; I set him free, and he became my friend. Abacaba was so touched by my behavior that she preferred me to all her other lovers. She would love me now if she had not been devoured by a bear. I slew the bear and for a long time wore her skin; but that did not console me.

A Lonely Heart.

As the World Wags:

Not long since I discovered upon opening my semi-weekly box of tobacco (price 10 cents), a piece of paper which had been written upon. Immediately there flashed through my mind several instances where a note artfully concealed in some merchandise had brought bliss to kindred hearts, but, such is the spirit of the age, this momentary romancing was displaced by more practical considerations. Had I less tobacco because of the presence of this paper? Alas, subsequent events proved that I had.

However, having recovered from my displeasure at this circumstance, I have allowed my mind to dwell on the possibilities of the affair with relation to the promotion of a greater degree of happiness in this all too dreary world. The written words were: "Miss Cicale Leyvalt, 234 Weyerhausen street, Richmond, Va. Answer soon Pleas."

In Miss Leyvalt's procedure there is nothing novel, but might not Mr. Herkimer Johnson draw some timely lesson from the episode? In his colossal work (for which I intend to subscribe), he must of necessity deal with the problem of matrimony, and surely no greater boon could be conferred upon the youth appalled by the slit skirt and the high cost of living than by including an exhaustive chapter upon aids for attaining that condition.

GROVER GRAUSTARK.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 30.

"Fen Everything."

As the World Wags:

Why is it that some boys in New England never say "fin bars" when they play marbles? Generations of boys in various other parts of the country have made use of the expression. Is it possible that some infusion of Irish (or Scotch?) blood is needed to give it a vogue?

It may be well to explain. A player takes his turn, and his "man" slips from his fingers, or he shoots wild. He feels an irresistible desire to snatch the man before any one sees him, and to shoot over again. The other boys call "fin bars." It means that they are aware of their rights and will not permit any duplication of a turn at play.

Failing to find any explanation of the origin of this expression, I am wondering whether I dare venture on a conjecture that it may be a traditional remnant of an oath by St. Finn Barr. Travellers will remember seeing a modern cathedral at Cork, St. Finn Barr's, and it is on the site of the ancient school of St. Finn Barr, which had a useful but not an undisturbed career. But the name is also an alias of Finian of Clonard, of whom one story is that he resisted, both in arbitration and in battle, the claims of St. Columba to a Psalter duplicated by stealth. The story goes that Columba, as an act of reparation for a feud ensuing upon his trick, was sent away and founded Iona. Our interest in this arises not so much from the fact that Iona was the home of kings, their spiritual home and burial place, from whom George V. is descended, as because it was the mission centre from which in part spread influences which have made our modern civilization and Christianity as good as they are. The mission of Columba may have originated in the assertion of the rights of Finn Barr. The common welfare demands the maintenance of the prestige of this enemy of unlawful duplication, who might pass as the patron saint of copyright as well as the guardian of the rules of the game. JOHN S. LITTELL.

Keene, N. H., Sept. 27.

Mr. Littell's explanation is ingenious, but do not boys say "fen" instead of "fin"? "Fen" was a common word among youngsters playing marbles in western Massachusetts in the sixties. "Fen keeps," "Fen dubs," "Fen slips," "Fen everything." The word has long been common in England, and means "I forbid," from the verb "fend." Jo in "Bleak House" exclaimed: "But fen larks."—Ed.

Rouge Meaning "Red."

As the World Wags:

To settle a discussion, will you please let me know whether rouge is not t[illegible] heraldic for red. My friend [illegible] it is not so, but has no construct[illegible] gestions. L.

Boston, Oct. 1.

In English rouge means red only in "Rouge Croix" and "Rouge Dragon," two pursuivants of the English College of Arms. A pursuivant is an office of that college below a herald.—Ed.

Those Two Words.

We have received several letters about "orts" and "titivating," but they contain nothing new. They inform us, however, that the words are still common in certain parts of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

"H." quotes a passage from "Sam Slick in England": "Well, I'll arrive in time for dinner. I'll titivate myself up and down to drawin room." "H." is wrong in thinking that "orts" is derived from "naught."

An Old Friend.

As the World Wags:

Describing certain table clubs in Boston, you spoke of the dissolution of one because this member was "obliged to accompany his wife to a 'musical evening,' and that one thought it his duty to preside at the meeting of some society or other," and so on.

The Rev. Ephraim Judson, ordained at Norwich, Ct., in 1771, preaching at one time on the excuses made by the guests who were invited to the wedding feast, observed that one had bought five yoke of oxen and civilly entreated to be excused, but the one who had married a wife replied absolutely he could not come. "Hence learn," said the preacher, "that one woman can pull harder than five yoke of oxen."

ASA B. JUDSON.

Worcester, Sept. 21.

This moralization has been attributed to other preachers, and the Rev. Ephraim Judson, we fear, was not the first.—Ed.

October 5-1913

An optimist, said the youthful etymologist, is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.

Foreign News.

Sir Frederick Carrington is said to have sported the finest mustache in the British army, but it was not so long as the mustache of Victor Emmanuel II, who in his later years would not eat at a public dinner, for he was obliged to tie his mustache behind his head when he took food and was unwilling to lose royal dignity in the sight of his people.

A London journalist has been taken to task for attributing the phrase, "The unspeakable Turk" to Gladstone. It is said that Carlyle coined it in a letter to the press in 1876.

Here is the recipe for George the Fourth's punch: Take one-quarter pound of sugar in large lumps and rub them upon one lemon and two Seville oranges till all the yellow is rubbed off. Put them into a large punch bowl, with the juice and pulp of the oranges and lemon, leave the sugar to soak a little while, then mix it thoroughly with the juice and a cupful of boiling water, and stir until nearly cold. Add half a pint of pine-apple syrup, one pint of strong green tea, one large glass of maraschino, two tablespoonfuls of arrack, three tablespoonfuls of Jamaica rum, one pint of pale brandy and one bottle of champagne. Strain and serve. A little more sugar may be required, but this will depend on the acidity of the fruit. Time to prepare, one hour. Sufficient for three quarts of punch.

For Mr. Lee.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, Mr. James Lee, has mixed those babies up. I referred to the words and not the air of the "Star Spangled Banner," which I well knew was borrowed from "Anacreon in Heaven." Francis Scott Key's lines, written the morning after the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British fleet, are certainly not English, and the words for "America," by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, are not the same as those in "God Save the Queen." I have never heard the response to which Mr. Lee alludes, but it is better than the one I used to hear a half century ago, beginning with a big, big D and closing with "your eyes." BAIZE.

Dorchester, Oct. 1.

"Columbia" Russell.

As the World Wags:

As to the origin of the patriotic song, "The Red, White and Blue":

Back in the nineties, when I was studying singing with Mr. Henry Russell in London, he often expressed to me the wish that he might have the pleasure of visiting America some day. He said his father had been over here during our civil war and had written, or composed several of our patriotic songs, "The Red, White and Blue" among others. Probably this fact explains the impression that this song is of English origin. The words were adapted from an old English song and an Englishman composed the music. Mr. Henry Russell's father was the famous "Bull Run" Russell who was the correspondent of the London Times during our war.

MRS. OBADIAH WILLIAMS.

Rockport, Oct. 1.

[illegible] Williams is in error when she [illegible] that "Bull Run" Russell was the [illegible] of the manager of the Boston [illegible] House. Henry Russell, the singer and composer of many popular songs, was the father. He visited this country long before the Civil War, and his entertainments pleased. His son, the late William Clark Russell, the novelist and a half-brother of the opera manager, was born in New York in 1814. Landon Ronald, another son, who took the name "Ronald" when he decided to be a professional musician, is a full brother of the opera manager.—Ed.

"Porchemoth."

As the World Wags:

I have seen Portsmouth (England) spelled "Porchemouth" in an autograph letter on exhibition in the British Museum written to the Duke of Buckingham by King Charles I., as I remember. As the original settlement at the head of the harbor or inlet was Porchester (portus eastra) may it not be that the original name of Portsmouth was Porchestermouth?

Orts, pronounced "aughts," and used in the same sense exactly as by Mrs. Lane's New Hampshire general supply man, has always been in common use here. This is odd, because we do not slur the letter "r" where it occurs in other words, as is customary in the towns and cities near by.

ERNEST LINDSEY.

Marblehead, Mass.

Female Smokers.

Not long ago much nonsense was written and spoken about a woman of Boston who smoked a cigar on board ship. "Nonsense," for the incident, if it occurred, was of trifling importance. Now we hear of a woman in Wales who smokes cigars at public dinners. The estimable Harriet Martineau once smoked cigars. James Payn tells how she took this cure for deafness. "She tried all sorts of remedies; one one who knew her would suspect her of anything 'fast' or unfeminine, but under the advice of some scientific person or another she tried smoking. I had the privilege of providing her privately with some very mild cigars, and many and many a summer night have we sat together for half an hour or so in her porch at The Knoll smoking. She only tried this remedy for a few months, but she fancied it had a beneficial effect upon her hearing."

A complete list of distinguished female smokers would, of course, be headed with the names of George Sand, and Liszt's pious friend, the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein.

This is a quiet week in Boston as far as "productions" and "producers" are concerned, but there is good entertainment for man and woman. Some particularly fussy person, some disciple of Mr. Norman Hapgood, might add, "and beast."

There is the delightful comedy of sentiment and manners at the Majestic; Mr. Arliss is at the Plymouth, there is the biblical pageant at the Boston. By the way, "O. W. L. J. T. P." answered a question asked in London and quoted by us last Sunday:

"Apropos a letter which appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette recently asking for information about the leopard skins worn by priests in Rouen Cathedral and also by priests in 'Joseph and his Brethren,' the following from 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' chapter LXIII., may be of interest:

Tell me now, Clement, what habit is lovelier than the vestments of our priests? Well, we owe them all to Numa Pompilius, except the girdle and the stole, which are Judaical. The pelt worn by the canons comes from primeval paganism. 'Tis a relic of those rude times when the sacrificing priest wore the skins of the beasts with the fur outward.

"The whole chapter is a mine of information on the pagan origin of the ceremonies, feasts, etc., of the church."

The lovers of musical comedy, "reviews," farcical melodrama, show girls, dancing, have no cause to complain this week.

Galsworthy's New Play

The production of a new play by Mr. John Galsworthy is an event in the theatrical world. We need not apologize for reprinting the London Times's review of "The Fugitive" (Court Theatre Sept. 16):

"Any one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays might be labelled 'General cussedness of things; exhibit No. —.' In 'The Fugitive' he shows the general cussedness of things as affecting a wife on strike. Clare, after half a dozen years of marriage, finds she can't stand George any longer. He is quite a decent fellow in his way, but his way is not her way. He is all for 'good form,' she is all for 'soul.' If he looks out of a window and sees the clock tower, he wonders if he will be able to make out the time by the clock. The same view reveals to her the immensities and the eternal verities and the mystery of beauty. When Clare goes into a tantrum and wanders for hours up and down the embankment, George tells smooth society fibs about her absence to the guests who have come in for a little bridge. She returns, more exasperated than ever and promptly gives it all away. Here is a new variant of our old mid-Victorian friend, the femme incomprise. In the brave days of yore this misunderstood lady used to elope to Venice with the nearest bachelor, but Clare is not that sort of woman. True, she has picked up a bachelor friend, one Malise, a vague

[illegible] gentleman, who doesn't, as [illegible] George [illegible] 'even know how [illegible]. But Clare doesn't go to Malise [illegible] but simply for sympathy and advice, and he advises her to make a [illegible] freedom to give her soul a [illegible] Clare asks George to let her go, but he refuses. It wouldn't be good [illegible] their rows are always [illegible] by a reconciliation. That's the [illegible] part of it, says Clare, for the reconciliation involves a physical obligation against which her soul revolts.

"So [illegible] she does—and straight to Malise's rooms, as before, merely for sympathy and advice. And now she [illegible] what it means to be a wife on [illegible]. Private detectives haunt Malise's staircase. Family solicitors call to pooh-pooh soul and to point out hard facts. Clare hasn't a penny, and doesn't know how to make one. Malise presses her to stay, but that would be only [illegible] into the hands of George and his friends, who have already assumed that Malise either is or very soon will be Clare's lover. There is no help for it. Clare must go out into 'the world and [illegible] for work. Poor fugitive!

"She gets work in a shop, but still goes on being a fugitive—a fugitive from nasty strange men, attracted by her pretty face. When her husband's people discover her she flings up her job and, of course, bolts back to Malise for more advice. He makes her some tea and relieves his feelings by shaking his fist at society. That is about all he can do, for he is very poor, [illegible] has just paid a bill by selling his Boccaccio. As it was an English translation, you perceive that this literary gentleman is not so very, very literary. But though he has no Italian, he has soul, which is what Clare is out for. Indeed, she finds she has grown to love [illegible] and they agree to live together. Of course it is not a success. It would never do for anything to be a success in one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays on the general cussedness of things. Divorce proceedings are pending, with a claim for £2000 damages. Further, Malise's editor sacks him because of the scandal.

"So to save Malise Clare leaves him, and is once more a fugitive. But she is now at the end of her tether. She puts on her best gown, spends her last shilling on flowers for her bodice, and with a pathetically timid swagger takes a [illegible] in the little supper room at 'The Gascony.' Here she is like the Lady amid the rabble-rout of 'Comus.' [illegible] sits silent and frightened while [illegible] resound, and one festive guest (apparently an amateur) obliges with a solo on the coach-horn. A youngster, quite a pleasant youngster, espies her and offers her supper; then finds out she is a lady and not one of ces dames, and behaves rather nicely about it. But she can go on no longer. A drop of poison in her champagne glass finishes it, and she is left sitting dead there, while the songs and the coach-horn begin again.

"As always, Mr. Galsworthy plays fair and presents sides not as sides but as aspects of the general cussedness of things. George is a decent fellow according to his lights; so is the literary gentleman, despite his inability to read Boccaccio in the original. So is the family solicitor, etc., etc., etc. Nobody is to blame and everybody is to blame, and the world simply doesn't know how to treat wives with souls who can't 'stick' prosaic husbands. You feel that it is all very sad and bad and mad: [illegible] as that is just what Mr. Galsworthy set out to make you feel, he must be acknowledged to have written a successful play. He tells his story wonderfully well. A true artist, he always uses the right word and never a superfluous word. And he is philosopher as well as artist. But for our part, with all our admiration for his work, we cannot help wishing he were sometimes like the philosopher in Boswell, with whom cheerfulness would come breaking in.' Why be always painting the general cussedness of things, and painting it in grisaille? It almost drives us to confess a sneaking sympathy for the gentleman with the coach-horn. The play was well acted yesterday afternoon; very sweetly acted by Miss Irene Rooke (Clare) and brusquely, as was right, by Mr. Claude King (George); and a little emphatically (right, too, perhaps, for an obviously second-rate literary man) by Mr. Milton Rosmer (Malise) and with gusto and good humor by Mrs. Tapping (charwoman). It was pleasant to see Miss Alma Murray again (George's mother), and Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. J. H. Roberts made the most of small parts."

Stage Notes

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "M Jean Richepin, as I wrote a day or two ago, has chosen the tango as the subject of the inaugural address which he is to deliver in a month's time at the annual meeting of the Five Academies. As a matter of fact, it is not a lecture on the famous—some call it infamous—dance that the academician means to give, but a reading from a play called 'The Tango,' which he and Mme Richepin have just completed, and which is to be produced at the Marigny in the coming season. M Richepin, in an interview, has given some interesting information as to the [illegible] and the proposed cast. The action [illegible] in an aristocratic setting, and the principal characters are a youth of 18 and a girl of 16, who are passionate tangoists, says the author, but, none the less, human beings capable of baseness or of heroism. The part of the young man is to be created by Mlle. Lavalliere, to whom M. Richepin long ago promised a male role in one of his plays. For two months the charming actress has been training for her part by wearing men's clothes, appearing in a lounge suit in the morning and dinner jacket in the evening. She has even, in the interests of realism, had her hair cut short. 'She looks like a charming little dragoon,' says M. Richepin. The part of the girl will be taken by Mlle. Spinelly."

The King of Montenegro's three-act drama, "The Empress of the Balkans," has been published in an adaptation by Eveleigh Nash (London). A poetical prologue thanks the Montenegrin women for their patriotism and heroism.

Seymour Hicks has appeared as George in "Christmas Carol" and in Pemberton's adaptation of "David Garrick" for the cinematograph.

Mr. Carl Van Vechten of the New York Press quotes Mr. George Moore as saying: "I can't read Shaw. I went to see 'Candida' and left the theatre. It made me positively ill. As for 'Man and Superman' and all that rubbish, it is too vulgar. But Shaw has long been one of my best friends. And he really has founded a sort of a theatre. I must admire him for that distinction." As for Mr. Yeats: "He knows less about the stage than anybody living, and yet he had an idea, and he, too, founded a theatre. In London we only see plays about men in evening clothes who ask ladies with bare arms to run away to India with them. * * * Well, Yeats wanted a folk theatre and he got it, but he can't write plays." And Mr. Moore was in one of his amiable moods.

Gilbert Porteous is preparing an elaborate production of "Tosca" for this season. His wife, Ethel Irving, will take the part of Floria.

Mme. Yavorska, about to produce Roberto Bracco's "I Love You," in London, spoke on Sept. 15 of Bracco's quality as "grace." "He understands a woman's soul and considers it as the tenderest flower." The heroine, Sandra, is looking for love and her great ideas about it "clash with actualities." "'What I want to know,' Sandra cries, 'is what has become of the men? Have they always been the same? Is gallantry only a bluff? Or have men always been as lazy and as tired as they are now? If I so much as flirted with anyone I should feel that I had to say, 'Excuse me for troubling you!'"

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, "Mary Goes First": "We fancy there will be a general feeling that the play is not quite so pleasant as a comedy should be. After all, the spectacle of one ill-bred lady being humiliated by another is not necessarily a particularly exhilarating one."

"It is rather surprising that 'Androcles and the Lion' should have run for nearly a fortnight without a suffrage interruption such as occurred on Saturday. Several of the references to the Christian martyrs and their 'suicide' in the arena aroused considerable applause on the first night, indicating the presence of militants in several parts of the house."

A story of Sir Herbert Tree, which has only the authority of the Paris "Comoedia," is to the effect that he is called each morning by a phonograph, set overnight in the same way as an alarm clock, which blares forth either the "Tannhaeuser" march or some other of its possessor's favorite musical compositions. This, it is explained, puts him in good temper for the day.

Dr. Brandes and Ibsen were once lunching together, and they had roast lamb for lunch. They praised it, and then Ibsen said: "I have an idea that I might write a play about a lamb. A man is at the last gasp and can only be saved by the transfusion of blood. To this end the blood of a lamb is introduced into his veins, and he recovers. From that moment his one dream is to meet again the lamb to which he owes his life. Finally he does meet it in the form of a woman, and he loves her. Is it not inevitable that he should love her?" Brandes objected that women of lamb-like character were rare in these latter days. "I know, I know," said Ibsen. "But still they do exist. One would have a fair chance of meeting one if one waited long enough."

"Queen Elizabeth," a drama in verse, which has been "dramatized" and produced in Australia, has been published by John Long (London). The author William H. Winter, is a rector in South Australia. The Queen thus expresses her fears of the approach of death:

A pain severe has settled in my side
I think that I shall not long here abide.

Paris Theatres

Mr. Charles Dawbarn wrote as follows for the Pall Mall Gazette (Sept. 17) about the stage in Paris:

"In opening the doors of the old Ambigu to a host of distinguished writers, MM. Coquelin and Hertz are banishing the 'melo,' over which Margot sobbed, to the limbo of the lost. M. Pierre Decourcelle, excellent contriver of a situation, was credited with founding a home for the old formulae of laughter, pathos and villainy. But the information was incorrect. The real philanthropist is M. Arthur Bernede, whose 'Cœur de Francaise' was so successful at [illegible] Ambigu. It was the story of [illegible] German spy [illegible] real ingredients [illegible] strong drama.

"The difficulty is to find a theatre. The existing ones are occupied with their own genre. In the neighborhood of the Ambigu is the Folles-Dramatiques, where, in the old days, the great Frederic Lemaître played 'Robert Macaire,' but its present style is vaudeville. It is possible to build a theatre, of course, but sites are not numerous. Yet it is safe to say that the old form adopted by Dumas pere, D'Ennery and Pixerecourt has not completely died.

"The rehearsals of 'Les Requins' have commenced at the Gymnase under the direction of M. Dario Niccodemi. The two 'sharks' will be played by Guitry and Mauloy, respectively; the feminine roles by Mmes. van Doren, Jeanne Desclos and Dieudonne. Niccodemi's work is extraordinarily interesting for its intensity and close weaving of the plot. To the ardor of youth and a strong temperament is joined the acrid truth of observation. His artistic nature was fired by the splendid talent of Rejane; he learned the language that he might write for her, and he has achieved an instant success. But what toil it represents! The characteristically Latin face with its swarthy complexion, black hair and mustache is the face of the fighter. It is Samson Agonistes. The grim determination to win results in triumph; but boring through rock is exhausting. Between the white paper and the footlights is an immensity of effort. And sometimes it is all for naught.

"The 'revue' has reached the level of inanity. How tired one is of the succession of 'Parisian personalities,' who have the same idiotic gestures year after year, and whose mechanical buffooneries are supposed to be wit, but in reality represent only the utter poverty of the purveyors. But there are exceptions. One of them is 'Montmartre' at the Folies Bergere. It is fresh and sparkling, full of grace and spontaneity. It is an evocation of the old Montmartre. The theme is inspiring, and the dainty figures are worthy of it. They embody the spirit of the Butte upon whose summit turns the windmill. And the pierrots, charming creatures, dance down the steps of the mill and in and out of the crowd of Montmartroises, with the traditional gayety of the Hectic Hill and the supple sprightliness of the English dancing girl. Without the 'Miss Anglische' where would be any Parisian review?

"The Folies Bergere, too, has a particularly clever turn in a supper party. The juggling with knives and dishes, lamps, umbrellas, sticks, and hats is brilliantly done. The troupe is Russian, and every member of it, whether guest or waiter, has the adroitest pair of fingers, and the keenest pair of eyes. The head waiter is also the head performer. He is a wizard in the art of legerdemain. His ease and the neatness of his tricks are a pure joy.

"I have spoken of the effort to reestablish melodrama. A more important movement is to give hospitality to the great plays of the past, whether French or foreign. This is the object of a new group which has founded the Theatre du Vieux Colombier. It takes its title from the street in the Latin quarter under the shadow of St. Sulpice. In a little playhouse of 500 seats the masterpieces of Europe will be presented by a company of young actors. The ideal is: No stage tricks and a high moral conception of the art. Thus is sounded the first notes of the revolt against

"The season promises well, not merely for the Ambigu experiment of high-class comedy for the Niccodemi play, but also for the new work by Bataille, 'La Rose Rouge,' which is now being rehearsed. Bataille is the most talented as well as the most poetic of the stage writers of today, and one who has suffered many things from his 'adapters.'"

Concert and Opera

Richard Strauss's new work, a "Festival Prelude" for a huge orchestra with organ, will be performed for the first time at Vienna, Oct. 19.

Heinrich Zoellner's third symphony will be produced at Cologne this season, and after that it will be played in many German cities.

Henri Marteau has organized a new string quartet, with himself as first violinist.

Max Fiedler will give four orchestral concerts in Berlin this season. At the third, Nov. 24, his overture in manuscript will be played, and at the first, Oct. 25, Hermine d'Albert will sing four of his songs with orchestra.

Two new operas derived from Shakespeare have been composed: "Cordelia," in two acts by Giulo Cottrau, librettist and composer, was produced at Padua, Aug. 26. Born at Naples of a French family and now 77 years old, he produced some time ago a "Grissola" at Florence. "Portia," by Otto Taubmann, will be produced at Frankfort.

Augustus Enna has composed an opera, "Gloria Arsena," based on a romance by Dumas the elder. It will be produced at Copenhagen.

Friedrich Gernsheim's new violin concerto in F major has been published (op. 86) and will be played by Marteau at Hamburg.

Lilli Lehmann has written her memoirs "Mein Weg," and the book will be published this month.

Hans Pfitzner is composing an opera, "Palestrina."

[illegible]org Riemenschneider, composer, [illegible]tor and critic, died last month at [illegible]t the age of 65. His Danse [illegible] was played here at a Symphony concert many years ago.

The Parisian critics were not favorably impressed by "The Jewels of the Madonna" when it was produced at the Opera, Sept. 12. The music was described by them as violent, brutal, lacking imagination, and melodically thin. Marcoux's Rafaele was praised, as was the Malielia of Miss Andre Vally, who made her first appearance.

"Pelleas and Melisande" has been performed in English by the Denhof company at Birmingham. "The translation was probably as good as a translation fitted to the music could be. The English sounded wonderfully simple. * * * The Debussy chant, like the plain chant, is elastic. Yet the chant inevitably lost its reasonableness, and consequently much of its beauty, for no one would dream of setting English to intonations so thoroughly opposed to its natural expression in speech. The singers were placed in a difficulty, and some of them were occasionally in danger of dropping into the heavy style of oratorio recitative. * * * Debussy might cry out, like Melisande, 'Oh! ne me touchez pas,' and no one could blame him, because the union between Maeterlinck's prose and his music is part of the very essence of the opera as a work of art."

Blair Fairchild's suite in four movements, "Esquisse for orchestra—Tamineh," suggested by episodes in "Rustum and Sohrab," was played in London Sept. 16. "The subject has been a hindrance rather than a source of inspiration. It has induced him to place together three short movements regardless of the fact that they are all very much in the same mood and exploit the same devices of harmony and color. Any one of the three would make pleasant hearing, but the listener soon begins to long for contrast. * * * The suite was not a great success, yet it is obviously the work of a man who has learnt to use the orchestral tools, and only wants to have in mind a clearer picture of what he wishes to say in order to produce something worth having."

Henry J. Wood's new orchestral arrangement of Rachmaninoff's popular prelude for the piano was played in London, Sept. 20.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of the Scala chorus at the Hippodrome (Sept. 15): "Judged as an opera chorus, pure and simple, the Italian choristers are deserving of high praise. Precision, dramatic fire and unflagging spirit carried the pieces on with a rare swing, while the quality of the voices proved excellent. The sopranos have beautiful tones in the upper register, crystal clear and dazzling, without being piercing, suggesting a humanized piccolo."

Granville Bantock's new choral work "Vanity of Vanities," will be produced at Liverpool next February. "We are more or less directly indebted to Sir Joseph Beecham. For we are told that when Prof. Bantock went to Drury Lane he was so inspired by the music he heard there that on his way back to Birmingham he sketched out the whole of the first movement in the train. On the six following days he sketched out each of the successive movements."

These new operas will be produced for the first time at Cologne: "Fennimore," by Delius; "Der Abenteurer," by Bittner; "Die Toten Angen," by d'Albert.

Mme. Tina Lerner will play in Berlin on Dec. 7 at a Bohemian String Quartet concert Dvorak's piano quartet in E flat major.

The salary of Mme. Kouznetzoff, the prima donna attached to the Russian Imperial Theatre, has been discussed in the Paris courts. She is engaged by the Paris Opera to appear 16 times during the months of September and October at a salary of £40 a night, and is being sued by a Paris dressmaker for a debt of £1200. The plaintiff wished to seize the whole of the £640 salary on the ground that Mme. Kouznetzoff was already drawing a large salary in Russia. Counsel for the singer, says the Mall correspondent, asserted that if the dressmaker seized all the money she would be taking the bread out of the mouth of "this poor woman." It was a sore struggle, he said, for the prima donna to live on what she earned. The court ordered the singer to pay over one third of the salary she earns in France.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Elgar's New Piece

Sir Edward Elgar composed a "Falstaff"—symphonic study with two interludes—for the Leeds festival. The Daily Telegraph said of it before performance that Sir Edward had based his study entirely on the Falstaff of the historical plays, "1 & 2 Henry IV." and "Henry V."

"The composer discusses the opinions of various Shakespearian commentators. He quotes the late Prof. Dowden, who said, after admitting the probable authenticity of the tradition that the 'Merry Wives' was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth: 'Shakespeare dressed up a fat rogue brought forward for the occasion from the back premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes * * * he made it impossible for the most laborious 19th century critic to patch on the 'Merry Wives' to 'Henry IV.' He quotes Morgann, who wrote: 'He is a character made up by Shakespeare wholly of incongruities, a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute in constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without

knight, a gentleman and so ... without either dignity, decency or h... And he quotes Hazlitt, who summed up his study of Falstaff in these words: 'The true spirit of humanity, the thorough knowledge of the stuff we are made of, the practical wisdom with the seeming fooleries, have no parallel anywhere else. * * * In one point of view they are laughable in the extreme, in another they are equally affecting—if it is affecting to show what a little thing is human life.' So it will be seen that Elgar, who insists on the last clause of Morgann's summing up—that Falstaff was 'a knight, a gentleman and a soldier'—embarks on the difficult task of making, in terms of abstract music, a serious study of an immortal character in the literature of comedy—serious, that is, in the sense that Cervantes's 'Don Quixote' is serious. From the themes before us it is apparent that the composer has ventured on a subject and styles that are new to him."

To the Editor of The Herald:

"I W." Discourses

Mrs. Ellia O. Jones says: "Rather than be appalled at those who write fiction and call it fiction, is it not better to beware of those who write fiction and call it fact?" If history is what the cynics say it is, the record of a multitude of things which are not so, or which never happened, all reminiscences, I suppose, come under the same general category. This reminds me that somebody has recently referred to a present day actress as peculiarly identified with the star part in "Under Two Flags," unmindful of the fact that Lotta, long before, had made this unique Ouida character as much her own as Joseph Jefferson made Rip Van Winkle. I recall a performance of "Under Two Flags" at the Boston Theatre which gave me a good deal of discomfort, for the reason that I was seated beside an intelligent individual who considered it his duty to point out to me the best passages in the play by sundry winks, nudges and asides, until I was forced to retire to private life. I think that in England, as a rule, theatre audiences are more ready to embrace opportunities to add to their gayety than audiences are here. I remember reading about a performance of a blood-and-thunder drama in a London theatre, when, during the extreme tension of a murder scene, a gallery god in his excitement let fall a mutton pie from the heavens, the tid-bit lodging in a glass globe out of immediate reach. The heat of the gas made the pie sizzle, so that its fragrance filled the whole house. Every Briton in the audience naturally began to feel hungry, so that soon, amid much excitement and uproar, the crowd made a break for the nearest buffet, while the orchestra played the national anthem by Gilbert and Sullivan, "He is an Englishman!" Speaking of this, Mr. Barnabee's volume of reminiscences contains the story about Charles R. Adams singing for the first time in Covent Garden. He was unused to the house, and the gods could not hear him. In the midst of the performance a shrill-voiced youth screamed to a chum, seated on the other side of the horseshoe: "Hi! Chimmie, is it the gint emun singin' or is it the gas?" * * *

I remember being at the Boston Museum one afternoon in a seat not far from George Honey of "Our Boys" fame. The play was "Little Em'ly," with Mary Cary as the heroine. Honey was much disturbed because he failed to hear a word of the lines spoken by one of the male performers, and was restless as a child under the infliction. Macready tells of an actor who played Alexander the Great, a remarkable effect being caused by the contrast between the actor's inaudible tones and his resounding action. His voice could not be heard over the orchestra, while his action, a repeated clapping together of the hands, echoed through the house. The curtain finally fell amid roars of laughter. Brignoli used to afford us a good deal of amusement. He was so much of a "stick" on the stage that he creaked when he walked; but he sang, so the ladies said, "like an angel."

In her interesting article in "The Stage Wisdom of Joseph Jefferson," Mary Shaw says that he pointed out to her the following axiom: "You know," he said to her, "that the actor is familiar with the substance of all the speeches that are going to be made in answer to the speeches in the play. He unconsciously hurries because his mind, knowing these answers, works quickly. The audience does not know these speeches in advance, as the actor does, and it takes an appreciable time, however short, for them to hear and comprehend. The actor must wait for the time that the audience takes to digest the speech." This is a great truth. Miss Shaw says, and furthermore, "much of the vagueness regarding the story of the play is due to the hurrying by the actor, who knows the lines and judges the time for answering by his own apprehension, without waiting for the audience to grasp the thought." Although Jefferson's philosophy of acting was opposed to what is ordinarily called the realistic school—the stage to him being a convention—Miss Shaw states that he was the most natural actor she ever knew. "He was so absolutely master of every detail of action, yet put it forth with such exquisite ease and precision that the effect upon the actors was almost the same as upon the audience."

I cannot give the psychological reason, but I was thinking this over the other afternoon during a ... characterized this ... smile with a play constructed ... it. Perhaps it is. I noticed, however, that what most captivated the audience was an interpolation entitled "You can't play every instrument in the band." Music by John Golden, words by Joseph Cawthorn. I gathered that it was about a musician who played the bass viol, and who became disgusted at having to stand for all the music he played. Down near the footlights I spied an old friend of mine who looked rather bored. When I at last got him where I could talk to him at leisure I said: "What is the matter with you today? Aren't you feeling well?" He looked at me with a faraway expression, and, after taking a sip or two from the glass before him, said with a sigh: "Do you recall an afternoon a few years ago when we saw Julia Sanderson in 'Kitty Grey' at the Tremont Theatre, with G. P. Huntley in the cast?" "Yes," I replied; "and after the performance we went to ——'s, where I recall that you jotted down some lines in your note book, beginning:

"Ah! Kitty, charming Kitty,
You've won my Boston heart'
So light of foot, so dainty—'"

"I remember," he answered, touching his breast-pocket. "Why, even her skirt dances!" And then, without saying more, he drained his glass. I looked at him sympathetically, and drained mine, too. J. W.

October 6-1913

"It is recorded," says the writer, "of Plato, that in a rough draft of one of his Dialogues, found after his death, the first paragraph was written in seventy different forms." I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable. Plato's having had seventy shies at one sentence is quite enough to explain to me why I dislike him.

Genteel Accents.

And it is a grand thing to have achieved something so that a man's name is a household word and when he walks abroad the finger of admiration, and not the derisive thumb, is pointed at him. Near the Porphyry a few days ago two girls were talking with a shop clerk. One girl asked: "How do you pronounce the name Cohan?" "Why, just Cohan," said the youth, accenting the first syllable. "Well, a gentleman friend told me that the actor himself called it Co-han" and she threw a heavy accent on the "han." There was mocking laughter, followed by a fierce dispute.

Is it possible that the gifted dramatist and actor has forsaken the old family pronunciation? Has he followed the example of Miss Geraldine Farrar, who now is said to give a foreign and impressive accent to "rar"? Far-rar-rar boom de ay! Of course one has a right to pronounce one's name in any way. Thackeray's reply to Mr. Angus B. Reach, who did not wish his name to be rhymed with peach, is familiar, so is the old district school story of Mr. Hazzard. There are Fergusons, genteel persons, who put the accent on the "u."

The Four Grades.

M. Paul Hervieu's "Flirt" is thought by lovers of analysis to be a pleasant novel. Now comes M. Victor du Bled, whose dissertation on "Le Flirt" graces a Paris review. He divides flirtation into four grades. Grade No. 1: An attention without intention. The woman enjoys talking with a man. She says to herself: "How well he talks!" He says: "How well she listens!" Grade No. 2: An attention with a little inattention. The woman: "What a delightful man! When I am with him I feel deliciously in danger!" The man: "How charming she is! I shall visit her often—and who knows what may happen." Grade No. 3: An attention with definite intention. There has been a declaration of passionate friendship, but the woman pretends not to understand. Grade No. 4: The intense stage, where conversation and letters are not sufficient.

M. du Bled is apparently unacquainted with flirtation lozenges—lozenges with mottoes ranging from a coy confession to a wild declaration. They were passed to the adored one in the village school. They were warm and sticky, having been carried in a pocket.

M. Maurice Donnay defined flirtation as a fencing lesson with the buttons on, taken by women in rehearsal for serious duels. But what Frenchman described the female flirt as "a flower from which every passer-by plucks a petal, leaving for the husband or the lover only a bare stem"?

The Collecting Boy.

Mr. H. F. Charles, a master at the City of London school for 40 years, told a reporter of the Mail that the schoolboy of today is much better informed on current affairs than his predecessors were, and the change is due to the influence of newspapers. He gave out as a subject for an essay "Is the World Better Today Than It Used to Be?" One boy, 15 years old, began: "The world today is full of rare and refreshing fruit, as described in a book which was produced for fourpence and sold for ninepence." Nor are the boys more priggish than in former years. Then Mr. Charles made this astonishing statement: "Boys are more manly without being less boyish. Stamp collections are rare now." Is a boy a ... because he collects postage stamps ... chouses a playmate in a deal ... Tut-tut! Likewise pish! A ... natural collector. Look at his pockets! He collects rabbits, guinea-pigs, marbles, tops; later stamps and coins. This does not prevent him from excelling in duck, yard sheep, skating, swimming, ball. He can still rip pickets off a neighbor's fence or hit a prominent citizen with a sling and buckshot. He may know all the postal issues of the Sandwich Islands and yet be able to rub Tom Morrisey's face with snow at recess.

October 7-1913

Mr. Walter Damrosch, returning from Europe, said in a fine burst to a reporter that "the best symphonic music is to be heard in New York." That is when the Boston Symphony orchestra happens to play there.

For Women Only.

Women that, in obedience to fashion, sport a high standing feather on coiffure or bonnet, and thus are a nuisance in public places where spectators behind them would like to see the stage, are merely imitating their English sisters of the 18th century. Some one wrote in the Times of 1795: "At all elegant assemblies there is a room set apart for the ladies to don their feathers, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top. The lustres are also removed on this account, and the doors are carried up to the ceiling. A well dressed lady who nods with dexterity can give a friend a little tap upon the shoulder across the room without incommoding the dancers. The ladies' feathers are now generally carried in the sword case at the back of the carriage."

In Berlin the number of men between 70 and 80 is 12,898, while the number of women is 25,2?4. In Greater Berlin the figures are ?,049 and 37,5?0 respectively. The number of men between 90 and 100 in Berlin is 2034, and the number of women is 5?71. Three out of every four nonagenarians in this city are women.

"Lady jockeys" promise to be a regular feature of races in France, but the woman cab driver, the "femme cocher," is disappearing from the streets of Paris. Six years ago there were at least 100; now there are only six or seven, and of these all but one will soon disappear. The survivor says that at first men rushed for cabs driven by women and gave generous tips, but that was when the woman cab driver was celebrated in song and on the revue. Then came neglect. This reminds us that about half a century ago Mrs. Cuyler of London was known as the "Cabman's Terror," for she knew the distance between any two points and handed the exact fare. And now there is a woman in London who is accused of this hobby: She takes taxicabs and compels the drivers to sue her for their fares.

The hobby of certain swell women in Paris is a more amiable one. They make shoes. The Daily Chronicle says that this is a reversion to a London mania of over a century ago. Mrs. Charles Calvert wrote in her diary on May 4, 1808: "I begin a new science today—shoemaking. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for about two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes." And in the same month Lady Sarah Spencer wrote to her brother: "I am today in a state of great vanity. I have to my eternal glory be it spoken made a pair of shoes. There is for you! So if all other trades fail I shall certainly establish myself cross-legged at the corner of an alley and earn a livelihood in the midst of leather, awls and hammers. In the evening Harriet and I divide our time between musick and shoemaking, which is now the staple trade of the family."

Misfits.

Although we did not attend the indignation meeting held in East Dedham street, we do not like to think of a band of gypsies living in tenements, there or in Harrison avenue. Not long ago Mr. Filson Young going into a gypsy's van on an English heath was disturbed because he found therein plush chairs, conveniences of a modern date and hideously colored pictures, among them one of Queen Victoria. The gypsy is too fine a fellow to be cramped and confined in a flat. "Life is sweet, brother. There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath." No; let the gypsies, whether they come from Brazil or Hungary, camp out on the Common and give color to the drab landscape. It would be a grand sight to see any candidate for office crossing the palm of Lena Lozo Offie, the queen of this band, or any Ursula, and thus gaining certain information concerning his fortune at the polls.

An Amateur Yachtsman.

Sliverton was a prominent figure last season at a yacht club on the North Shore. He had no boat of any kind, but his costume from cap to shoes was irreproachable. He seldom went sailing, but he ornamented the piazza, was formidable in the dining room, drank deep, and was an appreciative listener. Now Sliverton writes for newspapers and magazines. He is also at work on a monumental "History of Sewerage Throughout the Ages." Why did he haunt this club? Probably he would agree to Bret Harte's reason for spending much time at the Royal Thames Yacht Club. "I never use a club until I am tired of my work and want relief from it. If I go to a literary club I am asked all sorts of questions as to what I am doing, and my views on somebody's last book. My good friends at the yacht club talk of their yachts, don't want my advice about them, are good enough to let me listen, and I come away refreshed."

A Tipping Code.

We spoke above of female cab drivers and their tips. We are told by a Londoner that the porters at the railway stations of that city signal to cab driver, taxi driver or guard the generosity or stinginess of a passenger whose luggage has been handled. The code is as follows:

Two fingers up	2d.
Three fingers up	3d.
Four fingers up	4d.
Little finger only	6d.
Thumb only	1s.
Closed fists (one above the other)	2s.

Our informant added: "Only foolish Americans give two shillings."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"A Temperance Town," a comedy in four acts and six scenes by Charles H. Hoyt.

Launcelot Jones	William P. Carleton
St. Julien Jones	Donald Meek
Sneeland Pray	Frederic Ormonde
"Gentleman" Jack Worth	Carney Christie
Rev. Earnest Hardman	George Ernst
Squire Belcher	Alfred Lunt
Judge Graham Doe	Al. Roberts
Fred Oakhurst	J. Morrill Morrison
Dr. Caldwell Sawyer	Cecil Legrand
Uncle Joe Viall	J. Monte Crane
William Putnam	Albert Berg
Sheriff	Carl Nissel
Will Peake	Robert Capron
Ruth	Miss Doris Olsson
Roxana	Miss Florence Shirley
Mary Jane Jones	Miss Mabel Colcord
Patience Hardman	Miss Augusta Gill
Arabella Doe	Miss Anne Faystone

Mr. Hoyt's comedy is a plea for wider sympathies. It sets a group of well-meaning "reformers" against a group of men whose weakness is drink, and in the end proves that these conventional people who attempt to reform the drunkards are perhaps the more in error. The Reverent Earnest Hardman is one of the leaders in the reform movement; yet, when his daughter ventures a meek little plea for the saloon keeper, she is ordered from his home. The town drunkard, however, offers her the shelter of his house.

"A Temperance Town" is conventional. All the characters, save two or three, are highly exaggerated, and even the exceptions to this rule are hardly less so. The talk, too—especially the minister's—is often unnatural, and the play contains much that is beside the point—much that has no bearing upon the plot.

The company as a whole overacts the play. Miss Olsson, Mr. Carleton, Miss Shirley and Mr. Christie are effective.

DIGBY BELL SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Comic Opera Star Heads Unusually Good Bill at Vaudeville House.

The most discriminating lover of vaudeville came into his own at B. F. Keith's last evening. The bill is not only one of the best of the season, but it is one that sets a lively pace. Vaudeville in its essential sense—variety—is furnished, for splendid farce, legitimate character work, bewildering dancing, a dash of engrossing mimicry, pleasing musical numbers, a choice bit of the grotesque, a puzzling mechanical marvel and an unusual acrobatic act brought out unmistakable approval from a big audience.

Digby Bell appeared in a lively farce from the pen of George V. Hobart, entitled "It Happened in Topeka." Mr. Bell was given a splendid opportunity as "Doc" Brewster, and made a most plausible and magnetic salesman. He was the easy mannered and natural comedian of days gone by in comic opera. He was assisted ably by Mignon Lewis, Elizabeth Dunn, Eugene Redding and Frank L. Jones.

Owen McGiveney gave a quick change act that embodied the characters of Monks, Fagin, Bill Sykes, the Artful Dodger and Nancy. It was called "Bill Sykes." Mr. McGiveney's versatility was quickly apparent. He was given an ovation.

Volant, assisted by Evelyn Gilbert, presented the mechanical novelty, "The Flying Piano." A piano in midair is played, with the engaging Miss Gilbert standing on top singing, while the piano twirls about in midair at a dizzy pace.

Lew Brice and Lillian Gonne were seen in an act of mimicry and dancing. Mr. Brice's imitation of Bert Williams was a splendid effort.

Smith, Cook and Marie Brandon included in their act a choice bit of the grotesque, with some splendid dancing by all three. Miss Brandon's toe dancing was gracefully executed and both Mr. Smith and Mr. Cook were funny in an unusual way.

John E. Kyle and Irene H. Gurney ... a breezy sketch entitled "A D...

...d Widow", the B... were seen in a musical act that had a surprising development. Williams and Segal made a good impression in their dancing act, and I are brothers gave a fine acrobatic act.

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W[illegible] men for the most part (ad[illegible]) however, some few abnormal excep[illegible] to be deeply impressed by the superior [illegible] of those who have money. It is [illegible] to attribute this respect to any un[illegible], for the feeling is strictly [illegible]ve, for the feeling is strictly [illegible] and springs from some of the very [illegible] of our nature. It is the same [illegible] of affectionate reverence which a dog feels [illegible] man, and is not infrequently manifested [illegible] a similar manner.

Rouge in Heraldry.

As the World Wags:

"L. E. S." asks if "rouge" is not the heraldic for red. The answer is in the negative. The heraldic term for red is "gules," which is abbreviated and written "gu." R. A. C.

Boston, Oct. 3

We have already stated that in English rouge means red only in "Rouge Croix" and "Rouge Dragon," two pursuivants of the English College of Arms.—Ed.

Positively the Last.

As the World Wags:

In and around Conway, N. H., the word "orts" is in common use as meaning the coarser and more unpalatable refuse which cattle and horses leave when fed upon hay, straw, cornstalks, etc. PEQUAWKET.

Boston Corbett.

As the World Wags:

An "Inconstant Reader" undertakes to give through your column of Sept. 26 some misinformation about Boston Corbett, who shot John Wilkes Booth. He furnishes from his poor memory of the contents of "some book." Let me from personal contact with Corbett give some facts about this historic character.

At the time of the assassination of Lincoln I was in charge of a division with 150 clerks, in the war department. Corbett was sergeant of company L, 16th New York cavalry, and a visitor at my house. The above company captured Jefferson Davis and his negro servant, James H. Brown. It surrounded the barn where Booth was, and where, as he drew his revolver to shoot, Corbett, without orders to fire, shot Booth. Corbett was put under arrest by Capt. Donnahee for breach of military discipline and brought to Washington under arrest. I interceded for his discharge with Secretary Stanton. He acted promptly and had Corbett produced before him. There were present, in addition, Assistant Secretary Dana, the adjutant-general, Corbett and his captain, a Washington reporter and myself. I am the only one now living. * * * The interview resulted in his discharge from arrest without court-martial. He went home with me to dinner, thence to Brady's for his photograph, which I now have.

At the 1887 session of the Kansas Legislature Corbett was chosen assistant doorkeeper. On Feb. 15, imagining that he was being discriminated against by other officers, he drew a revolver and drove them from the building, creating such commotion that the Legislature adjourned. He was seized by police officers, taken before the judge of probate, adjudged insane and committed to the Topeka asylum. He escaped May 26, 1888, by breaking from the ranks and mounting on a horse of a visitor at the asylum (much like Thaw). About a week later he appeared at Neodesha, a town in southeastern Kansas, riding the stolen horse. There a fellow Andersonville prisoner met him. Corbett told this old comrade that he had been treated shamefully and was going to Mexico. * * *

In Washington by the Christian commission and by his captain, Corbett was regarded as a genuine Christian, but of intense emotionalism. Your correspondent caught on to the wrong subject. BYRON B. JOHNSON.

Waltham.

Mr Johnson probably knows that Mr. David Miller De Witt, a scholarly historian, maintains that Boston Corbett did not shoot Booth at all, but merely pretended to do so, and that Booth killed himself.—Ed.

Mr. Lee's Answer.

As the World Wags:

In your column of Oct. 2 Mr. Albert McLellan enters the lists in defence of a previous writer, "Baize," relative to the origin of certain international songs. First he says "The Star Spangled Banner" is an old French air. Samuel Arnold, an Englishman, is credited with being the author. I have a copy printed in New York with his name at the head lying before me now.

Next we will consider the origin of "Britannia," or "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." I have a copy, also printed in New York, which bears at its head as its author Thomas A. Becket. There is one word, gem, in both versions of the song, which settles conclusively its origin.

Britain is an island much smaller than the state of Colorado, set in the midst of the ocean. The United States is a continent with an extensive frontier. The meaning of the word "gem" is small, compact, valuable. Which country, geographically speaking, would the [illegible] ... a small compact island or a continent?

Your correspondent is quite correct regarding the popularity of the song during the Crimean war or the middle fifties, but if he will take the second verse of the American version, viz:

When war winged its wide desolation
And threatened the land to deform

It is evident reference is made to the civil war, and it must have been written at least a decade later.

Your correspondent infors that the British have no national song. Henry Carey 170 years ago wrote "God Save the King," and it was sung in London and has been sung and played at every coronation, concert, dramatic performance, Sunday school picnic and public dinner ever since. Ninety years later the Rev. S. Smith of this state reached out by way of Germany, took the melody, fitted words to it and titled it "America," causing endless confusion.

There are two things which I hold every nation has a sole right to: a national flag and a national anthem.

JAMES LEE.

With this letter, containing statements that might well be disputed, correspondence on this subject now ceases. —Ed.

Our ancestors, when they were free, lived ther[illegible] in arbors; but slavery came [illegible] with gildings and with marble. I would have him that comes into my house take more notice of the master than of the furniture. The golden age was before architecture: arts came in with luxury, and we do not hear of any philosopher that was either a locksmith or a painter.

October 9-13

Improving the Occasion.

A clergyman in New York last Sunday drew moral lessons from the deeds of the Giants. Some of the heroes sat in pews and thought of the days this week that would enrich them in money and kudos. Letters from eminent authorities, who countenanced the proceedings and incidentally eulogized the game were read from the pulpit. Dr. Reisner, the clergyman, showed commendable impartiality and referred in praise to "Jack" Coombs and "Matty" as examples for the young. We are not told from what book in the Bible the text of the sermon was taken, but it should have been: "There were Giants in the earth in those days" (Genesis vi. 4). A photograph of the Giants was given to everyone in the congregation and a baseball cartoon drawn by Mr. Demaree, the rising, also curving, young pitcher, was also presented to the faithful.

A newspaper clergyman in Boston preached a sermon in which "Smoky Joe" was held up as a model for ingenuous youth, but that was comparatively early in the season, when the supporters of the Red Socks 'ad 'opes.

Civic Pride and Duty.

And well may the people of Philadelphia exult in the prowess of their fellow-townsman. Let us see. Mr. Bender was born in Minnesota, "Home Run" Baker in Maryland, Messrs. Schang, Oldring, E. Murphy and Collins in New York, Mr. Barry in Connecticut, and the great and only "Stuffy" McInnes at Malden, so that we can claim him as our own. And well may the hearts of the dwellers on Manhattan swell with pride, for their chief idols were assembled from all parts of the land.

Not long ago the London Chronicle complained that English professional cricketers, boxers, scullers and their brethren in other sports are not well treated. "You known the retirement of the splendid boxer and sculler. He goes away and gets a small public house, in which he sits and talks of his past glories." And likewise drinks. The writer remembers that when a man won at the Olympic games he was placed on the free list by his city, and there was a Pindar to trumpet his glory. Why should not Philadelphia and New York honor their heroes by maintaining them "sumbustuously" at the public expense? As a nation we are a little shy on poets, and we do not know of any one at present prepared to replace Pindar, although some of the magazine versifiers might be put in training. The heroes should at least escape the national income tax.

The World Is Wrong.

The New York World says editorially that the Sociological Fund of the Medical Review of Reviews, "having exhausted morbid interest" in discussions of a certain disease in "Damaged Goods," will produce "a dramatization of a French novel, 'The Guilty Man,' which argues in favor of granting to the medical profession the right to prevent the birth of unwelcome children."

Softly, brother. The dramatization of the novel may be all you say it is, the abomination of desolation, an uncovered cesspool, and more than that, but there is not a hint at any such argument in the novel itself. "Le Coupable," by the gentle Francois Coppee. If he were living, he would be wounded to the quick by your gross blunder. The romance is a pathetic argument against the abandonment of sweethearts by students and others. It is conspicuous for purity of thought and treatment. The guilty one is the famous public prosecutor, who finds in the trial of a murderer that the wretched lad is his own son by poor Perrinette. Standing in fear of his father in the provinces, he did not dare to marry her. He abandoned her in a peculiarly shabby manner. [illegible] court he acknowledges his guilt, persuades the jury to acquit his son, and the two go to South America to begin life again.

October 10-1913

The pictorial section of the New York Times showed last Sunday a carved representation of Mr. Ralph A. Cram among the figures portraying the sciences, arts and "ologies" on a building of which he is the architect. We were also informed that Mr. Cram is the only modern man thus presented on the building to the public gaze. The architect here followed the example of old, and some more modern, painters who did not hesitate to introduce themselves and friends in groups on the canvas. It mattered not whether the men were supposed to be at the marriage at Cana, at a woodland festival, or at a pompous ceremony in ancient Rome. Sometimes a malicious architect would see to it that some rival, or an enemy, ecclesiastical or worldly, was fixed on a cathedral as a gargoyle. What a fuss there was when the initials of architects were discovered on the Boston Public Library! On the Cape there is an excellent stone mason, a true artist, who puts his initials on every chimney, stone wall post, and if possible on the hearth of the living room. He has a just pride in his handiwork. And so, it seems, has Mr. Cram, though his effigy can hardly be called imposing. As pictured in the Times it does not do him justice.

Mr. Co—han.

As the World Wags:

May I say, apropos the pronunciation of George Cohan's name (this is no press agent work, by the way) that the pronunciation Co-han (accent on the last syllable) is more nearly correct than any other, inasmuch as Cohan is an Irish name, a form of the older Keohane. George Cohan's name has nothing to do with the Jewish name Cohen with which it is so often confounded.

Boston. DENIS A. McCARTHY.

The Cohens, an old and honorable family, do not like to have their name confounded with Cohan, or Co-han. In like manner there are Smythes who do not like to be called Smith, and there are Ellots who foam at the mouth if their name is spelled with two l's. We have known excellent citizens by the name of Cohan; not one of them threw a heavy accent on "han" even in an unguarded and convivial moment.—Ed.

On Martha's Vineyard.

As the World Wags:

Are you familiar with the following words which were in common use on Martha's Vineyard two generations ago: "Faculized" and "unfaculized," meaning that a person was capable or incapable. There was also the word "current," as applied to mental weakness. Such a person "never was quite 'current.'" WILLIAM A. ROBINSON.

Vineyard Haven.

We think that these words may still be found in English dialect and we shall soon report. Meanwhile, what bright-eyed boy, looking forward to college life, can tell offhand the family name of this Martha with her vineyard, and whether her vineyard was originally the whole island? As for the manner of speaking English there generations ago, let us consult Crevecoeur's "Letters of an American Farmer," published in 1782. He says of the whaling people with whom he sojourned: "They have all, from the highest to the lowest, a singular keenness of judgment, unassisted by any academical light; they all possess a large share of good sense, improved upon the experience of their fathers; and this is the surest and best guide to lead us through the path of life, because it approaches nearest to the infallibility of instinct. Shining talents and university knowledge would be entirely useless here, nay, would be dangerous; it would pervert their plain judgment, it would lead them out of that useful path which is so well adapted to their situation; it would make them more adventurous, more presumptuous, much less cautious, and therefore less successful." In other words, they would have been less "faculized."—Ed.

A Bee Story.

There have been several good bee stories lately, stories worthy of a place on the animal page of the old New York Sunday Sun, the Sun that for some years published a remarkable column of "Gastronomic Notes." Life was then worth living beneath such a Sun. Even the "Hors d'Oeuvre" written by the late Frank Schloesser and published in the Pall Mall Gazette was not so entertaining in treatment of victuals and drink, in descriptions of illustrious gourmands, tosspots and maltworms, incredible dishes, stupifying punches and rare alcoholic inventions. Let us go back to bees, for they, too, sting.

We have just mentioned Crevecoeur's "Letters." Here is his bee story: A kingbird bent on killing bees was put to flight by a bunch of bees as big as Crevecoeur's fist, but the phalanx then disbanded and the kingbird returning snapped as many as he wanted. "I killed him, and immediately opened his craw, from which I took 171 bees; I laid them all on a blanket in the sun, and to my great surprise 54 returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive, where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape as I believe had never happened before to American bees!"

That Needham Town Meeting.

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] expression. "on Tuesday, the 23d of September next." I should understand the adjective "next" to modify "23d" (day), interpreting the expression as meaning "on Tuesday, the next 23d of September." If that understanding of the expression is correct, a comma should follow "Tuesday," but no comma should follow "Septemher," for a comma after "September" would make the construction look as though "next" was intended to modify "Tuesday" ("Tuesday next").

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

Giuseppe Verdi was born in a little village one hundred years ago today. The son of a humble innkeeper, he knew poverty for many years. He wished to study music at the Milan Conservatory, but the learned professors declared that he had no talent and was not worthy. When he died, in his eighty-eighth year, he was acknowledged throughout the world as the master of the Italian lyric stage and the rival of Wagner in all opera houses.

In his early operas, "Nabuco," "I Lombardi," "Ernani," his music was distinguished by a wealth of frank, direct melody, irresistible rhythm, a peculiar intensity of expression that was almost brutal, a keen appreciation of dramatic effects. He was reproached for crudeness in orchestration, boisterous bursts, a certain vulgarity; he was never accused of insincerity. His style became more refined, and his melodic vein was richer when in the fifties his "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," "La Traviata" made their triumphant way, operas that are still in every repertoire and still please thousands.

Sure of fame and fortune, idolized by his countrymen, who found in his defiant melodies the voice of the people demanding liberty and unity—his very name, V.E.R.D.I., was in the mouths of all as standing for Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy—he was not content, he meditated his art. His growth was shown in "Don Carlos." In "Aida" (1871) there was a still more marked development, and Verdi was foolishly accused of "Wagnerism." When he was seventy-four years old he astonished the world with his "Othello,"; when he was eighty his "Falstaff" appeared, a work conspicuous for freshness, spontaneity, vivacity, and of a workmanship that compelled the admiration of the most fastidious. And in "Falstaff," as in "Nabuco," there was the unmistakable voice of Verdi. His individuality was always pronounced. His development was constant, self-respecting, inevitable, never imitative, never anxious. Unlike Meyerbeer, Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, he did not trim his sails to catch the popular breeze of the moment.

This development with the amazing result at a time of life when the blood of composers is ordinarily thin, and imagination flags or has passed as a night vision, is unique in the annals of music. Verdi went his own way. He profited by the works of others, by their success and failure; he recognized that art is not a fixed quantity; that it is the expression of successive periods. He steadily grew in expressive power, in the command of resources, in calm as in stormy authority. He knew the literature of the theatre from Mozart to Wagner, from Gluck to the young Puccini. But he was Verdi to the end.

There has been no more honorable life as composer and as man. Passionate in art, yet self-contained even in adversity, dignified, modest, quick to praise another but silent when others wished him to condemn, indifferent toward criticism of his own work, showered with honors of which he was not covetous, simple in speech and behavior, he was one of the great, the commanding figures of the 19th century. And when he died his one thought was of the home for destitute musicians, which he had so generously endowed. He knew full well that his fame as a composer was assured. His confidence in Time, the protector and guardian, was serene.

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[illegible] blue [illegible] for the [illegible] and [illegible] gaiety, pleasure, [illegible] and [illegible] and the blue [illegible] things.

Color Fancies.

Yet Herman Melville in the fantastical chapter, "The Whiteness of the Whale," one of the most curious chapters in that strange romance, "Moby Dick," after mentioning the sweet and honorable and sublime associations associated with the color white, concluded: "There yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood." And ex-King Manuel is reported as plastering his new house with pink, and he cannot endure the color blue. A writer in the Daily Chronicle, noting Manuel's preference, says that no man deliberately chooses blue for the note of his living room. "Personally my colors are green and yellow. To come and breakfast in a green room with yellow flowers gives me the delight of the suggestion of sunshine."

Strange Rooms.

There are rooms fronting the north, gloomy, austere; rooms in which the sleeper is vaguely conscious of something moving about that he cannot see, though he turn on suddenly an electric light; or, what is worse, there's something rigid, immovable, looking at him. There are unfortunate persons so sensitively organized that they cannot be happy if the wall paper is garish in color or hideous in design. Long ago Dickens asked George Augustus Sala to write a description of English inns, the abominations of the cooking, the stuffiness of the furniture, the discomfort of the beds, the slipshod attendance, the filthy decorations sold as wine. Long after this, when certain inns of London had been "Americanized" George Gissing in the persons of Henry Ryecroft complained of English inns. He had seen a good deal of them in many parts of the country, and was astonished to find how bad they were. "Only once or twice have I chanced upon an inn (or, if you like, hotel) where I enjoyed any sort of comfort. More often than not, even the meals are unsatisfactory either pretentious, luxurious, and choked with drapery, or bare and thinly accoutred. Furniture is uniformly hideous, and there is either no attempt at ornament (the safest thing) or a villanous taste insults the spectator at every turn. The meals, in general, are coarse and poor in quality, and served with gross slovenliness." Nor was Gissing by birth and training a Sybarite. He had known cheap lodgings and the fried fish shop.

A Poetic Deadhead.

Here is a queer story about a hotel and a celebrated dramatist. A Frenchman tells the story. It seems that just before the first night of "Chantecler" the Paris correspondent of La Giornale d'Italia contrived to obtain a position as valet de chambre at the Majestic Hotel, where M. Rostand and his wife were staying. He declares that Rostand and his wife paid nothing for board and rooms. The night have been excused by the landlord's passion for the drama, but the correspondent also says that M. Rostand was paid 15 francs a day for attracting custom to the hotel by his presence. "When asked if this statement were true, M. Rostand would not deign to contradict it." We have read somewhere that Dumas the elder received free board and lodging at an inn not far from Paris on condition that he showed himself once a day. Nor need we go so far away from home. There is a story that at a certain hotel in this town stage people of wide reputation were wont to sup after a performance, and the bill was greatly reduced or never sent because their presence drew a crowd of gapers. "Don't miss the feeding of the carnivora."

Where Was She?

A history of mysterious disappearances would fill more than one volume, even though it were an elephant folio. One of the strangest cases was known to Mr. George R. Sims. A young woman, 22 years old, went to a theatre with her father, a London surgeon. Coming out after the performance they were separated. She disappeared from that moment and every effort to trace her failed. Twenty years afterward her father visited as a surgeon a London hospital and was asked to see a woman who had been brought into the accident ward unconscious. He recognized in her his daughter. She died without recovering consciousness, and no one ever came forward to solve the mystery.

Positively the Last.

We said a few days ago that the correspondence concerning the authorship of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was closed, but Mr. William E. Wall of Somerville sends such a plausibly circumstantial account that we make room for it.

"The Anglo-Canadian Musical Association is wrong in attributing to D. T. Shaw the authorship of 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' familiarly known as 'The Red, White and Blue.' This song was written in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1843, by a young English actor named Thomas A. Becket, who wrote it at the request of D. T. Shaw, an acquaintance, as the latter wished to sing an original [illegible] at his benefit. [illegible] claimed to be the author, the composer of the song, sold it to Mr. Willig, the music publisher, who later allowed Becket's claim for authorship, and transferred to him the copyright.

"In the early part of the last century there is said to have been a song 'Three Cheers for the Red and the Blue,' which commemorated victories of the Red and Blue squadrons of the Royal Navy, Nelson's victory with the White squadron caused the third color to be added, and the verse in his honor appended.

"I am unable to find any authority other than hearsay and tradition for the closing paragraph."

REHEARSAL BY SYMPHONY

First Public Performance of 33d Season Conducted by Dr. Muck.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (33d season), Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7 ..... Beethoven
Tragic Overture ..... Brahms
"Les Preludes" ..... Liszt
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" ... Wagner

Dr. Muck was welcomed most heartily by a brilliant audience that completely filled the hall.

It has been the custom for reviewers to make apologies for the first concert of a season. "The members of the orchestra have been dispersed since spring; there have been few rehearsals; there are new members"—and this was true enough yesterday, "it is not fair, therefore, to speak of the concert in detail; it is enough to say that while the performance was excellent in many respects, there was not that perfection which will be shown in a month or two."

Yesterday there was no need of any apology, and the old an approved introductory formula must be discarded. The concert was one of unusual interest, although the selections were familiar, and concerning their inherent value there is nothing to be said that is new, unless one delight in extravagance and paradox to make the bourgeois sit up.

For whatever the composition may be Dr. Muck by his demoniacal appreciation of rhythm, his fine sense of proportion, his exquisite taste in phrasing, his singularly impressive and fascinating personality, gives an interpretation that glorifies the work of the composer and the proficiency of the players, and this without any attempt at self-glorification.

It was a pleasure to hear Brahms's tragic overture again, a work that must be ranked among his noblest achievements, music to be put by the side of the introduction to the Finale of the First Symphony. It matters not whether Brahms had in mind "Hamlet" or "Lear," or was moved to lofty musical expression by the daily tragedy of life.

Seldom, if ever, has there been so poetic a performance here of the Seventh Symphony, a performance marked by the utmost clarity and a wealth of contrasts in expression from the preparation for the opening allegro to the end of the Finale, with its Dionysiac revelry and exultation. Liszt's "Preludes" was for once revealed as a masterpiece in construction, finely fanciful, and the reproach of occasional vulgarity in expression could not this time be brought against it.

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The Herald has several times referred to the obnoxious habit of actor-baiting. An audience after the second or third act of a play will applaud immoderately until the leading man is forced to make a speech. Nine times out of ten his reluctance is unfeigned. He knows that by his stumbling speech he will destroy the illusion; he knows that he has no business to appear on the stage outside of the play, but there is the dear public clamoring and it will not be satisfied unless it hears the actor mumble his thanks.

We quote from a recent number of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"The unfortunate effect of an actor taking what are known as 'calls' before the curtain was rather notably illustrated at the Vaudeville Theatre on the first night of 'The Picture of Dorian Gray,' in which the acting of Mr. E. Gouthing, Sibyl Vane's devoted sailor brother, in the second act, had created quite a deep impression, very much to the advantage of the play. When after the fall of the curtain on the act it rose again to disclose, among others, an exceedingly pleased-looking James Vane, smiling and bowing, the one little spark of reality which the production had been able to boast died out. No doubt the actor enjoyed his little ovation. Undoubtedly, too, he had earned it. But how much more artistic it would have been of him to decline to appear 'before the curtain' smiling and bowing at the end of the act! The dignified and [illegible] the attitude of a great English [illegible] the last century, W. C. [illegible] of being remembered in these days. He had a great contempt for the habit, and more often than not declined to take any notice of such invitations, though in his case, of course, they were a good deal more spontaneous than is altogether the rule now."

Dario Niccodemi

Mr. Charles Dawbarn of Paris has written an interesting account of Dario Niccodemi and his work. "Les Requins" ("The Sharks") is produced in Paris this month, and "L'Algrette" in an English version by Michael Morton was secured for Wyndham's Theatre in London this month.

The Sharks in M. Niccodemi's Parisian piece are persons who prey on mankind, but they are not promoters of companies or unscrupulous grafters in politics. One of the Sharks is a man who marries desirable women and then abandons them after a divorce. When the curtain rises he has married four, and the struggle to obtain the fifth is the story of the play. This character "exists in Parisian society in the person of a notable member of it," and the part is assigned to M. Lucien Guitry. The second Shark "does not indulge his passions behind the facade of marriage; he indulges them without the facade and in so doing dissipates his fortune. He abandons his wife in his prosperity, but returns to her in his want. He discovers that she has a fortune of her own, and his anxiety to resume the old relations—a pretension which she resists to the utmost—becomes a sordid struggle with the first Shark, who arrives on the scene to dispute the prey! His voracious appetite is tempted by the new "morsel." This prodigal and "interested" husband is also drawn from life.

Eleven years ago M. Niccodemi, knowing no French, resolved to learn it and write in it. "It is the language par excellence of the theatre, so clear and limpid; and now, when I write in the other languages—I am an Italian by birth—it seems as if I were writing periphrase." He had already written a play in Italian and one in Spanish for Buenos Ayres. He began his study of French by copying masterpieces in that language, and even now when his fancy is dull, he takes to copying again. It is said that he worked for 77 days in his study, never going out of doors, until the second act of "L'Algrette" satisfied him, and this act takes 50 minutes to play.

His French plays, "L'Hirondelle," "Le Refuge," "La Flamme" and "L'Algrette" were all written for Mme. Rejane. In his mind she surpasses even Mme. Duse in the completeness of her art. Guitry and Rejane together are incomparable. "They are 'the first man and woman on any stage.' Just as Michael Angelo created attitudes and gestures, so does Guitry; though, in his case, alas! they are ephemeral. I am sure he would have been a great sculptor. There is in his art sculpture, painting, portraying, poetry, psychology—a prodigious ensemble." It may be remembered that Fechter, master of pose and gesture, began life as a sculptor.

Niccodemi thinks that the life of a dramatist is usually not more than 10 years. "That arises, no doubt, from the special formation of the human brain. We writers have only a certain number of subjects—perhaps a dozen—in our heads. After that we repeat ourselves. Do we not see the truth of this every day in our contemporaries? A series of successes, perhaps, and then the repetition, the eternal repetition. For myself, I expect to stop before I am old. Then I shall turn to the novel and to a critical study of the French language."

Great Britain's past fascinates this dramatist and he showed Mr. Dawbarn a first edition of Hume's History. The story of England is strikingly original and this arose from the Englishman's conception of his country as something as close to him as his home and identified with his personal existence. "Was it not Ruskin who remarked that neither England nor Venice had need of a symbol to express their country?" M. Niccodemi dreams of a play dealing with the Renaissance in England and the effect of Italy on it.

It is his opinion that authors have become too rich. "They promise plays for such a date, upon such a subject, and with a stipulated number of characters. That to me is the very reverse of artistic. I cannot see how it is possible to be so definite about a work of art. Never would I sign a contract in such conditions. It resembles too much a builder's estimate.

"Again, some work obviously for popularity, for the Legion of Honor, for the Academy. How is good work possible with such an object before one? Do you know that Machin et Chose make a million francs a year out of their plays? Frightful, isn't it?

"But the mood of depression passed when he spoke of the evolution towards what he called 'poetic realism.' 'Bataille, Bernstein and myself,' he observed, smilingly, 'are too realistic; too harsh, perhaps. We must put more poetry into our work. I feel that there is the need of the moment. Consider Shakespeare and his 'genial' creation of Caliban. Even here was poetry. In the crudest, most vulgar situation there is always a touch of sentiment, if one looks for it. I think Ibsen, the greatest master of the modern theatre, would have come to poetical conceptions had he lived. He was a great poet, and translated with amazing insight the indecision, the indefinite character of man. You have his genius, for instance, in the 'Master Builder' and 'Hedda Gabler.'

"Shaw is phenomenal, but he does not seem to me British. Is he not Ibsen exaggerated?

"No," he said, insisting again with the ardor of a young Latin. "I think the epoch of blind passion has passed; we need the touch of the heart, while keeping touch of life."

Stock Companies in Boston

To the Editor of The Herald:

So there are rumors of a stock company theatre in Boston, where plays may be produced that have not grown old by repetition in New York. The realization of these stories might recall to some the palmy days of the drama, which to my mind never existed. We had good and bad pieces and performances in the past as we have at present. The mythical "palmies" dwell only in dramatic literature and in the memories of old fogies like myself, for I sometimes dwell on the glories of the theatrical past. "'Tis distance," etc. Looked at candidly some of the acting of other days was somewhat ragged. How could it be otherwise when an overworked historian sometimes appeared in three different characters in one night and often "winged" a part because he had not memorized it before coming to the theatre for a performance, after a hasty rehearsal at noon, or thereabouts, when the results of a nocturnal revel were fragrantly apparent.

In the long run of pieces, however, we get a mechanical smoothness that is often not so agreeable or thrilling as the spontaneity of an earlier time. Of course there is nothing perfect. I never saw a more deadly, dull representation of "Hamlet" than I witnessed at Booth'e Theatre in New York one night during the famous hundred successive performances of the tragedy.

But to come back to stock theatres. The old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Travers streets wae numbered among the few in 1850, when it produced "The Boston Caulker," a new American drama by Charlea H. Saunders, comedian. Its scenic artist was Mr. Hayes, well known at the Boston Theatre when it was opened in 1854, and he furnished views of local interest, including, among others, Union wharf, East Boston ferry, and a street at the North end with a well known West India goods store. There was richness for you. And there was more in the second act, which took the spectator to the Rio Grande, where the hero, a Boston mechanic, and a volunteer under Gen. Zachary Taylor, enacted prodigies of valor and fulfilled an oath he had registered against a high-brow libertine. Then he was at home again and there was a strike of the caulkers and realism resplendent in the launch of a brig from a marine railway into Boston harbor. But let us not forget that before this a Spanish maiden helped rescue Ben Armitage, the North end caulker and graver, from a Mexican dungeon.

The boys of the old Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association enjoyed all this with the zest of youth and thundered their applause from pit and gallery. More than 60 years have passed since then. The lads were mostly native and to the manner born, but their former homes are now occupied by people from sunnier lands who have even crowded out many of the former compatriots of our mayor, the sweet singer of the charme of Adeline.

Who played in this local melodrama? The heroic caulker wae Sam Johnston, a favorite in his day, and the charming Anna Cruise was Donna Inez. Old Spear was Israel Putnam Sparks, a traditional Yankee, and his sweetheart, Susan Spratt, was Mrs. Vincent, who has given her name to one of our most fashionable philanthropic clubs. "Chunky" Monroe, so called to distinguish him from his taller namesake in the same company, was Gen. Taylor. And then there was Jimmy Ring as Sam Snakeroot, a colored "gemman," with the song of "Ginger Blue." What an unctuous darky he was in those days before he became prompter and second low comedian at the Boston Museum! Heigho, time flies! He was the grandfather of Blanche Ring. The author appeared in his own piece as Bill Smash, and that funny little man, S. D. Johnson, contributed to the merriment of some of the incidents. There were others in the cast, and supernumeraries in plenty as American and Mexican soldiers and independent, hard-handed sons of toil.

After this drama Miss Adelaide Raymond and Mr. S. Lake appeared in a double sailors' hornpipe, and to conclude the evening's entertainment "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" was given, with Miss Cruise, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Prior and Mr. Saunders in the distribution of characters.

All these attractions were furnished, according to location, for 50, 25 and 12½ cents each admission. One could take one's best girl to the theatre many times in these days without feeling a heavy depression in his spirits or his pocketbook. This was an old-time stock theatre. How would it be with a new one?

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Debussy

The Herald spoke last Sunday of "Pelleas et

"Melisande" in English

[...] Melisande" as performed in English at Birmingham by Ernst Denhof's company.

The Daily Telegraph of Sept. 2? published a review that is well worthy of consideration, and some of the criticisms may well be applied to performances of other operas in English.

"It cannot be truthfully said that the production of 'Pelleas et Melisande' last night (Sept. 19) was satisfactory.

"In none of the 15 scenes of the opera was there anything disturbing to the eye, and if only the costume of Pelleas had been purple or black instead of a sort of pink crimson one might have been quite happy on that score. (For this and other works, by the way, Mr. Fairbairn has under consideration a new scheme of top-lighting by deflected and reflected lights—a device of his own invention.)

"The first and principal trouble of the production was the language. 'Pelleas et Melisande' should, I think, never be sung in English, and having said so, I am aware that I am putting myself in direct opposition to Mr. Denhof's raison d'etre. The second trouble was the [...]ously antipathetic manner of the English singers. And the third trouble was the choice of a German conductor. I hasten to say that I believe Mr. Schilling-Ziemssen was far from happy at the conductor's desk, and, indeed, I understand it was rather against his own wish that he consented to direct the performance at all, and that it was only as a stop-gap that he did so. As it was the orchestral playing (with the exception of one or two exalted moments) was heavy and dull and unimaginative to a degree, so unlike the fine nervous playing in 'Tristan und Isolda' the previous evening, under Mr. Beecham, or the magnificent performance of 'Der Rosenkavalier,' under Mr. Schilling-Ziemssen himself tonight (Sept. 20).

"When Debussy set out to put music to Maeterlinck's play, he realized that the play was a poem, and that the texture of that poem was of very finished and exquisite workmanship. He realized that his music must not be superimposed, but interwoven; that it must not obliterate one iota of its technical perfection. Every inflection, every cadence, every nuance of the verse itself must be allowed its full intrinsic value; and in achieving this union between poetry and music, this ideal marriage, Claude Debussy accomplished the all-but impossible. In French the poem-play was written; in the idiom of French inflection the music was composed; and in the indescribable pulse of the French temperament the play and music are best expressed. A word-for-word translation of such a play is bound to end in artistic disaster. It is not that in Maeterlinck's own language there are high-falutin' 'poetic' phrases or an imagery that is untranslatable as it is in Baudelaire and Verlaine and even Henri de Regnier; but the very simplicity, the almost domestic simplicity of the words takes quite a quite different complexion when turned into our own tongue. It is difficult to say wherein this extraordinary difference lies, but it is as acute and real as the difference between any two primary colours or between a sharp key and a flat key. There is no special beauty in the line, 'Aie soin d'allumer la lampe des ce soir, Pelleas'; it is fairly matter of fact. 'See that the lamp is put up before dark. Pelleas' is likewise prosaic enough. This simple direction occurs at the end of scene II, in the first act, and is associated with highly suggestive and important music. In French, sung or chanted to Debussy's recitative, it is deeply significant in a dramatic sense, yet never out of its place poetically; in English it is destructive of both drama and poetry. In the beautiful Well scene the quite simple 'Prenez garde! Prenez garde!' is very nearly ludicrous chanted as 'Oh, be careful! Oh, be careful!'

"And yet one cannot blame the translator, and there are not more than two or three really clumsy lines in the whole work. What could any translator write in lieu of: 'It never occurred to me that we ought to have brought a torch or a lantern'? Or * * * 'and here we have perhaps the soundest results of my lifetime; at my age there has grown upon me the belief that one can often rely on events themselves'? Something different might have been found for 'petit pere' than the reiterated 'dearest father,' for when the child, Ynold, uses that expression in nearly every sentence he utters in that nerve-racking scene with Golaud it becomes exasperating in away I am sure neither Maeterlinck nor Debussy intended. No English child says 'dearest father,' and if one did it would certainly deserve to be smacked. But on the whole the translation is as good as it could be. It seems to me that if—and I really don't see the necessity—'Pelleas et Melisande' is to be performed in English at all it should be provided with a text equal in beauty and (and here's the rub) as closely woven with the music as the original. It would have to be an adaptation, and in a dramatic style something after the fashion of Yeats's 'Deirdre.' And it would always be necessary to see that the singers ignore the English oratorio-tradition in declaiming their lines. With the possible exception of Miss Beryl Freeman (a charming Melisande), not one of the singers last night appeared to be conscious of Debussy's intentions. Mr. Walter Hyde, a capable and experi[...] [...] with [...] associates with, say, the Duke in 'Rigoletto,' a very robust Pelleas indeed. Mr. Ernest von Pick as Golaud was a little handicapped by an insufficient skill in the pronunciation of English consonants; Miss Margaret Vincent, Miss Maud Santley and Mr. Harrison Cook did well in their respective parts according to their own conceptions. But the 'atmosphere' was not French, and only once or twice—notably in the scene at the castle tower, where Melisande is speaking with Pelleas below—did the performance rise above all considerations of atmosphere or method or anything else and attain something like ecstacy. In that scene Mr. Hyde really lived up to his reputation, and Miss Freeman—a debutante—began hers."

Bernhardt in London

Here is another of the "London Dialogues" heard this time in the Royal Circle and reported for the Pall Mall Gazette.

Long-haired fellow—She's wonderful! Glorious! Talk about magnetism, my lad! You could literally feel it!

Short-haired fellow—Why didn't you take hold and pitch it?

Long-haired fellow—Ah, you don't appreciate that sort of thing! You haven't the soul for it! I tell you she's divine! There's no other word! The divine Sarah! Ah!

Short-haired fellow—Hold on a bit, old chum. Straight, now, how much of it did you cotton to?

Lond-haired fellow—All of it. Every word. The subtlety of her!

Short-haired fellow—Well, then, you must be a better French scholar than I reckoned.

Long-haired fellow—You don't need French to understand Sarah! The highest art is independent of language! That glorious woman conveys more to me with a guesture than all our actresses could do with fifty thousand dictionaries of English!

Short-haired fellow—Is that so?

Long-haired fellow—It is! We have nobody on this side of the channel fit to touch the hem of her garment!

Short-haired fellow—Nice sort of patriot, you are!

Long-haired fellow—Art knows no country!

Short-haired fellow—Oh! yes it does—every country but yer own. I can tell yer this much. If Marie Lloyd was to go over to Paris and sing in English, they'd make just as much fuss of her as we do here over Bernhardt. Now, then!

Long-haired fellow—You don't understand! There's no question of comparison! I have the greatest admiration for Marie Lloyd.

Short-haired fellow—And I'll tell yer something else. I'd sooner listen to Phyllis Dare for five minutes than have Bernhardt staying in our 'ouse and getting it off 'er chest from breakfast to supper! I've said it. Now I'll 'ave a small Bass.

"Joseph" and "Nan"

It may be remembered that some of the London critics were rather flippant at the expense of the actors in Mr. Parker's pageant, "Joseph and his Brethren." Some one described by the Pall Mall Gazette as "a playgoer of exceptional experience and sound judgment," wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette as follows: "It seems to me the critics have been a little hard on Mr. Louis Parker. Of course, the subject should have been tackled by a poet, and equally of course many of Mr. Parker's lines injure the 'atmosphere' badly—they are twentieth century small-talk, almost bad enough for Shaw. But he has constructed his play cleverly, and, adequately acted, it would be interesting throughout. What struck me most was that English actors had lost the art of acting costume plays. The Zuleika 'let down' the whole thing. She did nothing wrongly. Yet she left her audience cold. There was no real passion, no strength—it was all surface. A friend asked me whom I should suggest for the part, and I could name no English actress, but I though of Mildenburg's Kundry at Bayreuth, and, needless to say, of Bernhardt's Phedre. After his Mercutio Sir Herbert Tree's Jacob was magnificent; and I thought Mr. Relph got through the part of Joseph nicely, and that the tone of conviction in which he always mentioned his God was strikingly good. Of the others I thought the child who acted Benjamin quite the best."

And the same playgoer gave his impressions of "Nan" as acted recently by the Manchester Players in London:

"It is a long time since anything satisfied me so completely as the first two acts of 'Nan,' and the acting was a delight. There was no doubt about that performance gripping you. I do not myself think that a girl would discuss with the young fellow with whom she was in love (or with any young man) a woman's love for her unborn child; but then I was brought up in the 19th century, when it was not considered necessary to be 'daring,' and, after all, the blemish in such a fine piece of work can be pardoned. If only the play had ended with Nan's rush out at the end of the second act! Perhaps two or three lines might have been added. Nothing can spoil those two acts; but the third prevents the play ranking as a great one, and destroys its chance of ever becoming a huge acting success. It is far too long, and the dramatic interest is grown in torrents of talk. Surely [...] suicide. To remain [...] surroundings would have been intolerable. She would have rushed away from them and out of the world, as I hoped she had at the end of the second act. She might quite possibly have killed Dick, but she would have done it in a moment of passion—not deliberately. I grew sadder as the act progressed; and when the 'Gaffer' presented Nan with a wreath of flowers and she crowned herself with them before leaving for the river, I nearly cried. However, I mean to read the play, if only to find out whether Jenny's shrieks 'off' were caused by nervous breakdown or a pain in consequence of eating the diseased pies!"

We do not agree with this critic concerning the last act. The talk of the Gaffer who sees the end as from a tower heightens the tragedy. His strange prophetic babbling does not endanger the success. The dangerous episode in the play that might excite extinguishing laughter is that of the poisoned pie. That the actress at the Plymouth Theatre excited horror instead of laughter when she compelled Jenny to eat the pie was a tribute to her dramatic force. Nor do we find the girl's talk with her sweetheart about "a woman's love for her unborn child" either bold or incredible. Women are "rum critters," as an English sage with profound knowledge of the world once remarked.

The Theatre Hard to Kill

In a short speech at the Apollo Theatre, Mr. Hawtrey thanked the audience for their "splendid reception" of the play, and proceeded to say that people had been talking lately of a decline in the popularity of the theatre generally, but that the applause that night had proved that, give the public what they want and the public will support it. Of course they will. And, of course, all the talk about a decline of the popularity of the theatre has been nonsense, just as the talk in certain quarters last winter of a decline of the popularity of cricket was nonsense. In both discussions the Pall Mall Gazette declined to follow the Jeremiahs. "Give the public good cricket," it said, "and you will see the old enthusiasm revived." "And give the public good plays, well acted, and the theatre need fear no rivalries." Nothing can kill the theatre. Bad plays and bad acting can injure it; but as soon as the good play and the good acting come along, it springs to life again. The Apollo Theatre itself offers a very good illustration. A few weeks ago a new play was produced here which was found rather a poor play. It was withdrawn after four performances, but the Apollo Theatre was not killed. On Saturday night another play was produced which the public most heartily welcomed, and probably the bill will not have to be changed again for 12 months. In short, as we have so often said, the play's the thing!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Five Little Plays

The press agent, or a special correspondent persuaded by the press agent, cables a short account of a new musical comedy performed in London, or a new play where some prominent actor or actress takes part in it, but for a description of curious little plays we are obliged to wait for the London newspapers. Thus a new play by Miss Elizabeth Baker, produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, late last month, and reviewed by the London journals, escaped the eyes of the correspondent. Miss Baker's problem this time is "The Price of Thomas Scott." who was a draper. There were 23 other drapers in the same street, so he lost money and was almost ready to accept the offer of £500 for the site from a promoter of dancing halls. His conscience stood in the way and he chose a f[...] business, although his daughter wished to get away from the smell of a [...] fish shop over the way. "Just as release seems possible, Thomas Scott's scruples plunge us back into the stuffy hopelessness of the little back parlor. What Miss Baker has done is to force us another set of 'chains' which she asks us to welcome because of the conscience tissue paper deckings of the conscience with which she tricks it out." The excellent acting could not keep the play from being depressing. "It suffocates with the same relentless persistency as 'Chains.' Problem—Was Thomas Scott justified in sacrificing his children's future to a scruple?"

Then there was Eden Phillpott's little play "Hiatus" at Manchester. The Daily Chronicle describes it: "In a newspaper office, such as never was, occurs a discussion on a dying novelist. There is a reference to a curiously unrecorded year in the great man's life which he himself has called 'Hiatus.' What a 'scoop' for the journalist who explained Hiatus. Close upon the announcement of the litterateur's death Hiatus walks into the room in the person of a buxom landlady with letters to sell. But the great man's adorer, the art editress, who is writing his obituary, buys the letters, only to burn them. The dialogue between the two different women was finely pointed by Miss Lucy Beaumont and Miss Amy Ravenscroft. Problem—Was the celebrity's admirer justified in sacrificing a scoop to a scruple?"

"The third new play presented is really a dialogue and death. Does a fine final five minutes justify a foul life? [...]thing was thrashed out by two col[...] [...]es on the night of a pit catas[...] [...] Miss Mary Fenner put al[...] vigor into her plea for [...] Problem: Is the stage the place for such deathly dialectics?"

Arthur Bourchier appeared at the Colisseum in a little play by Leo Trevor as Dr Samuel Johnson and, if the Times is to be believed, "in person at all events, curiously like another well-known figure in London life, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, as he appeared in the Church Pageant some years ago. Temperamentally his Dr. Johnson is a gentleman and a scholar, for all his boorish behavior to Boswell and his wife and her would-be lover, and he succeeded in putting a good deal of quiet humor into the character."

"The Pink Nightgown" at the Tivoli shows what London audiences stand. Lady Tollemache has at great expense secured a decree of divorse nisi, but she really wishes her husband back. She makes her way to his flat and asks to be taken in, but she finds a pink nightgown in a bedroom, and she is furious. A detective comes in and arrests her as the accomplice of a pickpocket, for she entered the flat by bribing a thief to steal her husband's keys. Lord Tollemache delivers her and explains that the nightgown belongs to his sister Rose. Tut! tut! Likewist, piffle!

Roberto Bracco's Play

Mme. Yavorska has produced "I Love You," by Roberto Bracco at the Ambassadors Theatre, London. The English version is by James Parker. The story is thus condensed by the Daily Telegraph: "The lady was looking for a man to love her. Through three acts she looked and then concluded that her husband would do. On the way to him she met diverse examples of fatuity, a vegetarian spiritualist, a bluff and brutal doctor, and a disciple of good form, and with or without her assistance they made fools of themselves. All of them talk a great deal, and that is the play. You feel that they will have to talk very well to be interesting in such a gallery. They do not. It is possible that the Italian was rich in wit. If so, the dialogue has, like Bottom, been translated indeed. It may be that the characters originally were subtle or even new studies of something real. If so, they have suffered a sea change on crossing to England. For we could find nothing in the piece but tedium. Such incident as it offered seemed childish or futile. In all the vast deal of talk not a phrase had distinction. All the people were mere stage conventions."

Lack of Good Plots

Mr. Boyle Lawrence, in the Pall Mall Gazette Magazine, deplores the lack of good plots in modern drama.

"If only a new Pettitt would arise, or if Mr. George R. Sims would revert to his manner of the old Adelphi days and give us a new series of "Harbor Lights" and "Romany Ryes"—less their rhodomontade, soliques, and accentuated high lights and low lights—would, in fact, give us the vim and excitement of the fine old dramas without their highfalutin and fustian, we should find the theatre or theatres in which they were to be seen crammed to the doors and the 'house full' signs out every night.

"Of course, one knows that the chief desideratum is originality and novelty—it is no use clothing old ideas with fresh embroidery: the ideas themselves must be fresh. But surely, in these days of new inventions, wonderful happenings and scientific discoveries, new ideas should not be so extraordinarily difficult to obtain.

"Let the dramatists do as the cinema playwrights do—diligently study the magazines. Then let them be not too proud to approach the authors of the stories and offer to collaborate with them. Hardly a month goes by without the appearance of some printed story with a fine plot. Simultaneously, in the theatre, there is an absolute barrenness of ideas.

"I have preached from this text times without number—though always, I hope, with some newness of application—but the old vainglory of our dramatists in refusing to acknowledge that, while their technique remains, their invention has come to an end by efflux of time, prevents us from obtaining the excellent work of which they still would be capable if only they would recognize the fact that fresh blood is wanted to vivify their craftsmanship."

Music Notes

The English composer has no cause to say that he is neglected by Sir Henry J. Wood at the Promenade concerts in London. Then there are the Patrons' Fund concerts, which we judge from the reviewers, too often like one of the royal Georges give "an enlightened patronage to bad oysters." Two movements from a set of four recently composed Orchestral Sketches by Arnold Bax were played for the first time in public at a Promenade concert, Sept. 23. The first was called "Pensive Twilight," and the second "The Dance of the Wild Irravel." The critic of the Telegraph wrote that in both it was easy to discern the work of a composer "who may one day count among the creative artists of this country." The critic proceeded to say that at present Mr. Bax's achievements are experimental, and his passion for poetic labels is unfortunate. 'Pensive Twilight' might easily have been entitled several other things and be equally illuminating; it is simply a piece of beautiful, almost abstract music, indefinite enough to masquerade as a prelude t[...] say

... melodramatic ... the music of Mr. Bax which we have heard within the last two or three years there is a restlessness which distinguishes it from the work of his contemporaries; this restlessness has occasionally led him into a violation of form, resulting in a more or less shapeless composition. In these two pieces that fault was pretty nearly eradicated." And so a Symphonic Sketch, intended by the composer to portray a pensive twilight, might serve as a prelude to Shakespeare's tragi-comedy or Synge's gorgeously fantastical drama! Such music is, indeed, elastic.

Mme. Tetrazzini gave a concert in the Crystal Palace late in September and she sang the dear old songs—the "Jewel" song from "Faust" and "Ah! fors e lui" with an "ease and grace which she has never surpassed." Among the encores were "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home." Truly a good old-fashioned prima donna concert.

For the first novelty of the autumn season at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, in Paris, M. Astruc announces for production Isidore de Lara's "Les Trois Masques," which was originally produced in 1911 at Marseilles.

The Pall Mall Gazette had this to say about Busoni's new violin concerto in D major, performed at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 24: "Busoni the composer is no formidable rival to Busoni the pianist. Not only is the work in question a great many things it should not be, but it has very little natural charm to make one overlook its defects. Written in one continuous movement—although last night a break was made after the central slow section—the general impression was left of a want of unity in the design. The subjects of the opening allegro moderato are three independent tunes standing in no organic relation to one another, and so, too, as regards the themes of the closing allegro impetuoso. The quasi andante in the middle certainly has the advantage of maintaining one definite character throughout, but it is heavy, brooding music of but little emotional appeal, except what has been heard before in the violin concertos of Max Bruch. The derivative nature of the work is still more emphasized by a march labelled pomposo unoristico, clearly showing the influence of Liszt."

Oct 13 '13

FIRST SUNDAY CONCERT GIVEN

Good Mechanism and Little Temperament Mark Kubelik's Recital.

The first of the Symphony Hall Sunday Afternoon Concerts of this season took place yesterday. The hall was crowded. Mr. Kubelik, the violinist, gave the concert and George Falkenstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor No. 3; Bach, Chaconne; Wienlawski, Legende, Mazurka, Polonaise in A major; Paganini, Caprice; Hubay, Scene de la Czardas.

The years go by and Mr. Kubelik still has a beautiful tone, his violin is a magnificent instrument; he has a left hand that ensures him a surprising mechanism, and he is still an uninteresting player. He has, it is true, charming lyrical moments, but taken all in all, he is an accomplished fiddler, and never a re-creative artist.

When Mr. Kreisler was asked whether he played Saint-Saens's Concerto in B minor, he said, "Not in public, because Ysaye's performance of it is marvellous." Last season, alas, Mr. Ysaye's performance of this concerto at a Symphony concert was lamentably mediocre; for violinists worthy the name are not machines, and Mr. Ysaye at the Public Rehearsal and the Concert was decidedly not in the vein. Mr. Kubelik played this concerto yesterday. His performance did not reveal the peculiar characteristics of the composer's style; elegance and taste. The first movement was sentimentalized, and without captivating rhythm. In the second movement there were moments of sheer tonal beauty, but there was an absence of vital continuity and at the end the harmonics were not spontaneous, not always clear. In the finale we missed rhythmic precision and the necessary ...te.

Mr. Kubelik is not the man for Bach's Chaconne, which must be superbly played if it is to be tolerable and to be endured. His intonation was not always pure—and this remark might be applied to the first movement of the ... too—and there was little suggestion of inherent and granitic nobility. On the other hand, the announcement of the first theme in Wienlawski's Legende was charmingly sung and there were brilliant passages in the Mazurka and Polonaise, especially staccato measures in the latter, but the exposition of the chief theme in the Polonaise was sugary, not heroic, and there was an absence of virility in the general treatment.

There was a pervading monotony of gentle sentiment throughout the concert, a saccharine uniformity of line.

Mr. Kubelik was heartily applauded by an audience bent on enjoyment. The success of the Sunday concerts last season was marked, and the program for the series this year is even more attractive. No wonder that the hall is filled, for many are thus enabled to hear famous pianists and singers and also orchestras of other cities who otherwise would be debarred from the pleasure. Yesterday the large number of men in attendance was noticeable. The weekday afternoon concerts are chiefly for women, and seldom does a virtuoso give a recital in the evening. Men and many women therefore eagerly welcome the opportunity on Sunday, and thus escape harassing domesticity.

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be given by Mme. Melba, assisted by Edmund Burke, baritone; Marcel Moyse, flutist, and Gabriel Lapierre, pianist. Mme. Melba was last here late in 1910. She sang at a Symphony concert on Dec. 3 of that year, and was heard at the Boston Opera House as Mimi, on Dec. 15.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26, Josef Hofmann will give a piano recital.

At Ivy Hatch, while we were getting our beer in the inner parlor, there was a confused noise of voices in the bar, amid which I distinguished a voice saying: "Imagination will do any bloody thing almost." I was writing "Life and Habit" at the time and was much tempted to put this passage in. Nothing truer has ever been said about imagination. Then the voice was heard addressing the barman and saying: "I suppose you wouldn't trust me with a quart of beer, would you?"

That Nantucket Stove.

As the World Wags:

You misunderstood, I think, the spelling of the name of the portable stove, which used to be pronounced as if spelled "Roshow." My guess is "Leau-chaud," the French for hot water, not "Cauchaud," as it was spelled in The Herald of Oct. 2. OFF ISLANDER.

Nantucket.

George and Jerry.

As the World Wags:

In the matter of the Cohan name it is interesting to remember that both George, the son, and Jerry, the father, appeared at the Friar's Festival at the Boston Theatre two years ago. Jerry appeared as interlocutor in their minstrel first part and was introduced by his son-in-law, Fred Niblo, as Mr. Jerry Co-*han*, while George was one of the end men and was introduced as Mr. George Co-han.

I myself heard Jerry Cohan pronounce his name Co-*han* fully 30 years ago.

It is told that while Geraldine Farrar was stopping at the Hotel Touraine in Boston when her father came to call on her he asked for Miss *Far*-rar. When her mother came she asked for Miss Far-*rar*.

Willard, the English actor, called himself *Wil*-lard, but fashionables here would have it Wil-*lard*.

I have even heard Boston's own George Riddle spoken of as George Rid-dell. I doubt if he liked that.

QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline, Oct. 10.

Co-hans in Montana.

As the World Wags:

In reference to the pronunciation of the name Cohan, I would state that I have been acquainted with several men of that name, all miners in Montana, and every one of them pronounced it with a decided accent on the last syllable, Co-han. L. L. CO.

Boston, Oct. 10.

Mispronunciation.

As the World Wags:

If "noo" for "new," why not "poo" for "pew"? Listen, astonished "Purent," to the usual pronunciation of everyday words like "road," "coat," "boat," "spoon." I overheard a schoolteacher here say "probcrly." It is deplorable to be so slipshod in speech.

SOJOURNER.

Brunswick, Me., Oct. 8.

"Sabotage" Again.

As the World Wags:

Can you give me the derivation and the definition of the word "Sabotage," which frequently appears in the newspapers? From the text of the articles in which I have noticed the word I judge it has some reference to destroying property out of a spirit of revenge. I have looked in three dictionaries, an encyclopedia, thesaurus, and other sources where one might naturally expect to find it. Is it a word of recent coinage, or what?

J. E. STEDMAN.

Portland, Me., Oct. 9.

The word "sabotage" was discussed at length in The Herald last spring.

"Sabotage" is thus defined by Arturo M. Giovannitti in his introduction to Emile Pouget's "Sabotage." The translation into English was published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, 1913. "Sabotage is:

"A.—Any conscious and wilful act on the part of one or more workers intended to slacken and reduce the output of production in the industrial field, or to restrict trade and reduce the profits in the commercial field, in order to secure from their employers better conditions or to enforce those promised or maintain those already prevailing, when no other way of redress is open.

"B.—Any skilful operation on the machinery of production intended not to destroy it or permanently render it defective, but only to temporarily disable it and to put it out of running condition in order to make impossible the work of scabs and thus to secure the complete and real stoppage of work during a strike."

The word received its "syndical baptism" at the Congress of the General Confederation of Labor, at Toulouse, 1897. Larousse says that the word is derived from the verb "saboter," used in a familiar sense, meaning to scamp one's work. A more fantastical derivation comes from a story that dissatisfied workmen threw their wooden shoes, their "sabots," into delicate machinery and thus put it out of order.

Oct 14

TITLED DANCER AT THE SHUBERT

Lady Constance Richardson Appears with Two Other Noted Women.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE — Gertrude Hoffmann's New Revue. First appearance in Boston of Mme. Polaire and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson. Orchestra.

The theatre was crowded with a deeply interested audience. Before the appearance of Lady Constance, "the famous titled dancer," the Apollos from the Alhambra, three in number, reproduced groups in marble and bronze, after the manner of the statue clog dancers who delighted our boyhood, but we missed the steps, also the sight of Ajax defying the lightning. The Apollos also performed feats of strength and agility with a pleasing absence of effort and with surprising rapidity in action. They were followed by M. Daix, a bearded Frenchman, who after singing like a grown man suddenly turned into a soprano and revived the memory of Leon and the Great Ricardo. After Lady Constance came Leo Nino, who put his fiddle to base but amusing uses, imitating animals, etc., substituting a cane, a plate, a hat for a bow, and using the bow itself in all sorts of unexpected positions.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson has been announced with a flourish of trumpets as "the granddaughter of the Duke of Sutherland and the daughter of the Earl of Cromartie." This is all very nice, but the question is, Can she dance? And this would be the question were she the daughter of a hundred earls and the sister of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. That a noble dame should exult in her physical perfection, say with Zerlina before the looking glass: "I've a figure that's not much amiss," and wish to reveal her beauty to others, unselfish in her admiration, is nothing new. Old chroniclers tell us that Queen Elizabeth showed her thigh in the dance to Bassompierre. Marguerite of Valois delighted in the bourree, for it was danced in short skirts, and her feet ankles and legs were renowned for their beauty. In more modern times the Countess of Castiglione, Mme. Korsakof and other beauties of the Second Empire amazed even the Court of Napoleon III. by transparent costumes at the Imperial balls, garments like unto those worn by the Coan women of old. Concerning the predecessors of Lady Constance and Miss Hoffmann on the stage, from the ancient days to the present apotheosis of nudity, the curious may consult with profit, "Le Nu au Theatre" by Doctors Witkowski and Nass, a book with surprising text and illustrations.

Lady Constance succeeds by nature rather than by art. She has a handsome face, well formed shoulders and finely modeled legs. These were seen in a series of Fawn dances, which were dedicated appropriately "to those who love the open." Her dancing is after the manner of Miss Duncan, but it has not the same exuberance and vitality. She skipped and hopped and jumped and ran, but her movements and gestures were slightly varied, and her rhythmic expression was constantly in one key. Nevertheless she was an agreeable sight, especially graceful when she walked.

The press agent claims that Mme. Polaire is the ugliest woman in Paris. We have seen far more ugly women in the streets and on the stage of that city. Mme. Polaire is attractive. Her face is unusually intelligent and mobile, her voice is musical, although her vocal art is that of the cafe concert; she carries herself well. It is a pity that she has softened "Le Visiteur," possibly for sensitive Boston. The little play was not at all the horrible tragedy that in London and New York revealed her dramatic ability three years ago. It was comparatively tame and insignificant. If this sort of drama is to be played, let us sup full with horrors. If there is to be an Apache dance, let us have it in all its savagery. Mme. Polaire was assisted by Miss Glasis and Mr. Beeman.

The Revue brought in Miss Hoffmann with imitations. Some of these were familiar, but they were ingeniously introduced by lines of a decidedly personal nature sung by Miss Hoffmann in her amusingly childish treble. Again we heard Miss Barrymore, Eddie Foy; again Anna Held and Harry Lauder were "portrayed." There were one or two new sketches of comedians. Perhaps the funniest of the new features was the scene on a subway platform where all those entering and waiting were obsessed by the dance mania. "Scheherazade's Dream" was conspicuous chiefly by reason of the extraordinary tumbling of eastern men. "Gaby du Barry" was violently amusing in its extravagance. "Isadora Duncan" in the "Beautiful Blue Danube" was substituted for "On the Sands of Trouville," which was announced as the final number.

Miss Hoffmann was in her merriest, most impish mood. Mercurial, vivacious, she imitated and danced with the gusto that is peculiar to her. There is no one like her; it would not be easy for any one to revenge one's self by imitating her in turn. Her slyness in a mocking couplet; her convincing assumption of demure innocence; her delightful recklessness in burlesque; her maidenly grace in a virginal dance; her intrepidity in the wildest extravagance, these qualities and the fascination exerted by her whimsical personality make her a unique figure. The girls in her company are unusually young and engaging. Their little, piping voices reassured the hearer of the singers' youthfulness, and their apparent unconsciousness of the charming figures that were liberally exposed was refreshing in these days of mature and brazen show girls.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Bought and Paid For," a play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Mac...

Robert Stafford	Charles Richman
James Gilley	Frank Craven
Oku	Allan Atwell
Louis	Arthur Wood
Virginia Blaine	Kathleen MacDonell
Fanny Blaine	Marie Nordstrom
Josephine	Claire Coste

This play has been widely advertised both by its producers and its audiences as a great New York success; in the advance notices it is described as the play which ran a solid year in New York. It undoubtedly is the sort of play that New York audiences like, and as such it is an interesting comment on New York theatrical taste.

It is a play which cannot be readily assigned to any one of the groups into which we habitually divide our present-day theatrical productions. It is not a comedy of sentiment, nor yet a farce-comedy, and it differs widely from the "problem play" as handled by Pinero or Henry Arthur Jones. It combines, however, some of the characteristics of all three genres. Apparently the central purpose in the author's mind is to present a problem—the problem of the woman, whose husband's attitude toward her has made her feel that her marriage is but legalized prostitution. That is how Virginia Stafford feels when her husband comes home drunk and, no longer himself, tells her that she is bought and paid for and that he can do what he chooses with his own.

Contrary to the usual custom in problem plays, however, Mr. Broadhurst has in this case suggested the solution of the problem; and indeed, so simply does it solve itself that the audience is left somewhat in doubt at the end as to whether, after all, a problem really existed. The question, often asked, as to why the "problem play" should so invariably end in tragedy, could hardly be better answered than it is by the play under discussion. The presentation of the solution inevitably lessens the dramatic intensity of the problem itself. Had Mr. Broadhurst ended his play with the third act it would have followed pretty closely the lines of the conventional problem play. With the addition of the fourth act it is transformed into a comedy of sentiment. In either case its dignity is lessened by the occasional touches of farce and the cheapness which frequently characterizes the humor.

This failure to stick to genre, which some modern writers seem to consider a positive virtue, does not prevent "Bought and Paid For" from being an interesting and engrossing play. If

... well marked climax to its ... there is at least a continuity of interest and an abundance of laugh-provoking lines. In addition there is excellent character drawing and the ... firmness which we should expect from so capable a craftsman as Mr Broadhurst. In the character of Jimmy he has produced a veritable masterpiece of satire on a certain prevalent type of American conceit and selfishness.

The theme of the play, drunkenness and its effect on married life, no doubt necessitates the introduction of such a scene as that which occupies a great part of the second act, but it is too strongly emphasized; it is needlessly and tiresomely long. Mr Richman's playing in this act—as, indeed, throughout—is excellent and he is to be commended as much for what he leaves undone as for what he does.

Of the characterizations in the play, Mr Craven's Jimmy is the most striking. It is enough to say that the characterization is worthy of the character. Miss Norstrom's Fanny Blaine is a "jolie petite farceuse" who meets with the entire approval of the audience.

Miss Kathleen MacDonell has replaced Miss Julia Deare in the role of Virginia. She plays the part with sincerity and intelligence, and though she is perhaps slightly lacking in magnetism, her performance as a whole is an excellent one.

The minor parts of Oku and Josephine are exceptionally well played by Mr. Atwell and Miss Coste.

'PRIMITIVE MAN' AT B. F. KEITH'S

B. F. Keith's Theatre has a unique headliner this week in Joseph Knowles. The act is appropriately mounted and Mr. Knowles leisurely stalks to the footlights through a long perspective of woodland, clad in the habit he provided for himself during his two months as "the primitive man" in the Maine forests. Mr. Knowles is obviously not a man of the stage, and its technique is for others than himself. Happily, he avoids any attempt at being theatrical, and his act is a simple and direct story of his life in the wilderness.

His time being limited, he told only of the main incidents of his experiment, and recounted his trapping, in his crude way, of a bear, the pelt of which formed the principal shelter of his body. His act was well received.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne made their first appearance in four years in Mr. Cressy's latest one-act play, "The Man Who Remembered." The sketch is one of the brightest from the many by this author. Like most of his works, it has a rural background, yet in theme it is decidedly new. The dialogue is brilliant in its wit and sarcasm, and there is one last and long tug at the heartstrings, as when Mr. Cressy has the stage to himself for a full three minutes without a word being said. Miss Dayne as Mary Carter shared the honors equally with Mr. Cressy in a splendidly created character.

Josie Heather, a dainty little English comedian, sang four songs in an arch and engaging manner. Miss Heather is a frail, doll-like person with rolling, soulful eyes. Her voice might be called "cute."

A big hit was the act of two newcomers — John and Winnie Hennings — though the work of the lady was merely incidental. Mr. Hennings has something new as an eccentric comedian and carefully avoids the beaten path. He sings after the manner of a comedian singularly endowed by nature in both voice and physique, and his dancing is funny—at once graceful and grotesque.

Others on the bill were the Six Kaufmanns, trick bicycle riders; Hufford and Chain, "The Cullud Parson and the Minstrel"; Raoul Romito and Contessa Milleflori, in operatic selections; Conway and Leland, in an acrobatic act; Anita Bartling, lady juggler; Pathe Weekly motion pictures, and Carl E. Stowe, monologist.

CASTLE SQUARE — "Blue Jeans," Joseph Arthur's rural melodrama in four acts.

Perry Bascom	William P. Carleton
Isaac Hankins	Donald Meek
Col. Henry Clay Risener	Frederic Ormnnde
Jim Tutewiler	Carrey Christie
Ben Boone	J. Morrill Morrison
Jacob Tutewiler	George Ernst
Seth	Robert Capron
Smith	Alfred Lunt
Sheriff	Fred Lenyon
June	Doris Olsson
Beelina Kleker	Florence Shirley
Samantha Hankins	Mabel Coleord
Sue Endaly	Augusta Gill
Nell Tutewiler	Anne Faystone
Cindy Tutewiler	Beatrice Loring

A rural melodrama of the old style-

... of Early Days of Columbus ... Columbus us to the short biography ... in the "Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary" by Jeremy Collier (1701). Note the simplicity and the directness of the opening:

"Columbus (Christopher) a famous Pilot, was born in 1442. Ferdinand, his Son, who writ his Life strains himself to derive his Descent from great People. Yet it is certain his Father was a Wool-Comber, and he himself was of that Calling too, until, being some time at Sea, he fansied that Occupation, and applied himself much to the study of Geography. Then understanding by a certain Sea-man called Andaluza, or as some will have it, he himself concluding from the Position of the World, that there were some habitable Parts in the other Hemisphere, resolved to go to discover them. Accordingly he addres'd himself to some Princes, who laughed at the Enterprize, and stil'd it a Dream." There are inaccuracies in this sketch, but the most entertaining biographies are largely imaginary: witness Marcel Schwob's "Vies Imaginaires."

Another Great Man.

As the World Wags:

A popular song of the sixties, sung by Harry Kernell, told of John Malone, probably a New York politician of that time. I recall a few lines, and hope you will be able to give the whole song.

Did you see John Malone,
With brand new shiny hat?
Did you see him march alone
Like a grand aristocrat?
There were bands with banners flying
And pretty dresses shone;
But the grand display of all that day
Was Mr. John Malone.

Boston, Oct 12. J. D. K.

Was Harry Kernell singing in the Sixties?—[Ed.

A "Parisienne."

When Mme. Labori was in town she was characterized by certain reporters as a "true Parisienne." As a matter of fact, while she has the grace, charm and taste in dress of a high-bred Parisian woman, she was born in Australia and is of Irish descent. Her maiden name was Margaret Okey. She studied at the London Academy of Music and appeared as a pianist at a promenade concert at Covent Garden in August, 1882. She married Vladimir de Pachmann in 1884, and as "Mrs. Marguerite de Pachmann" gave a recital here in the old Chickering Hall (Tremont street) on April 30, 1890. The program included one of her own pieces, "Reverie du Lac." She had already composed a violin sonata which Joachim played in London and in German cities. She and her husband gave a concert together in the following week. She had two sons by De Pachmann. The elder, a lawyer, is one of Maitre Labori's chief assistants; the younger is of an artistic nature and in character, thought and expression resembles his father. Maitre Labori is the father of her daughters. Not long ago an opera composed by Mme. Labori was performed successfully at Monte Carlo. It has been accepted by the Opera-Comique of Paris and announced for performance late in this season, or early in the next. Mme. Labori has been asked to write a second opera for the Comique and is now endeavoring to obtain a libretto that will interest her.

Two-Mealers.

The Lancet that sees death lurking and grinning on door knobs, in tumblers, on the hand of a friend, now declares itself in favor of the "no breakfast plan," on the ground that after the night's rest the bodily strength is well maintained. "The machine is running strongly, and no fuel is required for the time being." Mrs. Andrew Crosse speaks in "Red Letter Days" of an old nurse. "She lived to be nearly a hundred, and was fond of saying that folks should take their meals regular. All her life she had eaten 'a dewbit and breakfast, a staybit and dinner, a mommet and crummet, and a bit after supper.' "

Bar Sinister.

As the World Wags:

Why do educated people, The Boston Herald for instance, persist in speaking and writing of "the bar sinister," a thing which is impossible heraldry? A bar lies horizontally across the shield, and can be neither dexter nor sinister.

Boston, Oct. 11. C. W. P.

We are not strong in matters of heraldry and believe with Abraham Lincoln that the true American's coat of arms is his shirtsleeves. People persist in using the phrase "bar sinister" because, although it is erroneous, it has become a part of the English language. In heraldry, "sinister" is the left side of a shield, considered from the back, or wearer's point of view. The "bendlet" or "baton sinister" is generally regarded in modern heraldry as the most appropriate "difference" of illegitimacy, and "difference" here means "an addition to, or some change in, a coat-of-arms, introduced for the purpose of distinguishing coats which in their primary qualities are the same."

"Baton sinister" is a preferable term. We find it in Scott's "Antiquary": "Here is the baton-sinister, the mark of illegitimacy, extended diagonally through both coats upon the shield." "Bend sinister" is also preferable. A "bend" is "an ordinary formed by two parallel lines drawn from the dexter chief to the sinister base of the shield, containing the fifth part of the field in breadth, or the third if charged. The "bend sinister" is a similar ordinary drawn in the opposite direction.—[Ed.

Oct-15th 1913

Capt Harwood's cheery message, "I'll be up with the milk in the morning," might well be classed with the homely and heroic apothegms of Plutarch's men. Nor was Harwood the only brave soul on vessels near the Volturno. And now is the time to recall Walt Whitman's lines:

I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times;
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight, and gave not back one inch and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalk'd in large letters on a board, Be of good cheer, we will not desert you;
How he follow'd with them, and tack'd with them—and would not give it up;
How he saved the drifting company at last;
How the lank loose-gowned woman looked when boated from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipp'd unshaved men:
All this I swallow and it tastes good—I like it well and it becomes mine;
I am the man—I suffered—I was there.

A Group of Noble Dames.

Prince de Chimay might have said a few days ago that his life would have been dull had it not been for his wife, Clara Ward, who, naturally of a lively disposition and bored by the quiet and stiffness of aristocratic life in Belgium, followed the example of the high born dame in the English folk-song, and went with "the wraggle taggle Gypsies, O." But before Clara Ward became infatuated with Rigo, the gypsy fiddler, another Princess de Chimay, who by birth was Miss Lejeune, an heiress of Brussels, separated from her husband, Alphonse, left her home in the classical manner of Helen and Paris, demanded at Rome the annulment of her marriage and endeavored to procure a title of nobility so that she and her lover might live together respectably as the Countess and Count de Rigo. This was a curious instance of the fatality of a name in the history of an illustrious family. Louise de Caraman-Chimay, Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau, the wife of Napoleon III.'s chamberlain, was also fond of music and was a friend of Liszt, Cui and Borodin. She was a zealous propagandist in the Netherlands of the new Russian school, and after the death of her husband, in 1888, she dwelt in St. Petersburg, where she died in 1890. Borodin wrote to his wife: "She is an uncommonly gifted woman, charming in every respect, very remarkable by reason of her aptitudes and various talents. If she were not nearly 50 years old one would necessarily fall in love with her." It is said that the Comte de Stackelberg died from love of her; that Baron Oppenheim allowed her to draw at will on his bank; that Prince Obreskow, a natural son of the great Tsar Nicolas, was another victim, but she tired of him because, being deaf, he bawled his confidences in public; that she was the last fancy of Napoleon III. In 1886 a carriage accident shattered her health, but when she was still ravishingly beautiful, she knew one bitter failure: Wishing to obtain favorable terms for France, she was not allowed to approach the Conqueror William. Her beauty, her dishevelled hair, her tears, did not move Bismarck. In St. Petersburg she fell into poverty and knew sad days. Famed for her luxurious life, she at the last had a humble lodging, and her only dress was one of black wool.

The late Prince de Chimay had another grief: his proud family name lent itself to foolish puns and ribald jests in English when Clara Ward went a-gypsing.

Dr. Fell.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me who wrote:

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

I so often see it quoted, but have never found anyone who knew if there is more than the one verse, or where it may be found.

E. ADELIA BOWER.

Camden, Me., Oct. 3.

The author is the graceless writer Tom Brown (1663-1704). There is a slightly different version in Brown's works collected and published after his death. Dr. John Fell was the dean of Christ Church and bishop of Oxford. The story goes that when Brown was an undergraduate of Christ Church Dean Fell threatened to expel him, but Brown wrote a submissive letter and Fell said he would forgive him if he would translate ex-tempore the 33d epigram in Martial's first book:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Brown afterward made amends by writing Dean Fell's epitaph. The commentators on Martial have nothing to say about Sabidius. Thomas Forde in 1661 paraphrased the Latin: "I love thee not, Nel! But why I cannot tell."—[Ed.

Anecdote for the Day.

And what did Tolstoi remark in one of his austere moments? "Women are well aware that what is commonly called sublime and poetical love depends, not upon moral qualities, but on frequent meetings, and on the style in which the hair is done up, and on the color and cut of the dress."

Oct 16 1913

Mrs. Southwick Opens 14th Annual Course at Huntington Chambers Hall.

The 14th annual course of Henry L. Southwick's interpretative recitals began last evening at Huntington Chambers Hall, when Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick read "The Merchant of Venice." There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The course this year will be devoted to well known plays, while the choice of authors has been pleasantly varied, and includes Bulwer-Lytton, Sheridan, Maeterlinck and others. The series is not merely interesting, but instructive, and it provides an unusual opportunity for students.

Mrs. Southwick recited Shakespeare's piece from memory, which in itself is a remarkable accomplishment. Evidently an experienced elocutionist, her diction was excellent. She, in turn, represented every character in the play with authority and skilfully varied dramatic expression.

Next Wednesday evening Browning's "Colombe's Birthday" will be read by Miss Gertrude McQuesten.

Let us consult the weatherwise. Snow fell here last Tuesday. If the first snow in October falls on moist, soft earth it indicates a small harvest. When it freezes and snows in October, January will bring mild weather. And listen to this reassuring saw: There are always 19 fine days in October.

The Illustrious.

Let us now praise famous men and women. Bombita, the most illustrious of bull fighters now living, will soon retire from his profession, although he is only 34 years old. A singularly modest man, he gives his address to any admiring and inquiring stranger as: "Bombita, Spain." But why does he add "Spain"? He began life as a compositor. The organization of the Spanish Trade Union of Amalgamated Bullfighters is due to him. It is not his purpose to go into vaudeville after his withdrawal from the arena; but, loving excitement, he will enter politics, and hopes in the Chamber of Deputies to protect the bull-fighting interests.

Miss Nellie Lambert, appearing in a London penny show, proudly asserts that she is "the heaviest and stoutest lady on earth," and has a right to be, a right that Sir Francis Galton would have confirmed, for she is the great-grand-daughter of Daniel Lambert. Miss Nellie, now in her 20th year, weighs only 563 pounds. We are not informed as to her height. In 1793 the great Daniel weighed only 448 pounds, but he afterwards "attained the acme of mortal hugeness," to quote an enthusiastic biographer, and when he died in 1809 he was five feet eleven and weighed 739 pounds. Is Miss Nellie an agreeable talker, sharp-witted, nimble-minded? We are told that Daniel was ready in repartee. George Meredith called London "the Daniel Lambert of cities." Will Miss Nellie's name ever enter into such similes?

Dr. Ferron, a surgeon in the French army, reports the case of a young soldier afflicted with a nervous complaint, who, when he is asleep, rocks unceasingly with a rhythmical movement at the rate of 32 to 33 times a minute. This comes, as some think, from the custom of rocking an infant in its cradle.

A Trifle Nervous.

The soldier is no doubt a fine fellow, chock full of patriotism and all that, but he is not a wholesome companion for grown people. It is said that a liking for rhythmic movement acquired in the cradle leads the baby arrived at manhood to tap the ground with the foot or swing in a chair. We all know these nuisances: the man that rocks on a veranda and puts his feet down hard; the man that clicks a knife blade, a cigar clipper worn as a watch charm, or a silver match box; the drummer on the table; the scratcher of the arms of a leather chair. Their sense of rhythm might appeal to Dr. Muck, but in daily life they are intolerable, and what makes their rhythmic energy the more annoying is that they are always amiable and would be grieved if their host-

[illegible] thought [illegible]

Life in Ulster.

A brother of the Duke of Abercorn tells a pleasing story of life and manners in Ulster county, Ireland. One Ulster man, speaking of another, described him as a "daecnt, religious man." What did he mean by that?

"Oh, he walks up and down outside the Catholic Chapel all the toime they're saying Mass, foiring off his gun and shoutin' 'Bloody end to the Pope!' "

Poor Jezebel.

Canon Hannay says that the most dramatic sermons are preached in Ireland. A friend of his heard a preacher in a Connaught village enlarging on the terrors of hell. "The lion will roar at yez. The owls will hoot at yez. The carpints will hiss at yez, and the hyenas will laugh yez to scorn." It was another Irish preacher who, having described the toilet of Jezebel when she heard of Jehu's approach—"and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window"—added, "And would you believe it, the hussy was nigh on 60 years of age."

That Bar Again.

A correspondent sends us the following quotation from A. C. Fox Davies's "Complete Guide to Heraldry".

"I assert most unhesitatingly that there are not now and never have been any inalterable laws as to what these marks (marks of bastardy) should be and the colloquialism which insists upon the 'bar sinister' is a curious example of an utter misnomer. * * * It is utterly impossible to draw a 'bar sinister' —such a thing does not exist. * * * The real mistake lies in the spelling of the term. The 'barre sinistre' is merely the French translation of 'bend sinister,' the French word 'barre' meaning a 'bend.' * * * The bendlet sinister, however, survives in the form of the baton sinister, which is a bendlet"—here a word is illegible—"placed across the centre of the shield. The baton sinister, however, is a privilege, which as a"—another word is illegible—"on a shield, is reserved (such as it is) for Royal bastards. * * Other surviving instances are met with in the arms of the Duke of St. Albans and the Duke of Grafton. Another privilege of Royal bastards is that they may have the baton of 'metal,' a privilege which is, according to Berry, denied to those of humbler birth."

This is all very interesting, no doubt, but the great majority of English speaking people will continue to use the phrase "bar sinister." As the New York Sun remarked a good many years ago, the English language is what it is, not what it should be. It does not use French word "barre" in itself, as in the phrase "une barre sur son cen"—[illegible] with the addition of "sinistre"—What matters it all to the Infinite, if our friend Golightly urged by his wife went to England for a coat of arms, and now displays a jackass rampant and a bunch of thistles?

Oct 17 1913

Some may remember the musician, Raymond Roze, who was one of the stage managers of the Boston Opera House during the first season. A son of the charming Marie Roze, charming as woman and singer, he was known in London as a composer before he sojourned in Boston. The Herald spoke some time ago of his success in obtaining a hearing for his new opera, "Joan of Arc." It will be produced at Covent Garden, Nov. 1, "under royal patronage." Auspicious omen!

The Herald also published Mr Roze's remarks concerning the character of Joan of Arc and his unwillingness to entrust the part to any singer that did not fully realize his ideal. He has been singularly fortunate; he has found two, not merely one; and they are Miss Lilian Granfelt and Miss Marta Witkowska.

An Ideal Joan of Arc.

Miss Lilian needs no press agent; she is abundantly able to speak for herself. Of course, the role "appeals" to her. A [illegible] role appeals to any singer until the public shows no appreciation of the opera, and then the soprano or tenor says in a noble burst: "But what did you expect? What could any one do with such an ungrateful part? Rotten! Absolutely rotten."

Miss Lilian has always taken an "immense" interest in Joan. "Tears used to come down my face when reading her story in my school books." She is a superstitious girl, unlike Tennyson's [illegible], fairy Lilian, and would not play a new role on the 13th of the month for Mme Roze or King George himself. Being superstitious, she knows that the stars in their courses will fight for her. "One day I was riding on horseback with some Scandinavian students when my horse shied and bolted. My hat flew off, my hair came undone and fell around me in streams. The people who saw me shouted: 'Bravo, Jeanne d'Arc!' and it was, I think, a sort of sign that I should one day be the creator of the Maid of Orleans in this opera." Happy girl! And not merely because the King of Bulgaria gave her a brooch. Mr. Roze declares that nearly every singer in Europe wishes to create the part of Joan, and he chose Miss Granfelt. Incidentally Mr. Roze says that important documents recently discovered prove that Joan really existed and her story is true. Sunbeams from cucumbers! She was tall, slight, young, dark haired, with an expressive face and she never wore a skirt.

London Wares.

What is a chuck muck? We read in a London journal that in a collection at Shepherd's Bush there are nearly a score of them, ranging in type from articles of brass and leather to others mounted in filagree silver and prettily jeweled. The dictionaries, orthodox and slang, are silent.

The label "Lady's Smoking Jacket" is seen in a fashionable London shop. For the benefit of "lady smokers" among "our best people" we copy the description: "The little coat is very engaging, and, like Joseph's, of many colors. It is confectioned of a printed tussore silk of gay eastern design, and enhanced by collar and cuffs of emerald green." This should go with an expensive Havana, not a T. D.

The Old Gowns.

As the World Wags:

As I was strolling up Tremont street the other afternoon on my way to one of the up-town theatres, my thoughts reverted to the old Colonnade Row days when Tremont street, opposite the Common, was wholly given up to residences. At that time everybody in Boston knew everybody else, either by name or by sight, and tho typical merchant-prince, as Henry James describes him, every week-day morning lifted his pale pure face out of the pages of the Daily Advertiser to look with intense satisfaction at his eminently respectable family gathered about his highly-polished breakfast table. What would that merchant say could he now look out upon the giddy throng which sweeps in unending procession past his once so sedate residence? As for myself, old fogy that I am, as I slowly walked along I could only repeat under my breath Carolyn Wells's lines entitled: "The Soliloquy of the Modern Woman."

I cannot wear the old gowns
I wore six months ago;
I'd make myself a laughing-stock,
I'd be a lady show.
They measure two yards 'round the hem,
A yard's suff'lent now.
I cannot wear the old gowns
And look right, anyhow.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
Although they're neat and trim,
And, though they make me look a sath,
I must be yet more slim.
The skirts that seemed so narrow then
Now seem to me immense.
I cannot wear the old gowns
I'd look like 30 cents.

Boston, Oct. 15. J. W.

Breakfasts of the Past.

The Lancet's advice to forego breakfast has naturally brought out the advocates of an old-fashioned hearty meal. We are reminded of the one put before the Percy family at Alnwick Castle early in the 16th century: "For my Lord and Lady during Lent, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconn'd herring, four white herring, or a dish of sprats. * * * For my Lady Margaret and Master Ingram Percy: a manchet, a quart of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats and three white herring." At ordinary times my lord and lady had for breakfast at 7 o'clock half a chine of mutton or a chine of boiled beef, with the amount of bread and drink prescribed in Lent, and the children were served a manchet, a quart of beer and three boiled mutton bones. In this age of degenerate stomachs popcorn is recommended for breakfast by "corn investigation specialists." What has become of the popcorn men who used to push baskets in railway trains of the Connecticut River and Boston & Albany?

Oct 18 1913

GLAZOUNOFF HAS CHANGED

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony, B flat major, No. 5..... Glazounoff
Overture, "In Autumn"..... Grieg
Symphonic poem, "The Aeolidae".. Franck
Dramatic overture, "Husitska"..... Dvorak

Alexander Glazounoff was a young man of unusual promise. He is now in his 48th year and this promise has not been fulfilled. We have heard one of his compositions that revealed what he might have been: the symphonic poem "Stenka Razine." It was not well played in Chickering Hall nearly 10 years ago, yet the wild, barbaric music with passages of singular beauty and gorgeous coloring made an impression that still remains. If this music is at times crude in workmanship, a pardonably youthful failing, when there is a show of imagination, it possesses the fine quality of youth, enthusiasm. There is the melancholy song of the bargemen on the Volga; there is the savage theme that typifies the savage hero; there is the enchanting oriental melody that pictures the captive Persian princess, and in this music there is the constant flow of the Volga; the mighty river is personified.

"Stenka Razine," written in memory of Borodin, who died in 1887, was a youthful work. No doubt, Glazounoff now regrets it and blushes at the recollection of his imprudence. He would not now easily agree to the statement of Bacon that "there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." For many years he has written formal, sonorous compositions. Even the Kremlin, which he chose for musical expression, did not lift him above empty routine. He has composed page after page of decorative music, symphonies, ballets, overtures, concertos with the utmost glibness. He is a Russian professor and the great majority of his later compositions might bear the mark "Made in Germany."

Take this fifth symphony, which by reason of superficial and obvious qualities and the excellence of the performance, evidently pleased the large audience. Glazounoff is here as elsewhere a master of his trade: The workmanship is solid; there are no rough edges; the corners are carefully polished; there is technical dexterity; the scherzo has the piquancy that we expect of a modern scherzo; but only in the last movement is there a suggestion of the Russian character.

For the most part the themes are commonplace and in the first movement they do not stand excessive repetition in the treatment. The Andante is the weakest of the four movements; it is sonorous sentimentalism. And Glazounoff has the gift of euphony; even his most platitudinous statements are plausible, as far as sound goes. What is chiefly missed in the symphony is individuality in thought and expression. There are progressions that remind one of Schumann; there are mannerisms that we are accustomed to associate with Tschaikowsky. There is nothing of which the world can say: "Yes, that is Glazounoff."

The musical feature of the program was Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, inspired by verses of Leconte de Lisle. It is not to be ranked with Franck's symphony, the string quartet, piano quintet, violin sonata and the chorals for organ but "The Aeolidae" displays an exquisite fancy and a most skilful employment of a short generative theme, a theme that is like unto Leconte de Lisle's opening line: "O floating breezes of the skies." There is no foolish attempt at a literal translation into music of the poem which is stuffed with geographical and mythological allusions. There is a poetic impression made on a sensitive musician by a poet whose body was in France while his soul wandered delighted in ancient Greece and venerable India. Nor is there any thought of the composer's labor in the infinite variation of the chief phrase—the music comes and rises and dies as the "sweet breaths of the fair spring that caress the hills and plains with freakish kisses."

Grieg's overture should be put away. Let us remember him by songs and piano pieces, cameos and miniatures, by the music for Anitra's dance, and certain pages of the piano concerto. "In Autumn" is based on one of his songs. Let the song itself be sung; the overture is episodic, disjointed, badly orchestrated and often ineffectively ugly.

Dvorak's overture was written for an occasion, and he thought it his duty to celebrate the wars of the Hussites by using a phrase of a Hussite hymn and composing battle music. It should be arranged for a brass band, if this has not already been done, and then played out of doors. The Hussites were, indeed, terrible fellows, unwholesome companions in a concert hall.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 4 (first time here), Handel, Concerto for strings and two wind choirs; Gluck—Gevaert, Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne; Haydn, Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 2.)

Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors. * * * "In a thick and cloudy air (saith Lemnius) men are tetric, sad and peevish. And if the western winds blow, and that there be a calm, or a fair sunshine day, there is a kind of alacrity in men's minds; it cheers up men and beasts; but if it be a turbulent, rough, cloudy, stormy weather, men are sad, lumpish, and much dejected, angry, waspish, dull and melancholy."

A Weather Growl.

As the World Wags:

Would any malevolent practitioner of statistics (statistics themselves are too often malevolent) undertake to set down the errors of the weather prophet of Postoffice square beginning with Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, predicted "fair"? The orphic utterances keep coming right along, though they are self-contradictory, without a word of explanation or remorse; for are they not official? And the easygoing public accepts them apparently without resentment, perhaps without consideration. The trouble is that what ought to follow from the conditions in Fort Worth or Kalamazoo don't do so, but things get mixed up by local influences; so that any old shipmate with an eye to windward and a "sense" of sky and cloud and experience of the way Massachusetts bay affects weather could give a safer guess by a long chalk hours ahead than gets printed for local use under the head of "Weather Predictions."

In old times, when ashore, the writer lived in the suburbs and when it was raining in New York the day before he found it wise to take an umbrella into town, and our prognosticators don't seem to have got much further.

Boston, Oct. 16. OLD SALT.

"Old Salt" is hardly fair. One day when the prediction was "Fair" and it rained cats and dogs, there was an explanatory note from the weather bureau to the effect that there was a storm along the New England coast. Cheer up! As The Herald, having consulted the weather saws of the ancients, remarked last Thursday, there are always 19 fair days in October—somewhere.—Ed.

III. or III?

As the World Wags:

In the spicy editorial of yesterday on Napoleon the Less or Napoleon the Little, I notice that your printer or proofreader carefully inserts a period after Napoleon III where it twice appears in the article.

Without wishing to be hypercritical, or intending to call you to account when you can cite so many authorities in your favor, I beg leave to inquire if the time has not fully come when in cases like this, the period should be discarded altogether?

However much composers may differ regarding the proper use of the other marks of punctuation. I think it is pretty generally agreed that the use of the period is restricted to but two simple cases: First, to mark the end of a complete sentence; or, secondly, to indicate an abbreviation. It is plain to see that in the sentence referred to, Napoleon III comes under neither of these rules, for it was not placed at the end of a finished sentence, nor can it be shown, I think, that III is an abbreviation. Had the writer chosen Napoleon 3 (Arabic—a very great liberty, I am well aware) instead of III (Roman), I am sure he would never have thought of placing a period after it unless its position had been last in the sentence.

I am sorry not to have at hand John Wilson's immortal "Treatise on Punctuation." Were I so fortunate, I should expect to see that he would overrule my contention and point me to the rule which your writer has clearly in mind, that in writing the names of sovereigns e. g., James the Second, George the Fourth, etc., the period should always be used when the Roman numerals are employed (James II., George IV.).

He is a bold critic. I know well, to appeal from the shades, even, of John Wilson, but I believe my contention to be a just one nevertheless. When this dictum was first promulgated, I do not believe any man can tell; but its absurdity, I believe, appears on the very face.

In these days when the old formularies for punctuation are scattered to the winds and when the meaning of otherwise well constructed sentences is obscured, or fatally weakened, by the omission of well devised stops, which would make the author's meaning clear beyond cavil, is it wise to cling to an antiquated custom, far "more to be honored in the breach than in the observance"?

My daily reading shows that my suggestion has already been put in force by many of our best writers who carefully weigh their every word and expression.

Is it not then, worthy of adoption in the columns of The Boston Herald, where we are constantly meeting the most telling pleas for the choicest use of our mother tongue?

JOSEPH ALDEN SHAW.
South Peacham, Vt., Oct. 14.

Thought for the Day.

The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fellow,
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust has the just's umbrellow.

Oct 19. 1913

The Herald of the 24th and 31st of last August published reviews of Clara Louis Kellogg's reminiscences as they were appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, and it then expressed the wish that these memoirs would be published in a volume.

Many will be pleased to learn that the "Memoirs of an American Prima Donna," by Clara Louise Kellogg, is now published in stately form by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. It is a pity, though, that the book is so heavy in the hand. There is additional matter; there are 40 full page illustrations; best of all, there is a carefully prepared index.

The volume is an unusually entertaining one, including material for the future historian of opera in this country, throwing light on operatic conditions of the past, describing social life in the United States and in London, and it is full of gossip, which is at times malicious, even cruel. The description of Marie Roze, for example, on pages 289-290, is uncommonly "nasty" and unwomanly, especially as Mme. Roze,

highly respected by all that have the honor of knowing her is still living. This passage, and a few others like them, should have been cut out by the editor. The passages of purely egotistic nature have wisely been retained, as a revelation of artistic character.

Isabel Moore in her preface—she calls it a "Foreword"—says that Miss Kellogg (Mme. Carl Strakosch) is so fundamentally a musician "that her knowledge of life itself is ss much a matter of harmony as is her music." Miss Moore also achieves the feat of introducing "poignant" and "lavender" into one sentence.

Mme. Strakosch dedicates her memoirs to Miss Jeannette L. Gilder.

Personal Notes

The story that Mme. Pavlova is leaving England for five years has been contradicted. She will be back in England for the season of 1915.

"Gaiety and George Grossmith: the Random Reflections of an Apostle of Pleasure," is announced for publication by Stanley Paul, London. The book will contain 50 Illustrations.

Most Londoners know the gilded figure of Mme. Pavlova which waves a welcome to town in full view of Victoria station. It surmounts the Victoria Palace Music Hall. But how many are aware that less than a mile away is an open-air statue of Miss Maud Allan in a bower of green, and how many would know where to look for it?—Pall Mall Gazette.

Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," sung by Mme. Clara Butt, in Sydney, sounded in the ears of a local critic as if "a thundering dreadnought had opened fire."

The inhabitants of Busscto remember Verdi as an agriculturist. "Thanks to his innovations he was able to inspire respect by making farming pay, though it is not so clear that he inspired affection in the same degree, and his reputation as an employer is that of a man who was just, but exacting and severe. To the indolent, indeed, he was a 'terror,' for he was a man of his hands and a mighty boxer, quick tempered and always ready to give a taste of his prowess to those who 'answered back' when he reprimanded them for idleness or incompetence. He was, however, a man of large views and wide outlook, who followed the progress of agriculture in other countries, and his frequent introduction of up-to-date improvements did much to enrich the corner of the peninsula in which he resided."

Owen Seaman's verses, dedicated to Mme. Bernhardt on the occasion of the "Good Samaritan" performance at the London Coliseum, Oct. 11, for the benefit of the Charing Cross Hospital and the French Hospital were as follows:

If in the cup of all delight
Some bitter dregs are left to drain
For those who think on others' pain,
On suffering hid from pity's sight
Through weary noon and lonely night;

So is it not with us today:
This year at least may lightly speed
Because we know what cruel need
The fruit it bears shall timely stay,
What tears our hands shall wipe away.

For this she brings her golden dowers,
Tragedy's Queen from over seas,
To soften life's own tragedies,
And fashion in a chain of flowers
New links to bind her land and ours.

And, touched afresh, our hearts embrace
Their presence who, in such a cause,
Loyal to love's imperial laws,
Still claim, beyond all pride of place,
The right of Kings to serve their race.

H. B. Irving, before his appearance at the Savoy, London, in "The Grand Seigneur," expressed his belief that there is no such thing as a really unlucky theatre, but he added: "My father said to me more than once: 'If ever you think of having a theatre of your own, see that it is not a large one.'"

Charles Mortimer, who played with Phelps, and was one of the few male Mazeppas, died Sept. 27. He took the part of Mazeppa at Astley's in 1862.

Dr. Hugo Felix, who has written the music for successful musical comedies, is at work on a grand opera. Henri Bataille is adapting Tolstoy's novel "Resurrection" for the libretto.

Ahe Stage in London

Sir J. M. Barrie's one-act play, "Half an Hour," was produced at the Hippodrome, London, Sept. 29. Lady Lilian Garson has been bought for £40,000 by Mr. Garson, "a shockingly rich and revoltingly-savage" bounder. At last, exasperated beyond endurance by her husband, she telephones the young engineer Paton, who has long loved her, that she will meet him and run away to Egypt. She leaves a letter and some of her jewelry in a drawer of her husband's desk and joins Paton. He goes out to hail a cab and is knocked down and killed by a motor-bus. The doctor suspects her secret. She goes home, changes her dress, joins her husband and some guests at dinner and finds the doctor there. The husband begins to suspect, but the physician does not give her away. She recovers her letter, Mr. Garson guffaws over some trifle, and they all go down to dinner.

"It is a 'telling' enough little piece, but coming from Sir J. M. Barrie, it gives one the uncomfortable impression of having been written down to the level of the halls. Coincidence plays altogether too large a part in it, and there is a good deal more of artifice than art." Irene Vanbrugh, the heroine, and others "showed a similar cult of the obvious." Sir J. M. Barrie is accused by more than one of having been "deferential towards the popular taste for 'situations' at any costs."

"Collision," an Anglo-Indian play by Bridget Maclagan, was produced at the Vaudeville, London, Oct. 1. The incidents and "asmosphere" of the novel on which the play is based do not furnish the stuff for an interesting play. Some of the characters behave incomprehensibly. Here is an extract from the dialogue, "A young Englishman declared his love for Imogene only to find himself scorned. 'For God's sake,' he shouted, 'For God's sake make a man of me by respecting my passion for a moment!' A faint smile was hard to repress."

"This Way, Madam!" an adaptation by Sydney Blowand Douglas Hoare of "Aime des Femmes," a farce by Hennequin and Mitchell, was produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Sept. 28. Armand, a lady's dressmaker, is adored by women and so makes the fortune of any firm with which he is connected. "In the White room, where he receives patronesses, the ritual of 'trying on' is comparatively elementary; in the Blue room it becomes a shade more complex. In the Green and Pink and Orange rooms the conscientious Armand, 'ever thinking of the good of the firm,' is understood to throw an ever-increasing measure of temperament into his ministrations; while the climax of all is the Red room, in which only exceptionally generous patrons of the business are attended to. Needless to say, two of the adorers of the gallant Armand are the young wives of the middle-aged heads of the firm." Only one woman in the play resists him, the typist, cantankerous Marie. He falls in love with her and at the end they marry. "Owing to the poverty of its theme, the piece, sensuously regarded, is quite contemptible. It might be a study of one of the ugly sides of a lunatic asylum. But it is not intended to be seriously regarded; and there are certain situations in it at which laughter is easy enough." Each of the two elderly husbands feels deep sympathy for the other over the infidelities of the other's young wife, but foolishly confident of the virtue of his own.

The chief character in "The Laughing Husband," a musical comedy, music by Edmund Eysler (New Theatre, London, Oct. 2), is a lawyer, played by James Blakely. He attempts to reconcile three couples—a young architect, who was trying the experiment of "marriage for a year," and quarrelled with his wife during the honeymoon; a publisher, whose wife has been flirting with a young poet; the laughing husband, whose wife has been pursued by a professional Lothario. The music is said to have grace and snap.

In "The Pearl Girl," music by Howard Talbot and Hugo Felix (Shaftesbury Theatre, London, Sept. 25), Miranda Peploe, secretary of the Palmyra Pearl Shop, pretends for the purpose of advertisement that she is the enormously rich Mme. Alvarez of Argentina, and at a fashionable polo ground wears imitation Palmyra pearls, which the crowd takes to be the famous stones of the Argentineans. The Duke of Trent falls in love with her and at last Miss Peploe becomes his wife. The music is praised.

Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagiles" was produced at the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre Sept. 29. "With Maeterlinck we must accept all or nothing with the unquestioning simplicity of children. It therefore says much for the acting that a packed and critical house sat rapt throughout the play, with never a suspicion of that titter which generally spoilt the monosyllabic scene in 'Pelleas and Melisande' when the lover ties his mistress's hair to the ivy, or that titter which would be excusable in the sceptical when the nose of the Princess Maleine begins to bleed at the critical moment of the play. The terrible tragedy of suggestion was accepted without a murmur." Margaret Chatwin took the part of Ygraine and Odette Gormbault that of Tintagiles.

An actor, who happens also to be a man of letters, writes as follows on the subject of Mr. Galesworthy's play:

I shall try to see "The Fugitive," though I rather think that things are not so bad as Mr. Galsworthy makes them out to be. I have known cases where attractive women have been in more "impossible" situations than those which confronted Clare Dedmond, and they have come out of them all splendidly. It would be a pretty business if every woman who is bored with her husband were to make a bolt of it. George Sand tried to thrash out the loveless marriage question, and, in the end, came to the conclusion that the quest of happiness was not our being's end and aim, and found peace and dignity by devoting her life to the poor of Nohant.

The answer to this may perhaps be that George Sand was not Clare Dedmond. It may further be that before George Sand found that "peace and dignity" at Nohant she had gone through a career of love and passion which had "left her heart a cemetery," as she once expressed it to Sainte-Beuve.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"The Scarlet Band," playing here as "The Conspiracy," a melodramatic farce, had a short run in London, where it was produced as a straight and thrilling melodrama. "It was most enthusiastically welcomed on the first night, and it is decidedly interesting and excellently acted. Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, the manager of the theatre, is said to be puzzled by the comparative failure of the production, and to be seeking for an explanation. "A well known actress, who is also a good critic, says that the mistake in the play is the fact that the audience do not actually see the murder committed. They only hear it described, and this does not satisfy them. Perhaps she is right. A sort of prologue, showing actual happenings in that hotel sitting room would certainly have made a thrilling opening for the play, and would, no doubt, have heightened the effect of all that followed. Still, even as it stands, 'The Scarlet Band' is well worth seeing."

"The New Duke," a farce by Douglas Murray (Comedy Theatre, Sept. 30), raised loud laughter, but the Pall Mall Gazette described it as "a very vulgar composition." The duke is the 20th of his line, 43 years old and in indifferent health. His family wish him to marry, for an heir is needed. A faded spinstr of a very coming-on dispostion is introduced. "I am never much alone except in bed," says the duke to her. "One can be too much alone even in (pause) London," is the answer. The duke marries a country girl after friends pronounce her physical condition satisfactory and in the last act he is father of twins. The dowager duchess cannot understand it. "Herbert, you are their father?" The story of a middle-aged wife who was so jealous of her husband that she used to sit in the bathroom and crochet while he was in the tub is told in the first act and referred to in the second. Weedon Grossmith took the part of the duke.

Mr. H. G. Wells took his children to see Mr. Shaw's new play and gave it this endorsement: "'Androcles and the Lion' is the only decent representation of Christianity I have known on the stage. That is why I took my children to see it, and I go so far as to say that it is the duty of every parent to use this opportunity of making his children acquainted with a great epoch. The children were delighted with it. Their admiration for Ferrovius was unbounded; Androcles won their whole-hearted sympathies, and they worshipped the Lion. There has not been a play for years with such invention; I was just as delighted as the children. There is an astounding freshness about it. The Barker method of presenting such plays is particularly happy. It is convincing and very beautiful. It does not attempt that realism which so often stultifies the imagination. 'Androcles and the Lion' is the only play for children at present in London."

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette who has been reading Jeremiah Wells's "Joseph and His Brethren" writes as follows:

One result of reading Wells's poem is that my admiration of Mr. Louis Parker's play has considerably increased. To improve the manner in which the story is told in the Bible is surely impossible. At all events, Wells found it so, and his "poem" is useless for stage purposes. He has also made the grave mistake of depicting Joseph as a prig—he is not even human enough to be tempted by Mrs. Potiphar; and, although the measures adopted by his brethren were a little drastic, no self-respecting brother would have refrained from kicking such a Joseph soundly. Now, Mr. Parker's Joseph is tempted—is quite human. However, I am glad I read Wells's work, for it contains fine writing; though not even "Engaged" or "Rosmersholm" contains a funnier line than Joseph's "Are you a lady, madam?" in the temptation scene. Surely Mrs. Potiphar should have retorted "Sir, methinks you are no gentleman!"

The Pall Mall remarks: "The question arises. Is not Wells's Joseph more like the Joseph of the Bible than Mr. Parker's in the respect to which the writer alludes?"

The Maxixe, a Brazilian dance, was introduced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Sept. 29.

Sir J. M. Barrie has changed his "Adored One." The trial at the Old Bailey is now presented as a dream of Capt. Ruttray, and the piece becomes a comedy with a touch of extravaganza in it. This led a reviewer to write: "Sir J. M. Barrie needed more time to make the alterations in 'The Adored One' than Oscar Wilde required to change 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' Wilde had to add just one sentence at the end of the first act. Lord Windermere goes to the mantelpiece and soliloquizes to the effect that he could not tell Lady Windermere that it was her own mother who was receiving checks from him. The first night's audience had not that information. But the most famous change of plot was when the melodrama audience refused to tolerate the death of Dickens's 'Little Nell.' Not long ago there was a trial performance of a one-act show at the Kennington Theatre done in two ways, one with a happy ending and the other without. Both styles were liked. The colonial rights of the happy ending lot were sold immediately."

[illegible]ramatization by A. H. Evans of [illegible]rdy's "Woodlanders" [illegible]

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Dec[illegible]

San Francisco's Municipal Opera

The Municipal Record of San Francisco published on Oct 2 the following article:

The supervisors at their meeting last Monday passed to print an ordinance looking to the carrying out of the plans for the construction of a municipal opera house in the Civic Center site.

Supervisor Payot advocated the passage of the ordinance after Joseph D. Redding, representing the San Francisco Musical informed the board that the association approved the proposed site for the building and the general plan of erection and maintenance. The association is prepared to resume its efforts for the furtherance of the enterprise.

The ordinance sets forth the fact that a suitable suite for the opera house is available, and authorizes the public welfare committee to accept donations and to consider architectural plans. The site is the southwest corner of the City Hall site, with part of City Hall avenue adjoining. The avenue will be closed.

The ordinance relates in detail that the city is establishing a civic centre and has acquired land therein, upon which monumental public buildings will be erected, including a City Hall, Public Library, an auditorium and a state building. It also sets forth that it is the duty of the municipality to provide for the education of its residents and that a notable means to this end will be the erection of a municipal opera house, "wherein musical and dramatic compositions, operas and symphonies can be given, and a school and conservatory for the education of the inhabitants of the city and county of San Francisco can be established, and the creation and production of operas, musical drama and compositions encouraged."

Under the new agreement the site will remain the property of the city.

The accepted plan provides for 15 trustees, 10 of whom will be appointed by the mayor, the remaining five consisting of the mayor, the president of the board of education, one library trustee, one park commissioner and one supervisor. These five members of the board will always represent the offices mentioned, but as vacancies occur among the 10 members appointed by the mayor in the first instance, they will be filled by the vote of the remaining members of the board, which, to this extent, will be self-perpetuating.

Notes About Music

Elgar's "Falstaff" was performed for the first time at the Leeds Festival on Oct. 2. The critics spoke of it with the appropriate reverence for England's "greatest composer"—did not President Hadley of Yale on a solemn occasion characterize him as "the greatest living composer"?—but some were prudent and admitted "Falstaff" was difficult to judge at one hearing: (1) because the composer has struck out a new path for himself, and made a closer approach to the methods of other composers of program music; (2) because the music illustrates the Falstaff of the historical dramas, not the hero of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." His "Falstaff" is a gentleman who degenerates into a roysterer, a tragic character. Thus Elgar follows the paradox of Maginn. "The Falstaff themes all seem to be really fat, and the King themes all suggest Elgar's favorite superscription, 'Nobilment,' while there is typically English character in them all." The march of the Ragged Army and the pathos of the death scene are praised, also the "enormous orchestral skill" displayed.

A new 'cello concerto by Georges Dorlay was performed for the first time at a promenade concert Sept. 30. This is the name assumed by a member of the orchestra. The concerto is said to contain direct and effective themes, but it has little individuality or originality and the composer is over-fond of elaboration.

The Daily Telegraph urges Mischa Elman to give better and less hackneyed programs. "Is there nothing in the modern literature of the violin worthy the attention of a player of Elman's fame? It is to him and his like that the public have a right to look for something unhackneyed. * * * In America as here the better audiences are crying out for a change, and Elman is one who ought to be a pioneer in the matter. His position amply justifies him in trying the 'experiments' that paralyze the energies of ordinary recitalists, and violinists as well as the public look to him as an example."

Richard Strauss's "Festival Prelude," written for the opening of a hall in Vienna yesterday, will be performed by the Philharmonic Society, London, on Nov. 4. Strauss says that he attempted to create some thing in respect of mood midway between Weber's "Jubel" overture and the prelude to the "Meistersinger." He asks for 106 strings and 1[illegible] trumpets.

The conductors of the London Symphony orchestra concerts this season will be Messrs. Mlynarski, Steinbach, Safonoff, Mengelberg and Nikisch.

Among new works to be produced in London are: "King Arthur," a symphonic poem for orchestra by Charlotte Speer; "The Eve of St. Agnes," a can[illegible]

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...a b[illegible] Jo[illegible] Fra[illegible] [illegible]arnett, [illegible] Bal-four Gardiner's setting as a cantata of John Masefield's poem, "April"; "Dream Tryst," an impressionistic setting by H. V. Jervis Read of Francis Thompson's poem; two new songs for tenor solo and chorus unaccompanied, Percy Grainger's "Twilight" and "Brigg Fair," followed by the second performance in London of the same composer's setting for chorus and brass orchestra of Kipling's poem, "We Have Fed Our Seas," and Balfour Gardiner's setting of another of Masefield's poems, "News from Whydah."

It has been decided to hold a festival again at Bayreuth in 1914, when the works produced will be "Parsifal," "Der Ring" and "Der Fliegende Hollander." The performances will extend from July 22 to Aug. 20, inclusive, and will begin at 4 P. M. (except "Rheingold," which begins at 5 P. M.) and end about 10 P. M., there being intervals of about an hour between each act. A special committee will assist visitors in finding suitable lodgings at moderate charges.

Two hundred brass and reed bands took part in the 14th annual brass band competition on Sept. 27, at the Crystal Palace. It is said that 80,000 people were present.

Astonishment has been caused in Berlin by the action of the police president in the matter of a concert given in aid of the Association for Women and Girls of the Working Classes. Some hours before the concert Prof. Irrgang of the Royal Conservatorium, who was to take part, was visited by an official from the police presidency, who informed him that the president wished to say that the association in question was connected with the Social Democratic party. The professor believing this to be a hint that his co-operation would not be favorably viewed in high places, wrote to the association declining to play.

Basil Harwood's new cantata, a setting for choir and orchestra of Milton's "Ode on May Morning," produced at the Leeds festival Oct. 1, disappointed the hearers. There is no expression of mirth or youth, and the dance rhythms are too deliberately planned. At the same concert Mme. Carreno aroused enthusiasm by her performance of Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto.

Edgar Haddock thinks he has discovered why the intonation of many English violinists is defective, "and has recently perfected a method by means of which purity and trueness may be acquired." Mr. Haddock with Gregory Hast directs the Mayfair School of Music. He sold a violin, the "Emperor Strad," from his collection to Kubelik for £10,000. His collection of bows is valued at over £3000.

Two unpublished operas will be produced at Lyons this season: "Françoise," music by Charles Pons; "David," by A. Dietrich. A ballet, "Acteon," music by J. Clemandh, will also be performed. "Parsifal," Dupont's "La Glu" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Secret of Suzanne" will be added to the repertory.

Berlioz's "Requiem" will be performed at the Chatelet this season with 500 executants. The other choral works will be Schumann's "Faust," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," Beethoven's Solemn Mass and Bach's Mass in B minor.

Another opera on a Shakespearian subject, "La Fierecilla domada" ("The Taming of the Shrew"), in three acts, music by Morera, has been produced at Barcelona.

"Orphee," a lyric-ballet by Roger Ducasse, will be produced at St. Petersburg next February.

Plays in Paris

Suzanne Despres as Hamlet led the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph to write on Oct. 1: "One always wonders why a number of ladies are possessed with a passion for playing Hamlet. No actress ever wanted to be Othello, but to imagine that Hamlet's hesitations make him a more feminine character is the strangest mistake. A female Hamlet being horrible, the Hamlet of Mme. Suzanne Despres was comparatively good. The translation was a literal one by M. Georges Duval, the best living French Shakespearian scholar, and it was perfect—except that all the poetry had gone and that a thousand "familiar quotations" came back to one in pedestrian prose and gave one's ears a shock. The theatre was the Theatre Antoine, lent by M. Gemier, who in the 'production' was content with the part of the First Gravedigger, in which he was delightful. The scenery was after the new simple manner—an unchanging proscenium, an arch behind, and in the arch a decorated backcloth which hung or was withdrawn to show a further scene as the case might be.

"Mme. Despres's Hamlet was lymphatic, lazy, and occasionally plaintive. Her gestures and voice were always those of a woman, and were correspondingly irritating. Most probably if Hamlet had been a woman he would not have hesitated as he did. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was a more direct and also more princely Hamlet. Yet Mme. Despres played the part with extraordinary intelligence. It was a tour de force for her to attempt, and she managed it well—but why attempt it? We will draw a veil over 'To be or not to be.'

Also over the scene in the graveyard in which Hamlet cried his 'Ten thousand brothers' speech to Laertes like a querulous little woman. But in the scene with his mother the feminine Hamlet was less feminine, and once or twice tragic. Hamlet with the players, Hamlet with Rosencranz and Guildenstern, Hamlet with Osric also, had pleasant and forcible irony. Hamlet in the duel with Laertes was perhaps the best Hamlet of the afternoon, and when she—I mean he—changed swords and looked meaningly at Laertes, giving him the second sword, the stage business was well done. All the other characters were efficiently played, and even in its prose dress the tragedy still carried the house."

The season in Paris opened on Sept. 30 with the production of "Les Roses Rouges," by Roman Coolus, at the Renaissance. Mr. Dawbarn said of the play: "It is a story of the 'menage a trois,' the triangular play which in England and America appears to have seen its day. Here it continues to flourish, particularly when the situations are poignant and handled artistically. M. Coolus understands psychology and how to write a play. Red roses symbolize passion, that is the meaning of the title. And Bucquoy, the financier, feels passion for the former actress, Francine Jeannequin, and Francine for the youthful Preysleux to the point of forgetting her marriage ties, for she is the adored wife and inspirer of an author. The first complication comes when Preysieux asks for the hand of Marthe, the adopted daughter of the pair, to avoid a compromising situation with Francine. And the marriage takes place with the inevitable result—disgust of the young bride on discovering that her love is not returned. Preysleux suffers because of his affection for Francine. Francine is pursued by Bucquoy, an odious type, a woman hunter, and is rescued from his opportunities by Preysieux. A duel results. Francine's anxiety betrays her secret to Marthe, who understands now the reason of her separation from her husband. And Jeannequin himself, who has suspected the liaison, is fully enlightened when he tells her, as a ruse, that the hero has been dangerously wounded. Her distress is too obvious to be hidden.

"The denouement is the natural one. Francine will be divorced and marry Preysieux, who, in turn, has set free Marthe to return to her foster father. The latter has added material to moral sacrifice, for Francine brought, not only inspiration, but a dowry to help him in his career. Yet she is hardly sympathetic. Her treason has lasted for two years—an exaggerated period even for a weak temperament. But the moment the story opens she desires to put an end to this situation, and her determination, resisted by the lover, precipitates the crisis. Mme. Cora Laparcerie plays Francine with a great deal of emotion, but never succeeds in interesting us profoundly in the character. M. Dumeny is a sober and correctly tender husband; but the most charming delineation is Mlle. Cecile Guyon's Marthe. Voice and gestures are particularly attractive in their suggestion of winsome youth. M. Jean Worms as the lover, and M. Arquilliere as the 'brutal' persecutor are each good in his way. M. Coolus has given a new treatment to an old subject."

Mr. Drawbarn, writing about Nicodemi, makes these observations: "Anglo-Saxon countries have taken kindly to the Bernstein manner. Indeed, this young dramatist has affected every stage by his methods of intensity and his art of suspending the catastrophe. The playgoer wants 'things to happen,' and in the Bernstein and Nicodemi drama they happen with startling suddenness, and sometimes with concentrated fury. The cyclonic stage is greatly favored, and will continue until some one discovers the demand for sentiment—not the sickly sentiment of shopgirl literature, but that tendency towards poetry and idealism which is in all our natures, even the most 'practical.' To mix heart and humor with the sordid is to paint to life. Few events are unrelievedly sad or unrelievedly revolting. The playwright must introduce that thread into the coarser fabric of his composition. For instance, a house is burning. The tenant is high-heeled and stiff-necked in fashionable clothes. She throws water on the flames, which have arisen in her bedroom. Her high heels cause her to fail. She is soused in water. Her little dog thinks it's high sport, and bites his mistress's ankles—a tragedy relieved by comedy. The great difference between Anglo-Saxon and Latin audiences is the latter's predilection for psychological examination. The tiniest incident may be important if it throws light on character. Nothing delights the French more than the exposure of the workings of an unusual type of mind. The more positive Englishman is bored with so close an analysis. 'When is the play going to begin?' he asks."

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I must say, modern books are very consolatory and congenial to my feelings. There is a delightful northeast wind, an intellectual blight breathing through them: a delicious misanthropy and discontent that demonstrates the nullity of virtue and energy and puts me in good humor with myself and my sofa.

A Famous Province.

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly tell me where the county of Ulster is in Ireland? I have read so much about Ulster of late that I fear people are apt to forget that Ulster is more than a county. It had no trouble in sending James II. to his exile, and we shall see whether it can put Mr. Redmond at the head of affairs in Ireland or no. R. R. STEWART.

Dorchester, Oct. 16.

Right you are, Mr. Stewart: Ulster is much more than a county; it is a province, the northernmost of the four great divisions of Ireland, and it includes at least nine counties, including Donegal and Monaghan. We have met Ulsterites who thought it included the universe.—Ed.

The World of Art.

We learn from a circular, handbill, dodger, what-you-will, that Mr. Josef Hofmann, pianist, is "the great electic." No wonder that he has many admirers. "Electics" are becoming rare in any profession, even in politics.

Cleopatra, who, in all probability, was a woman well worth knowing, a desirable "guest of honor" for the women's clubs in Alexandria, told Iras that she did not wish to visit Rome after Antony's death, for the quick comedians would stage her and her lover and she would see there "some squeaking Cleopatra" boy her greatness. She could not foresee that she would be shown, and her story told, on the film at the Pavilion, London. Perhaps she would have preferred this to Mrs. James Brown Potter's impersonation of her.

Boston Corbett.

As the World Wags:

I can't imagine what Byron B. Johnson found in my recent communication to The Herald on Boston Corbett that caused him to manifest so much asperity in what he says in regard thereto in today's Herald. He charges that, in consequence of my "poor memory of the contents of 'some book,'" in that communication I disseminated "misinformation" about Corbett. That "misinformation" which he charges me with having disseminated consists of the statement in my communication that I lately read in some book that it was not known what had become of Corbett or whether he was still alive. In charging that in making such a statement I disseminated misinformation Mr. Johnson himself disseminates misinformation, for I correctly gave the purport of what I read. With the exception of that charge that my "poor memory" led me to falsify what I read about Corbett, I don't see that Mr. Johnson attempts to controvert any of the statements made by me in my communication, which communication, by the way, consisted principally of quotations which I took from printed authorities, but as to the accuracy of which I knew nothing and said nothing.

According to Mr. Johnson, Corbett is not now living. Will he please state when and where he died? I don't question the correctness of the statement that he is not now living.

Mr. Johnson speaks of Jefferson Davis as having had with him, at the time when he was captured, a negro servant of the name of James H. Brown. I think that that servant's forename was Robert—if I ever knew his surname, I have forgotten it.

According to Mr. Johnson, Corbett represented himself to him as having been a prisoner at Andersonville. When and where he was captured by the confederates and what was the period of his incarceration at Andersonville?

Mr. Johnson says that Corbett's company captured Jefferson Davis. I never before saw or heard the statement that Corbett's company had anything to do with the capture of Davis, and I wish that Mr. Johnson would give his authority for his statement that Davis was captured by that company. Did Mr. Johnson get that yarn from Corbett himself? If so, did Corbett tell him how much he received of the $100,000 which the government offered and paid to the captors of Davis? I earnestly hope that Mr. Johnson will narrate the details of that capture of Davis by Corbett and the other members of his company, for it will make known something which the researches of the historians have thus far failed to bring to light. If Mr. Johnson will favor the world with such a narrative, he will make a contribution to veracious history which will be worthy of a place beside Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York and Bill Nye's History of the United States.

INCONSTANT READER.

Oct. 8, 1913.

Softly, softly, gentlemen. We must have light, but let us have sweetness with it.—Ew.

MELBA SINGS IN SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Melba and her company yesterday afternoon gave the second of the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall. The audience, numbering about 3000, filled the hall in every part and nearly 300 sat upon the stage. Mme. Melba was assisted by Edmund Burke, baritone; Marcel Moyse, flutist; Gabriel Lapierre, accompanist. The program as announced was as follows:

Saint-Saens, Romance, Handel, Allegro from the third sonata (Mr. Moyse); Diaz, Aria from "Benvenuto Cellini" (Mr. Burke); Charpentier, "Depuis le jour" (Mme. Melba); Leveridge, "When Dull Care," Hatton, "To Anthea" (Mr. Burke); Debussy, Romance and Mandoline (Mme. Melba); Ganne, Andante and Scherzo (Mr. Moyse); Puccini, "Addio" from "La Boheme," Verdi, "Ave Maria" from "Otello" (Mme. Melba); Duparc, "Vague et la Cloche" (Mr. Burke); Bishop, "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" with flute (Mme. Melba); Caldari, "Come raggio di Sol," Tirandelli, "Nina Nanna" (Mr. Burke).

It was over 19 years ago that Mme. Melba began to delight thousands in this city by the splendor and beauty of her voice and by the perfecttion of her art. Three years ago next December she sang at a Symphony Concert and appeared in "La Boheme" at the Boston Opera House. During these years the great public has been faithful to her. She deserved and deserves this admiration. In opera and on the concert stage she has never displayed the airs and graces of the spoiled prima donna. She was never kittenish, after the manner of certain stout sopranos. She did not run impatiently toward the footlights to greet effusively the dear public. She did not take liberties with her hearers and give them pinchbeck for gold, relying on her reputation and their good nature. She has always respected her audiences the composer and her art.

Time is a thief, but if he takes away he often gives something in return. It is not to be expected when a soprano has been singing for 26 years in opera that her upper tones retain fully their brilliance; that her trill is still marvellously clear and even; that she sings with the ease that long excited wonder. But if the years are thus inexorable, the singer sometimes gains in other ways. The middle and lower tones become fuller and richer, they gain in emotional significance. This is singularly true in Mme. Melba's case. There is still that delicious quality in the "working-part" of her voice that set her apart, supreme and glorious. Never was her voice more beautiful, never was it so golden as when she sang the music of Marguerite in "The Damnation of Faust," some years ago at a Cecilia concert—and this music if for a mezzo-soprano.

Yesterday while the work of Time was noticeable—thus the extreme upper notes did not always have the pure, full quality that long distinguished them, the trill was not the wondrous feat of former years, and in the air from "Louise" there was apparent effort—Mme. Melba nevertheless was again the accomplished artist and richly deserved the enthusiastic applause to which she generously responded with songs—French, Italian and also in English—the inevitable "Comin' thro' the Rye" which some unknown Scot long ago composed for the use of prima donnas, as Mortimer Collins said of the poet Horace that he wrote to be quoted in the House of Commons. There was the beautiful attack of a phrase, there was the admirable sustaining and ending of a melodic line, there was the careful phrasing, the adorable simplicity in expression, the peculiar tonal quality in the middle and lower registers that is in itself emotional. Witness her singing of Mimi's "Farewell."

Mr. Burke has a virile, resonant voice. He is a sturdy singer, inclined to force tone and he has his moments of sentimentalism. When he sang in English, as in other languages, his enunciation was not always distinct.

Mr. Moyse has an unusually large tone and facile execution, he phrases as a musician. Mr. Lapierre was a sympathetic accompanist.

The concert next Sunday will be a piano recital by Josef Hofmann.

SOUSA BAND CONCERT

Conductor Gives First of Two at the Colonial Theatre.

Philip Sousa and his band gave the first of two concerts in Boston at the Colonial Theatre last night, where they have appeared with market success in former years. The numbers ranged from classical to popular, including Mr. Sousa's new march, "The American Maid." Virginia Root sang Verdi's "Caro Nome." The program was as follows.

Overture, "The Chase of Prince Henry" ... Mehul
Cornet solo, "Caprice Brilliant" ... Clarke
Herbert C. Clarke.
Suite, "The American Maid" (new) .. Sousa
Soprano Solo, Aria, "Caro Nome" ... Verdi
Virginia Root.
Nocturne, "Kammenoi Ostrow" .. Ruhinstein
Intermezzo, "A Night in Spain" ... Lacome
Oriental Concelt, "Kismet" (new) .. Markey
March, "From Maine to Oregon" (new) ... Sousa
Violin solo "Adagio and Rondo" from Concerto in E .... Vieuxtemps
Margel Gluck.
African dance, "Danse Negre" (new) ... Ascher

Next Sunday evening the band will give the second concert of the series at the Colonial Theatre, with a complete change of program.

 Oct 21 1913

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

[illegible] ..t take our lesson and not neglect [illegible] me, for the room is closed early, and [illegible] are suspended in another, where [illegible].

The Land of Liberty.

The United States has the faculty of making itself ridiculous in the matter of immigration and deportation. Mrs. Pankhurst may now be classed with Marie Lloyd the music hall singer, one of an illustrious family. Fellow-sufferers in the land of the free, they look on the Statue of Liberty with unfeigned emotion. It would be unprofitable to enter into a discussion concerning the comparative merits of these artists. The English find Miss Lloyd the more amusing.

Some of the newspapers treat Mrs. Pankhurst as though she were awaiting execution. The old formula began: "The unfortunate prisoner partook of a hearty breakfast" and ended: "He then thanked the jailer's wife for her kindness. His breakfast usually included chops, eggs and coffee. We are informed that Mrs. Pankhurst for breakfast had grape fruit, toast and coffee. The newspapers said that she "ate" coffee, which is probably a case of suffragette license. She has "given up tea for coffee, maintaining that coffee was the more strengthening." This is a sad error, and it shows conclusively that English women at least should not be allowed to vote. Coffee is a stimulant; it inspires false hopes, illusions; it affects the heart, also the liver, which, if the ancients are to be believed, is the seat of the passions. Furthermore, the coffee in London is undrinkable. And we have a suspicion that it is little better on Ellis Island. For luncheon she was served with two chops, "French fried potatoes," lettuce, buttered toast and—alas—strong coffee. Buttered toast is an amiable weakness. Buttered toast! There was a time when we were passionately addicted to it. The words themselves are like the toast, suave and crisp.

The chops—and they were lamb chops—were probably cooked. The popular belief that the suffrage militants in London and the provinces eat raw meat before throwing bricks, ruining works of art, firing public and private buildings and indulging themselves in other arguments against the tyranny of the male is unfounded. We read recently that in a certain club of London raw chops are served to some of the members: Fuseli ate raw pork that he might dream fantastical dreams; but we like to think of Mrs. Pankhurst eating her lamb cooked, and her potatoes Frenchified.

Dr. Barton Furens.

And what is to be said of the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton of Oak Park, Ill., who said in his sermon last Sunday that he should like to throw a brick at the "panel" of Sargent in the Boston Public Library. "That panel on the prophets has been photographed and reproduced all over creation, but it is absolutely libellous. * * * The prophets were heroic, virile men, and not such an anaemic lot." Dr. Barton talks as though he had summered and wintered with the greater and minor prophets, including Habbakuk, and was on peculiarly intimate terms with Zephaniah. Unfortunately there was no photographic art in the towns or waste places of the Holy Land, and we have no authentic daguerreotypes or silhouettes of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. They were all heroic in spirit, no doubt, though Jeremiah was given to lamentation; some of them were undoubtedly virile; but to say that no one of them was anaemic is too much. The prophetic gift has often been lodged in a mean and paltry dwelling house.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.

And if it is true that Mr. Sargent modelled some of his figures after personal friends, Dr. Barton's remarks (for newspaper publication) are still more objectionable.

News from England.

A physician at Croydon has expressed the view that mixed bathing is, in its "encouragement of deshabille," a serious obstacle to marriage.

There is a new fruit, the laxtonberry, grown by the Laxton Bros. of Bedford. It is a hybrid from a loganberry and a raspberry. We believe the loganberry was named after Judge Logan, U. S. A. Where and when did he live? As for the rest give us the dilsonberry that grows on the pamela bush and is eagerly devoured by the killilooloo bird in the island of Ceringotan.

The "daddy longlegs" is a nuisance in suburban gardens, but what does a London journal mean when it speaks of daddy longlegs "buzzing across window panes in unusual force"? Is not this the crane-fly, and not the daddy longlegs known in this country?

And Barzillai sayde unto the King. * * * I am this day fouerscore yeares olde: and can I discerne betweene good and evill? Can thy servant taste what I eate, or what I drinke? Can I heare any more the voice of singing men and singing women?

A Burning Question.

Many have asked during the last week "How old is Melba?" They were more curious about the year of her birth than about the present condition of her voice. A singer is as old as she sings, and the birth date of a prima donna is a movable feast.

Brown and Stratton, in their dictionary of British musicians, give the year 1859 (May 19), and the revised edition of Grove's Dictionary gives the same date, quoting Brown and Stratton, but in the supplement to Grove's the date 1861 is substituted, and these words are given in explanation: "(Evidence of the certificate of birth.)" Mme. Melba sang in a Lieder tafel concert at Melbourne in 1884; in a concert at London, June 1, 1886; in a concert at Paris, March 21, 1887, and her first appearance in opera was as Gilda at Brussels, Oct. 12, 1887.

Some have said that Mme. Melba was born in 1865, but this date is undoubtedly erroneous. We know that when she was in Boston 10 years ago she objected strongly to the publication of any year as a birth date in the program books of the Boston Symphony orchestra. If she was born in 1861, she is older than Mme. Eames and younger than Mme. Sembrich and Mme. Nordica. What matters it, after all, for in the history of the universe the battle of Marathon and the battle of Gettysburg are synchronous events.

It is not yet time for Mme. Melba to leave the stage, but it is time for her to forswear florid song. The brilliance is now dim; the effort is too apparent. Probably she realizes this, for she is a sensible woman, and never was self-conceited. It is reported that this season at the Boston Opera House she wishes to appear as Desdemona, Mimi, Marguerite, parts in which the beauty of her middle voice and its natural expressiveness will charm the hearer.

Instruments of Torture.

We spoke Tuesday morning in another column of a young gentleman who played with fiendish glee and energy a "concertina" in a variety show at a leading theatre. Here was a case of heterophomy, for the instrument was unmistakably an accordion; but either instrument can inflict torture. The concertina, however, has inspired certain perverse composers to write serious music in classical form for it, and Mr. Josef Holbrooke in England has introduced more than one concertina in some of his orchestral scores. Has this honor ever been paid the accordeon? The name of this instrument led Artemus Ward to perpetrate an atrocious pun, one of the few that appear in his complete works.

"Crackpot."

Mr. Patrick E. McCabe of Albany described the company that cheered Mr. Sulzer a few days ago, as "a collection of the rarest political crackpots I have ever seen." The New York Evening Post, considering editorially the word, quotes the "Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English" of Farmer and Henley, which defines "crackpot" as "a pretentious, worthless fellow." In the first place the title of this famous, or, as some would say, infamous dictionary is "Slang and its Analogues." In the second place, the definition is incomplete, unsatisfactory. "Crackpot" is a word found in English dialect, and it means either a foolish fellow, "not so witty as he might be," or a noisy, mischief making gossip. The Evening Post finds the first quoted definition "too comprehensive" and prefers its own: "A crackpot is in fact a crackpot." And so a bonehead is a bonehead; and who would not rather be a crackpot? "Pot o' one," by the way, is a bachelor, or one that lives alone, or any eccentric person.

A Eugenic Note.

The Herald spoke yesterday of a physician at Croydon, Eng., who declares that mixed bathing is giving the death blow to marriage. He protests against such facilities at public baths. Mark his unblushing frankness: "I don't believe that one young man out of 50 wants to marry the girl he has bathed with. In times gone by men were entranced by the sight of girls elegantly, daintily and modestly attired, and affection sprang from a kind of worship of something which enchanted. Do bare necks, bare arms and bare legs, with ugly skull-caps, furnish a bewitching spectacle? What effect has the ungraceful 'flopping' of the female porpoise on the male intellect? The desire to harpoon it rather than embrace it is probably one result."

The only answer to this is that the Croydon physician has had hard luck. "Gilly" Williams wrote to Horace Walpole in 1763 from Brighton: "[illegible]

EVELYN THAW AT SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and her vaudeville company. First time in Boston.

This entertainment does not require serious attention. There was a very large audience in the afternoon and there was a large audience last night. The show is in two parts; the first is made up of "American and European divertissements," the second is a pantomime with dances, "Mariette," by Maurice Volny.

The strictly vaudeville part was not of a high order. Mr. Fouchere began by graceful and intrepid riding of the velocipede. Then came Mr. Peppino, who played tunes of all sorts on a huge concertina. He played with a gusto that was demoniacal. Hector Berlioz once said that the torment of lost souls would consist in hearing Bach's fugues. He should have heard Mr. Peppino's instrument, which has the carrying power of a full grown orchestrion and the "temperamental" intensity of a calliope.

Mr. Peppino was enthusiastically applauded and so were the Armand Brothers, who gave an exhibition of acrobatic fiddling and an imitation of birds in their wooing and quarrelling, with whistling and chirping that portrayed amorous longing, jealousy and reconciliation. The Schwarz Company appeared in "The Broken Mirror," in which two men gave an amusing but too long drawn out Dromio act, one on each side of the mirror frame. Bernard and Weston were also musical. One played extraordinary tunes, cadenzas, and arabesques on the piano with a fatal fluency; the other sang songs of cafe life and doubtful manners.

Mrs. Thaw and Mr. Jack Clifford gave an exhibition of modern ball room dancing. Mrs. Thaw's face and figure are familiar to readers of newspapers. On the stage her face is wistful, at times sad, as though she were craving sympathy and saying almost apologetically: "I am doing the best I can, and I hope I shall improve in dancing." And in truth she has much to learn in this art, for she does not seem to be nimble footed by nature. Mr. Clifford, an accomplished dancer, guided her skilfully and literally supported her. Her demeanor in this scene and in the pantomime was girlish and modest.

"Mariette," it is said, has been seen at the Alhambra, London. Mrs. Thaw first appeared in it at the West End Theatre, New York, Sept. 29 of this year. The scenario is familiar. Mrs. Thaw as the heroine is a model in the Latin quarter. An artist loves her, but she is tempted by the jewels of a wicked baron with a wasp waist, leather face, and the bearing of a man who has seen 60 summers and 61 hard winters. The two go to the Cafe Riche, where "the Vampire Girl," a bold and flashily dressed person, wins the favor of the baron by squirming about him in a most unladylike manner. Mariette throws the necklace, rings and other symbols of guilty splendor at the baron, and, surprising to relate, the Vampire Girl does not rush forward to pick them up. Mariette becomes a poor but virtuous flower girl. Rudolph, her student lover, meets her, spurns her, and then clasps her in his Latin Quarter embrace.

Mrs. Thaw showed her inexperience as an actress. Pantomime, if it is worth while, makes exacting demands on the mimes, and it is not surprising that Mrs. Thaw was again wistful and ineffective. Her associates, with the possible exception of Mr. Zanirette, the Baron, were not expressive, not always at ease, although they made many motions with their hands.

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" will come to the Shubert Theatre for a week beginning next Monday afternoon. There will be daily matinees. The cast will include Burford Hampden, Cecil Yapp, W. H. Denny, Helene Lackaye, Ethel Brandon, Alice Butler, Harriet Sterling, Margaret Millette, Margaret Fairleigh, John Sutherland, George Sylvester, Charles Hampden and Dore Davidson.

DAVID BISPHAM AT B. F. KEITH'S

W.H.

Baritone Delights Large Audiences—Sings All in English —Other Items.

David Bispham, the noted baritone, tremendously pleased two large houses at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday, audiences enthusiastically applauding each of his four selections, the last of which, Rudyard Kipling's famous "Danny Deever" poem, was even more appreciatively received than any of the others. Unlike most of the great soloists when appearing before popular audiences, Mr. Bispham at once, in an interesting little talk of five minutes or so, convinced his hearers that his songs would be understood and that he would sing entirely in English, declaring that grand opera could be given in English as well as in any foreign tongue. "There are some," said Mr. Bishpam, "who will tell you that the words cannot be translated in English without some of the inner meaning being lost. I will grant all that and yet will ask, is it not better that some of the inner meaning shall be lost than that all of it shall be misunderstood?" sentiments that met with much applause. Mr. Bispham gently rapped present day grand opera in this country by saying that "at present it has to be supported by a coterie of millionaires, exorbitant prices are charged and few there are who understand the language in which the operas are sung." He ventured the prediction that the day was not far distant when there would be great and successful opera companies appearing at popular prices and singing in the language of the country.

Mr. Bispham does not confine himself to the same selections at all performances. Rather, he has an extensive repertoire, and for his selections last night gave a portion of Handel's "Scipio," sang another from Mendelssohn's opera, "The Son and Stranger," and also the prologue from "Pagliacci," which, Mr. Bispham explained, was written after the rest of the opera and really had especial bearing upon "Pagliacci." Upon being recalled, Mr. Bispham sang "Danny Deever."

Mary Elizabeth, herself a Boston girl, appears at B. F. Keith's this week, just back in this country from a successful tour of England and the continent. Mary Elizabeth is a dainty young woman, singing several catchy songs in dainty fashion and telling several capital stories. Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne are concluding this week their present engagement in their rural classic, "One Night Only," a sketch that is full of bright lines.

Guerro and Carman made a distinct hit in their musical specialty introducing the harp and violin, while the Cooper brothers, Joe and Lew, sang a number of excellent songs written by themselves. Bowers, Walters and Crooker, "those three Rubes," present their always amusing sketch, "On the Village Green." Cameron and O'Connor were pleasing in "Hiram and Fred," Nick's roller skating girls presented a "skatorial" ballet, while Frawley and Hunt were good in a comedy acrobatic sketch.

Next week Miss Olga Nethersole will head the bill.

CASTLE SQUARE—"Over Night," farce in three acts, by Philip Bartholomae.

Richard Kettle	Donald Meek
Georgina Kettle	Mabel Colcord
Percy Darling	William P. Carleton
Elsie Darling	Doris Olsson
Caroline Patschen	Florence Shirley
"Al" Rivers	Carney Christie
Mrs. S. Rutherford Cleveland	Anne Faystone
Professor Diggs	Frederick Ormonde
Hotel Clerk	Al. Roberts
Purser	J. Morrill Morrison
Steward	Robert Capron
Porter	Alfred Lunt

Oct 22 1913

MME. MAY KEON

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. May Keon, soprano, assisted by Mr. de Segurola, bass, of the Metropolitan Opera House; George Harris, Jr., tenor; Mr. Capelloni, baritone, and Mr. Vallini, acompanist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall, which was filled by a very friendly audience. The program as announced was as follows:

Massenet, aria from "Herodiade" (Mr. Capelloni); Massenet, aria from "Werther," Act III (Mr. Harris); Mozart, Leporello's opening song; Grieg, "Le Jeune Princesse" (Mr. de Segurola); Puccini, "Vissi d'Arte" (Mme. Keon); Bizet, Micaela's aria (Mme. Keon); Tosti, "Donna vorrei morire," Fontenailles, "Sais Tu," Valverde, Clavelitos (Mr. de Segurola); Grieg, An einem Bache, Wolf, Fussreise, Palmer, Song of the Nile, Moir, "When Celia Sings" (Mr. Harris); Verdi, "Ah, fors e lui" (Mme. Keon); Bizet, Toreador's Song (Mr. Capelloni); Gounod, Trio from "Faust" (Mme. Keon, Messrs. Harris and da Segurola).

Mme. Keon had many friends in the audience and she evidently gave pleasure to them. She undoubtedly has laudable vocal ambitions, but she is not yet ripe for singing in public. She should diligently study under a rigorous and competent teacher the elements of tonal production and then master the art of interpretation. At present her ambition and her "temperament" outstrip her technical ability. She was warmly applauded.

Mr. de Segurola is well known here as an opera singer. Last night he showed that in concert he could please without the aid of costume, dramatic situation and action. His expression was varied and there was true appreciation of the various sentiments of poet and composer. Mr. Harris is also known here as a singer of taste and sentiment. In fact, his taste is so pure that his choice of the songs by Palmer and Moir was [illegible] Mr. Capelloni has a firm, manly voice, and he sang honestly. Mr Vallini played musical accompaniments. The assisting singers were warmly received and were obliged to respond to the applause with additional songs.

... I see the mixt... ...half a dozen ... to those who ... call ... ere." And, long before that, Alexander Severus forbade "...alnea mixta" in Rome. In the 15th century the freedom at towns in the Netherlands amazed travellers from ...in and Bohemia.

Reckless Parents.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of what you recently said about giving to children as forenames the names of places, it may be remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland gave one of their daughters the forename of Marion from the name of the town (Marion, Mass.), where she was born. According to the dictionaries, the forename Marion is a female forename, being adopted from the French, but it is sometimes applied to children of the male sex. Please explain that apparent inconsistency. Did that use ... Marion as a male forename originate ... the naming of male children for the ...volutionary general, Francis Marion?

NOMEN.

Oct 23 1913

...ick has been always a vagrant, ...ring up and down after sordid hire.

Asleep In Boston.

...e. Carmen Melis was reported a ... days ago as saying that we are all ... in Boston. She suffered here. O ... she suffered! "It was a great sac... to stay there. All the time I was ...sed." These remarks, with others of a similar nature, made in San Francisco, were published in the journals of ...ty. As yet there has been no indignation meeting in Faneuil Hall, and ... Fitzgerald and the Watch and Ward Society have been reprehensibly ...tive in the matter. Nor has there been any perturbation of nature.

...e truth is that Boston is a dull town to sojourners of the Latin race. Sunday ... the only drab, disheartening day ... m. The Opera House, even on a "... night," has not the lively, joyous ... of a continental theatre. Singers ...ing from Naples, Milan, Buenos ...es are especially depressed. Was it ... Mr. Arthur Whiting that gave the ... "The First Unitarian Opera House ... Boston" to the temple of the muse in ...ntington avenue? And so one might ... of the family pews in Symphony ... during a symphonic service.

Degenerate Descendants.

...me. Carmen Melis should not blame ... because we are shame-faced and sad ... r aesthetic enjoyment. We do our ... t to be gay, but we need more re...als. Night schools should be established in various parts of the city—at ... half a dozen in the Back Bay—... classes in facial exhibitions of ...e, in the art of applause, etc. ... managing director and the ushers ... the opera house do their best to cheer ... people on the stage and quicken ... appreciation of the audience, but ...gh education is needed, and the ...tion should begin in the nursery. ...rs should come down from the ...ly trees and learn to lose self-consciousness and forget their ancestral ...rve.

... 1847, when Fortunata Tedesco sang ... Howard Athenaeum, a Boston gen... n of the highest respectability was ... overcome by her beauty and her ... that he impetuously cast his hat ... at her feet. Has he no worthy ...nt?"

"I Love America."

Of course, Mme. Melis "loves" San Francisco, although she has been there ... short time. If she were to so... in Duluth, Kansas City, Atlanta, ... would publicly express her rapture ...

... the time came for her departure ... United States is Tom Tiddler's ... for singers, fiddlers, pianists, ...s, and when they have picked ... gold and silver of a season they ... r the first steamer homeward. ... Some of them—very few—real... ke the United States. There is ... Schumann-Heink, for instance ... concert season has at times brought ... $100,000. She mentioned this fact ... ically patriotic burst, to which ... should have set music with the ... force of the orchestra, including ...euth tubas and a bass-clarinet. ... of the visitors are outwardly ... and pat us on the head as long ... pockets are at their disposal. ...s behave as though they were in ... and loudly proclaim their delight ... urning to France, Germany, Italy, ... the contract expires.

Mme. Melis.

...e. Melis is a handsome woman, ...ple in her manners, good-natured, ... say, amiable toward her colleagues. ... was a gorgeous looking Thaïs, and ... acted the part of Maliella in "The ...s of the Madonna" with southern ...ity and fire, with a force and truth... s that threw the nervously wrig... Mme. Edvina with the one, in... le gesture, far into the shade. In ... operas the mannerisms of Mme. ... became tiresome to those who de... naturalness, spontaneity. She was ...-engaged by Mr. Russell for this ... She had been a member of the ... n for three years. Perhaps Mr. Russell ... that she had suffered in tensel..., and, therefore, had pity on her. Her suffering is now over.

Mr. Johnson's Temptation.

Yet Mme. Melis will be remembered kindly even by those who seldom liked her singing, and no one is seriously disturbed by her petulant words. She has said what many singers, fiddlers et al. think, but do not say, while they are here. There are Bostonians of New England ancestry who think as they do. But if we all went about as though this city were a huge Gilbertian Palace of Truth what one of us would escape? Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, once informed us that he was often sorely tempted of a morning to gird a crash towel about his loins and run up and down Commonwealth avenue, with excursions into Beacon street, slashing with a razor smug citizens who are surprised that many personally unknown to them thrive here in business, are admitted into really desirable clubs and maintain a cheerful attitude toward life.

Oct 24 1913

Only the best people are punctual. Only the best know that even the most highly purified earthly existence is subject to conditions that cannot be carried on without the greatest regularity in the ordering of the commonest things around us, and that only by this can time be economized, which we can never seize or recall. Only the best people submit themselves to these conditions.

Sargent's Panel.

"G. P. W." writes to The Herald apropos of the Rev. Dr. Barton's objection to Mr. Sargent's panel in the Boston Public Library: "The whole effect of Sargent's wonderful panel on me is as though I had been shown a vision of past history faded and blurred by time, but made strong by the faith of millions. They hold their places beside the great law-giver whose health rules are today beyond any of those of modern boards of health, and whose sex hygiene has not been equalled by that of the Watch and Ward Society."

"They" at the beginning of the last sentence probably refers to the Hebrew prophets who are, according to the Rev. Dr. Barton, portrayed as anaemic by Mr. Sargent.—Ed.

"I Want to Know."

The number of Notes and Queries received this week from London contains entertaining matter. Some one wishes to know whether the stature of the Frenchman before the Napoleonic wars was greater than it is today. "Did Napoleon fix any minimum standard of height for his troops?" Another correspondent inquires after the source of this quotation: "The morals of today are the immorals of yesterday and the creed of tomorrow." Here is a bit of folk-lore:

"The sailor, arriving from the North sea at nightfall, may go to his home, where his wife is sitting alone, thinking or not of him; just opening the door wide enough, he pitches his sou'wester into the room. The true good wife will run to the door at once, not minding the sou'wester." Then the writer, having quoted this "little superstition," adds: "A hat thrown down is a challenge to fight between man and man. But what are the significance and the origin of a husband throwing his hat into the room where his wife is?"

There is a homely old saw, inquiring brother. "Home is where the hat is."

"A hat thrown down is a challenge to fight." The classic phrase is: "He shied his castor into the ring."

Bar Sinister Again.

As the World Wags:

Heraldry, like genealogy, suffers yet from the doings of the Tudor heralds; in one case they forged pedigrees (and "ancient documents" in support), in the other they mystified heraldry, which had been kept understandable because so much was necessarily in the memory of every one of gentle blood who, unless in holy orders, needed to read no other "book," and they made changes peculiar to England in what had been practically uniform throughout western Christendom.

One of the uniform usages was in regard to "bar"; a few minutes' examination of Du Cange's Glossary of Low Latin, of Godefroi's Dictionary of Ancient French and of the present French dictionaries of the Academy and of Littre, will show a constant use of "bar" as opposed to "bend" and as signifying illegitimacy; one of the present dictionaries says: "Barre, en terme de Blason, designe une des pieces de l'ecu laquelle va du haute de la partie gauche au bas de la partie droite"; the other quotes from St. Simon (who certainly knew): "Ces batards de Bourbon ou changes leur barre de batards en band comme les princes de cette maison."

When heraldry was in its prime, say about the reign of Edward III, who is said to have spoken French only, "the ruling and fighting classes in England spoke French . . . because it was the natural home-tongue of their class, and when not that, at least the cosmopolitan tongue of all western chivalry." Then the English possessed so large a share of France, and then the chivalric intercourse between men ... the nations was so constant that different usages as to heraldic terms was impossible. But the end of the hundred years' war and the accession of the Tudors caused a rapid decline in heraldry (which became merely a fad, and as such it has been worked from Upton to Fox-Davies). "Bar," however, continued in its old signification on the continent and (even into Henry VIII.'s time) in Scotland, as shown by a grant under the Great Seal by James V., Jan. 8, 1540 (Reg. Mag. Sig. Scot. 463).

Notwithstanding the new-fangled heraldry of the Tudor heralds, the people at large remembered and used "bar" in its old meaning and to distinguish it from the innovation doubtless added "sinister." "Sinister bar," like "oil on the waters," survived in popular parlance when those who should have known maintained, strongly but erroneously, that these were but empty phrases.

The subject would make an interesting additional chapter to Walter Johnson's fascinating "Folk-Memory or the Continuity of British Archaeology" which gives many instances of how facts have been handed down, in the back of the popular mind, when scouted by the learned.

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Oct 25 1913

NEW SYMPHONY BY SIBELIUS

By PHILIP HALE.

The third Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4 .... Sibelius
Concerto for string and two wind choirs ... Handel
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne ... Gluck-Gevaert
Symphony in D major, No. ...... Haydn

The symphony of Sibelius was performed here for the first time. The excellent Mrs. Newmarch, who hovers over the Finn composer with a protective wing, has uttered cries of admiration over this strange work, believing that "there are moments when we feel ourselves alone with Nature's breathing things." It may not be irreverent to remark that the wind instruments in this symphony do indeed have much to do.

The first performance was probably at Helsingfors in 1911. A little over a year ago the symphony was performed in England at the Birmingham Festival, and critics and general public did not know what to make of it. When the symphony was performed last March in New York, Mr. Damrosch, who in the opinion of some is a more fluent talker than a skilled conductor, made prefatory remarks of an apologetic nature, and begged the audience to know that he did not necessarily like this music because he put it on the program. Mr. Henderson found much that was original and impressive in the symphony. Mr Krehbiel spoke of cubists in music, and the Evening Post was reminded of a drunkard's ravings. In art it is not a good thing for brethren to dwell together in unity.

A work like this symphony, music that is unconventional and indisputably original, is performed once and then put away for a season or two. This is not fair to the composer or the audience. Nor would a diligent study of the score before the concert assist materially the hearer of one performance; for the music is interesting by reason of its unexpected effect on the ears. Passages that would apparently be cacophonous occasionally turn out to be impressive—although there are many passages of ineffective ugliness—and passages that lead the hearer to expect rejoicing euphony pass for nothing when they are heard.

Of course, we shall be told by the disciples of Henry Thomas Buckle that Sibelius is under the control of Finnish scenery, climate and diet. Yet we are informed by travellers returning from Finland that the scenery is charming; that the weather of last summer was favorable; that there is an uncommonly good hotel at Helsingfors, although the waiters speak no other language than the native. There are Finns on Cape Cod, industrious, cheery souls, not at all forbidding or sinister, and when they sing, their scale is normal enough and their folk songs no more melancholy than any old folk song. If Finland were as hopelessly dreary as Sibelius paints it in music there would not be many left to rage against Russian oppression and to chant the glory of Kalevala, the land of heroes.

If a composer works continually under his village belfry and strives to be national at any cost, his music in the course of time will have chiefly an ethnological interest. Beethoven's music is in the catalogue, German-Austrian; but no one thinks first of his nationality or dwelling place, and this may be said of the old Italian church writers, Gluck, Handel, Mozart, Couperin, the Bach of the Prelude and Fugues. No one stops to argue whether Cesar Franck was Flemish or a Walloon. The cynically indifferent Auber never went to Italy, but the glow and vivacity of Naples is in his "Muette de Portici."

The question is whether Sibelius will ever leave Finland. Ferdinand David was reproached for not dismounting from his camel, and his music, when it is played today, is praised only for a certain exotic charm. Charpentier is still on Montmartre and his "Julien," from all accounts, is not equal to the preceding "Louise" with its wholesome flavor of onion soup.

It would be foolish to speak as Sir Oracle about this symphony after so short an acquaintance. To me it was a disappointment. When an English audience at a music festival cannot understand a work there should be at once a burning desire to hear it. The symphony suffers first of all from a monotony in mood. The melodic line drawn at length or only suggested is too often without strength or beauty. In music where a monotony of expression reigns any unexpected passage, as a few measures for lightly tripping flutes or for complaining oboes or defiant brass, may seem for the moment a stroke of genius. In the third movement the hero of Wagner's Parsifal was detected as a Finnish legend.

The audience gave the Symphony an attentive and favorable hearing. The performance merited the applause. The other pieces on the program were greatly enjoyed, especially Gluck's dance tunes and the movement of Handel's concerto in which the solo oboes, admirably played by Messrs. Longy and Mueller, have an important part. The performance of the orchestra throughout the concert was fully up to the high standard that has made this body famous.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Mozart, "Come Scoglio" from "Cosi fan tutte" (Miss Geraldine Farrar); Schillings, Two orchestra fantasies, "Meergruss" and "Seemorgen" (first time here); Wagner, "Im Treibhaus, Traeume, Schmerzen (Miss Farrar); Weber, "Jubel" overture.

BLANCHART AND HIS PUPILS GIVE A CONCERT

Benefit of Opera Baritone's Talent and Experience Shown.

Ramon Blanchart, baritone of the Boston Opera House and a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, gave a concert, assisted by his pupils, Mrs. Ethel F. Brigham, Mrs. Bertha F. Manley, Miss Rosa V. Sharfsin and Miss Erminda Blanchart, last evening in Jordan Hall. It was the second "Faculty Concert."

Mr. Blanchart sang the prologue to "Pagliacci," Ossian's song (transposed) from "Werther," aira from "Le Roi de Lahore," "Ballo in Maschera," and songs by Chadwick and Tosti. The rest of the program was made up of selections from operas by Donizetti, Thomas, Wagner, Delibes, Verdi and Bizet. There was a large and appreciative audience.

The artistic talent of Mr. Blanchart, the many excellent qualities of the singer, and the dramatic skill and experience of the actor, have long been recognized in Boston. His experience and his intimate knowledge of routine saved performances at the Boston Opera House toward the end of the ... night his pupils showed the benefit of his instruction in operatic interpretation, in clear enunciation, intelligent phrasing, etc. His own singing was thoroughly enjoyed. One of the pleasant features of the concert was the appearance of one of his daughters.

Mr. Filson Young, commenting on the fuss about Miss Marie Lloyd and the vigilance exercised on American piers by a maternal government, thinks that Englishmen also can make themselves ridiculous, and he cites the case of Mr. Harry Kemp, "a type of the tramp-poet, a very interesting species which America produces." It may be remembered, for a week in this whizzing world of 1913 is longer than a cycle in old Cathay, that Mr. Kemp was imprisoned as a stowaway by surly Englishmen and "recommended for deportation." Mr. Young admires Mr. Kemp and insists that England needs such men. "He chooses to travel free on the roofs and platforms of freight cars rather than pay his fare, and consequently he enjoys a life full of adventures and risks." In England there are plenty of "capitalists, labor agitators, politicians, financial adventurers who dine at the Savoy, sham literary men, free-fooders of all sorts"; but there is a dearth of poets, in spite of Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has been so liberally advertised in the United States as a "boss poit," as the greatest living, or was it the greatest ever? And here is Mr. Filson Young's sensible conclusion: "It really seems as foolish for us in England to send away a poet as it does for the Americans to try to get rid of a woman with a sense of humor. There is obviously need of both."

Raw, Sir.

We said something a few days ago about a reputable club in London where

raw chops were served at the desire of intrepid members. "Don't miss the feeding of the carnivora." We believe that in Italian cities raw meat is served in restaurants to any one asking for it. There are Germans who are passionately fond of uncooked ham. Last night we were looking over the Diary of Mr. Pepys. On Oct. 17, 1667, Mr. John Andrews and his wife dined with Pepys at noon and they were all pretty merry. "It was an old, strange thing to observe of Mr. Andrews what a fancy he hath to raw meat, that he eats it with no pleasure unless the blood run about his chops, which it did now by a leg of mutton that was not above half-boiled; but, it seems, at home all his meat is dressed so, and beef and all, and he eats it so at nights also." After all, there has been nobody just like Mr. Pepys, and wearisome diarists affecting his manner do not lessen our admiration. But the Diary must be read in Wheatley's edition, not in the condensed and expurgated editions that preceded. It is to be regretted that Wheatley made omissions here and there, vaguely saying that translation of the cipher would be impossible. His course only excites prurient curiosity.

Alluring Titles.

The Daily Chronicle, talking about good titles for novels, commends simplicity, as "My Novel" of Bulwer Lytton, or the eponymous title favored by Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, and, it might have added, Lever. Stevenson wrote in his letters the titles of imaginary books, as "The Life and Adventures of Col. Bludyer Fortescue," "Happy Homes and Hairy Faces." Some years ago Mr. Frank E. Chase of this city invented some singularly happy titles after the manner of English "lady novelists," especially Jane Austen. Two of these titles were as follows: "Colic and Bucolic a Summer Idyl"; "Seen and Obscene."

Freaks of Memory.

As the World Wags:

The definitions given in today's Herald of the word "crackpot" bring to my recollection an eccentric comedian (eccentric emphasized, comedian minimized) named F. W. Barrett, who sang a song years ago in the London music halls, the chorus of which ran thus:

I'm a crackpot in the city,
The way I live is tricky,
My ma allows me sixpence and a slice of bread and ham;
All the barmaids at me titter,
When I call for mild and bitter,
They say I am their little piece of crackpot jam.

Can you or any of your learned correspondents explain why it is that the average man can retain in his memory inane verses such as the above, which he has perhaps heard only once, and yet inspiring and uplifting lines that he makes an effort to memorize cannot be brought to recollection when occasions arise in which to quote them?

Boston, Oct. 22. R. E. M.

We doubt if there is any reasonable explanation. Many of us can recite foolish limericks for 15 minutes at a time, limericks heard 30 or 40 years ago, limericks treating of geography, history, biography and anthropology, relating surprising facts about men and women from Alaska to Belgravia, from Gloucester to Siam. And yet they cannot for the life of them recite five lines correctly from "Lycidas" or the "Ode to Immortality." They can narrate with marvellous accuracy the memorable conversation between the great King Darius and the Prophet Daniel; and though they read Pater's description of the Monna Lisa a hundred times, they cannot memorize it.—Ed.

A Day with Mrs. Pankhurst.

Mrs. Pankhurst ate this luncheon at Mrs. Belmont's restaurant in New York, where every woman serves herself, and an "elaborate course" dinner may be had for a quarter: Vegetable soup, gingerbread, charlotte russe, raspberry preserve, cocoa. Strong meat for voters! But stay; we have seen black-bearded men eating for lucheon chocolate eclairs and slabs of pie with a mug or two of beer. Mrs. Pankhurst was not vegetarian in her choice of a play that memorable day; she saw "The Lure."

"For Men Must Work."

A lumberman was recently scalded by the blowing out of the crown sheet of the boiler in his mill. The reporter ended his story: "Physicians give no hope of recovery. A new boiler has been ordered to replace the old one." "J. C. B." sends us the clipping and adds: "Such industry and optimism in the shadow of the tomb!"

Oct 26 1913

"My Wanderings," or "Reminiscences of Henry Clay Barnabee: Being an Attempt to Account for His Life, with Some Excuses for His Professional Career," edited by George Leon Varney, is published by Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., of Boston.

The title page bears this motto, a quotation from Mr. Barnabee himself: "What's in a name? For the very large majority, nothing whatsoever. As for the few immortal ones, they were not born to die, because their holders came upon earth to do that which placed them as suns in the firmament of great deeds."

This reminds us that some enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Barnabee once described him as "the Coquelin of New England."

There are a great many portraits of Mr. Barnabee in this volume of 461 pages. There is naturally a portrait of him "hale, hearty and nearly eighty," as a frontispiece. Facing page 7 there are nine portraits of him "off the stage at different periods of his career," hatless, with a derby, with a slouch hat, with a cap, but without a silker. Facing page 278 there are nine portraits of him in character. Facing page 374 there are nine "'moving pictures' of Barnabee that run the gamut of human moods from sad to gay, impersonating individual characters." Facing page 406 there are again nine pictures of Mr. Barnabee in costume. Facing page 422 there is a page portrait of Mr. Barnabee, again in costume. On the cover he is represented as the sheriff in "Robin Hood." There are many other portraits; portraits of members of the Boston Ideals and Bostonians, of concert companies with which Mr. Barnabee was associated, and facing page 183 there is a portrait of "James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight, a dear friend and admirer of Barnabee."

It is natural that the many friends of Mr. Barnabee throughout the land should thus wish to see him again in parts that, played by him, amused them. The "Iconography of H. C. Barnabee" is modest in comparison with that of Victor Hugo by M. Aglaus Bouvenne, a work which professes to give a detailed account of all the portraits and caricatures of Hugo published prior to 1889. Mr. Bouvenne shows that Hugo was depicted "from all points of view and in countless situations—in a salon and on a bench, in a box at the theatre and in his Academy armchair, in the Senate and in a cemetery, riding in an omnibus and seated at table; he is even shown crossing a boulevard in a heavy shower, with his umbrella open."

Amiable Gossip

Mr. Barnabee's memoirs are amusing in many ways. It has been said that no public man should write his reminiscences until he has lost his memory. The cynicism may be applied to certain volumes of souvenirs, delightful reading by reason of inaccuracy in statement and imaginary conversation. Mr. Barnabee's mind is active, his memory fresh, but his book is not for these reasons dull. He naturally has a great deal to say about himself, and the faithful followers of the Ideals and the Bostonians wish to hear him talk about himself. If he had been discreet and formal, reticent about his achievements, disinclined to publish tributes to his impersonations and general character, these sworn friends and admirers would have been bitterly disappointed.

It is a rambling, discursive book, full of anecdote and jest. Some of the jokes are old, but many of us are just beginning to appreciate the cracks and wheezes that moved our grandsires to mirth and their grandparents before them. The story about Daniel Webster offering to pay the National Debt (p. 34) is always good and should be repeated at least once a year to bright eyed boys that they may grow up in patriotic reverence and pride.

It is a cheery good-natured book. It is written as though Mr. Barnabee were sitting before the fire and talking with old cronies. The reader that does not remember him as the Pasha in "Fatinitza" or the Sheriff in "Robin Hood" may accuse him of being garrulous, but many will wish the book were longer. They will also wish that it were provided with an index.

Of a Personal Nature

Mr. Cleofante Campanini, returning to America, stated in New York that he had acquired the "sole American rights of 'Monna Vanna'." Is it, then, with his gracious permission that the work will be performed at the Boston Opera House this season? He is reported as saying that Miss Mary Garden created the part of the heroine. The woman that first took the part of Monna Vanna was Miss Lucienne Breval.

Mr. Filson Young asks: "Why will no music hall manager try a turn consisting of old English songs with choruses in which the audience is asked to join? Its popularity would be certain. If it is merely the sham conservatism of the theatre which prevents it, one might remind them that such sing-songs were the foundation and origin of music halls."

George Edwardes is superstitiously in favor of Saturday night for the production of a new musical comedy. His most successful pieces have been produced on that night.

Again we hear about Raymond Roze's opera, "Joan of Arc," to be produced on Nov. 1 at Covent Garden. G. Ambrose Lee, York Herald of Arms, is looking after the heraldic details and ceremonial. "No trumpet will blow a trumpet," says Mr. Lee. "It is the commonest stage blunder that occurs. No herald in all history has ever blown a trumpet. A trumpeter is a member of the band. A herald is an official of position attached to the court and employed as an ambassador or messenger. A herald takes a trumpeter with him to attract attention." Mr. Lee seems to have been at least on speaking terms with Joan. "She was dark, and one of the charges against her was that of cutting her hair close like a man. That disposes of the possibility of her wearing her hair long." There will be no attempt at any "pretty-pretty" with regard to her execution. Joan was "not dressed for execution for the purpose of stage effect, and she will be represented as she actually was." Mr. Lee has been looking over "colored and printed books," showing what executions by fire were like. These books are dated within 100 years of her death. "By taking our ideas from this information, and not with the view of making merely a pretty picture, we hope that we may obtain some approximation to historical accuracy."

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Harold Bauer's recital in London, Oct. 6, that while his playing was "neat and accurate," the result was "more skilful than interesting, more technically satisfactory than emotionally stimulating." The Times and Telegraph were more appreciative.

The London Times (Oct. 6) said of Mr. Kreisler: "It is a pity that Herr Kreisler, with all his gifts for interpreting the fine things that have been written for the violin, should put into his program two groups of the tiny scraps that he has helped to make so popular. * * * These pieces are now becoming so hackneyed that one would willingly exchange a handful of them for something more continuous and less within reach of the drawing-room violinist, for whom, no doubt, they were primarily designed." But were there many "drawing-room violinists" for whom Leclaire and Porpora wrote?

There was once an infant prodigy named Florizel, and he played here in Boston. He is now Florizel von Reuter. In London, Oct. 9, one of the critics thought his performance was marred "by a spirit of virtuosity." "One felt an endeavor to make an effect rather than give a series of interpretations." There was considerable technic, but the finer qualities were lacking. The Daily Telegraph said he had gained in breadth and power, but his tone, formerly sweet and pure, is now hard and at times shrill.

It is said that if the libretto of "The Bizarre Princess" by Mme. Toselli, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, contains attacks on members of the Saxon royal house, her allowance from Saxony, which has already been reduced from $10,000 to $5000, will be further curtailed.

Jules Claretie, who has resigned after 28 years as administrator of the Comedie Francaise, was a virtuoso in "the art of not doing anything in a dangerous crisis." The actors and actresses of this company are famous for their periodic feeling that they are ill-used. During an attack of this kind, Claretie would sit still and smile. "He has been called 'a lath painted to look like iron,' and a few other uncomplimentary things, but, in reality, he is a willow-staff concealing a rod of steel."

Mr. Charles Dawbarn gives pen sketches of Claretie's predecessors:

"Perrin preceded Claretie in the rule of the 'Comedie.' He was the exact opposite of the present director. So far from being mild and gentle, he was extremely authoritative, fiercely artistic, and jealous for his theatre. He did not allow his actors to run over the provinces and to play in Paris when they could get no engagement elsewhere. He objected, also to the elderly artist assuming juvenile roles, and had battles with some of the old favorites who did not realize the flight of time. He was quite capable of saying to a star whose lustre had been dimmed by Anno Domini: 'I see you growing old before me.' Thierry, who preceded Perrin, and was the last administrator under Napoleon III., was of the Claretie type: studious, courteous, and retiring, a journalist and a critic by profession, who knew his classics. Today the man of letters should be replaced by the man of the metier with a gift of management."

Adolph Brisson, dramatic critic of the Temps, was talked of as dramatic successor. Mr. Dawbarn said of him: "His criticism is always respectable; he he is the pattern of respectability. He has a Jove-like head which would go well with the new position."

Louise Heritte-Viardot, a daughter of Pauline Viardot, in turn a daughter of the great Garcia, dictated her memoirs in German, and the book translated into English has been published by Mills & Boon, London, with the title, "Memories and Adventures." Mme. Heritte-Viardot had a voice. She sang at the St. Petersburg opera, but poor health compelled her to withdraw from the stage, and she then taught and composed. She heard Chopin play, and she says: "In later days I heard many stories of his capricious, morbid character, which made it so difficult to get on with him, and I could understand that Mme. George Sand could not stand the worry any longer." She also knew both Rubinsteins—Nicholas, who was given to drink and died of delirium tremens, and Anton, the latter spoiled very few women, but of these I had the honor to be one; in excuse I must add that he, like Liszt, had been admired, spoilt and pursued by women from his youth up." Her uncle Manuel taught Jenny Lind, but his niece thought her singing extremely cold. Mme. Heritte-Viardot sent in a cantata for the Grand Prix de Paris. This work and Godard's 'Tasso' were chosen for final judgment. The jury could not make up its mind until some one exclaimed, 'We can't possibly give the prize to this work. I know the writing. It's by a woman, and it would be a disgrace to us if we awarded the prize to a woman.' So Godard obtained the prize, which made him known."

Miss Lewis, Dramatist

We are informed that Miss Florence J. Lewis, author of "Let's Go A-Gardening," which will be produced for the first time on any stage tomorrow at the Plymouth Theatre, began playwriting while she was a student at the Brookline high school in 1901. Her first play, "The Adventures of Catherine Bradazon," was produced almost immediately. Miss Lewis has written five other plays, "The Burglar and the Lady," "The Case of the Jones's," "The Bloom of Youth," "Mermadia," and "Let's Go A-Gardening." Of this number only one, "The Case of the Jones's," was produced in this city, at B. F. Keith's Theatre, early in the spring of last year. The piece was favorably received.

Miss Lewis was born in the South, but she has lived in Boston much of the time. She attended Radcliffe College, where she followed Prof. Baker's course, and participated in Harvard dramatics. She is one of the 47 that founded the "Workshop Theatre" at Harvard.

Miss Lewis began on her present play nearly a year ago, although she had lived a long time with the idea. She was moved to unite the play by a line in one of Keat's poems: "Where soil is men grow whether to weeds or flowers." The play is woven around the "Forward to the Land" movement, although the author had the idea long before the present movement was started. Miss Lewis has had newspaper experience and has written for magazines.

Mr. Jewett's Theatre

Mr. Henry Jewett has this to say about the aims and purposes of his repertory theatre:

"The repertory theatre as a civic institution has been talked from the platform of nearly every city in the country during the past few years. The idea of the European repertory theatre, with its consequent elevation of art and artists, has fixed itself deeply in the minds of thinking people. The theatre is a national institution, an educational institution, but as yet we have taken no national interest in it—except to agitate. Someone has said that no nation can be educated above its amusements.

"Since the repertory theatre is so soon to be given trial in this city by the Henry Jewett Players, it is an auspicious moment to consider what such an institution means.

"Plays cannot be enjoyed or studied except in action on some stage—for drama that is drama is written for this distinct purpose and everything is sacrificed to this purpose. Where in this country can we turn for a permanent home of drama? Nowhere, till we establish the repertory theatre. And we cannot have American drama till we have a place to develop it. We cannot have actors and actresses of the highest excellence till we have a permanent school in which they can study; for an actor can be trained only by working with the most competent of his profession in the creating of new parts—not a new one every week as the popular stock requires, however, as such work is too hurried to be finished in detail. We compel our actors to live a strolling life and demand that they create living, breathing human characters to amuse and thrill us.

"The repertory theatre will preserve the great works of dramatic literature by giving them a chance to be performed from time to time. It will stimulate creative dramatic work by giving it a forum in which to be heard. Miss Horniman gave Bernard Shaw his first opportunity to be heard with her Manchester Players—he wasn't considered safe or a good managerial venture by other producers. There was probably never a nation on the face of the globe that had as much poetry and drama in its history as ours and so little of it written. The repertory theatre is a move to develop the one talent of our dramatic art and make it ten.

"A repertory theatre is not a popular stock company in any sense of the word. It is a body of well-trained actors, whose ability and versatility enable them to play all kinds of parts in all kinds of plays—the princess or the chairwoman, the duke or the "drail man." Unlike the popular stock, the bill is not changed every week, and it does not give two performances a day except on certain matinee days. The bill of the repertory theatre, once it has become established, changes with sufficient frequency to afford variety for the public, but not with such frequency that the players are kept constantly in rehearsal or acting, and con

...y unable ... repertory theatre pre... the best ... the old and encourages the best of ... new.

"The result of the repertory system as a means of producing great acting in a great play was seen in the Horniman Players—the Manchester Players' performance of Masefield's 'Nan.' This production was assembled with the perfection of a masterpiece, in art. All the colors and shadows of Nature played across this tragedy, revealing each character great or small according as he played his part in the greatest of all dramas—'Life.' Such realism and such beauty come only as a result of deep thinking and hard, conscientious work, each actor working out his part to its fullest understanding and keeping in mind always its relation to the whole. No one-man or one-woman production is adequate for any play. Each must subordinate himself to the 'whole.' Then and then only shall we see the drama in its perfection."

Stage Notes Visitors to Sicily next spring will have the opportunity of witnessing performances of the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles in the Greek Amphitheatre at Syracuse. Some of the "boxes" the ancients occupied still remain. The theatre is among the largest of such structures extant, hewn in the rock and measuring 500 feet across. Forty-six of its 61 tiers of seats are still available, and with the ... accomodate about 30,000. The reproduction of the tragedies is being organized by the Marquis de Lestrade, whose family are large property owners in the vicinity. An international subscription has been opened toward defraying the expenses. French donations are headed by one from President Poincare.

Sophonisba has been the heroine of several plays. Jean de Mairet, Corneille, John Marston (published in 1606), James Thomson, whose tragedy contained the famous line, "O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!" A new "Sophonisba" has been produced at the Odeon. The author is Alfred Polzat, who founded his play on Livy. This Sophonisba takes poison after reciting a great deal of Plato. The tragedy is described as flabby and boresome. One critic called it "gelatinous."

"Le Grand Seigneur," a melodrama by ... F. Matthews and the late Edward ... is, produced by H. B. Irving, who ... the leading part (Savoy, London, Oct. 4) led the Times to say: "Why are French Revolution plays nearly always ... ? You might as well ask why their players choose so many different ways of mispronouncing 'Monsieur.'" The play is a "great clothes-changing ..., and Mr. Irving as a wicked Marquis says to one of his minions: 'We must take care of you, like you take care of my property.'"

In all the long history of the Alhambra Theatre, crowded as it is with memories of splendid spectacle, it may be doubted if anything more spectacular has been shown there than the spectacular side of the Revue presented last night. "Keep Smiling" is a marvellous blend of the old and the new. "Modernity" speaks in it in its last note while in the incidental Assyrian ballet there is a very magnificent reproduction and suggestion of the life of 4000 years ago. . . . There is also a strange touch of the fantastic—a vision from some land of dreams—in the last scene called "the Great Staircase" in which a huge flight of white steps seems to stretch from the footlights ... to infinity, and of all the pictures the playgoer brought away with him, that of Carlotta Mossetti, in orange jacket and black tights, and with an orange band of ribbon round her dark hair dancing up and down the gigantic stair was one of the strangest.—Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 7.

The title of a new farce produced at the Lustspielhaus, Berlin, is "1777:10." It is a betting winning number. Strindberg's fairy play "Schwanenweiss" has been produced for the first time in Berlin at the Royal Schauspielhaus. It is "delightfully old world and harmonious," ... blood and thunder scenes, or ... racking problems. The London correspondent (Sept. 9) evidently did not care for the Wedekind season at the German Chamber Playhouse. "Herr Frank Wedekind, acting the chief role in a series of his own plays, supported by his wife, Tilly Wedekind. The opening performance was 'Franziska,' a modern mystery in five acts,' which has been produced at Munich, Wedekind's home, but happily never yet in Berlin. The reception was cool, the only applause being tendered by a little group of misguided 'Wedekind disciples.' To describe the plot would be a thankless task. It is the story of an apparently crazy woman, who is eager to taste the pleasures and dissipations of a man, and who is aided by an equally 'dotty' adviser to pose as one for a time. It is ... in the author's well-known mystic-unhealthy style, and very tedious into the bargain."

The new choral ballet at the Empire, London (Oct. 5), is founded on "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's music.

Eden Phillpott's new play, "The Shadow," produced at the Manchester Repertory Theatre, has a murderer for a hero, a but her who knocks a miserly ... of a squire on the head. He ... the heroine, and the squire's ... goes ... Some time afterward the dreamer ... is arrested for the butcher's crime, and he commits suicide in his cell while the butcher is writing out his confession, which no one sees, for his wife insists that the lover's sacrifice is a reprieve. The butcher finally gives way, and the curtain falls on his "I be going to go on living, Hester." He is glad he did what he did. "I felt it no more than sticking an old pig. Be'ant the Bible full o' such things?" Mr. Phillpott says: "I am an artist merely; I never take sides. I have put this story on the stage as it appeared to me it would happen in life. I am not behind my butcher's bloody hands in anything more than the creative sense. I wrote a full-blooded country play for the Gaiety because I think the repertories have given us almost too much of city slums. I have tried to bring you back to country lanes—no simple folk with sentimental passions."

Opera and Concert A curious overture "Dr. Merryheart," by Havergal Brian, was produced at a Promenade concert, London, Oct. 7. The analysis stated that "Dr. Merryheart was well known as an astronomer of original views. * * * He advanced the strange theory in a happy, persuasive manner, that the sun, moon, earth and all that therein is, are part of a vast diatonic scale, having its tonic in the centre of the Milky Way. He would not admit the value of the spectroscope, and held the view that there are no chromatics." Is this a satirical protest against present chromatic tendencies, or does the cheery doctor stand for a visionary whose ideas are out of date? The Pall Mall Gazette found the work complex, not always clear, somewhat prolix, but with some interesting pages. The Times thought that Mr. Brian, like the doctor, had taken the first ideas that came into his head. "Some of them transplanted from the 'Die Meistersinger,' and had not the strength to wake up and throw them off after use. The whole thing was turgid and long-winded, and the scoring was monotonously thick and noisy."

The Denhof Opera Company, which performed "Pelleas and Melisande" and Strauss's "Rosebearer" for the first time in English, came to grief. The tour in English provinces was a financial failure from the opening three weeks before the end. The company numbered 200 and the expenses ran to at least $13,000 a week. Thomas Beecham decided to take the responsibility, and finish the tour, though he felt that he was facing a financial loss.

The Flonzaley quartet is playing Arnold Schoenberg's string quartet in one movement in German cities. The performance in Berlin was announced for last night.

Mario Caslova, a "young American violinist," who recently gave a concert in Berlin, is characterized by Mr Spanuth as one of the best of the younger violin virtuosos. He wondered at her rhythmic energy and intensity of expression.

Whitney Mockridge, a tenor, who sang here with the Handel and Haydn Society as far back as 1885, gave a song recital in Berlin a fortnight ago and was warmly praised as a poetic interpreter.

A violin concerto by J. Kryzanovski has been played for the first time by Zlato Balokovic in Berlin.

Franz Egenieff, who will soon give a recital here, has been singing a cycle "Deep Shadows," by Ernst Boehe.

Franz Schreker of Vienna was disturbed because his new orchestral piece was announced as "Introduction to a Drama," instead of "Prelude to a Drama."

Busoni has composed a cadenza for Brahms's violin concerto for his friend, Arrigo Serato. "On horror's head horrors accumulate."

Felix Draeseke left behind him a "Sinfonia Comica" which Schuch will bring out in Dresden.

Niccodemi's "Requins" The Herald has already spoken of Dario Niccodemi and his plays. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote Oct. 8 this review of "Les Requins," produced at the Gymnase.

"Les Requins" are not our sharks. The "requin" is not French slang, but M. Niccodemi's own particular figure of speech. The chief 'shark' in the play, Trasky, explains that the 'requin' in modern society is the man who wants to swallow everything he has a taste for, irrespective of other people's convenience. The misfortune is that the chief 'shark,' though played by M. Guitry in his very best restrained manner, did not strike us as particularly fierce. He has married four or five wives and had innumerable love affairs besides. He has got rid of mistresses and wives somehow, without consulting them. But he is a very good sort after all. He has pensioned off all his exwives with £800 or £1000 a year each. He has kept a very expensive household, in which his aged mother, his present wife, a neurotic cousin, and three or four of his legitimate children by various wives, all live in luxury. Not only that, but he also ... some allowances to all his ill... children, who live in various pa... world—Nancy, Stockholm, L..., etc.—and who all, curiously enough, seem to be more or less of the same age. Finally the generous 'shark' is a ruined man when the play begins.

"Now, if a ruthless company promoter on the stage is to arouse our indignation he must be enjoying his ill-gotten gains when we first see him. If he is already the prey of financial sharks, preparing to devour him as he devoured others, he becomes the sympathetic victim, and we may be told that he is only getting his desserts; but we do not listen. The ruthless Trasky, in fact, never seems to us ruthless at all, and while, like his old mother, we deplore his abundant amours, we must, like her also, keep a soft place in our heart for such a good father, the old lady informing us that she has several other sons who are much more respectable, but that this is the only one she really likes to live with.

"The 'shark' continues ruined throughout the play, and becomes still more sympathetic at the end, being shot by another 'shark,' the husband of the neurotic cousin. The second 'requin' we would hardly call a 'requin' at all. He seems to be more a mere sot, who is described to us in the earlier part of the play as given to alcohol, opium, and the company of prizefighters and drunken women. He appears unexpectedly at the end to claim the wife he has made miserable.

"The latter openly adores her cousin, who as frankly rejects her advances. The sottish husband all the same accuses her of being her cousin's mistress, and produces a love letter written by her. But we had already been told that she writes love letters nightly to Trasky only for her own satisfaction, and burns them immediately. She has evidently forgotten to burn this one. The second shark threatens. The first shark nobly defies him to shoot. But he does shoot. Trasky, hit, and knowing that he is dying, summons strength enough, first to quell the husband, secondly to console the wife, and thirdly to satisfy his own wife that he is faithful as he staggers on her arm. A telegram had just before arrived announcing that an uncle has died, leaving a fortune to the neurotic lady, and she promised Trasky that she would look after his family. We did not understand whether this would include the illegitimate sons, of whom we had seen a procession in a scene of the second act. The shark, on his wife's arm, goes out, as we gathered, to die very shortly, and thus to **end as sympathetically as he had begun.**

"By the side of M. Guitry Mme. van Doren was remarkably realistic as the neurotic lady."

MME. PAVLOWA

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Anna Pavlowa and her ballet company gave the first of four entertainments yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House—four instead of the three that have been announced. The interest in the "Oriental Fantasy" was so great yesterday that the management decided to give another afternoon performance next Wednesday. With this singularly impressive ballet, "The Preludes" with Liszt's music will be performed, and the third part of the program will include various divertissements.

The first ballet yesterday was "Une Soiree de Chopin," in which a polonaise, nocturne, two preludes, two waltzes, mazurka and a variation were danced to music by Chopin. The ballet has been arranged by Mr. Clustine of the Paris Opera. The stage setting was compared to a picture by Watteau, when these dances were performed in London. The setting yesterday reminded one of Boecklin. Dancers in sumptuous costumes walked the stately polonaise, and from then till the end there was a feeling of continuity in action, although there was no specific story. Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Novikoff made their appearance in "Nocturne" and here the suggestion of a moonlit scene was indeed beautiful. The most conspicuous of the remaining numbers were a waltz danced delightfully by Misses Plaskowiesczka and Butsova and Messrs. Berge and Kobeleff, and a second waltz, a solo for Mme. Pavlowa.

Nor will the Mazurka danced with infinite gusto by Miss Gaskewaska and her associates be soon forgotten. As an example of the modern ballet, "Une Soiree de Chopin" is inconsequential. The instrumentation of the piano pieces, the work of several musicians, is as a rule unsatisfactory, and it may here be said that the orchestra yesterday, although led by Mr. Theodore Stier, an excellent conductor, was not always equal to the allotted task.

The "Oriental Fantasy," arranged by Mr. Zajlich, and with music by Seroff, Moussorgsky and Rimski-Korsakoff, had the spirit of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," with the suggestion of voluptuousness, cruelty and "the tedium of the East." A young knight possesses a talisman that guards him from misfortune and evil. Returning from the wars he loses his way and comes to the palace of an enchantress. She works her wiles, but the talisman saves him and he leaves her to brooding and boredom.

Leon Bakst's scenery and costumes—especially the costumes—are wildly fantastical. The "properties" enhance the barbaric gorgeousness of the scene, yet there is no clutter; there is space, and the eye takes in a scene and not merely irrelevant details. Mme. Pavlowa had comparatively little dancing to do, but her pantomimic ability was revealed as never before. Her repose when, lying at full length, she found no distraction or comfort in the dancers; the expression of imperious will; the tyranny of her gestures, and then the long and sensuous scene with the knight, were all superbly Oriental and feline. Among the dancers Mr. Oukrainsky shone, not only in the toe-drill and in lithe contortions, but by his curious individuality, his facial and bodily expression of that which was sinister, creeping, evil. The music fitted the scene and the situations.

The divertissements, eight in number, included a dashing gypsy dance, a charming Pas de Frois, a singular scene, "The Bird and the Serpent," in which Mr. Oukrainsky again distinguished himself; a pretty Moment Musical, which recalled the better pupils of Isador Duncan, a Danse de Pirate, in which Mr. Novikoff showed more virility and also imagination than in former scenes; a Butterfly Dance for Mme. Pavlowa, all too short, Danse de Printemps, and for an exciting end, Rubinstein's Valse Caprice, danced by Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Novikoff.

The company is in many respects stronger than those formerly associated here with Mme. Pavlowa, with the exception of the chief male dancer. Mr. Novikoff does his best. He is strongly built, and for a large man he leaps nimbly in the air; but in gesture, in repose and in action he too often lacks grace and authority. It is said that he has shown marked improvement during the last years. He is not yet Mme. Pavlowa's co-mate in the dance.

But the supporting company as a whole is excellent and the dancing of Miss Gashewska and Miss Plaskowlescza is unusually pleasing. As for Mme. Pavlowa, she is grace and fire; she expresses all sentiments and emotions. Now intensely human, womanly in caprice and passion, she is also a creature not of the earth, something apart from this gross world. A rhapsody herself, she defies the verbal rhapsodist.

Last night the program included "The Magic Flute" with music by Drigo, an old-fashioned ballet with the daughter of a farmer courted by Luc and a gouty marquis. Oberon disguised as a hermit, leaves a flute, which, played upon, forces all to dance against their will and brings good luck to the player. There was also the graceful "Invitation to the Dance" with Weber's music, and a group of divertissements.

There were large and enthusiastic audiences.

Oct 27 19..

But the chief object of his ambition, the end and aim of his researches, was to discover a triton and a mermaid, the existence of which he most potently and implicitly believed, and was prepared to demonstrate, a priori, a posteriori, a fortiori, synthetically and analytically, syllogistically and inductively, by arguments deduced both from acknowledged facts and plausible hypotheses.

Concerning Pipers.

Some one advertises for a "first-class piper." "Must be over 25 years of age, a hustler and must furnish first-class references as to ability and habits."

What sort of a piper is this one loudly called for? We naturally think at once of a strolling musician, as the pied piper, Hunold Singut, who charmed rats, women and children, or an enthusiastic Scot with a bagpipe. We dismiss this piper from consideration, for although a country gentleman might set up a hermit in a real cave for the amusement of guests, the bagpipes are not for family use in Boston and its suburbs, unless a man chooses to play with his own hands and wind. And so we dismiss the tree that furnishes wood for pipes, several kinds of fish, a young pigeon, a sandpiper, beetles of the Curculionidae with long probosels, a sea urchin with club-shaped spires, a decoy dog, a fissure in the coal in a mine from which gas escapes, a kind of caddis worm. They are manifestly not wanted by the advertiser, not even the decoy dog, for "he" must be over 25 years of age.

The smoker of a pipe was once called a "piper." Witness these quotations. "He is for the most part a potter and a piper"; "The early 'piper' loses his growth, becomes hoarse, effete, lazy and stunted."

Now we come down to a piper that lays or repairs pipes; a plumber, as the English would say, but the word with this meaning is obsolete in England. We are informed that it is in frequent use in this country and is generally considered as a synonym of "steam fitter."

Or there may have been a call for someone to ornament cakes, etc., with sugar piping.

But what would the intelligent foreigner, seeing this advertisement and consulting a dictionary, make out of the word? Great and noble is the English language!

Anecdote Shops.

[illegible]s and lawyers are as a rule [illegible] company. They have been accused of talking shop, but the reproach is unjust. When musicians come to [illegible] they are disinclined to talk about [illegible] except music, their own, especially their own, whether it is published in manuscript, or merely in their [illegible] or the music of others, how bad it is. "Yes, there are some good things in the symphony, but——" We remember [illegible] many years ago hearing three or four musicians in a Worcester hotel at the time of the annual music festival discuss for at least half an hour the question: Should not the famous [illegible] in Brahms's German Requiem have been four or six measures longer? Business men, brokers, bankers, golfers, yachtsmen, automobilists—we all talk shop more or less. The main question is whether the shop is interesting.

Of course, physicians and lawyers are inclined to be anecdotical. Probably the type of doctor that was continually quoting Abernethy and Sir Benjamin Brodie is extinct except in rural districts that still know the old-fashioned family practitioner. In Boston it was natural that anecdotes of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as an instructor should pass the barrier of his pupil's teeth.

All this leads up to the introduction of two stories about Lord Eskgrove of the Scottish bench. He was condemning a tailor to death. The tailor had murdered a soldier. "Not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of life; but you did thrust, or push, or force, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through his regimental breeches, which were his majesty's." Sentencing two men for house breaking with violence, after telling how they attacked the household, Lord Eskgrove remarked: "All this you did, God preserve us, just as they were sitting down to dinner." These anecdotes should go with that of the Texan judge sentencing a Mexican murderer, as told by Mr. Frank P. Sibley.

Mustached Mars.

The French army is disturbed because soldiers and officers are expected to wear a mustache. It is said that the mustache is military. A young soldier, without one, was refused permission to spend evenings out of the barracks until he could grow at least a few sprigs. He thereupon wrote a letter to a Paris newspaper calling attention to the fact that Julius Caesar, Napoleon and Von Moltke wore no mustache; that this appendage should be left to artists, pacificists, revolutionaries and other philosophers.

It is hardly fair to cite the case of Caesar. Suetonius, through Philemon Holland, said of him: "About the trimming of his body he was over-curious; so as he would not only be notted and shaven very precisely, but also have his hairs plucked in so much as some case it in his teeth, and twitted him therewith. Moreover, finding it by experience that the deformity of his bald head was oftentimes subject to the scoffes and scornes of back-biters and slanderers, hee tooke the same exceedingly to the heart, and therefore he both had usually drawne downe his haire that grew but thin, from the crowne toward his forehead," etc.

JOSEF HOFMANN

Neither dripping skies nor storm clouds filled with threats of direst things in weather evils could keep the people from Josef Hofmann's piano recital at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, nor dampen the ardor of the great hallful of his admirers. This was his program:

Variations ..... Handel
Bagatellen, E-flat major / C major } ..... Beethoven
Sonata, op. 109
Nocturnes, op. 32, No. 1; op. 9, No. 3
Polonaise, op. 53 } Chopin
Two Waltzes, F minor and E-flat major
Sonata ..... Liszt
Prelude, A minor / D Minor } ..... Rachmaninoff
Scherzo
Barcarolle ..... Dvorsky
Poème ..... Scriabine
Etude, D-sharp minor ..... Scriabine

The audience was in complete sympathy with the artist and shared to a noticeable extent his characteristics. There were no signs abroad of hysteria, for none were expected at the piano. There was deep earnestness manifested, however, a positive intention to get all that there was in the music and a feeling that the whole that the composers offered would be given by Mr. Hofmann to his hearers.

So each number was listened to in the silence known popularly as breathless, that not a note or shading might be missed, and it was not till the last vibration of the final harmony of each number had died away that pent-up feelings burst forth in torrents of applause.

Mr. Hofmann's playing gives keenest pleasure to varied classes of hearers. Trained musicians listen and watch most closely that they may enjoy and gain benefit from his wonderful technical skill and learn something worth while from his interpretation of the score. Plain lovers of melody and harmony who refuse to be bothered by intricacies and subtleties that may appeal to the learned critics of music like him because he is the embodiment of simplicity, directness and virility. Here, they say to themselves, is indeed a man-musician.

They tell that to Hofmann each composer in each selection and in all his phrases gives a clear, definite appeal and that the artist's whole attention with all his skill is given to translating that appeal and passing it on to his hearers.

He is sensitive to all the messages of the composers, too, and therein with his ability of interpretations lies his power. The note of heroism in Beethoven's sonata was sounded as with the trumpet. The daintiness of the Bagatellen was not lost. The intense, singing sweetness, with stray dashes of evanescent piquancy, in the Chopin numbers was given with delicious delicacy and lightness of touch. The sound and fury of the Liszt sonata were threshed out with titanic force, and yet without a moment of bombast or confusion. In Scriabine's Poeme there was no shade of romance or tenderness wanting.

If there was any fault with the recital, it was that there was too much of it. Mr. Hofmann began playing promptly at 3:30 o'clock and he kept right at it, with two short intermissions and without recalls, till 6 o'clock sharp.

JEWETT FOLK AT PLYMOUTH

"Let's Go A-Gardening" Open-

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "Let's Go a-Gardening," a comedy drama in three acts, by Florence J. Lewis. First performance of the Henry Jewett Players.

Rev. Philip Wake ..... Henry Jewett
Hiram Leggett ..... John F. Webber
Mr. Jawkins ..... Arthur Hoyt
Mr. Brown ..... Harry D. Crosby
Mr. Peasley ..... William Raymond
Mr. Green ..... Robert Swasey
Reeves Dakin ..... Marie Leonhard
Mrs. Jawkins ..... Marie J. Day
Miss Pipp ..... Virginia Chauvenet
Mrs. Consuela Carrel ..... Margaret Bourne
Mrs. Hillyer Harmon ..... Carolyn Graves

There were 11 more persons on the stage besides seven remarkably noisy children and other dwellers in Cribbey Circle.

It is deeply to be regeretted that Mr. Jewett for the first production by his repertory company did not choose a play that had some dramatic interest, however slight; a play that was constructed with some show of skill. It is surprising that an actor of his marked intelligence and wide experience chose "Let's Go a-Gardening" for performance the opening night. When the success of his undertaking was assured, he might have ventured, out of the kindness of his heart, or at the request of financial supporters, to produce this comedy drama at a matinee for the pleasure of the dramatist's friends and the young ladies of Radcliffe. The program stated that the standard of the Henry Jewett Players was to be "breadth of appeal and artistic sanity, with the sole object of appealing to the best taste of the average attendant at a first-class theatre." "Let's Go a-Gardening" might have served winter night's entertainment in a village town hall. "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" in comparison is a masterpiece of construction, action and dialogue.

It may be said that there is an idea in this play. There is an idea, but it is as the one keg oyster in a church sociable stew. Miss Reeves Dakin, returning from Switzerland, dwells in Cribbey Circle. She wishes to enliven the dull place, a cinder patch, and to brighten the lives of the women and children. She therefore proposes that each dweller should have a flower garden. The Cribbeyites resent her interference. The fashionable ladies of the Boulevard laugh at her quixotic purpose. Even the clergyman, for whom she has a tender regard, attempts to dissuade her. He had tried to raise men and women above their sordid life; finding Miss Dakin bent on her task, he had failed; he leaves the town and his loved one to accept a position in some English college.

Miss Dakin finally wins over one of the Cribbeyites, and all follow except the obdurate Mrs. Jawkins. In the third act the cinder patch blossoms like the rose, there is universal joy, wives and husbands are on friendly terms, even Mrs. Jawkins relents, the old maid woos a reluctant man with doughnuts, and at last the clergyman returns to confess his cowardice and want of faith and to capture Miss Dakin.

This naive story fills three acts. The greater part of the first act is wasted in dialogue that is pointless, pedestrian, and not illustrative of character. At the end of the second act the play has moved only an inch or two. The floral transformation is worked during the wait. In the third act there is the grotesque love scene between the old maid and the man she pursues. There is also the return of the strong [illegible] Mrs. Jawkins and the weak-kneed clergyman.

It is not necessary to dwell on the manner in which this play was acted. The performance as a whole was amateurish. Mr. Jewett had an uninteresting part and he could not galvanize it into life. Miss Day was forcible as Mrs. Jawkins.

There was a very friendly audience, which brought the players several times before the curtain and insisted on a speech from Mr. Jewett.

PARK THEATRE—Miss Elsie Ferguson in "The Strange Woman," a comedy in three acts by William Hurlbut.

Kate MacMasters ..... Sarah McVicker
Mary ..... Annie Buckley
Walter Hemingway ..... Alphonz Ethier
Clara Hemingway ..... Lois Frances Clark
Cora Whitman ..... Frances Whitehouse
John Hemingway ..... Charles D. Waldron
Mrs. Hemingway ..... Sara Von Leer
Inez De Pierrefond ..... Elsie Ferguson
Cahrlie Abbe ..... Hugh Dillman
May Armstrong ..... Georgie Drew Mendum
Henry MacMasters ..... Otto F. Hoffmann
Mrs. Abbe ..... Mrs. Felix Morris

"The Strange Woman" is one of the most delightful comedies that have visited Boston in recent years. It is played by a company which combines two virtues rarely found in combination—a star of ability and charm and a supporting company in which every member is an equally capable and finished performer. The Park Theatre has been called a theatre with a clientele, but it is to be hoped that many who are not among its regular habitues will find their way there during the present engagement.

The theme of Mr. Hurlburt's play is simple, its plot is not greatly enriched by incident; its interest lies in the vivid drawing of its characters and in the aptness of its lines, rather than in complication of plot, or novelty of situation. The characters are so perfect however, in their representation of the types which abound in the small towns of the vast and self-sufficient middle west, and the lines are so pointed in their friendly satire that the interest of the audience never flags, nor does any save the hyper-critic stop to consider whether his attention is being focused on the main theme of the play, or dispersed among the many minor characterizations.

This main theme is a serious one and there are moments when the comedy becomes serious indeed, although the author frequently permits a flash of humor to temper the most sombre passage. It speaks much for the ability of both the playwright and the company that the audience last night readily followed the quick changes from satire to seriousness, responding quickly to the frequent epigrams, but marring none of the more serious scenes with the untimely giggling, so often heard in Boston theatres.

Inez de Pierrefond, a young widow, cultivated, intellectual, charming—but, alas, foreign—comes to Delphi, Iowa, to visit at the home of her fiance, who has been a successful student of architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. Inez has become convinced that the marriage vows are chains which bind a woman in a shameful bondage. She believes in a more sacred union, which shall rest not upon a spoken word or a time-worn superstition, but upon a high and pure mutual respect and affection. She purposes to contract such a union with John Hemingway, and by so doing to set an example which may help to secure the freedom of womanhood from an intolerable bondage.

But she has reckoned without John's mother. She had foreseen that her greatest difficulty would be to bring Mrs. Hemingway to her point of view, but she had not foreseen that in the end she herself would be conquered by a mother's love and brought to see that self-sacrifice becomes a women better than the championing of thousands.

Miss Ferguson is an actress of beauty and distinction and she succeeds in bringing out with remarkable clearness and precision the qualities in Inez which raise her above her provincial sisters in morals and intellect, as she more obviously is superior in physical charm. Moreover, though the character is a somewhat unsympathetic one, she holds continuously the sympathy of her audience. In accent and bearing her representation of the foreign woman of cultivation is sustained and perfect.

The other members of the company give, in almost every case, performances of truly remarkable merit.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Held by the Enemy," by William Gillette, a drama in five acts.

Col. Charles Prescott ..... William P. Carleton
Lieut. Gordon Hayne ..... John Craig
Thomas Henry Bean ..... Donald Meek
Brigade Surgeon Fielding ..... Frederic Ormonde
Gen. Stamburg ..... George Ernst
Uncle Rufus ..... Al Roberts
Assistant Surgeon Hathaway ..... Alfred Lunt
Col. McPhearson ..... Carney Christie
Lieuain Woodford ..... Albert R. Berg
Adj.-Gen. Marston ..... George Hunt
Capt. Benton ..... J. Morrill Morrison
Lieut. Massen ..... John Hiller
Corp. Springer ..... Carl Nispel
Hinton ..... Robert Capron
Rachel McCreery ..... Doris Olsson
Susan McCreery ..... Florence Shirley
Euphemia McCreery ..... Augusta Gill

COLONIAL—"The Madcap Duchess," a comic opera. Music by Victor Herbert. Book and lyrics by David Stevens and Justin McCarthy. First time in Boston.

Renaud ..... Glenn Hall
Vidame De Bethune ..... Russell Powell
De Secherat ..... Gilbert Clayton
Master Hardi ..... Harry Macdonough
Louis XV ..... Master Percy Helton
Phillip of Orleans ..... Francis K. Lieb
Watteau ..... David Andrada
Adam ..... Herbert Ayling
Stephanie ..... Josephine Whittell
Gillette ..... Peggy Wood
Seraphina ..... Ann Swinburne

One always knows when he attends a musical play to which the name of Mr. Herbert is attached that he will get his money's worth; for be the book as stupid as they make them the cast voiceless and artless, and the chorus without pulchritude, there is always certain pleasure in Mr. Herbert's music. It is ever fresh and charming and is especially so when Mr. Herbert himself conducts as he did last evening. His painstaking seriousness and yet ever happy mood seem to be infused into the members of the orchestra.

His newest work, "The Madcap Duchess," is very worth while. The book is possible, and the story—there is a story—is developed with some skill. At times it is rather tiring, but this fault will be remedied by cutting. The plot is built around Seraphina, "The Madcap Duchess," who by clever schemes and disguises saves Renaud from death in Paris, where a price is on his head, and wins his love for herself.

The music is admirable, and is written in Mr. Herbert's most ambitious comic opera mood. The ensembles are spirited and graceful, and the songs tuneful and captivating. The hunting chorus, "Babette of Beaujolais" and "Far Up the Hill" are particularly attractive. America can feel justly proud of Victor Herbert.

The production is meritorious. Ann Swinburne, who plays Seraphina, is a lovely young woman. She has an agreeable voice which she knows how to use, and her enunciation is perfect. Moreover she acts extremely well. She does not simper and coo and affect the manners of a half-baked Puritan, as most of the leading ladies of our light opera do, but really gets into her part and creates something which is pretty near a real character. Glenn Hall, who plays Renaud, has a good, if not always pleasing, voice. He will be more attractive as a light opera singer when he gets over his grand opera manners and methods. The rest of the cast is satisfactory and the chorus sings well. Peggy Wood, in a tiny role, was very charming, very pretty. Much may be expected of her.

There is not a low comedian, a fat woman, a "tango" or a malodorous line in the show. "The Madcap Duchess" is certainly a step in the right direction, and the music and Miss Swinburne should make it a winner.

Montgomery and Stone and Elsie Janis, in "The Lady of the Slipper," will be at the Colonial a week from Monday.

SHUBERT THEATRE:—Reproduction of "The Blue Bird," by Maurice Maeterlinck. Chief characters:

Mummy Tyl ..... Ethel Brandon
Daddy Tyl ..... Charles Hampden
Tyltyl ..... Burford Hampden
Mytyl ..... Editha Kelly
Fairy Berylune ..... Alice Butler
Bread ..... John Sutherland
Fire ..... Angelo Romeo
The Dog ..... W. H. Denny
The Cat ..... Cecil Yapp
Water ..... Margaret Fairleigh
Milk ..... Margaret Millette
Sugar ..... George Sylvester
Light ..... Helen Lackaye
Granny Tyl ..... Ethel Brandon
Gaffer Tyl ..... Dore Davidson
Night ..... Harriet Sterling
Time ..... Dore Davidson

With the same capable company of actors that produced it here before, Maeterlinck's remarkable fantasy touched, inspired, amused and satisfied those who followed the Tyl children's quest for happiness last night, and will do so for thousands of others during its short run here. That quest has been a popular one since the dawn of the first morning, and when it is portrayed with the beauty and skill that are combined in author, actor and producer in "The Blue Bird" something very deeply and widely and keenly interesting results.

The simple, childlike naturalness of Burford Hampden and Editha Kelly, as the two little Tyls, again laid the groundwork for and accentuated the charm of the story from the moment they awoke to see the Fairy Berylune in their humble cottage, through all their wondrous adventures, to the finding of "The Blue Bird" in their own bare room.

Ethel Brandon and Charles Hampden as Mummy and Daddy gave illuminating touches of pleasant realism to the night and morning scenes in the woodchopper's cottage, and Miss Brandon was delightful also as Granny Tyl.

W. H. Denny won the hearts of all by his faithfulness and honest affection as The Dog, while Cecil Yapp displayed a most creepy feline treachery as the spiteful, spitting Cat. He washed his face and yowled with great skill also.

Margaret Fairleigh was gracefully and bewitchingly fluent as Water. George Sylvester broke off his fingers and passed them around with sacchsrine generosity as Sugar. Helen Lackaye was radiant as Light. Harriet Sterling was gorgeously sombre as Night. John Suth-

...f d...
...ess as Bread. A...o ...omeo was ...iliantly fitf...l as Fire, while Mar...ret M...llette as M...lk almost drew whey ...s when she wailed out that she felt ...e was "turning."

...ore Davidson enlivened the little ... visit to their dead grandparent ...th his quaint sprightliness as Gaffer ...d displayed a splendid dignity as ...me that ennobled the scene where ...e unborn children were awaiting their ...il to earth.

NETHERSOLE AT B. F. KEITH'S

W. H.

Miss Olga Nethersole, who returns to Boston for the first time in a number of years, is at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, appearing in vaudeville, supported by an excellent company, including A. E. Winnington Barnes. Miss Nethersole opened her present limited engagement in vaudeville only a few weeks ago, and she has achieved from the first the same tremendous success that she scored at B. F. Keith's yesterday. Last night and for the rest of the first part of this week Miss Nethersole is using the third act of "Sapho," in which her long established ability as an emotional actress is most effectively demonstrated as Fanny Le Grand, the mistress of Jean Ga...ssin, with whom she has lived for several years, only to find at last that her lover is to leave her in order to marry a girl of his own rank in life. Miss Nethersole was never better and she was called back a half-dozen times. For the last three days of the week, with an even larger supporting company, Miss Nethersole will be seen in "The Last Scene of the Play," adapted from W. K. Clifford's world-famous story.

Allan Dinehart and Ann Heritage have a sketch that went immensely well in "Just Half Way." In the course of which Miss Heritage as Evangeline Darling is prevented just in time from marrying a gay deceiver, falling in love, of course, with the hotel clerk by whom she had been rescued from an unhappy matrimonial fate but a few minutes before. Harry Breen, who makes up songs as he sings them at a rapid-fire rate, singling out those in the audience upon whom to pin his words, was enthusiastically applauded and kept the audience in a near-roar for 15 minutes. Mr Breen immediately preceded Miss Nethersole, and following her came Sophie Tucker, billed as the Mary Garden of rag-time Miss Tucker immediately proceeded to establish to everybody's satisfaction that she was fully entitled to the distinction claimed for her.

Howard's animal spectacle, in which ponies and terriers figure most prominently, was way above the average animal act, and was especially pleasing to the youngsters. Will Morrissey and Dolly Hackett sang their own songs as various great actors would sing them; Natalie and Aurie Dagwell, two clever girls, had some clever songs; the Emilie sisters quickly convinced the audience that they were clever aerial acrobats, and the Three Keatons—Joe, Myra and Buster—have long been familiar as well as well received by Boston houses.

I I...glue this tranqu...l and passionless being, ...pied in his first meditation on the simple question of "Where am I?" "Whence do I ...?" "And what is the end of my exist...?" Then suddenly place before him a ...ller, a fiddler, and a magnificent beau in ... stockings and pumps, bounding, skipping, ...ging, capering and throwing himself into ... thousand attitudes, till his face glows with fever, and distils with perspiration; the first ...se incited in his mind by such an apparition will be that of violent fear, which, by the ...iterated perception of its harmlessness, will subside into simple astonishment.

Male Dancers.

Although Mr. Mordkin is not accompanying Mme. Pavlowa this season, there are two or three male dancers in the company that are surprising athletically and also show intelligence in pantomime. Mr. Novikoff might be ...d to be large for his size. He at once gives the impression of bulk and strength. No one would be surprised if he should suddenly toss cannon balls in the air or make them run up and down his arms. When he leaps and ..., the feat is the more noteworthy on account of his size. As yet he is wanting in finesse, and his facial expression is not varied. We have already spoken of the dancer, Mr. Oukrainsky, who is singularly nimble and supple, with an alien face, as though he were a man of another planet, and with the gift of suggesting the mysterious, the incredible, something that should not be allowed to happen.

Mr. Nijinski has not visited this country. Managers are not inclined to take the risk. In the first place, they would be obliged to charge exceedingly high prices, and in the second place there is a certain effeminacy in this ... that might displease American ...es. Classical scholars liken him to ...us, renowned for his dancing ...rdax or appearing in pantomime

a ... of the ancient Roman ballets and the native and imported dancers is in the third volume of Rowbotham's "History of Music." The author of this history, which is still incomplete, wrote with a peculiar gusto about dancing, and borrowed with due acknowledgment from Jerome and other Christian Fathers.

Thorough Training.

We all have been informed concerning the education of these Russian dancers from a tender age under a paternal government. What was not required of the ballet dancer centuries ago! Lucian of Samosata discusses the necessary qualifications at great length. The mimic dancer, he says, must have a comprehensive memory and a profound knowledge of mythology and history; he should be acquainted with the poets, skilled in music, an accomplished actor, in fact he should answer as many demands as Vitruvius imposed on a youth who wished to be an architect. According to Lucian, the main business and aim of dancing is the representation of a sentiment, passion or action by gestures, that are the natural signs of it. The essay of Lucian is good reading even in William Tooke's formal and squeamish translation. Thus we learn that the inhabitants of Antioch, "who yield to none in vivacity in intellect and are passionately fond of dancing," were so nice in observation that they allowed no incongruity to go unrebuked. "An exceedingly tall fellow represented Capaneus, and just when he was preparing to scale the walls of Thebes, they called to him, 'Mount up; you have no need of a scaling ladder.' An excessively big and corpulent dancer, when straining himself to make an extravagant leap, they prayed him to consider that the stage was intended to serve again."

It is a pity that Theophile Gautier, who wrote so poetically about dancers in the journals of Paris, did not live to see the Russian ballets of today. Among the lesser men now living there is cudgeling of brains to do the visitors justice. But Gautier was in love with Carlotta Grisi until he died.

We Wrote "Post."

As the World Wags:

Was that reference this morning to the New York Evening Past yours or the compositor's? This is a serious matter. R. L.

Boston, Oct. 25.

We should not have dared to be so irreverent. When in the same article we spoke of David, we intended to write of Felicien, the composer, not Ferdinand, the fiddler.—Ed.

Thought for the Day.

Perhaps, some day, a wise state, finding it to its interest to discourage the ... frivolous ... which maintains divorce courts at considerable expense, will subject all engaged couples, not only to the test of mixed bathing, but to compulsory spectacles and a dab of smut on the nose.

Tactless.

As the World Wags

Many years ago, at a meeting of the Rockingham County Associations of Congregational Ministers, held at Exeter, N. H., the subject of temperance was under discussion. The minister of a local church made a scathing report about the sale of liquor in Exeter, and stated that they even sold from milk wagons. It was not long after the minister had made this remark that trouble started, as it developed that the only persons who delivered milk about the town were two church deacons.

Boston. HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Oct 29. 1913

CONCERT GIVEN BY MISS FARRAR

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Geraldine Farrar gave a song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Arthur Rosenstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Gluck, Wonnevoller Mai; Beethoven, La Partenza, Mit Einem Gemalten Band; Handel, Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre; Mozart, Alleluiah; Schubert, Non t'accostar all Urna, Heidenroeslein; Franz, Ach! Wenn ich doch ein Immchen waer; Der Schmetterling, Gute Nacht; Loewe, Der Edelfalk Walpurgisnacht; Moussorgsky, Sternlein; Rubinstein, Die Lerche, Sproeges Kind; Tschaikowsky, Er liebte mich; Sinding, Sylvelin; Strauss, Zueignung; Grechaninov, Paix du Soir; Grieg, Le Train des Amours; Massenet, Ouvre tes yeux bleus (by request); H. Wolf, I'm not as other lassies; Chadwick, The Maiden and the Butterfly; MacDowell, The Bluebell.

This was the first concert that Miss Farrar has given in Boston without the assistance of others. The hall was completely filled; many stood and many sat on the stage. The great audience was in an enthusiastic mood, and Miss Farrar was obliged to extend her program. Mr. Rosenstein accompanied admirably.

Miss Farrar steadily improves as a lieder singer, in vocal art and in the interpretation of sentiments and emotions. Conspicuous on the stage for dramatic intelligence, a peculiar intensity, a charming personality, and an originality of conception that sometimes leads her into extravagance, she is now a concert singer, dramatic in diction, who does not overleap the boundary. Take, for example, Loewe's "Walpurgisnacht," which might well tempt an opera singer to undue force, and induce her to give marked significance to every line of the dialogue between the child and its mother, the witch. There was at first simple narration. Soon there was a murky atmosphere. There was no full expression of horror until the child suspected that the mother was a sorceress, and she boasted of her nocturnal and satanic revel.

With what nobility of line and feeling did Miss Farrar sing the Italian song of Schubert! There was unaffected pathos in her delivery of Beethoven's "Partenza"; in Franz's "Gute Nacht"; in Tschaikowsky's "Er Liebte Mich." Perhaps the most impressive features of the concert were Moussorgsky's song of infinite woe and the song of Grechaninov with its calm, serene opening and the gradual yielding to passion that at the last became overmastering. Songs of a playful, coquettish nature did not persuade her into affectation; she did not rely on the fixed smile of the conventional ballet dancer and the popular pugilist; there was no ogling, no leer in her confession or appeal.

"Heidenroeslein" was hurried ineffectively, and if Rubinstein's Persian song had been taken at a slower pace it would have gained in languorous sensuousness.

Miss Farrar's proficiency in florid song was well displayed in the arias by Handel and Mozart. The skilful management of breath allowed a well rhythmed and even flow of roulades, and the brains of the singer did not permit the voice merely to practise glibly a technical exercise. In her performance of these airs, and of Beethoven's "Partenza" and Schubert's Italian song, there was the suggestion of the grand style, which Miss Farrar has undoubtedly caught from Mme. Lehmann.

There were instances now and then of impure intonation, but these instances were few and not to be insisted upon. There were no instances of careless or unmeaning phrasing. The singer's art gave the impression of spontaneity. The hearer was often reminded of the host's description of young Fenton: "He dances, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May." And there were moments when her song was "a marvel, made of perfect sound and exceeding passion."

For the voice, while it has not full power or always an agreeable quality in the extreme upper register, is now a mezzo soprano of rare beauty. It is beautiful in itself; it is a beautiful instrument, played on with vivid intelligence, with genuine, compelling emotion.

I invite you, when you have sufficiently restored, replenished, refreshed and exhilarated that osseocarnisanguineoviscericartilaginonervomedullary, compages, or shell, the body, which at once envelopes and developes that mysterious and inestimable kernel, the desiderative, determinative ratiocinative, imaginative inquisitive, appetitive, comparative, reminiscent congeries of ideas and notions, simple and compound, comprised in the comprehensive denomination of mind, to take a peep with me into the mechanical arcana of the anatomico-metaphysical universe.

Master's Master.

Mrs. Golightly rejoices in her butler and "second inside man." She wishes to run her household on the English plan, or she remembers Mrs. Edith Wharton's earlier stories in which a butler always figures, also a bishop. But we learn from England that the reign of the butler is passing. A rash journalist ascribed his undoing to his arrogance, insolence and ignorance. Mr. W. Holdaway, who describes himself as a butler, answers in a gallant manner. "Dealing with illogical women does not conduce to compatability of temper or efficiency. A lot of money is wasted on finery, while a request for the house, such as cleaning utensils, is greeted with black looks and 'Why do they wear out?'" And Mr. Holdaway remarks that if the old type of butler has deteriorated, so has the old type of gentry. Domestic service is not worth the candle; the navy is to be preferred. "As for gambling and drinking below stairs, upstairs sets the example."

Is it possible that the old family, crusted, gouty butler in England is passing? In the old fashioned plays he was delightful with his "I have known Master, forty years, man and boy," etc; and there are fine butlers in fiction. One of the best is the father of Ethelberta in Thomas Hardy's romance, who is proud of his daughter's literary fame and enjoys the discussion about her while he stands near the dining table. Then there is the butler in "Our Mutual Friend," who pours out the wine with the air of a disapproving analytical chemist.

We do not see how any American who in his boyhood saw all at table helping themselves, spearing a potato or a doughnut with a fork, or asking a neighbor to hurry up and pass the butter, can view his butler or his valet without a quavering voice and a trembling of the knees. Octave Mirbeau's "Journal d'une femme de chambre" is widely known. We should like to read the memoirs of a butler in an "exclusive" American household.

Musical Futurists.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel not long ago spoke about "cubists" in music with reference to the symphony of Sibelius that was played here last week. There are, indeed, Futurists in music, and concerts have been given in Italy by the painter Russolo, "creator of the art of noise," and another painter, Ugo Piatti, who built with him the necessary noise-making instruments. At a concert given in Milan the program consisted of "four networks of noises, Waking up the City, Motor Cars and Aeroplanes Meeting, Dinner on the Terrace of the Casino and Skirmish in an Oasis." The orchestra consisted of three buzzers, two bursters, one thunderer, three whistlers, two rustlers, two gurglers, one smasher, one strident and one snorter. "In spite of the inexperience of the performers and an insufficient number of rehearsals, the effects obtained revealed to the hearers new acoustic joys. For instance, the harmonious combination of the bursters, the whistlers and the gurglers produced a deep emotion of Futurist art which was like nothing else experienced before."

Advice to Doctors.

Dr. Gordon Hake, in his "Memories of Eighty Years," describes a friendly knowing character Newnham, the leading Brighton doctor of early Victorian days. I often think of the advice he tendered me as a young physician, 'never dine with a patient. Such has been my rule through life; for if you do, sooner or later you are sure to let out the fool.' "

Cigarettes in 1866.

These lines are in Sir George Trevelyan's "Ladies in Parliament," written after the rejection of the reform bill of 1866:

And why is your brow with a shadow o'ercast?
And why did you stare on the ground as you passed,
With one of those bits of white card in your month
Which gentlemen smoke who have been in the South?

The author inserted this footnote in a later edition: "These lines have more than once been quoted as a proof that in 1866 the cigarette was still an exotic rarity." It is said that Laurence Oliphant was the first to smoke cigarettes in London. He brought the habit from the East in the middle fifties.

Welcome to Our City.

As the World Wags:

This morning I visited the new aviary at Franklin Park and saw there a cage containing four bulbuls. If you will convey this information to Mr. Herkimer Johnson I am sure he will be delighted, as he has for the past 15 years, if I remember rightly, been urging the purchase of a pair of these interesting birds for the Public Gardens.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Oct. 27.

We do not know Mr. Johnson's present address, but the postmaster at Clamport will no doubt forward the letter which we mail today informing him of Boston's ornithological progress. Little boys should not irritate a bulbul, for although it is said to be enamored of the rose, it fights with great spirit. Sometimes confounded with the nightingale, it belongs to the thrush family. Tommy Moore was always talking about bulbuls, but it was Mr. Tennyson who remarked:

The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.

Oct 30 1913

PAVLOWA AGAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Anna Pavlowa and her Russian ballet company appeared for the third time at the Boston Opera House this season yesterday afternoon. There was an audience of fair size. Mr. Stier conducted the orchestra.

"Les Preludes," a "futuristic ballet, arranged and produced by Michael Fokine, founded on Lamartine's 'Meditations Poetiques,'" music by Liszt, scenery and costumes by Boris Anisfeldt, was seen for the first time in Boston. As is known to concert goers, Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," is illustrative of a passage in Lamartine's 15th Meditation. There is little in this poem, however, that suggests the motto published in Liszt's score. It begins: "What is our life but a series of preludes to that unknown song, the first solemn note of which is sounded by death?"

We are informed by a commentator on

[illegible] that [illegible] was in the original [illegible] of Death provided the final [illegible], with a more hopeful outlook, [illegible] on a joyous note, symbolizing [illegible] power of love." Night [illegible] passed when the curtain rises: [illegible] are asleep. Day breaks; [illegible] and express their joy; but [illegible] messengers of approaching [illegible] ambassadors of Death appear; [illegible] the scene and sadden the [illegible] but Love dwells in this leafy [illegible] through Love the dancers [illegible] and happiness.

The scene devised by Mr. Anisfeldt is [illegible] when it is dimly lighted. When [illegible], the decoration—and to [illegible] the hideous word "futurist" chiefly applies—is singularly [illegible] in its coloring. When the ballet was produced in London last April at the Palace Theatre, the critic of the Daily Telegraph in a dithyrambic article said: "Then in full light you see a [illegible] modern decoration, in which the green and violet depths of rock and forest glow with red and yellow." Perhaps the lights were more artistically managed at the Palace. Yesterday there was a glare of green and orange, crude, unimaginative, and in shocking contrast with the Botticelli figures, with their [illegible] robes and gay head-dresses; in [illegible] contrast with the costume of Mme. Pavlowa, who, to quote from the dithyrambist, conjures up states of soul. As for her companion, Mr. Novikoff, he is supposed to play the Spirit of Man, who must wake from dread, be consoled by the voice of Nature, and find in her strength to endure and do."

It is not probable that many in the audience were conscious of any symbolism on the stage. Symbolists did not enter the opera house in a body, with badges and a banner. The audience gaped in wonder at Mr. Anisfeldt's decoration when it was seen in full light, but it quickly recovered and behaved with commendable composure; it grew enthusiastic over the dancers. Mme. Pavlowa was never more artistic, in the expression of unconfined joy and rapturous, triumphant love. As the dithyrambist of the Daily Telegraph well said of such art there is no description. The pantomime of Mr. Novikoff was more significant than on former occasions and he leaped and bounded as though at a Dionysiac mystery in a mountain glade. Mr. Stier conducted skilfully, but the orchestra did not always respond adequately to his command.

The "Oriental Fantasy" preceded "Les Preludes" and it again made a profound impression. In the third part the charming Gavotte Directoire, danced by Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Berge, again aroused enthusiasm, as did the Pas de Trois (Mme. Pavlowa, Messrs. Novikoff and Berge), Rose et Papillon (Miss Plaskowieseczka and Mr. Kobeleff), and Glazounoff's Bacchanale (Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Novikoff). The beautiful Idylle (Miss Crombova and Miss Butsova) deserved heartier recognition. There was also a Calahraise (Miss Gasheweska and Mr. Zajlich), nor should the Hungarian Rhapsody, danced with spirit by a dozen or more be forgotten.

Last evening the program was composed of repetitions. "The Magic Flute," "Oriental Fantasy" and a group of eight divertissements, including Mme. Pavlowa's Butterfly Dance, the Gavotte Directoire and the Bacchanale. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

Miss Mary Garden arrived in New York sporting a cane and thus she resembled her old friend, Floria Tosca. Although she leased a shooting preserve in Aberdeenshire she killed no bird, for, as she [illegible] confessed, she has a tender heart. She cannot destroy any animal, and in this respect she resembles the elder Junius Brutus Booth.

A Finnish Quatrain

Miss Lucy Eustacia Lockett sends us the following quatrain, which, as she says in her perfumed note, came to her during the intermission at the last Symphony concert:

Death futurist and [illegible] shocks,
I've felt my wits diminish.
But when Sibelius groans and knocks,
I see—and hear—my Finnish

Made in Germany.

Jugend has heard of Miss Marie Lloyd's reception in New York, and now it publishes a picture of a woman and a man just landed and standing before a window in which a brutally official head appears. There is this dialogue:

Officer—Are you a singer? Are you married?

Singer—No, the gentleman accompanies me only on the piano.

Officer—Get out!

Author?

As the World Wags:

Can any one supply the rest of this poem, name the author, or tell where the poem may be found? C. I. A.

Boston, Oct. 27.

A [illegible] there was upon [illegible] mind is,
A shallow [illegible], it now profundus;
* * * *
The [illegible] was [illegible] with [illegible] of luna,
It was a box [illegible] o portuna
[illegible] a possum or a coona

Serendipity Shops.

The Toronto Mail and Empire describes a Serendipity Shop in London and says that the word was coined by Horace Walpole "out of that lady in the Arabian Nights." Our contemporary has been misinformed. Walpole invented the word, it is true, but in a letter written to Horace Mann in 1754, he said that the idea came to him from reading a fairy story, "The Three Princes of Serendip": "They were always making discoveries, by accidental sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of," and he quoted an example: "One of the most remarkable instances of this accidental sagacity * * * was of My Lord Shaftesbury, who happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde by the respect with which her mother treated her at table." Serendib (not Serendip) is the ancient name of Ceylon, where, according to some learned men, Adam went after the Fall.

The Toronto Mail and Empire also speaks of this Serendipity shop near the British Museum as "London's latest," but one was opened at No. 118, Westbourne grove, in 1903.

A Warning from Hull.

We have received the following original "pome" from E. G.:

The Democrats tell me a vot' for Foss
Is a vot' for Gardner, or lottle loss,
While from Republican tongues I've heard
That a vot for Walsh is a vot' fer Bird;
Yit a vot' fer Gardner 'pears ter be
A vot' fer Walsh an' Democracy.
Tho' a vot' fer Bird, ef I understand,
Is a vot' fer Foss an' his big Lon' Hand!
My eyes I cal'lated still ter use
Fer pickin' an Elephant from a Moose,
Or, leastways, thet I surely knew
A Donkey from a Wanderin' Jew.
But them Movin' Pictures hev spiled my sight
And lef' me in a turrible plight.
I be so rattled I guess I'll stay
Ter hum from the pol.s on 'Lection Day.
And the Four may l'arn, when it is too late,
Thet—ez Hull stays, so stays the State!
THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF HULL.

Oct 31 1913

The most effective method of treating an asthmatic paroxysm is by means of a cigarette containing various narcotic substances.—Bartholow, "Mat. Med." 1876.

They smoked cigaritas, rolling them between their fingers in husk of maize.—Mayne Reid, "The Scalp Hunters." 1851.

The beggars in the streets have paper cigars (called cigarettes) in their mouths.—Mrs. Romer, "The Rhone, the Darro and the Guadalquiver." 1843.

The habit of smoking cigarettes is quite la grande mode of late with certain French ladies.—Louise S. Costello, "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne." 1842.

The largest cigarette factory in the world is said to be that of La Honradez, Cuba.—Pall Mall Gazette, Sept. 1884.

Cigarette Courtesies.

As the World Wags:

The general impression is that the cigarette came to western Europe with French and British officers from the Crimea, who first smoked it during the brief international courtesies that followed the fall of Sevastopol. I remember, as a child, being shown one of these early examples that had been kept as a curiosity, and have a vague idea that one end was waxed.

"Seton Merriman" mentions Russian officers smoking cigarettes in 1814 in his "Barlasch of the Guards." This very elusive but efficient novelist had a name for preparing his stories meticulously and on the spot, so it may not be the anachronism it seems.

The little Brazilian affair called Pompa, composed of a few threads of black, throat-excoriating tobacco, wrapped up in a maize husk, that can be bought in one store on Broadway by any one whose smoking habits have got perverted, looks like being the "father of the cigarette." It certainly would explain the slowness of the habit in taking hold. H. L. S.

Boston, Oct. 28.

Brazilian Tobacco.

H. L. S. speaks of the Brazilian "pompa." Sir Richard F. Burton thought highly of the roll tobacco in Brazil. He mentioned the cigarette factory at Registro Velho, the manufactory of cigarros, for in Brazilian Portuguese, we are told, the word cigar is charuto—whence our cheroot. Brazilian tobacco is strong, although it is said to contain only two per cent. of nicotine, while that of Kentucky and Virginia averages from five to six. This statement is Burton's. In this factory "maize leaf is used instead of paper, a custom directly derived from the aborigines." The pompa is so named, we infer, from the Rio de Pompa. Burton mentioned a graceful tobacco with thin leaves and pink flower: "It is, I believe, the 'Aromatic Brazilian,' much admired in the United States, and there found to lose its aroma after the second year. The Tropeiros learned from the Indians, who used it for smoking, and in medicine, to clean with its infusion their mules of the Berne-maggots. The traveler will do well to remember that a leaf rubbed over his hands and face will compel the greediest mosquitoes to buzz harmlessly about him."

Ingenious Rollers.

In the early seventies, at college, although the Honradez cigarettes were in the market, ingenious youths rolled their cigarettes, carrying the bunch of papers and the tobacco. At Yale the favorite tobacco then was Lone Jack, but Durham and Fruits and Flowers were also smoked. We never saw a cigarette while we were at the public schools or at Exeter. The first "made cigarettes" at Yale were the St. James, strong with perique, black and sticky. It was the pink of courtesy to say to a classmate: "Shall I roll you a cigarette?" The habit of smoking paper with tobacco led into curious inquiry as to the nature of the paper. It was commonly reported that paper made from rice was not injurious; on the contrary, it was good for throat, nose and lungs. The made cigarette was regarded as malodorous and maleficent chiefly by reason of the paper tubes. A Creole from New Orleans smoked raw perique. It came to him in a long thick liquorice-like roll, and he had a little chopper, fashioned like a hay cutter. His face was remarkably yellow, and he was often despondent. And so there were one or two who spent much time in coloring meerschaums. They were wise in the matter of buttons, cases, cooling, filling. They smoked as though they were making a chemical experiment in the laboratory under a tutor's eye. Once in a while they were caught puffing with true enjoyment a cigar of the three for a quarter brand, and they were known to have burned 5-centers. Even now there are poscures among smokers.

Anecdote for the Day.

In "La Description des Royaulmes d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse," published by Estienne Perlin in 1558, the author notes: "The English are most joyous one with the other and most fond of music, for even in the smallest church one is sure to find a choir of music. They are heavy drinkers. If an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, 'Vis dring a quarta olm,' which means to say, 'Vieu-tu boire une quarte de vin.' When drinking they will say to you more than a hundred times, 'Drind iou,' that is 'Je m'en vais boire a toi,' and you must answer in their language, 'Iplaigu,' that is, 'Je vous plege.'"

Nov 1 1913

4TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Geraldine Farrar was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Mozart..................Symphony, E flat major
Mozart—
Recitative, "Temerari," and Aria, "Come scoglio," from "Cosi fan tutte."
Schillings......"Meergruss" and "Seemorgen"
Wagner......................... { Im Treibhaus / Traeume / Schmerzen
(Orchestral accompaniment by Mottl.)
Weber......................."Jubel" Overture

Mozart's symphony had not been played at these concerts since November, 1909. It may be on the whole inferior to the G minor and the "Jupiter," which are more often performed, yet the Andante has the peculiar Mozartian grace, tinged with romantic melancholy. The Minuet has long been a favorite, and the Finale is delightful in its vivacity.

Weber's overture does not wear so well as the three overtures by him, which are to an orchestral programmaker what "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are to a perplexed impresario. It was written for a festival occasion, and such compositions seldom have long life. Weber noted in his diary that the overture and also the cantata which he had written in honor of the 50th anniversary of the ascension of Friedrich August the First to the Saxon throne, had "made a great effect;" and he added: "God be thanked for this." Weber had reason to be thankful. No doubt, some enjoy the overture today from early association with it in a four-handed arrangement for the piano, or because "Heil dir im Sieger Kranz" is introduced, and they recognize the tune. The Weberian formulas and flourishes of 1818 are today singularly old fashioned. There is not the imaginative sweep with the romantic flavor that still vivifies the more famous three overtures.

The orchestral fantasies of Max Schillings were played here for the first time. Excerpts from his operas and the prologue to "Oedipus Rex" have been heard at Symphony concerts, and Dr. Ludwig Wuellner recited "The Witch's Song" to his music at a Pension Fund concert. Two movements of his string quartet have been performed in Boston. His music has never made a deep impression.

The two fantasies heard yesterday were first played early in 1896 at Munich. "Morning at [illegible]" [illegible] poem of Lenau. [illegible] published in the scores written in a bombastic vein, and we are told by the late Nodnagel that the music is symbolical. He names the typical themes. The ocean, in its various phases, its stormy rage, its swell and fall, its peaceful depths, teaches restless and complaining man to be patient, calm, courageous, happy. Now this is all very fine, but it does not necessarily make good music. Of the two fantasies, "Morning at Sea" is the more interesting; the other one is too much like the prose argument.

Schillings's themes do not have a well-defined profile, except the sturdy little one in which he gives out the rhythm of "Thalatta," the famous cry of the Ten Thousand led by Xenophon. Nor do they have a decided character. The composer's thematic treatment is involved and as thick as his instrumentation.

The unhappy man seems to share the view of the late John Stetson, that, when an orchestra is engaged, all the men should play all the time. It is not always easy to recognize the typical themes. The analytical hearer—for there are such persons—may easily mistake "courageous lamentation" for "daring dreams" or "tormenting doubt"; and that would be annoying.

It is not fair to hold Mr. Schillings responsible for Nodnagel's explanation; it is to be hoped that he himself was not guilty of the prose arguments in the score.

To the hearer who wishes to be possessed by his own thoughts, or to dream his own dreams when he is "reminded by the instruments," these fantasies recall the characterization in "Great Expectations" of the tragedian's reading of Hamlet: They are "massive and concrete."

Unfortunately they do not in any way suggest the sea, scouling, raging, sinister, or laughing beneath the sun, or calm and brooding. They can never be classed as musical seascapes with pages of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and "Sadko," Debussy's La Mer," Mendelssohn's two overtures, Gilson's "La Mer" or even the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony. Mr. Schillings's emotions might have been experienced on dry land.

The sudden change in the weather affected Miss Farrar's throat so that yesterday she could hardly speak. Nevertheless she sang Mozart's recitative in the grand style, and the aria with dramatic and vocal intelligence. She sang with impressive breadth and with true sentiment. Only in a few instances, as in the extreme low tones, was her temporary disability noticeable. She was equally fortunate in the songs of Wagner, and in them beauty of voice, purity of sentiment, and eloquence of diction were fully displayed.

There was an obvious but amusing typographical error in the program book. It was there stated that Mme. Wesendonck, the author of the poems to which Wagner set music, was born in 1828 and married in 1888. For 1888, read 1848.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Nov. 14 and 15 will include Schubert's Unfinished symphony, Haydn's 'cello concerto in D-major, Beethoven's Pastoral symphony. Mr. Warnke will be the soloist.

As in apparell, it is a sign of pusillanimitie for one to marke himselfe in some particular and unusuall fashion: so likewise in common speech, for one to hunt after new phrases, unaccustomed—quaint words procedeth of a scholasticall and childish ambition. Let me use none other than are spoken in the hals of Paris.

Certain Americanisms.

The October section of the Oxford English Dictionary includes words from "tombal" to the one that follows "trhysh." "Tombal" is a newspaper word in England, meaning "of or pertaining to a tomb," and is not to be commended. "Trahysh" is a variation of the verb "traise," to betray. But let us look at the "Americanisms," real or alleged, in this section.

First comes the verb, to tong, to handle with tongs, especially to gather clams or oysters with oyster tongs; and we have tonger and tonging. A saw log is tonged. The word tongs was formerly used in New England for pantaloons and roundabouts. There is a quotation from Sylvester Judd's curious romance "Margaret": "The boys dressed in 'tongs,' a name for pantaloons or overalls, that had come into use. "Margaret" was published in 1845. Is "tongs" still used in this sense anywhere in New England?

Passing by the tonguefish, we come to tonguey, an old English word, "now United States and dialect." It's a good word and the English should not despise it. Tony, that is, high-toned, swell, is for the United States and English colonies. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of "'tony' residences, as the Americans have it." We should let it go; it is as vile a word as "tasty." Toot is a Scottish word; to drink copiously; to empty the cup; the meaning "to go on a spree" is American; but "touting ken," a tavern bar, is old English. Toot perhaps was originally thieves' cant. Toothpick for bowie knife is surely American.—Arkansas toothpick.

... n ... t ...
... tter'd be so ... d ... em ... the
chick
... idn't ... ll but, jest on one, ... drawed
t' t' pick on n ...
... reckoned he warn't goin' to stan' to sech
dogg ... ned econ'my

Beginning with "T."

... ch. to catch fish by torchlight, is ... nown in England. And the torcher ... es, as a negro for terrapin. Where ... the common word, tote, come from? ... James A. H. Murray says there is ... foundation for the alleged negro ... rgin. He includes the words tote pole, tote team, tote load (as much as one ... an carry), tote road (a rough temporary road for conveying goods to a settle... ... nt or camp); also the phrase "to tote ... r," to carry one's share or to act ... nestly.

... ut is "no touch to," meaning "no- ... here near," "nothing approaching to," ... n on today? Judge Haliburton is ... ot d, but he was a Nova Scotian, and ... accuracy of his portraiture of the ... ce was disputed while he was writ-...

... gh, a street ruffian, is classed ... ong Americanisms. The earliest quo- ... on is taken from Mr. Howells's "Ve- ... an Life" (1866). Was not the word ... on in New York before that date? ... e is a special use of "town" in the ... ed States, especially in the New ... nd states: "A division of a coun- ... which may contain one or more vil- ... s or towns; a township; also the in- ... tants of such a division as a cor- ... te body." Here is a quotation from ... ander Wilson (1808): "The people ... ake no distinction between town ... ownship, and travellers frequently ... the driver, 'What town are we ... ?' when, perhaps, we were on the ... f a miserable, barren mountain." ... at town plot are also American- ... nd town site has a special mean- ... e and in Canada.

Daily Wants.

... l a man, experienced in vice." My ... wandered to the advertisement ... y morning sheet. It is a smith. ... shell, who is needed. "Wanted a ... r ... ng-out." But it is sausage skins ... to undergo inflation. The language ... rtisements is idiomatic. A man pro- ... ability to "kill anything." He is ... not a Bashibazouk. In like case ... ing fellow who seeks a post where he ... to kill." But what of this de- ... te, all who have suffered the "peine ... will sympathize—"young man seeks ... y."

2 - 1913

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Mary Caroline Crawford has written a book of 400 pages entitled, "The Romance of the American ...," and Messrs. Little, Brown ... published it. There are ... illustrations, portraits of ac- ... views of theatres, etc., and ... an index.

... Crawford begins with the go- ... t Nance Oldfield, Peg Wof- ... and David Garrick. Why ... are introduced is not easy to ... though a farce by Garrick was ... d in 1772 by a Virginia com- ... at Annapolis. "Richard III.," in ... version by Colley Cibber, was ... d two years earlier in New ... and it is surprising that Miss ... did not write an introduc- ... chapter concerning Shakespeare, ... than playhouses and the ... n theory. Her pages about ... theatrical performances in this ... are interesting enough, ... they are necessarily compiled ... show little or no original re- ... but as the book was intended ... general reading, a book of anec- ... and gossip, rather than a ... contribution to the history of ... American stage o. a critical ex- ... ion of American actors and ..., such research was unneces- ... She states facts and surmises ... ly, without an irritating dis- ... of erudition.

... pleasant to see again the New- ... (R. I.) playbill of 1761 in which "O..." was described as "a series of Moral Dialogues in Five Parts, d... g the Evil Effects of Jealousy ... other Bad Passions, and Proving that Happiness can only Spring from the Pursuit of Virtue.' These ex- ... will suffice:

"Mr. Hallam will delineate a young ... thoughtless officer, who is tra- ... d by Mr. Allyn, and getting ... loses his situation, and the ... s esteem. All young men, ... ver, take example from Cas-...

... ts of drinking would you ...

... and kee. from evil company ... Morris will represent an old ..., the father of Desdemona, who is not cruel, or covetous, but is foolish enough to dislike the noble Moor, his son-in-law, because his face is not white, forgetting that we all spring from one root. Such prejudices are numerous and very wrong. Fathers beware what sense and love ye lack,
'Tis crime, not color, makes the being black.

"Mrs. Morris will represent a young and virtuous wife, who being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.
Reader, attend; and ere thou goest hence
Let fall a tear to hapless innocence.

"Various other dialogues, too numerous to mention here, will be delivered at night, all adapted to the improvement of the mind and manners. The whole will be repeated Wednesday and Saturday. Tickets, six shillings each, to be had within. Commencement at 7, conclusion at half-past ten, in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest.

God save the King
And long may he sway
East, North, and South,
And fair America.

Note the argument in favor of miscegenation.

We learn from the chapter "Early Ups and Downs of the Theatre in the South" about the welcome extended in the South to players and their plays. John Esten Cooke in his "Virginia Comedians" gives a graphic description of what might have happened in the Williamsburg Theatre; how the pit was occupied by "well-dressed men of the lower class as the Times had it, and from the gallery proceeded hoarse murmurs and the unforgotten slang of London. Many smiles and bows were interchanged between the parties in the different boxes, and the young gallants, following the fashion of the day, gathered at each end of the stage, and often walked across to exchange some polite speech with the smiling dames in the boxes nearest."

But we are more interested in the early days of the theatre in Boston. Miss Crawford thinks that the story of a dramatic performance in a State street coffee house in 1700 is little more than a legend. "The historians of the period fail to give most of the essential details of the affair, the names of those who promoted or took part in it, and other material incidents. The simple facts recorded are that it was Thomas Otway's old tragedy of the 'Orphan' that was acted or attempted, the performers, with two exceptions, being local amateurs. The exceptions noted were English professionals, very likely from William Hallam's company, but recently arrived from England. The desire to witness this performance appears to have been extraordinary. That there was an unruly and almost riotous mob at the doors, and that a serious disturbance occurred, is recorded. This latter disturbance aroused the authorities, and the matter was brought to the attention of the General Court, with a petition to prohibit further trouble from a similar cause."

The attitude of the colonial authorities and clergymen of Massachusetts towards the drama is well known. Col. Clapp, in his "Record of the Boston Stage," quotes an allusion of Increase Mather in his preface to "Testimony Against Profane and Superstitious Customs" (1686): "There is much discourse now of beginning Stage Plays in New England." The performance in the Coffee House roused the indignation of the General Court, which passed in 1750 a prohibitory act with this preamble: "For preventing and avoiding the many and great mischiefs which arise from public stage plays, interludes and other theatrical entertainments, which not only occasion great and unnecessary expense, and discourage industry and frugality, but likewise tend generally to increase immorality, impiety and contempt of religion." Nevertheless, plays were performed in Faneuil Hall under the auspices of Gen. Burgoyne's officers in 1775; plays by Mrs. Centlivre, Hill and the local farce, "The Blockade of Boston" (1776), attributed to the General himself. His brother-in-law wrote to a friend: "The female parts were filled by young ladies, though some of the Boston ladies were so prudish as to say this was improper." The performance began at 6 o'clock and the entrance fee was one dollar for the pit and a quarter of a dollar for the gallery.

The first regular theatre in Boston was in Board Alley—what is now Hawley street. The first performance was on Aug. 1, 1792. The program is given as an illustration on this page, and it will be seen that the taste of Bostonians for vaudeville has been inherited.

Mr. John Gardiner had made a speech in the House of Representatives in favor of repealing the law against theatrical exhibitions. The speech in printed form contains about 30,000 words. Mr. Gardiner argued that a theatre would be of "very general and great emolumentary advantage" to Boston because workmen would be employed to build it, and printers retained to publish playbills after it was built. "Strangers who visit us complain much of the want of public places of resort for innocent and rational amusement; as in the summer and the fall months, our only public places of resort for amusement (the concert and assemblies) are dead and unknown among us. . . . Did the town of Boston possess a well regulated theatre, these strangers would, most probably, spend double the periods of time they generally pass in this town, to the great advantage of stable-keepers, the keepers of lodging houses, . . . the hairdresser, the shoemaker, the milliner" and many others. The manners of the Bostonians needed the improvement that must inevitably follow. To ensure decent drama he suggested the appointment of "five or more censors who should be annually chosen in town meeting from among the worthy fraternity of tradesmen, the respectable body of merchants, the learned sons of the law, and even from among the venerable, enlightened and truly respectable ministers of the gospel in this great town."

Samuel Adams and Harrison Gray Otis were opposed. The law was not then repealed, but the theatre was built. "Venice Preserved" was produced as a moral lecture "in which the dreadful effect of conspiracy will be exemplified." Some plays of Shakespeare were thus deodorized or masked. At last the manager, Harper, was arrested for violating the law, but he was released on a technical ground. Mr. Otis had swung round in favor of plays, but Gov. Hancock was still obdurate.

On Feb. 3, 1794, the Boston Theatre (later the Federal Street Theatre) was opened. The plans were furnished by Charles Bulfinch. A contemporary thus described the theatre:

"It was one hundred and forty feet long, sixty-two feet wide, forty feet high; a lofty and spacious edifice built of brick, with stone facings, iron posts and pillars. The entrances to the different parts of the house were distinct. In the front there was a projecting arcade which enabled carriages to land company under cover. After alighting at the main entrance, they passed through an elegant saloon to the staircases leading to the back of the boxes. The pit and gallery had separate entrances on the sides.

"The interior was circular in form, the ceiling composed of elliptical arches resting on corinthian pillars. There were two rows of boxes, the second suspended by invisible means. The stage opening was thirty-one feet wide, ornamented on either side by two columns, between which was a stage door opening on a projecting iron balcony. Above the columns a cornice and a balustrade were carried over the stage openings; above these was painted a row of crimson drapery and the arms of the United States and the commonwealth blended with emblems tragic and comic. A ribbon depending from the arms bore the motto, 'All the world's a stage.'

"The boxes were hung with crimson silk, and their balustrade gilded; the walls were tinted azure, and the columns and fronts of the boxes straw and lilac. At the end of the building was a noble and elegant dancing pavilion, richly ornamented with corinthian columns and pilasters. There were also spacious card and tea rooms and kitchens with the proper conveniences."

Miss Crawford adds: Great state was observed in performances here. The 'guests' were met by a bewigged and bepowdered master of ceremonies and escorted to their boxes. Thence, however, they could see the stage but dimly at best in the feeble light of candles or by means of the more objectionable, because smoky, illumination of whale-oil lamps. Moreover, they might freeze in winter, for all the effective heating apparatus provided. * * * The orchestra was obliged to insert a card in the newspaper requesting the audience to be more restrained in the matter of pelting the musicians with apple cores and oranges. The music, by the way, was of high standard, Reinagh of Philadelphia being director. In short, though Boston had come on slowly, it was now conceded to possess the finest theatre in the country."

According to Col. Clapp the bill of the opening night included the "Truly Republican Tragedy of Gustavus Vasa," by H. Brooke; "Modern Antiques, or the Merry Mourners"; and there was this announcement:

"As we shall ever wish to give what we conceive to be the most harmonic to the soul, and congenial to the general sentiments of our brethren of the land we live in, the following distribution of the music will precede the drawing up of the curtain: Yankee Doodle, Grand Battle Overture in Henry IV., General Washington's March, a Grand Symphony by Signor Charles Stametz, grand overture by Signor Vanhall, grand symphony by Signor Haydn, do. by Charles Ditters."

The overture in "Henry IV." may have been by Martini. It was a favorite piece in the South and North. Mr. Sonneck thinks that "Gen. Washington's March" may have been composed by Alexander Reinagle. Charles Ditters was our old friend, Karl Ditters, known as Dittersdorf.

Miss Crawford might have said that a gold medal was offered for the best prologue and awarded unanimously to Robert Treat Paine (originally known as Thomas Paine), who was then only 18 years old. She says nothing about his adventures in Boston as a lover of the theatre, "master of ceremonies" at a theatre, and dramatic critic. The Herald of June 18, 1911, contained a long article on Paine by the present writer, in which there were many quotations from his scholarly and at times severe criticisms, collected and published with an account of his life in 1812.

Powell, the manager of the Boston Theatre, was bankrupt at the end of the second season. A new playhouse was built for him, the Haymarket, near the site of the present Tremont Theatre, and it was opened on Dec. 26, 1796, with "The Belle's Stratagem." Miss Crawford says that while it was plain on the outside, it was capacious and elegant within. Let us quote Col. Clapp: "It was an immense wooden pile, proudly overtopping every other building in the metropolis. It had three tiers of boxes, a gallery, a pit, drawing room, etc." It also appears that audiences "were more careful of their dress than those of modern days"—Col. Clapp's "Record" was published in 1853—"and the ladies, especially, paid that attention to their toilets which is now only bestowed when a visit to Almacks or to the opera is anticipated."

But the Haymarket was abandoned after a few seasons and in 1803 it was razed. The older theatre, burned in 1798, was promptly rebuilt. It continued as a theatre until 1835; then it

... pattered into a ... ro... ... the ... In 1846 it was ... a ... known by its old ... the ... Street. In April, ... it was s... and it no longer was in theatre land.

Miss Crawford gossips about the ... of early English stars in America. George Frederick Cooke ... in Boston in 1811. He came ... from Newport by a "commodious ... and appeared here in "The New Play of Richard." "The house ..." he wrote, "as at New York, and my reception equally flattering. New York is the handsomest and largest ..." Mr. Cooke was a two-... drinker, or as Col. Clapp put it, his ... was "crushed by the ... effect of that demon," etc. ... may be pardoned him for his answer to the Marylander who ... to observe that his family were among the first settlers of Maryland. "Have you carefully preserved the family jewels?" inquired Cooke blandly. "Why, what do you mean?" questioned his host. "The chains and handcuffs!" was the visitor's reply.

There is much about Edmund Kean, the wife of the London alderman, and his sighting of an audience in Boston. There are stories about Charles Kean. The elder Mathews visited this city in 1823. He dated a letter "Boston, alias Frozen Regions. This is the most trying climate that I ever imagined. In short all you have read of Russia will apply to it." He described ... Bostonians as sleighing at the rate of about twelve miles an hour and "in open carriages like the half of a boat. So fond are they of the sport that it is common for parties to go out at night ten or fifteen miles to adjacent villages, dance there and then return in these open sleighs. Funny people!" And again: "The Bostonians have given themselves a name as critics, and it is said by themselves that this is more like an English town than any in America—more literary people, better polished; and larger cities look up much to their opinion. Kean, in one of his speeches from the stage, called it a literary emporium. I shall stay here nearly a month longer and then back to New York. I can hardly hold my pen as I write—it is so cold. You have never seen ice, nor felt frost. My water-jug was frozen this morning. The ice was so thick that I could not break it with one of the legs of a chair. I am, thank God, so well that I bear it better than the natives—decidedly." Returning in 1835 he wept continuously through a sermon preached by Dr. Wainwright, a friend and admirer, although custom ... not allow the churchman to visit the theatre.

Conway and Junius Brutus Booth are portrayed with Fennell and Cooper, and Forrest has a chapter to himself, chiefly of a laudatory nature and in sharp contrast with William Winter's pages about him in "The Wallet of Time." We are told how, when as a young man playing at the Old National in Boston, he rushed with Metamora's paint only half removed from his cheek to nurse the sick baby of a woman staying at the same hotel.

It appears that charming Mrs. Duff ... not win "imperishable fame," because she was popular in Boston and Philadelphia before she went to New York. As the judicious Ireland re... "New York can some... ... jealous of her sister cities." ... arise: Macready, Mme. ..., Joseph Burke, the Kembles—... 's description of Boston in 1833 and the scenes at the theatre door is ... at length; Tyrone Power, ... "Impressions of America" is ...ly drawn upon. "It was quite in accordance with the character ascribed to the New Englanders," ... Power, "that they should coolly and thoroughly examine and understand the novelty presented to their judgment, and that being satisfied ... they should no longer set limits to the demonstration of their feelings. In matters of graver import they have always evinced the like deliberate judgment and apparent coldness of bearing; but beneath this prudential outward veil they have feelings capable of the highest degree of excitement and the most enduring enthusiasm. . . . Some of the kindest, gentlest and the most hospitable friends I had were, as they say here, 'real Yankee, born and raised within sight of the State House of Bosting.' "

When Price made an offer to Mme. Vestris in 1838, she asked if her "pupil," Charles James Mathews, might not also be engaged. "Well," said Price, "if you go out together you must get married, and the ceremony must take place publicly and be verified by the London newspapers." And married they were.

There is a picture of Ristori as Mary, Queen of Scots, looking like the principal of a Mt. Holyoke seminary. Surely she deserved something better. And a picture of Mme. Nazimova follows one of Salvini, while Mme. Duse shines by her absence in this gallery. In Indianapolis they complained of Otis Skinner playing Macduff with his "natural legs" and prayed for "a little less meat and a little more dressing." It was Mr. Jarrett who told a reporter that Sarah Bernhardt began the day with oatmeal and later always ate mussels.

And so there is gossip about Irving Edwin Booth, Jefferson, Sothern, the Davenport family. Poor Matilda Heron. "No harrowing thought, no disgusting detail was lacking in the character (Camille) as she gave it." Yet all that saw her agree that no one has approached her in the part.

Describing Charlotte Cushman, Miss Crawford admits that she was a "little grasping." "And I have it on unimpeachable authority that she disposed of the bronze statues presented to her on the occasion of her farewell performance at the Globe Theatre, Boston, for money, arguing that as she already possessed similar ones, the money was much better worth having. All of which is, perhaps, only another way of saying that Charlotte Cushman was blessed with a generous share of New England thrift."

There are notes about others, Lawrence Barrett, McCullough, Ada Rehan, Clara Morris. In a chapter entitled "The Theatres of New York and the Drama of Today" we meet Brougham, the Wallacks, Boucicault, Daly and his company. It was Brougham who said of Boucicault: "If Dion had to play a second oldman, he would scalp his grandfather for the wig." The thought of the Vokes family leads to this sour remark: "They were followed by a swarm of imitators who made possible on the legitimate stage the kind of thing which had previously been confined to the variety theatres—not then considered a proper place for ladies to attend. But some ladies found this new species of entertainment attractive, and so, of course, there arose managers who were glad to provide them with it. And since a taste for caviare and pate de foie gras, when once acquired, is not easily shaken off, it must be reluctantly conceded today, of vaudeville houses, as of the poor, that we have them always with us."

Miss Crawford is more fortunate as a purveyor of anecdotes than as a critic. She runs together the names of Messrs. Sheldon, Knoblauch, Moody, MacKaye and Elizabeth Robins, Rachel Crothers, and Josephine Peabody in "the choice company of American playwrights." "These new names, it is to be noted, all represent dramatists who write seriously, too, men and women who deal so earnestly with important contemporary aspects of human life and human thought, that their work is being printed as well as played, and played as well as printed! Our commercial showmen have now come to see that the public intelligence and public capacity have too long been underestimated." Oh, have they, though! But let us take fresh courage. Miss Crawford informs us that Mr. Percy MacKaye "has just completed a lyric drama on a modern social theme and is full of hope concerning the dramatic outlook in America."

Miss Crawford has compiled a readable book.

A review of "The Romance of the American Theatre," by Mary Caroline Crawford, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, may be found on another page of this issue.

We take pleasure in printing today an article written for The Herald by Mr. Samuel Montefiore Waxman on Eugene Brieux, the author of "Damaged Goods."

Eugene Brieux

It is not often that a French play is produced in this country treating of problems which can be immediately seized by the American play-going public. Most modern French plays concern themselves with conditions obtaining only in France in a society whose standards are much more lax in certain particulars, and more exacting in others, than our own. The sensational play of last year in New York was that of Eugene Brieux's "Les Avaries," which was abundantly advertised under the somewhat bald title "Damaged Goods." Whatever may have been the underlying motives which induced the New York producer to present a play of such character to a municipality which bars "Mrs. Warren's Profession," it is quite certain that its effects were much more far-reaching than either he or its original author probably foresaw. Eugene Brieux is known in France as "l'avocat" of the French playwrights. There, it is expected that each of his plays will plead a popular cause. He is essentially a man of the people, a student of social conditions, and a genuinely earnest reformer who uses the stage as a court of justice wherein to set forth the pros and contras of the questions which profoundly stir him.

In "Les Avaries" Brieux deals, and very brutally, with a set of conditions which would seem to refined sensibilities to belong more properly to the clinical laboratory or to propagandists of eugenic marriages. Even in France, where the Latin elasticity of mind accepts public discussion of intimate themes which Anglo-Saxon squeamishness seldom permits, this particular play was originally forbidden by the censor. Nevertheless, no one familiar with Brieux's work would question his intention in writing such a play, however much his good taste might be impugned.

It is doubtful if any society in France either literary or play-going was very profoundly moved by Mr. Brieux's "Les Avaries." In New York, on the contrary, it precipitated a discussion which reached from the slums to the pulpit, and engaged the attention of many a clergyman who rarely looks to the stage for support of the church's teachings. Even so eminent a psychologist as Mr. Munsterberg was drawn into the controversy. Many an "average playgoer," attracted to the theatre in the hope of a sensation, was moved to the point of tears by the play's powerful dramatic situations. "Gee, but that's hot stuff!" was the general verdict of this public; a crude comment, but intended to express only profound approbation. The force of Mr. Brieux's arguments quite conquered all self-consciousness in the face of the unaccustomed theme. This play, written in all sincerity, called forth a sincerity of judgment which "The Lure" and other cheap imitations could not command.

Although "Les Avaries" is representative of Brieux's especial talent in that it is honest and that it pleads a cause, it is not after all Brieux at his best. It seems a pity that neither New York nor any American city is able to accept modern French standards of playwrighting which are undoubtedly the most finished and subtle of any existing in any country today. Nor is Brieux himself in the first rank among the writers of plays in France. The group of men who write for the French stage are men of letters, essayists, novelists and poets, before they are playwrights. Their work is expected to be primarily of literary quality, and their plays reach as wide a public in book form as they do through stage productions. This literary test requires a degree of erudition not apparently necessary among most dramatists elsewhere. Certainly America has set up no such standards as France, and no one expects the author of a Broadway success to be at the same time a literary artist.

Brieux arrived at his present profession by the facile road of journalism, and consequently his methods are rather those of the newspaper reporter than of the essayist or poet. He is not considered in France as either finished or subtle. French critics admit that he does know how to construct a play, and that he is a keen observer of life and life's situations. They acknowledge his honesty of purpose and his clear-sighted sense of justice in the causes he pleads. He is so preoccupied, however, with the moral he wishes to convey that he creates types and not real people. His characters are more often than not mere ... used as mouthpieces ... in no sense the psychologist one looks for in a French writer. To a certain extent, Brieux is the literary descendant of Alexandre Dumas fils, from whom he may have learned the trick of writing a well constructed play which attempts to point a moral. Like Dumas, he lacks refinement. He forgets that, as they say in France, "in the theatre we are three," and he treats somewhat baldly subjects which two may discuss with perfect propriety but which are better dropped in the presence of a third. Brieux's plays are likely to meet the same fate as those of Dumas—a measure of oblivion—and for the same reason. The wrongs they attempt to right in time right themselves, and the causes they plead become obsolete. But Dumas, being more of a literary stylist, and by virtue of having been the first of the realists in France, will certainly live longer than Brieux.

No student of literature of a future generation could be expected to find which deal in the name of art with wet nurses, inherited depravity, abortion and sexual diseases. These unsavory themes furnish Brieux with the motives for four of his plays: "Les Remplacantes," "L'Evasion," "Maternite," and "Les Avaries." Notwithstanding the character of its subject, "L'Evasion" was crowned by the French Academy, as was also "La Robe Rouge." The latter is an attack on the French judicial system. Both plays are conspicuous examples of Brieux's masterful dramatic technique, and as such they received recognition from the highest literary tribunal in France. Moreover Brieux is himself a member of the French Academy.

This recognition by no means implies that exacting French critics would rank Brieux with such subtle psychologists as Paul Hervieu for example, or Henri Lavedan. Unfortunately the work of these playwrights is little known in this country. American managers evidently consider their subjects quite beyond the comprehension of the American audience. Brieux's directness and Henry Bernstein's brutality carry immediately "over the footlights" to a public not too much given to intricate self-analysis. Through such men as these, eminently lacking in true Gallic finesse, and the two poets Rostand and Maeterlinck (one of them not French at all), America gets its estimate of the modern French stage.

Madame Simone, in her recent visit to this country, did her artistic best to create a literary "entente cordiale" between our two countries, and she has gone back to France cheerfully acknowledging that the American character is not yet ready for French subtleties. Our native simplicity of ideals and directness in both thought and speech make curiously possible a popular success on this side of the water for an author like Brieux, even when he presents so indelicate a play as "Damaged Goods." On the other hand Hervieu's "Connaistoi" could awaken but a mild interest among an uncomprehending few of the people who determine the fate of plays in New York, the "trying-out-place" for exotic dramatic products.

Personal Notes

Mr. Edward S. Searles of Methuen celebrates today the 50th anniversary of the inauguration of the great organ in Boston Music Hall. This once famous organ, now thoroughly renovated, stands in Mr. Searles's organ hall. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will give the organ recital.

Mr. Stanislao Gallo, conductor of the Banda Orchestrale, which will soon give a concert in Boston, has devoted many years to the study of band scoring with the idea of creating a system which would give to the band the force and effect of the modern orchestra. He has evolved a system unique in itself and capable of international application, which has been approved by the Ricordi house. The latter will issue future band scores in accordance with Mr. Gallo's method, and each new work will bear a brief explanatory treatise written by him.

Mme. Nordica, Franklin Holding and Pault Dufault, tenor, have been heard from. They have met with success in the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. On Nov. 15 they will leave Brisbane for Java. Mr. Holding, born in Maine, studied here in Boston. The Melbourne newspapers praised the artistic simplicity, sincerity and refinement of his style; also his brilliance. The Sydney Mail declared that he had certain gifts that more famous violinists lacked—"soul, feeling and inspiration."

Mr. Siloti will bring out at his orchestral concerts in St. Petersburg this winter the "Ostrobotnische Suite" of T. Kuula; Debussy's "Jeux." Rachmaninoff's "Bells" (after Poe); a ballet suite by Regers; and ballet music for "Orpheus," by Roger-Ducasse.

Schaliapin, the Russian bass, has given the sum of 150,000 roubles toward the establishment of a retreat for aged people of the stage.

Johannes Wolff, a violinist, who many years ago visited Boston in company with Joseph Hollmann, is now giving farewell concerts.

Louis Ries, the last of the old St. James quartet, died recently in London at the age of 83. His companions were Joachim, Strauss and Piatti.

...nd Concert

Lehar's new operetta, "The Ideal Wife," was produced at Vienna on Oct. 11. The Viennese ...pondent of the Daily Telegraph ...n) wrote that it "delighted by ...ccession of charming melodies, ... Slav, with Czech and Russian predominating, although the plot ...d in Spain. It was Lehar's in...n to renovate one of his operettas ...med ten years ago, but an el... entirely new work erose out of ...bor, in which very little of the ...al appears. In the plot a man ...posed to be unable to recognize ...wn wife, who is sometimes blonde sometimes dark, sometimes of ...-like behaviour and at others wild ...oward. The music, with the ex...n of the long and unattractive ...u e, is among Lehar's best com...ons. A marching song, a waltz, ... as one dreams on a spring even... a mazurka, and a charming Span... ...ercarolle were much applauded and ...el times encored. In the last act ...r sprang a surprise with a tango, ... proves that he is a master in ... composition."

...rent Schmitt's symphonic poem, ... Haunted Palace," was revived at ...onne concert in Paris Oct. 12. He ... it when he was at the Villa ...is, Rome. Listen to the Paris ...spondent of the Daily Telegraph: ... is a musical interpretation of a not well known poem by Edgar Allan 'The Haunted Palace':

In the greenest of our valleys,
... good angels tenanted,
...e a fair and stately palace,
...hant palace raised its head.
...andrers in that happy valley,
...h...gh two luminous windows saw
...rits moving musically."

...'evil things in robes of sorrow' as...d the monarch's high estate. The ... is the story of the downfall of Monarch Thought's dominion,' and it ...usly relies for its effect upon the ...rast of the picture of the happy ...y and the pale door, whence a ...ns throng rush out for ever and ...h—'but smile no more.'

...t this contrast seems to have been ...ly ignored by the composer. The ... work is written with the same ...red feeling of rather contorted ...n There is no trait in the music, ...stance, that paints 'the greenest of ... valley, by good angels tenanted.' ... merit of the work is chiefly tech...l, and we know that M. Schmitt's ...ique is remarkable, if a little com...ed."

...o new pieces for small orchestras ... Frederick Delius, "The First Cuckoo ...e in Spring" end "A Summer Night ... the River," were played at the first ...andhaus concert in Leipsic this ...

...e German newspapers are loud in ... praises of Dr. Arthur Somervell's ...Concertstueck for violin and orches..., which Miss Jelli von Aranyi played ... the first time at the opening concert of the season at Aachen this day week. One of the critics, indeed, goes so far ... say that for him this work takes ... of place over all similar violin ...tions of the last 10 years in ... of its superior melodiousness ... freshness, the depth of its emotion... ...lity and the charm of its form.—...Telegraph, Oct. 11.

...re is an English criticism of a per...ance of Beethoven's 5th Symphony: ...ning in a bold, dignified manner, a ...nce was established at the outset ...h admitted no tentative dallying. ...r — realized that the faintest trace ...esitancy and nervousness would ...n the performance, and exerted con...mate skill to command a grave at.... In the well known passage in the ... movement in which the melody of ... violin is echoed by the flute the lat...ter permitted a superiority of sweetness ... the violins which no enthusiastic ...tist should allow, but this harshness, ...ble also in the reeds, was quickly ...ed. The exacting nature of the ...k for 'celli and basses in this (the ...nd) movement is well known, but ...ecution was free from all wooli... or angularity, which often accom... it, and one felt that the support ...red by the pianoforte was an unnec...ry reflection upon their powers. In..., the ring of the sustaining pedal ... broke across a silence with a dis...ting effect."

H...o's "Hernani"

The publication of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" and "Marion de Lorme" ... cheap and excellent Nelson edi...d Mr. Charles Whibley to write as f...

"...ere are some plays which are re...bered rather as events than es ...s of art. The honor thus done ... is often undeserved. They are ...med as the causes of a change ... thought or manners, when they are ...symptoms. Beaumarchais, by his ...age de Figaro,' did not prepare the ... for a revolution, which he could not ...e. He merely gathered together in ...edy the vague aspirations of the ...s and the doctrines of the ency...ists. That his comedy seemed an ... surprised the author himself, and ...d not be misunderstood by us. ...ut much better reason, 'Hernani' ...as an event for its contempora... ...the date of its first performance— ... is never likely to be for... The jeunesse puissante, which ...ims, had deliberately prepared the triumph of the young poet, 'sincere and independent as itself.' Gautier and his friends thought that they detected in 'Hernani' all their own extravagant desires. It was a picturesque image of the past. It gave an excuse for the fantastic disguises which they affected themselves. The hero was a brigand, as he should be, cut to the true Byronic pattern. The tomb of Charlemagne suited the taste of those who exulted in the chill horror of graveyards, end who delighted to drink their wine from skulls. In brief, the enthusiasts devoutly believed that they had discovered romance in the very act, and knew not which was the more glorious, Hugo's Hernani' or Theophile's red waistcoat.

"Thus it was that a zealous coterie insured the victory of 'Hernani.' In the reverberating echoes of its applause the voices of censor and reactionary alike seemed silenced forever. And Hugo, as always, rose to the occasion. He believed that with a single drama he had routed the ultras of all kinds, classical and monarchical. He was sure that he had prepared the way for the revolution of July. He grandiloquently asserted that literary liberty was the daughter of political liberty, though, being a poet, he should have known better; and he was presently convinced that 'Hernani' and the disappearance of Charles X. were the two greatest events of modern times. It would have been wonderful indeed if his arrogant temper had not over-rated the importance of his achievement. Hugo was sublime always. He flew upon an eagle's wing. And, unlike Antaeus, he lost his strength when he touched the earth. How, then, should he have shaped an honest judgment of his play? How should he become a fair critic of a performance whose meaning was obscured on the one hand by the packed enthusiasm of Gautier and his friends, on the other by the fierce opposition of the classics?"

At last time has blown away the mists of fiction, and we see clearly that the battle of "Hernani" was but a battle of style. The stage trappings, the exotic personagee of the drama, the cloaked conspirators, the foolish interpretation of the honor of Spain—all these appeared to be the flowers of romance, and yet they mattered not at all. Hugo, seldom conscious of himself, shared the error that by following in the footstepe of Byron and Sir Walter Scott he was inaugurating a new art. He rightly regarded "Hernani" as the beginning of his work, and compared himself with the architect of Bourges who "put an almost Moorish porch to a Gothic cathedral." But his new art lay, not in the substitution of Spain for France—his Spaniards are still French, like his Englishmen; it lay in a change of style. The audience on the first night were stirred to anger, not by the mise-en-scene. It could easily have endured the spectacle of the king in the cupboard had it been permitted tranquilly to travel thus far. What it could not stand was the structure of the first two lines. When the curtain goes up, Dona Josefa is discovered listening for a knock upon a secret door. "Serait-ce deja lui?" she asks:

"Serait-ce deja lui? C'est bien a l'escalier
Derobe."

And it was this enjambement, this leaving the word derobe over to the second line, that startled the students of poetry, who were Hugo's critics. Here was a hint that Hugo intended no longer to preserve the rigid nobility of the couplet, that he would neglect the rules, making the Alexandrine tragic, comic, or epic at he nced. And as distence minifies all things, so we may be forgiven if after the lapse of 80 years we discern no vast difference between Hugo and his predecessors.

Moreover, the truth is sadly evident today that "Hernani" is in no sense a great play. In action, which as Dumas well understood was the first necessity of such drama as this, Hugo was deficient. He was no master of the scene a faire. "Hernani" is a series of blind-alleys. In every act, except the last, you are led to expect a tragedy, and are foiled. In the first act Don Carlos might have put an end to Hernani. He lets him escape as one of his suite. In the second act Hernani has the King at his mercy, and spares his life. In the third act Hernani falls into the clutches of Don Ruy Gomez, who lets him off. In the fourth act the conspirators, keen rivals for the privilege of killing the King, put up their swords for no better reason than that Don Carlos is proclaimed Emperor. Don Carlos appeared a reasonable victim. Not even vengeance permitted his enemies to strike a blow at Charles Quint. It is true that in the fifth act some amends are made by a general carnage. But it is then too late to capture our interest, and, try as we will, we can hardly shed a tear for the foredoomed Hernani and his peerless Dona Sol.

If the construction of "Hernani" be vague and indeterminate, it cannot claim our admiration for any subtlety of character. Hugo's puppets are bred of ink and paper, not of blood and bone. Modern though they be, they are many leagues further from life and nature than the superb personages of Racine. Had not their thoughts, or rather Hugo's thoughts, been enshrined in splendid verse, they would have been forgotten long ago. Though the action of the drama drags, though the tragedy is but a creaking machine, the poet's rhetoric never tires. The lines in which Don Ruy Gomez addresses the portraits of his ancestors, for instance, and the stupendous soliloquy of Don Carlos, delivered at the tomb of Charlemagne, are as good specimens as may be found of Hugo's eloquence. But they depend for their effect, not upon the glory of Spain, but upon the glory of the French tongue. In brief, the literary revolution of 1830 was a revolution of style. And romance did not come into her full sovereignty until Balzac, forgetting, in the "Comedie Humaine," that there were other countries and other times than his own, created anew the great and various land of France.

A King's Play

The Petit Journal publishes from its Cattaro correspondent a dispatch describing the first performance at Virpazaro of a new play entitled "The Siege of Scutari," by King Nicholas of Montenegro, whose play, "The Empress of the Balkans," has recently been published in English. Admission to the theatre was free, there was a large audience, and the performance was decidedly exciting. The actors who appeared as Turkish soldiers were welcomed with hoots and hisses; while in the second scene, in which Essad Pasha makes his appearance, a young Montenegrin drew a revolver and attempted to shoot "the defender of Scutari." It was only with great difficulty that he was prevented from doing so.

A little later, amid a stage setting depicting a military camp, a soldier was relating the story of the final assault on Tarabosh, when a spectator rose in the auditorium and shouted: "I was there. What happened was quite different." A tableau of the capture of Scutari brought down the curtain amid indescribable enthusiasm.—Pall Mall Gazette.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I notice my friend Mr. Ryan, speaking of recent rumors regarding a new stock company theatre here in Boston, states that the palmy days of the drama never existed. That is a matter of individual opinion. I know that old-school actors seem to the younger ones to have a "beautiful diction." The older ones, as Joseph Jefferson says, were trained in the idea that people came to the theatre to see and hear. He also claimed that what he gave the audience in nervous force, in artistic effort, in inspiration, he received back in full measure, pressed down and running over. I was reminded of this only the other day on coming across what Macready said on first appearing after a severe illness. He stated that he felt stronger after the play, and then exclaimed: "How very strange!" He had simply proved by experience what Jefferson later on found to be true in his own case. He came off the stage refreshed instead of exhausted, "because he was one of those analytical persons instantly aware of the personal response." I should prefer "sensitive" to "analytical."

Carlyle says that there is an infinite in man which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the finite. William James affirms that there is in everyone of us a set of thoughts, memories and feelings which lie outside consciousness, and yet may be brought into it, in other words, the sub-conscious. And Sir Oliver Lodge has suggested that not the whole, but only a part of our personality, is incarnated at a time. This sounds rather occult, yet when we come under the spell of a genius like Shakespeare we grow dimly aware of the existence of realms of thought and feeling stretching out far beyond our present limited apprehension. Let me see—what is it M. Niccodemi says? "Bataille, Bernstein and myself are too realistic; too harsh, perhaps. We must put more poetry into our work. I feel that there is the need of the moment. Consider Shakespeare and his 'genial' creation Caliban. Even here was poetry. In the crudest, most vulgar situation there is always a touch of sentiment." It is to be hoped that every up-to-date playwright will read that and profit by it. It is becoming more and more apparent that the dramatist of the future must know

"* * * what the world contains
In its innermost heart and finer veins."

He must see life steadily and see it round about us of "the unexplored and the inexpressible," two things which will always make life alluring and well worth living.

J. W.

The Art of Letter-Writing

Here is a letter written by a publisher in London to a western playwright. It is published for the first time. Note the lame and impotent conclusion:

Dear Sir:

I have read your play "—— ——" with close attention and much interest, and so far as my poor opinion is worth having, I congratulate you sincerely upon the unexaggerated realism you show in the play. To my ears the tone seems almost English in its quietness and lack of hysteria, qualities which are unfortunately not very usual in such American literature as comes my way. Perhaps this is no compliment to you although it is meant to be, for frankly for some time past I have had a very languid interest in the literary products of your side of the water through the almost hysterical over-valuation of minor efforts which, it seems to me, one so frequently sees. There is of course an enormous amount of indifferent work produced here, but then the drums don't beat, while on your side almost every writer seems to be hailed as "the greatest man the country has yet brought forth."

I like your play because all this is so absent in it, and you seem to see things so sanely and quietly that you compel your reader to feel that you are really giving him a transcript of current American life. Of course the character development and the action are very much in line with development and action here, barring local peculiarities; and if you succeed in interesting folks on your side in such plays as yours, and especially in selling the copies, or getting the play produced, America must be on the eve of a solid and fine movement which cannot but react favorably here. Anyway, I cordially wish you success, and repeat my thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of the work. I won't offer to attempt to place or circulate the book here, because I do not think there is enough interest to warrant such an effort. I am sure you were not expecting me to make such an offer and I merely mention it to show you I had not overlooked the possibility.

Sincerely yours, —— ——.

Nov 3. 1913

N. Y. ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Josef Stransky, conductor, with Fritz Kreisler, solo violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, the fourth of the Sunday series. The program was as follows: Wagner, overture to "Rienzi"; Bruch, concerto in G minor for violin; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Tschaikowsky, symphony, E minor, No. 5.

It would be interesting to know how many went to the concert simply to hear Mr. Kreisler. An orchestra like the Philharmonic should fill Symphony Hall without a soloist. That this can be done has often been shown here at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There was no soloist at any one of the first three concerts this season, and yet there were no vacant seats at the public rehearsals, and few, if any, on a Saturday night; nor does the committee that announces the pension fund concert, to be given the 16th, think it necessary to engage a soloist. In an ideal series of Symphony concerts no pianist or violinist or singer would appear unless some work like d'Indy's Symphony on a Mountain Air, Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," the "Childe Harold" Symphony with the viola representing the hero, or the Ninth Symphony were on the program. As a rule the intrusion of a solo player disturbs the program, however admirable his performance in itself may be.

Undoubtedly to the great majority of the audience yesterday Mr. Kreisler was the chief feature, the box-office magnet. This is not surprising, for he is not only a great violinist, an artist in every sense of the word; he has the peculiar, indefinable quality that controls and sways a crowd; and this quality is not shown in a lamentably spectacular manner. No violinist is more honest, more outwardly unconscious of his power over the hearers. He does not watch anxiously the working of his spell.

The program was well suited to the occasion; it was worthy of the orchestra. Some might say that the circus overture to "Rienzi" was a sop to the public, but the mighty name of Wagner covers even this proof that he could be more vulgar than Meyerbeer. "Death and Transfiguration" is still one of Strauss's noblest compositions, and the fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky may outlive the "Pathetic" as a work of art, if it is not so frank a revelation of a singularly morbid mind.

The concert gave pleasure to an audience that filled the hall in every part. Many stood. Mr. Kreisler was enthusiastically applauded and recalled again and again. He was in the vein. The beauty of his cantilena in the Adagio, the superb rhythmical energy displayed in the Finale, the technical mastery and fine musical taste constantly in evidence were thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. Stransky and the orchestra were also warmly welcomed. The orchestra has been improved in certain respects by the engagement of new players. The violins have the "bite" that has long distinguished this society, but they now have a warmer and richer tone. The 'cello choir is excellent; in fect, the orchestra is one in which New York may justly take pride.

The concert next Sunday will be given by Miss Frieder Hempel, coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, and an orchestra of Boston Symphony players led by Mr. Urack.

[illegible] Nip[illegible] poison flowers;
[illegible] a lawn [illegible] down tha[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] whistle with a needle's point;
[illegible] to take a quill
[illegible] powder in his ears,
[illegible] and pour quicksilver down.
[illegible] I have a braver way than these.

Aftermath.

[illegible] Herald published last Friday an interesting article on Mme. Lafarge, who was accused of poisoning her husband with arsenic. She was convicted, although her lawyer, the most eminent chemist in France, and many throughout the country were convinced of her [illegible]ce. How her sentence was com[illegible] and what became of her has [illegible]dy been told.

Let us now add to the story. As long as her counsel lived, he yearly visited her grave to put flowers on it. Only a few months ago there was a movement in Paris to declare officially her innocence, and thus remove the stain from her name.

In Ernest Legouve's "Sixty Years of Recollections" there is a story that shows how her trial affected children as well as older persons. Berlioz lived unhappily with his first wife, Harriet Constance Smithson, the Irish actress. Older than he was, she aged rapidly, grew intolerably fat and took to drink. Berlioz was not a restful person to live with and there were violent scenes. One night their little son was awakened by a terrible outburst of temper. His mother was raging. He went up to her and exclaimed: "Mama, mama, don't do like Madame Lafarge."

Theophile Gautier, reviewing in 1841 the drama "La Lescombat," by Beraud and Brot, first described an admirably beautiful hand that might be seen in some artist's studio, a hand to hold the sceptre, a severe, noble, energetic hand, in spite of its delicacy and dimples. Voluptuousness and cruelty were stamped on it, and it revealed a virile, resolute spirit. And a mask might be suspended near it, a face with an oval forehead, the nose with a royal line, nostrils passionately chiselled, a charming, full blown mouth; and yet this face was sinister, the eyes were disturbingly malicious; the mouth was ironical, gently perfidious; the cheek-bones, a little too prominent, revealed a savage stubbornness. "If you should ask the artist from what Grecian temple, from what antique statue these fragments came, he would reply, rolling between his thumb and forefinger the conventional cigarette, 'That is the Lescombat.' In truth, this hand and this mask, moulded on nature, belonged to that Madame Lafarge of the 18th century." And then Gautier related the terrible story of Mme. Lescombat, her husband the architect, and the poor wretch of a lover, Mongeot.

Artists In Poison.

There have been famous trials of men and women in England accused of administering arsenic, among them the Seeton case and the Maybrick case. Aqua Tofana, the deadly liquid sold at Rome and Naples in the 17th century by the daughter of the woman Tofana, is supposed to have been a preparation of arsenic and lead. What was there in the wine of the Borgias that did not kill mercifully, but let the drinker drag out weary, loathsome months; poison that shrivelled the skin, forced the hair to fall, bowed the back of the strongest and turned a gallant youth of 20 into a shivering, palsied old man before death took pity?

In the good old Italian days the rapier and the stiletto were not feared. There was poison in the cup, the dish, everywhere; in the fan, the perfumed glove, the riding boots; in the torch with which a servant of the host escorted the guest; the hilt of the sword and the pommel of the saddle; in the bouquet sent by the noble dame to the actress, her rival. For the Elizabethan dramatists poison was a pet stage property. In Webster's "White Devil" the sister of Francisco de Medicis dies from kissing thrice the lips of her husband's portrait, and Brachiano himself dies horribly after putting on his helmet:

> O, I am gone already! the infection
> Flies to the brain and heart

The Jest of Parysatis.

One of the finest stories of poisoning is in Plutarch's life of Artaxerxes. Let Sir Thomas North relate it.

"In Persia there is a litle bird, of the which all the parts of it is excellent good to eate, and is ful of fat within: So that it is thought it liveth by ayer and dewe, and in the Persian tongue they cal it Ryntacee. Parysatis, as Ctesias sayth, tooke one of these birdies, and cut it in the middest with a litle knife, the which was poysoned onely on one of the sides, and gave that halfe which was poysoned unto Statira. Yet Dinon writeth, that it was not Parysatis her selfe that gave it her, but her carver Melantas that carved her meate, and still gave Queen Statira of that meate which the side of his poysoned knife had touched. So Queen Statira presently fel sick of the dissease whereof she died, with grevous pangs and gripings."

This story is treated as fabulous by Paris and Fonblanque. Let us rather [illegible] w[illegible] [illegible] ble[illegible] [illegible] poison of [illegible] * * * was certainly a very subtle one, and such as our ignorance is well content it knows not."

To "C. I. A."

"C. I. A." asked a few days ago concerning some verses beginning: "A nix there was upon this mundus." Dr. William Milligan of Cambridge answers: "The lines you refer to are from a poem called 'The Possum Hunt.' I do not know the author or when it was originally published. I found it as a boy, published in the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle, somewhere about 1865."

The Coiner Tennyson.

Tracer, the inquiry form forwarded from point to point, on which the successive movements of a missing car, parcel, etc., are recorded, is peculiar to this country, and we speak of a railroad track, while the English say line, or in some connections the rails. Trackage in England means the action or process of tracking or towing, towage, haulage; with us it means the tracks of a railway system collectively. Trade dollar is defined as a dollar issued by the U. S. A. for the Asiatic trade.

We have referred to the word "tonguey." Tennyson apparently was the first to use the word "tonguester"—"the tonguesters of the court she had not heard," and he used it more than once.

Nov 4 1913

First Performance in Boston of "The Honeymoon Express"

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Honeymoon Express," a spectacular musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Joseph W. Herbert and Harold Atteridge; music by Jean Schwartz. Played by the Winter Garden company of New York.

Henri Dubonet	Jack Storey
Pierre	Donald MacDonald
Baudry	Earl Benham
Gardonne	E. J. De Varny
Gus	Al Jolson
Dr. D'Zuvray	Melville Ellis
Alfonse	Harland Dixon
Gaston	James Doyle
Maurice	F. Owen Baxter
Yvonne	Juliette Dika
Marcelle	Ray Samuels
Mme. De Bressie	Ada Lewis
Marguerite	Anna Wheaton
Noelle	Jane Laurence

There really was no need of a book, for the entertainment in this piece lies in the vaudeville features, in the sumptuous costumes designed with uncommon taste and a fine eye for color, the fresh and young chorus maidens with their pretty evolutions, and the race between an express train and an automobile, which was ingeniously devised and admirably managed.

There was a book, however, with much dialogue. This dialogue was as a rule either vapid or coarse. When it was coarse, it was not magnificently coarse in a primitive way; it was cheap and common, and many of the jests were of the sort that provoke a snicker rather than honest laughter. Much was made of the fact that persons going to bed or about to take a bath, remove their clothes. Thus the jesting was too often of the district-school order. Even Mr. Jolson who does not need to seek refuge in vulgarity in order to raise a laugh was once or twice unnecessarily broad, and then he was not irresistibly funny.

Mr. Jolson, as a rule, was very amusing. He revived memories of the old-time negro-minstrels: Horn, Seymour, Unsworth, Ryman, Bloodgood, Backus. He was now dry, now unctuous. There was the intense seriousness in his fooling; there was the racial love of sonorous words without appreciation of their meaning; there was the delightfully inconsequential reasoning from an absurd premise; there was evident enjoyment in his own smartness. Not for many years has there been such an assumption of gravity as in his recitation of Napoleon's Last Farewell to His Troops. And in this burlesque, as in his stories, there was not a word too much. The lines were not unduly emphasized. There was no intolerable repetition.

And Mr. Jolson sang with his customary gusto. If only he would let "The Rosary" alone. Then for the first time he was dull. No doubt the song appeals to him. There were calls for it last night, but Mr. Jolson is not amusing when he is sentimental, nor is he emotional—except in burlesque.

Other features of the performance were the nimble steps of Messrs. Doyle and Dixon, lithe, supple dancers, graceful even when they were eccentric; the dancing and comedy of Miss Wheaton; and the dancing of Miss Rose and Mr. Pernicoff in "The Oriental Bacchanale." In this scene the setting and the costumes were gorgeous, as they were in the Spanish scene with Miss Dika in the foreground.

Miss Lewis, still slow in the delivery of her lines, was mildly amusing, but the dialogue between her and Mr. Ellis at the end of his planologue was too long drawn out, and it fell into piffle. Miss Dika interested the spectator chiefly by her costumes. Miss Samuels's songs, sung in an aggressive manner, were evidently enjoyed by [illegible] question that might arise in a discussion concerning the psychology of audiences.

The music had a swing, and it was for the most part noisy and in a lively tempo. The composer put his faith in the piccolo and pulsatile instruments. For the Bacchanale, music by Borodin was introduced.

An audience of good size was greatly entertained.

"We. the People" Produced by Stock Company—Piece Greatly Enjoyed.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"We The People," a play in four acts, by John Frederick Ballard and Edwin Carty Ranck. First performance on any stage.

Phil Durgan	William P. Carleton
Mike Healy	Donald Meek
Mat Rummel	Frederic Ormonde
Dr. Richards	J. Morrill Morrison
John Townley	George Ernst
Joe Weinstein	Carney Christie
William Maitland	Al Roberts
Dan Horton	Edward A. Fox
Madden	Alfred R. Berg
Bill	Alfred Lunt
Jean Townley	Miss Doris Olsson
Mrs. Durgan	Miss Mabel Colcord

"We the People" was evidently written with an eye on the box office. In theme it has a certain popular appeal after the manner of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," but, while the story is in many respects the same, it is clumsily treated and inferior in dialogue. The piece serves to voice a plea for clean government, ideal politics, general reform. It is not wholly free from hysteria.

The first act takes place in the Charlestown prison. Phil Durgan, a stalwart youth, is nearing the end of his five years' term. When employed in a bank he appropriated $500 to help his father, a political reformer, whose aims were defeated by corrupt politicians. There is a riot in the prison. Durgan saves the warden's life. He is pardoned.

In the second act Durgan is seen as manager of a thriving department store in a western town. There are prospects of partnership. He is engaged to the daughter of the head of the firm. But there is trouble in the town. The politics are controlled by Mat Rummel, a corrupt boss. Typhoid fever is raging. The drinking water of a certain district is impure; the number of dead increases daily. Rummel will promise no assistance, yet he is candidate for mayor. A wild-eyed doctor urges Durgan to run for mayor on the reform ticket. He refuses, but, pressed by his betrothed, a passionate reformer, accepts at his peril.

Rummel threatens to reveal his opponent's past. He has been provided with accurate details by a detective of the type common to such plays. Durgan's alternative is to veto the water bill. He refuses steadfastly. His story is published in an extra.

In the last act heroism triumphs. Durgan unmasks Rummel and the men of his party who had assembled to curse the ex-convict shout for joy and throw their hats in the air.

While excellent character drawing is a feature of the play, the characters vie with each other in profanity. Thus do the authors think to strengthen their dialogue. Unfortunately their vocabulary is not varied. There is depressing monotony in the oaths. It would be interesting to know the number of times the word "hell" occurs throughout the play. In the last act it is used nine times in rapid succession. "Politics are worse than hell" and "I'd have as much chance of being elected as a celluloid collar would of passing through hell" are pleasing variations. There should be picturesque swearing.

Then, too, there is a general denunciation of the rich, a restless clamoring against things as they are, touching bits of local and patriotic color. "If a rich man disobeys the law, there is a pardon. If a poor man steals a ham, he gets five years," says Durgan sourly. "We will go to the West and begin life again, to the West, where they judge a man for what he is, not for what he has been," exclaims his mother.

As a whole, the play is excellently acted. Mr. Carleton plays Phil Durgan with impressive manliness. Miss Olsson as Jean Townley, a hysterical young woman, succeeds in making the part attractive. Miss Colcord plays with sincerity a lachrymose maternal role. Mr. Ormonde suggests the boss with vigorous iniquity. Mr. Roberts is a benevolent warden.

Yesterday afternoon an audience of fair size was constantly enthusiastic. It applauded all allusions to bad government and rejoiced heartily in the closing triumph of virtue.

The play next week will be "The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn.

CHANGE IN CAST AT COLONIAL THEATRE

There was a change in the cast of "The Madcap Duchess" at the Colonial Theatre last evening, when Ralph Herz replaced Harry Macdonough as Hardi, manager of the Regent's players.

Mr. Herz is an experienced comedian, well liked in Boston. He at once establishes friendly relations between himself and the audience and his appe[illegible] last evening was joyfully welcomed. He was fortunate, too, in his make up, while his grimaces, capers and fooling evidently gave much pleasure.

The operetta has much to commend it. Mr. Herbert's score is melodious and spirited. There is an amiable, if inconsequential story. Miss Swinburne rejoices in youth and freshness. The supporting company is individually effective. The piece is elaborately staged and handsomely costumed.

Next week Miss Elsie Janis and Montgomery and Stone will be seen in "The Lady of the Slipper." The sale of seats opens this morning.

TOE DANCER AT B. F. KEITH'S

Mlle. Ma-Belle Warmly Received—"Taking Things Easy" Pleases—Other Items.

Mlle. Ma-Belle, the wonderful English toe dancer, made her first appearance in Boston last night at B. F. Keith's Theatre and scored a triumph. The manner in which this little lady danced about the stage on the tip of her toes was delightful to behold in these days of the tango and other ragtime efforts. Ma-Belle is a finished artist. Her dancing last night highly pleased the audience and she was given a warm reception. Her costume of shimmering green in the opening number, "Dance Diabole," was rather daring. Her second number, "Adagio," assisted by Mlle. Lovett, was more pleasing and she was heartily applauded. In this she wore a handsome pink costume. She danced four times in all. The "Flower Dance" by Lillian and Dorothy Dumont was another fine number in the act. These two misses are finished dancers, but the same cannot be said of the ballet of six girls who are on the stage half the time.

Second place on the bill easily goes to Harry Tighe and his company of eight breezy collegians in the up-to-the minute sketch "Taking Things Easy." This is one of the finest sketches that has been seen in Boston for a long time and everybody who has ever been to college or knows anyone who has gone should witness the production. It is a crack-a-jack laugh producer.

Tighe was especially good as "Dick" Pendleton, the college cut-up. He was ably assisted by Ubert Carlton, Frank Ebright, Tom Callahan and Jack Ryan. Helen Stewart contributed a dance with one of the male members of the cast which was well liked by the audience.

Prince Emil and his eight handsome polar bears, direct from Carl Hagenbeck's, did all sorts of unusual stunts.

Robert L. Dailey & Co., in the skit "Our Bob," got a "big hand" from all over the house. Dailey is particularly funny. His rapid fire talk was very good.

Elida Morris knows how to select charming gowns and can sing but her choice of selections outside of the first number was rather poor.

Wallace Galvin must know a storage egg merchant judging from the manner in which he produced "hen fruit" from the air last night and from the way in which his assistant from the audience broke them on the stage. And eggs 55 cents a dozen, too. Every family should have a Galvin. He is clever.

Other numbers included Sherman, Van and Hyman in songs and "melodious nonsense," Halley & Noble in a song and dance act, and The Youngers in posing and balancing.

"Hang Champagne," says Fledgling, "It's only fit for gals and children. Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards." "What's port now?" says Gosling; "disgusting, thick, sweet stuff—where's the old dry wine we use to get?" Until the last twelvemonth, Fledgling drank small beer at Doctor Swishtail's; and Gosling used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary in 1844.

Choice Vintages.

Snobling, Fledgling and Gosling are still to be found in clubs, and are smiled on by the treasurer. They are amiable, often generous, sometimes extravagant. For their benefit, and for the benefit of teetotallers, who are not to be confounded with prohibitionists, for teetotallers abstain even from Jamaica ginger and bay rum, we give a short list of famous vintages. We quote from a report sent out by Mr. Hedges Butler, an expert of Regent street, London: "The vocabulary of the cognoscenti contains words that they would fain hope to apply to wines with greater frequency in the years to come than they have been able to do in the immediate past—'Old-fashioned' and 'Ele-

[illegible] This quoted sentence is a re[illegible]er's. Mr. Butler is not guilty "Ol[illegible]oned" in "the vocabulary of the [illegible]nnocenti"—that's a resounding phrase [illegible]imply means a full, rich wine, full of [illegible]—a wine that will last a hundred [illegible]ars. "Elegant" means pretty, new, [illegible]ty, thus the 1893 burgundy was an [illegible]legant" wine; it needed sunshine.

The year 1870 was remarkable for good [illegible]nes in port, burgundy, champagne and [illegible]aret. In 1873 there was famous port, [illegible]nd the champagne of 1874 was "liquid [illegible]old."

According to Mr. Butler these years [illegible]vored champagne: 1868, 1870, 1872, [illegible]4, 1884, 1889, 1892, 1893, 1898, 1900, [illegible]4, 1906, 1911. The best years were [illegible]874, 1892, 1898, 1904, 1906.

The burgundy of 1870, 1874, 1892, 1904 [illegible]nd 1906 is especially to be procured.

The port of 1908 was one of the finest [illegible]or many years.

The claret of 1875, 1890, 1900, 1906 [illegible]an be put before the fastidious.

The vintage this year is poor. Mr. Butler says we are passing through a [illegible]ormal period of lean years, but he [illegible]rophesies an abundant and a fine yield [illegible]n 1914. Mr. Butler, by the way, has [illegible]Madeira bottled in 1800, bearing the [illegible]apsule of Napoleon and taken from [illegible]the Tuileries. He also has bottles, row [illegible]pon row, of the Waterloo port, and [illegible]there are bottles of the 1870 claret in [illegible]his collection, "one of the oldest clarets to be had at the present time."

And now, Mr. Johnson, let's have one more ale, "curiously pulled in a pewter quart." It is wholesome, and we can afford the price.

Two Philosophers.

They were talking at the Porphyry about refined selfishness and hard-heartedness. Interesting examples were quoted. At last Mr Herkimer Johnson narrated the following anecdote:

The philosopher de Fontenelle was passionately fond of asparagus, and he preferred a dressing of oil. One of his friends—he may have been the Abbe Terrasson—invited himself to dinner. Fontenelle said he would be glad to have his company, and would even make a great sacrifice: he would give him half his mess of asparagus and tell the cook to dress the half with butter. Just before they were going to sit down at table the Abbe fell, struck down by apoplexy. Fontenelle jumped up, ran to the kitchen and shouted: "Dress it all with oil!" Some days afterward dining at Lord Hyde's in Paris and seeing asparagus served, he remarked that his direction to the cook, his little jest, had put asparagus in fashion. From this it will be seen that M. de Fontenelle was, indeed, a philosopher.

And then Mr. Auger said: "I know where you found that story. Baron Grimm told it in his Correspondence, and he evidently didn't like Fontenelle. I don't believe the yarn."

Is the story a proof that Grimm did not like the philosopher? Is there any malice like unto the malice of a friend?

An Awful Warning.

As the World Wags:

I, too, have understood that cigarettes were made fashionable in London by Laurence Oliphant, who learned the trick in the East during the Crimean war. Justin McCarthy told a queer story about fashions in tobacco. When he came to London in 1852, "it was thought quite the right thing for a man of fashion to appear in the broad daylight with a clay pipe in his mouth. * * Many a young man stuck a clay pipe in his mouth and pretended to be a real gentleman."

I call to your attention "The Tobacco Habit," by Herbert H. Tidswell, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P. Dr Tidswell describes three things which a Christian should fear: infidelity, tobacco, alcohol. He believes that every mental, moral or physical evil ever ascribed to tobacco is the lot of all smokers; the families of smokers will probably be unhealthy, and the fall in the birth rate is also due to the use of tobacco. I remember the speech of a woman in Reade's "Terrible Temptation" to this effect, when Sir Charles was despondent because he had no heir.

JUNIUS BRUTUS HATCH.

Medfield, Nov. 1.

Biographical.

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt took out a life insurance policy for $100,000 she said she never wore stays; that she earned $10,000 a week in the theatrical season; that she was 5 feet 6½ inches high and her weight was 130 pounds.

Nov 5 1913

KNEISELS GIVE FIRST CONCERT

The Kneisel quartet gave its first concert of this season last evening at Steinert Hall. Henri Leon Leroy, clarinetist of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, assisted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet in F minor, op. 95; Dvorak, quartet in D minor, No. 5; Brahms, quintet in B minor, op. 115.

[illegible] quartet, written about 1899, was first played in Boston by the Adamowski quartet. Three years ago it was performed by the Hess-Schroeder quartet. It is full of melody and rhythmic grace.

The themes are tuneful, at times suggesting the folksong in character, with a dash of Scottish dialect. The piece is popular in the best sense. It was performed with spirit and eloquence.

Excellent, too, was the performance of Brahms's quintet, composed for Muhlfeld, clarinetist of the Meiningen orchestra, and first brought out in Boston by the Kneisels with Goldschmidt. Mr. Leroy, a finished artist, excelled in beauty of tone, artistic phrasing, polish, fluency.

It is late in the day to speak of the merits of Mr. Kneisel and his associates, to whose fine musicianship and interesting choice of programs music-lovers of this city have long been indebted. A large and appreciative audience was present.

The second concert will be on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2.

'THE WHIP' AT THE BOSTON

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Whip," a melodrama in four acts and 13 scenes by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Performed by the Drury Lane Company of America, Inc. Produced at Drury Lane, London, Sept. 9, 1909.

Earl of Brancaster.....John Halliday
Rev. Verner Haslam.....Lumsden Hare
Marquis of Beverley.....J. H. Barnes
Capt. Greville Sartoris.....Charles Blackall
Harry Anson.....Dion Titheradge
Tom Lambert.....Ambrose Manning
Joe Kelly.....Mr. Arthur B. Murray
Hon. Mrs. Beamish.....Marie Illington
Lady Diana Sartoris.....Evelyn Kerry
Mrs. D'Aquila.....Leonore Harris
Myrtle Anson.....Laura Arnold

The Boston Theatre was filled last night from pit to gallery with a deeply interested audience. The play is a good old fashioned melodrama of the English sort. It would be a pity to describe it in detail, as it would be absurd to speak of probability or improbability, to talk of holding the mirror up to nature, or to introduce the well worn phrase, "the long arm of coincidence." "The Whip" is a fine old, crusted melodrama, a theatrical show, and even they that would call the theatre by some other name, shuddering at the word "theatrical," should become little children again, take the play as it is offered, as they accepted plays in their youth and did not question, or exclaim "Ahem!"

There is a villain complete in every respect save one; he is not a baronet; but he is a colonel and he bears the aristocratic name of Sartoris. He wears a silker, but only on the proper occasion. He smokes cigarettes, even when the girl whom he has seduced implores him to marry her, and when her brother threatens him. He obtains Lady Diana's indorsement to a note by a trick. He persuades a poor wretch of a parson to carry out a sham marriage between his hated rival and an adventuress who purchases her costumes in Paris. And only the half has yet been told.

If The Whip, the Marquis of Beverley's crack horse, wins at Newmarket, the colonel is ruined. He therefore uncouples the box car in which the horse goes to the races, and The Whip and the jockey, the brother of Myrtle, cruelly abandoned by Sartoris, would have been killed in a railway accident if Tom Lambert had not overheard the colonel and the adventuress plotting in the Chamber of Horrors at Mme. Tussaud's. Thwarted in this, although incidentally passengers, including little children, are maimed, burned, killed, Col. Sartoris has the jockey arrested just before he mounts, but English sporting blood will not brook this outrage. The Whip wins; Brancaster embraces his Diana; the marquis pardons him; the clergyman confesses; Myrtle is to have another chance in a foreign country; honest Lambert, the comedian of the piece, will marry the Hon. Mrs. Beamish, who saved the horse by rushing with a motor car to the railway tunnel; and a telegram from Scotland Yard orders the arrest of Sartoris and the well dressed adventuress.

As a gentleman across the aisle observed in a fine burst after the scene of the collision: "Hot stuff!"

After all, this is the highest tribute, the appropriate, the inevitable one.

The play lasted from 7:45 to 11:20, and the waits were short; yet the attention of the audience never flagged.

The production and the performance were rightly melodramatic. The scenery was elaborate; there were real dogs and horses; the coupling of the box car to the train will no doubt be more deftly done tonight, and the crash at the mouth of the tunnel will probably be louder. The race was well managed, and the continuous applause of the audience drowned the din on the stage and the fortissimo of the orchestra.

The [illegible] was well chosen [illegible] the pla[illegible]ed sincerely and effectively. It was a pleasure to see that sterling actor, Mr. J. H. Barnes, again, although the part gave him little opportunity. Mr. Manning was amusing as Lambert and gave a defined character to the head of the stables. Mr. Blackall's villany won the compliment of hisses from the gallery. Mr. Murray played the track gambler realistically—and the other male actors were competent. Miss Harris was a handsome, cold-blooded adventuress and wore her costumes as though they had not been loaned to her for the evening. Miss Illington is an actress of indisputable parts; Miss Kerry was attractive as Lady Diana, and Miss Arnold was sufficiently trusting and remorseful in the simple black gown which in melodrama is associated with young women who have been wronged.

"The Whip" will undoubtedly have a long run.

Mme. Ugalde, the illustrious daughter of a still more illustrious mother, gives singing lessons in Paris. Her landlord, M. Wertheim, who is evidently of an old French family, sues her for the cancelling of her lease and asks damages to the extent of $1240 for "prejudices caused him by her piano and her pupils." He describes the lessons as intolerable, maddening, "the more especially as most of her pupils sing out of tune." The tenant on the floor directly above her wrote a letter of complaint. "To hear every day for several hours budding prime donne performing exercises—always the same—to a one-finger accompaniment on the piano, then to be treated to the air of the 'noces de Jeannette' or 'Mignon' for several months, is a torture which M. Octave Mirbeau must have forgotten in his 'Jardin des Supplices.' I am a passionate lover of music, but Mme. Ugalde will end in making me a confirmed musicophobe (sic)."

Sans Merci.

We all know her, the indefatigable teacher or pupil on the floor above or below, La Belle Dame sans Merci. That is, we know her by hearing. Mme. Ugalde is in a class by herself. She has wit, which she no doubt inherited for her mother was delightful in Offenbach's "Orphee," as in the late forties she dazzled in Auber's operas. She reminds the landlord that she asked him before taking the flat whether he objected to a lyric artist for a tenant. "To which you gallantly replied that you would be charmed." And now, see how she thrusts a malicious needle into the highly respectable and complaining gentleman on the floor above. "I gather that I do not charm the ear of my benevolent and amiable neighbor on the fifth floor, but neither does he charm mine, for his continual and noisy quarrels with his housekeeper disturb the peace of the building. If he objects to 'Les Noces de Jeannette' and 'Mignon,' I will henceforth play for him the 'Servante Maitresse' of Pergolese, which will probably suit his tastes better."

Why Delay It?

Mr. d'Anunzio, the Italian poet, novelist and poseur, whose wardrobe is as extensive and highly colored as his vocabulary, purposes to leave the world in a surprising manner. He told M. Le Bargy, the actor, that "he had chosen a form of death that every one would speak of; for not a particle of him would persist; his being would be volatilized into infinite molecules." But why does he delay the surprise? Surely not for the benefit of his creditors who forced him into exile. Some of us are growing old and we would like to see what the gentleman is going to do to himself. If he should come to Boston this season, as Mr. Henry Russell hopes, to attend rehearsals of "Francesca da Rimini" and to accept unblushingly a curtain call for the librettist, there would be a fine opportunity for him to make way with himself; not in the Opera House for he might make a mess; but on Boston Common where there's plenty of room and where the gases of the operation and the subject would quickly be dispersed.

A Pen Portrait.

Now, coming down the street there was a reefer—one of those apprentice fellows. And he was brass-bound fit to play music. He stood about 6 feet, and there were bright brass buttons down his jacket, and on his collar, and on his sleeves. His cap had a big gold badge, with a house-flag in seven different colors in the middle of it, and a gold chain cable of chinstay twisted round it. He was wearing his cap on three hairs, and he was walking in both the sidewalks and all the road. His trousers were cut like windsails round the ankles. He had a fathom of red silk tie rolling out over his chest. He'd a cigarette in a twisted clay holder a foot and a half long. He was chewing tobacco over his shoulder as he walked. He'd a bottle of rum-hot in one hand, a bag of jam tarts in the other, and his pockets were full of love-letters from every port between Rio and Callao, round by the east.

Information Wanted.

As the World Wags:

Was the inventor of ice cream soda a confectioner named Sanders, who lived in Detroit, or a confectioner in Elizabeth, N. J., who died only last month? It would make a great difference to me if I could be sure of this.

CECIL LIPPETT.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 3.

Fashion Notes.

Swell overcoats in London this season will fit in tightly at the waist. The fashionable colors will be light fawn, light green, and new shades of brown, blue and red. Give us red, for anything, a cravat or an engine house. Blue rain coats and yellow gloves will also be in fashion. "The latter can be washed while they are on the hands"—in other words, while you wait. Our informant, who signs himself "The Captain," says he has worn one pair for three winters. He says nothing about decollete dress shirts for men, although they have been seen in Vienna and Paris. There have been actors on the stage who rejoiced in an exhibition of their chest. Mr. George Moore in his praise of the music hall exclaimed: "Better, a million times better than the cheap popularity of Wilson Barrett—an elderly man posturing in a low neck dress." Mr. Barrett was not old when Mr. Moore wrote his "Confessions of a Young Man," but Mr. Moore was very young for his years he was also "sassy."

Nov 6 1913

The Herald quoted yesterday the opening lines of Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes":

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

The whole poem would have been good reading for many on the morning after election.

Whenever the two lines are quoted there should be an accompanying footnote taken from De Quincey's essay on rhetoric: "We recollect a little biographic sketch of Dr. Johnson, published immediately after his death, in which, amongst other instances of desperate tautology, the author quotes the well known lines from the Doctor's imitation of Juvenal * * * and contends with some reason that this is saying in effect: 'Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.' Certainly Dr. Johnson was the most faulty writer in this kind of inanity that ever has played tricks with language." Now, who was the author of this "little biographic sketch"? Birbeck Hill in his voluminous notes to Boswell's Johnson quotes the stricture, but does not name the critic.

After Election.

Walt Whitman in the remarkable preface to "Leaves of Grass" said that the "terrible significance" of elections in this country was unrhymed poetry. Unfortunately this saying does not have the meaning it had in 1855, although the defeated often express their feelings in blankety-blank prose. And to see a citizen who rode to the polls in his motor car and carelessly marked his list, strutting about the next morning and pluming himself on the fact that "his" candidates were elected! Charles Reade once gave an amusing description of the fuss made by a father over his first born son, as though he had been the suffering and triumphant mother. The cock-a-doodle-do attitude of this variety of male is shrinking modestly in comparison with the whooping exultation of our friend Golightly over the election of "his" candidate for governor. We know a few sturdy old-line Democrats who voted for Mr. Gardner; some because they knew him in college, others because they knew him out of college, though not well enough to call him "Gussie" to his face, and some believed him to be the best man and did not think it necessary to indorse the administration at Washington. They all were actuated by a sense of duty. Why should they now be depressed? Because every one in this vale of tears wishes to be on the winning side. Ferguson said at the Porphyry, "I was strongly tempted to vote for Foss, but now I'm glad I didn't; seeing he had such a small vote." There you have it in a nutshell.

To Overcome Heroes.

Have you heard that it was good to gain
the day?
I also say it is good to fall; battles are lost
in the same spirit in which they are
won.

I sound triumphal drums for the dead; I
fling through my embouchures the
loudest and gayest music to them,
Vivas to those who have failed, and to those
whose war vessels sank in the sea
and those themselves who sank in
the sea,
And to all generals that lost engagements,
and all overcome heroes, and the
numberless unknown heroes equal to
the greatest heroes known.

To "C. I. A."

A few days ago "C. I. A." wrote to The Herald saying that she wished to know all about a poem beginning

A nix there was upon this mundus,
A shallow nix, it now profundus.

We are indebted to Mr. James W. Frost of Georgetown for a copy of the poem, "Possum et Coona." According to this copy the opening lines are:

The nox was it with lux of luna,
And 'twas a nox most opportuna,
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er the mundus,
A shallow nix and non profundus.

The poem is too long for publication in this column. If "C. I. A." will send her address to The Herald we will mail the article to her. C. L. J. of Boston also kindly offers a copy. No one of our correspondents has yet named the author or told where the poem first appeared.

To "T .F. F."

Mr. John H. Barnes, now playing in "The Wife," first came to this country [illegible] leading man with Adelaide Neilson, and his Benedick is still greatly remembered by many, in fact it is doubtful whether the part has been so satisfactorily played since then. He afterwards visited America with Mary Anderson, the Kendals, Olga Nethersole, Irving and others. He was for many years [illegible] off the stage known as "Handsome Jack." His reminiscences are now appearing in The Stage (London), and may well appear in book form. Articles written by him for the Nineteenth Century on the condition of the English stage caused hot discussion at the time. Mr. Barnes is not only a sound, well grounded actor of uncommon experience, he is also a student and a thinker, interested in his profession, a conversationalist rich in anecdote and humor, a fine example of the English actor and gentleman.

The Late Mr. Berry.

Speaking of reminiscences reminds us that James Berry, the English hangman, who recently died, did not write his memoirs, and thus was unlike Sanson, who wrote eight volumes or rather gave the material for them. Sanson made this condition, that the work should be published exactly as he wrote it. The publisher answered: "It shall be so. We'll cut nothing, not even the heads of the chapters." Nor did Berry follow the example of his predecessors, Jack Ketch and Thomas Derrick, and stamp his name on the language. Yet they say that Mr. Berry did pretty work in his job.

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"I am very tired of life," he says. And like so many dreamers, who have all the luminous darkness of the universe in their brains, he found his most precious and uninterrupted solitude in the crowded and more sordid streets of great cities.

Children of Adam.

Mr. Andrew Thompson wished to imitate "the primitive man's mode of life," so he went into the woods near Johnston and took off his clothes. This was his second attempt. And what was his reward? No thrilling accounts of his adventures were published in the newspapers. Vaudeville managers did not pursue him. He was sent to the workhouse for a year; just because he wished to be natural.

And in like manner the early Adamites were persecuted, although they were not without clothes except in their meetings when religious exercises were to be performed. Danaeus was mistaken when he included among their errors the obligation of walking as good Christians the streets undraped. And yet William Lindanus, an accomplished inquisitor under Philip II. in the Netherlands, assures us—and he is corroborated by others not so violent in the faith—that in 1535, several Adamites, persons of substance, and of very good families, used to run up and down the streets of Amsterdam stark naked; "and some were frantic enough to climb up trees and there wait so long, in expectation of bread falling from heaven, till they fell down, half-dead, to the ground." Imagine Bostonians "of substance and very good families" thus climbing up family trees in the sight of the people!

It appears that Mr. Thompson came to us from England. Moreri in his Dictionary instead that there were Adamites in that country, but they held their meetings at night and did not run about the forests. The Amsterdam editor of the Dictionary did not believe that so prudent a government as that of the English would allow the sect. Mr. Thompson might be excused for thinking that in this land of liberty there would be pleasure for him, as well as a religious observance, in the pathless woods.

Or he may be a follower of Picard, who said that he was sent into the world to restore the law of nature. Or perhaps he wished to follow the example of Theodoret Sartor, the prophet, and his associates, male and female, who in 1535 threw every part of their dress into the flames as a burnt offering to the Lord and then rushed out and ran in the streets bawling: "Woe, woe, woe, divine vengeance!" For this they were put to death. Poor Mr. Thompson, who is not reported as having uttered unseemly or threatening cries, is now in the workhouse.

"Ritual Murder."

Much has been written about "ritual murder" in connection with the trial of Mendel Beiliss at Kiev, but no one to our knowledge has alluded to the chapter entitled "The Continuity of Tradition in the East" in Sir Richard F. Burton's posthumous book, "The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam." In this chapter is a horrible list "to show chronologically the continuity of tradition concerning atrocities and sacrilege practised by the Jews." Curiously enough Burton did not allude to the legend of Hugh of Lincoln and the old ballad found in Percy's "Reliques." While there is much learning displayed in Burton's pages, it is evident that he was bitterly prejudiced, perhaps by reason of his sympathy with the doctrines of Mohammed and the lives of those professing Mohammedanism. It is to be hoped that the trial at Kiev will put an end to the absurd and outrageous belief in "ritual murder."

In Small Doses.

The Herald recently named certain famous vintages. Fifty years ago a shortage of champagne, which now seems probable—we are not referring to the beverage made in New Jersey—would have made little difference in London. Sir Algernon West tells us that in his early days the allowance for a dinner party was two bottles. "These were handed round after the second course and drunk in homoeopathic doses out of small tubes of glass which contained little but froth. Lord Alvanley was the first who had the courage to protest against this meagre allowance, exclaiming one evening, 'You might as well expect us to drink out of thermometers.'"

The Largest Oyster.

It is now November, and few of the oyster stories have made their annual appearance. Even the story of Thackeray amazed at the huge ones put before him in this country has not yet been taken from the pigeonhole for its annual exercise. We read in a London journal that at Port Lincoln, in South Australia, oysters range as large as a dinner plate, and one of them is a luncheon.

"The largest known British oyster was dredged off Christchurch Head. It was 16 inches in circumference, 20 inches round the outside shell and weighed three and a half pounds."

What has become of the oyster cracker that prevailed in the sixties and the early seventies? There are things that go by the name, but they are a snare and a delusion.

Lucrative Autographs.

The villain in "The Whip" secures Lady Diana's endorsement of a note by asking her to give him her autograph and presents her with what seems to be a card for her to write on. There was a Frenchman, one Ludovic Picard, who made a good income by autograph hunting until he was exposed by Jules Sandeau. In one of Picard's letters sent to prominent persons he described himself as "one of the unappreciated who is meditating suicide and seeks for counsel and aid in this hour of sore distress." He thus obtained letters from Beranger and Heine, one of 10 pages from Lacordaire and one from Dickens, written in French. All of them he promptly sold at a high price.

CONCERTS AT TEMPLE BEGUN

The first of this season's series of concerts at Tremont Temple took place last evening. Miss Evelyn Parnell, soprano; Michael P. Dwyer, tenor; Miss Phyllis Hammond, harpist, and John A. O'Shea, organist and accompanist, were the assisting artists.

The popularity of these concerts is now established and no better evidence of public appreciation could have been shown than the size of the enthusiastic audience which crowded the hall.

The program announced that the evening would be devoted to "Irish Melodies."

Miss Evelyn Parnell, who has been heard both here and abroad in concert and opera, appeared, appropriately garbed in green, and sang sympathetically and with much animation. She varied "The Minstrel Boy," "The Wearing of the Green," "The Kerry Dance" and other Irish songs with selections from her operatic repertoire. These included "Ah fors e lui" from "Traviata" and the Jewel Song from Goumod's "Faust."

Mr. Dwyer confined himself to Irish melodies and sang "The Angel Whisper," "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," "Eileen's Farewell," Harty's "Lagan Love Song" and others in his well-known manner.

Miss Hammond played two selections for the harp with deftness and Mr. O'Shea was a musicianly accompanist.

The second concert will be on Thursday evening, Nov. 27, and will be devoted to "Scottish Songs." Mme Evelyn Scotney, soprano; Howard White, bass, Miss Ellen Keller, violinist, and Frank Waller, accompanist, will take part.

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PADEREWSKI

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Paderewski gave his first recital this season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Bach-Liszt, Prelude and Fugue in A minor; Beethoven, Sonata in E major, op. 109; Schumann, Carnaval; Chopin, Nocturne, E major, op. 62; Mazurka, B minor, Sonata in B flat major; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, La Campanella.

It was a pleasure to welcome Mr. Paderewski after his long absence. He is still remarkable as a romantic pianist, romantic in the higher sense, not merely a passionate rhapsodist. His individuality as an interpreter is still pronounced, his personality still works a spell. If pianists were to be classed as intellectual, sensous, sensational, pedagogic, clever tricksters, it might be said after the lists were drawn up: "and then there is Mr. Paderewski." For in Mr. Paderewski aro found the better qualities of various types. He stands by himself, lonely and apart.

The word "intellectual" is often applied to pianists who are thoughtful analysts, inexorable dissectors. They aro often laborious, cold and dull. While music that is worth hearing is emotional, whether it be by Bach or Wagner, Verdi or Brahms, there is a sensuousness in interpretation that degenerates into lush sentimentalism or intolerable caterwauling. There are pianists, men of astonishing mechanical proficiency, of whom it may be said: "In every virtuoso you find a dash of the rope-dancer."

The interpretation of Beethoven's sonata yesterday was beautiful in clearness of conception, firm grasp of the organic whole, exquisite treatment of detail, which was never allowed to assume undue importance; great variety of tonal effects, all-pervading euphony, and a certain nobility suggested rather than asserted, for this music is subtle; subtle even when it is apparently simple, as in the theme for the variations; but not to be named with the frankly heroic works of the composer.

The performance of Liszt's arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue for organ was extremely interesting, a fine example of contrapuntal playing, and if some should say that occasionally there was undue force exerted, the answer might be that the remainder of the thundrous organ pedals was effective, and sound did not pass into noise.

This excuse, or counter-statement, could not justly be made with regard to the excessive force exerted at times in the Carnaval and in the first movement of Chopin's sonata. There were many ravishing moments in the performance of the Carnaval—as in the "Chopin" section, the measures expressive of Eusebius, the glorified dances; there was an exalted poetic spirit; yet the fine impression might have been deepened had the various sections been more closely connected, without the prolonged waits between the little scenes. Then the Carnaval might have seemed like the sleep-chasings of one remembering the crowd of masqueraders, the vision of fair women, the sentiment inspired by the dancers, dances to which the heart kept time, passionate avowals, confidences that were whispered or did not escape the lips. Then might this Carnaval have been as a procession of apparitions seen in dreams, now well defined and now confused, a phantasmagoria in music.

Very beautiful in its song and color, its twilight melancholy was Chopin's Nocturne. The performance of the Mazurka was mannered, with an exaggeration of halting rhythm, but the reading of Chopin's sonata was on the whole a memorable one. We know from all those who heard Chopin play that he never exerted undue force. His scale of dynamics was so graduated that his forte seemed a fortissimo. Nor was this because, as the legend goes, he was physically weak even before his health gave way. Mr. Paderewski evidently believes in the "heroic Chopin," and too much of the first movement of the sonata was played in Erceles' vein. This, of course, put in salient relief the second theme, yet the other pages might have been restless and stormy without such crashing violence. The Scherzo was a tour de force and the wonderful melody in contrast was sung with appealing beauty. Admirable, thrice admirable, was the unaffected and tragic reading of the Funeral March and the wild, hopeless finale.

After Schumann's "Carnaval," Mr. Paderewski played the composer's "Warum," and after the pieces by Liszt there was the customary scene of enthusiasm with the demand for more, to which Mr. Paderewski graciously assented.

The heat in the hall was suffocating and some in the audience were overcome. This made a commotion, and a few, perhaps not wishing to miss a train—Mr. Paderewski did not begin the concert until a few minutes before three—left after a movement of Chopin's sonata. This irritated the pianist, for he asked in a loud voice if the doors could not be kept closed.

He will give his second recital in Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23.

The Earl of Sandwich, who, at the age of 74, declares that he has psychic power by which he can cure mental and physical sufferers, although he is without medical or surgical knowledge, is characterized as eccentric, and it is also said that he was long "an ardent admirer" of Mme. Melba. But this is no proof of eccentricity; on the contrary. Mme. Melba is still a comely woman and her draught at the box office is steady and never forced. Nor is this belted earl eccentric because he has a mysterious healing power, that is, if he really has it. There are many bone setters and natural healers in many counties of New England, some of them come to Boston and do good, either by friction or suggestion.

Hot Sandwiches.

The present earl is not the first Sandwich to excite remark. Mr. Pepys, who was by no means a stern moralist, deplored the loose behavior of a Sandwich in his day. Then there was the Sandwich who is named as the inventor of the meat and bread combination; John Montague, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, "who once spent 24 hours at the gaming table without other refreshment than some slices of cold beef placed between slices of toast." The word came into the language about 1765. This John Montague gave his name to the Sandwich Islands, but not because the islanders ate long pig between slices of their bread. Was not this John Montague the Sandwich named by Horace Walpole in 1750: "he is as capable of all little knavery, as if he was not practising all great knavery." This fourth Earl of Sandwich was tenderly attached to a charming woman, Miss Ray, with whom he lived 17 years and by whom he had nine children. One of them was Basil Montague, editor of Bacon's works and a teetotaller. Thomas Carlyle wrote of Montague in his nasty manner: "I found he was strikingly like the dissolute, questionable Earl of Sandwich: who, indeed, had been father of him in a highly tragic way." For Miss Ray was shot and killed by Hackman, a clergyman who had once been in the army. On the day Hackman was hanged Fox moved for the removal of Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, but was defeated by a large majority.

And who, pray, invented the club sandwich, and when?

At the Opera House.

The interest during the first week of the opera in Boston will be in the singers rather than in the operas themselves. Mr. Fontana will sing here for the first time in an Italian opera, which will be "The Jewels of the Madonna," with its amusing Follies of 1912-13 chorus, and strange goings on in the little back garden. He will also sing in "Tristan." Last season he sang the part in euphonious Italian. Now it is said he will sing in German, which is a pity, whatever devout Wagnerites may say. Mr. Martinelli will sing here for the first time. He is 28 or 29 years old. When he was serving his time in the Italian army he played the clarinet in a band. It will be remembered that the tenor, Dalmores, began as a horn player; Riesc, one of the glories of the Dresden Opera House 35 years ago, was a virtuoso on the slide trombone; Adelaide Norwood used to play the cornet at seaside resorts. Mr. Martinelli has been highly praised in Italy and at Covent Garden. He made his first appearance in this country at Philadelphia last Monday night as the imprudently patriotic Cavaradossi. Then there is the tenor, Lucien Muratore. It is said that he was born at Marseilles in 1878. At first an actor, he became an opera singer and took the part of the king at the Opera-Comique, Paris (Dec. 16, 1902), when Hahn's "Carmelite" was produced with Mme. Calve as Louise de La Valliere. Afterward he passed over to the Opera. There was talk of his engagement by Mr. Hammerstein early in 1910. He was later in this country with Mme. Cavalieri, and was announced more than once at the Boston Opera House. There may be pleasing discussion concerning the pronunciation of his name: Whether the final "e" should be sounded as a fourth syllable. Mme. D'Alvarez claims to be descended from the Peruvian Incas. She made her first appearance in this country at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, as Fides, Aug. 30, 1909. She sang in other parts more pleasing to the eye and was then described as a voluptuous woman with a luscious voice. Mr. Ludikar, bass, is a newcomer. He is a Russian, they say, and will first appear as Mephistopheles in Gounod's opera. May he be more fortunate than his predecessor and fellow-countryman, Leon Sibirlakoff. And Mr. Ancona is coming back after many years. He sang for the first time in Boston at Mechanics' building, Feb. 27, 1894, as Escamillo, and his companions were De Lucia, the tenor, and Mmes. Calve and Pettigiani. He was here again in 1895, '96 and '97, and we saw him as Figaro in Mozart's opera, Tonio, De Nevers, Rigoletto, Telramund, Alfio, Valentin. When he sang Telramund, "Lohengrin" was performed in Italian, with Mmes. Nordica and Matelli and the De Reszke brothers in the cast. Mr. Ancona, who returned to this country to sing at the Manhattan Opera House, has been on the stage for about 25 years.

Also Biographical.

Vigneul Marville, page 196, Tom. 1 of "melanges" speaks of a visit which himself and some others paid to Peter Ryer: and so that the entertainment he gave them, consisting of milk, cherries, water and brown bread made them bewail the fate of so excellent a man.

The Herald published recently a long [illegible] illustrated article concerning Mr. [illegible]iam Winter's "The Wallet of Time," [illegible] two large and handsomely printed [vo]lumes (Moffat, Yard & Co., N. Y.). The article contained many quotations illustrative of Mr. Winter's attitude towards certain plays by Pinero, Sudermann, Ibsen, Maeterlinck. This attitude has long been known and it is unnecessary to dwell upon Mr. Winter's savage condemnation or to inquire into the reasonableness of his prejudices. Some will regret that a man of Mr. Winter's critical acumen, with his long experience, with a love of the theatre which reminds us of Sarcey's passion for the playhouse, with his literary attainments and grace and vigor of style, should not be able to see anything good in "Magda," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Pelleas and Melisande," and plays by Ibsen. No one will deny the honesty of his opinion and the purity of his purpose; and the pages of condemnation are among the most readable in the book. Mr. Winter is a good hater and many of us sympathize with Dr. Johnson. Like Swinburne, Mr. Winter is eloquent and at times extravagant in praise or blame. Some may regret that in the chapter "The Theatre and the Pulpit," he found it necessary to publish a chronicle of clerical misdeeds in the course of one year. No one blames him for defending stage people against the silly or malicious attacks of sensational "newspaper" clergymen; but the "Tu quoque" form of answer may be as boresome as the babble of ignorant and intolerant clergymen.

"The Wallet of Time" Mr. Winter thinks nobly of the theatre, and he has written nobly about the drama and about actors and actresses. In the [ear]ly preface he says: "I have sought to estimate the motives, achievements and rank of dominant actors, managers, and dramatists whose artistic expression has been influential in my time, and to designate those methods of theatrical administration which are best calculated to promote the welfare of the theatre by making it entirely and rightly serviceable to society. Subjects, accordingly, have incidentally been discussed which are not directly relative to the lives and doings of actors. Criticism of the stage involves criticism of human nature and [hu]man life."

As Mr. Winter has written Lives of Edwin Booth, Jefferson and Mansfield and is preparing a book about Irving and Ellen Terry, there is no special reference to those players. Nor does Mr. Winter pretend that this book is exhaustive. Many names worthy of consideration will be missed. He gives a partial list, with now and then an admirable characterization: "William Warren, accomplished, versatile, artistic, supreme equally in humor and [pa]thos"; "Matilda Heron, erratic, impulsive exemplar of Celtic emotion"; "George L. Fox, prince of pantomime"; "Otis Skinner, native to romance and delightful in it"; "Maurice Barrymore, idle, wayward, early and sadly lost."

In the first chapter Mr. Winter considers dramatic criticism, its function and practice, and in the second chapter he speaks of "the golden age of acting," but not merely as an idolater of the past or a reactionary; nor does [he] feel bound "to echo the ancient wail of regret for 'palmy days.'" He does [fee]l at times, and rightly feels, that in certain important particulars the stage of an earlier day presented a more interesting and more auspicious spectacle than is presented by the [stage] of this period." When he talks about prevailing conditions of theatrical management his voice is raised in [indig]nation, his cheek is flushed.

Among the most interesting, instructive, illuminative articles is the one that [tells] of Junius Brutus Booth, the victim of dark moods, a wild, strange, mysterious genius, whose career was "one of brilliancy and waywardness, attended by many stirring triumphs, darkened by errors of human frailty, but [reve]red by a moderate competence of wealth, and rounded by a noble professional fame." There is a graphic description of his fantastical life at his [he]ritage in Maryland, and at the end there is an eloquent tribute to the man himself. The analysis of Hackett's "Falstaff" suggests the idea that the actor had studied Maginn's paradoxical article with the motto:

> Those who read aright are well aware
> That Jaques sighing in the forest green,
> Oft on his heart felt less the load of care
> Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between.

Wholly admirable in its lofty tone and righteous discrimination is the review of Forrest's career. The man is painted as one born for revolt, constitutionally savage, despotic, supremely vain and [fool]ish. "He was Timon scowling along Broadway, he was Lear parading in [Chest]nut street, and the miserable [huma]n race would not be awed by the [spec]tacle. There is always a fly in his [oint]ment, a Mordecai at his gates, sullen [resent]ment in his heart and scorn on his [lips.] As an actor, "in moments of [supre]me passion he affected the senses [like the] blare of trumpets and clash of [cymba]ls, or like the ponderous, slow-[rolling], trembling and thundering surges [of the sea.] On the other hand there

[illegible] shorts and growls, brays and [snorts], gaspings and gurglings, the [protracted] pauses, the rolling tongue and the stentorian roar. "A vast animal bewildered by a grain of genius."

There are sympathetic articles about Mrs. Gilbert, Brougham, and John Gilbert, and eloquent ones on Charlotte Cushman and Mme. Modjeska, whose Camille was "more like a spirit than a woman; she was the ideal of native purity lost through passion, but struggling toward the light"—and thus she was not the Camille of Dumas. Mme. Modjeska was especially fitted for the gentler heroines of Shakespeare. The article on John E. Owens is wisely appreciative. After speaking of his great talent, Mr. Winter adds that when Owens became critical of himself and strove to be "true to life" he became photographic, monotonous and dry.

Mr. Winter denies genius to Coquelin, "within his limit an excellent actor," best in low comedy, but remarkable as Scarpia. Many will not agree to the statement that his Mathias in "The Bells" was "prosy, common, and at some points ridiculous." They might argue that it was the Mathias of the playwrights, truer than the magic lantern hero presented by Irving. In like manner Mr. Winter's estimate of Fechter, the actor, may well awaken discussion. Mr. Winter admits his ability as a romantic actor, but evidently does not approve his Hamlet. In like manner he questions Salvini's Othello and Mounet-Sully's impersonations in Shakespearian plays, on the broad ground that no Italian or Frenchman can be at home in Shakespeare. But why should not an Italian tragedian of Salvini's intelligence be able to understand the character of Othello's. Nor will all sympathize with him in his view of Sarah Bernhardt. While he pays willing tribute to her extraordinary gifts and admires her personality, he condemns her because she has lowered art by appearing in sensational plays, often of a [la]scivious character, as he deplores the [fact] that Modjeska played in "Magda."

Mr. Winter writes about Mrs. Lander, [Law]rence McCullough—who, after all, will be best remembered as Virginius—J. S. Clarke, Raymond, Barrett, Lewis, Coghlan, John Hare, who is scolded because he appeared as Lord Quex, Adelaide Neilson, Clara Morris, Mrs. Langtry, Willard, whom he overvalues, Mary Anderson—his enthusiastic devotion to her is now a matter of history—Daly, Ada Rehan, Edward H. Sothern—and his article is finely critical—Miss Marlowe, Warfield, Worthing—to whom he pays an affectionate tribute—Maude Adams—here again Mr. Winter is at his best, although her followers will cry "Shame!"—Blanche Bates, Mrs. Fiske and her connection with Ibsen's plays, Miss Nethersole, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Laurence Irving, the plays of Augustus Thomas, and there is also entertaining comment of a miscellaneous nature. The temptation to quote from nearly every article can hardly be resisted.

"The Wallet of Time" is a monument to Mr. Winter. It is also an honor to American journalism, for many pages appeared originally in the New York Tribune, which for years enjoyed the privilege of his faithful and brilliant service.

The volumes are richly illustrated with portraits, and each volume is provided with a copious index.

The proofreader should have corrected an obvious slip of the pen. On page 621 of volume one Mr. Winter alludes to "Le Roi s'amuse" as "the great novel" of Victor Hugo.

Personal Notes Mr. Fred Terry is much upset over the "vogue of the ugly in art." He said to a reporter at Birmingham: "In the theatre, it has been embodied in certain phases of the Russian ballet, and in the so-called 'new art' which hails from Germany. There are many people, no doubt, who regard this 'new art' as wonderfully beautiful, but it has led to developments which to me are positively offensive and dangerous. The person who first hit upon the idea of bringing bare-legged players among the audience has a colossal lot to answer for. He has dragged our art into the gutter, and unless we are careful he will drag the actors. The whole thing is degrading. It is taking us back to the days of Charles II., when so-called patrons of art were invited into the greenroom. I don't like it, and I don't believe it is good for our art. You must keep your actors in front of you—you must see them over the footlights. They must be remote—inaccessible. It is no more right for players to rub shoulders with the audience than it is for the audience to rub shoulders with the players in the dressing-room. The one thing is as offensive as the other."

Miss Fanny Lott, who will give a song recital here next Tuesday evening, is a daughter of ex-Senator William H. Lott of this city. Having studied here and in Italy, she sang for three years in opera in that country, beginning with "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Faust," and later taking parts for a dramatic soprano, as in "La Gioconda," "I Promessi Sposi," "Forza del Destino." She sang at Posen as guest in "Tannhaeuser" and then spent a year and a half in Germany devoting herself to the German language and the art of Lieder singing. She now purposes to confine herself to concert work.

A "well known" pianist gave a recital recently in Melbourne and a critic thus wrote about him: "His art is denoted by the length of his hair, which fluffs out like the business end of a feather-duster. When —— grows interested in what his fingers are doing (at first he just allows them to go wandering up and down the keys like bloodhounds in search of a theme), he fairly lifts his audience by the hair and throws their thirsty souls round the room. Between each bracket, instead of combing his hair with his hand or one of the platform palms, he just grooms himself with a handkerchief, which he keeps handy on the piano-top. Music-makers, male and hair-pinned, crowded behind during the interval to pumphandle the Great Artist."

Miss Esther Petersen of Chicago had been singing in French provincial theatres before she appeared at the Gaite Municipal, Paris, late last month as Lakme. "Her voice combined purity and strength, and is rich in the lower tones. * * * She seems to have already acquired the secrets of her art and her acting is sober and full of discretion. She has been engaged to sing in a number of performances, and though her foreign accent is distinctly perceptible, it failed to prove an obstacle to her success." This was written by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.

Was the centenary of Henry Smart, organist and writer of church music, celebrated in any church in Boston? He was born Oct. 26, 1813. "In later years Smart lost his eyesight—in consequence, it has been said, of excessive cigarette smoking while engaged in putting music to paper."

Georg Henschel, who is now in his 64th year, sang groups of songs in London Oct. 22. The Times published this prudent criticism: "With Dr. Henschel's appearance one simply abandons oneself to enjoyment, because it is perfectly certain that he will sing nothing which he does not thoroughly know and wholeheartedly enjoy himself."

Roberty, a dancer who has not been seen in London since he danced as a boy at the Palace Theatre before Edward VII., will appear in the ballet "Narkiss, the Golden Prince," during Raymond Roze's operatic season at Covent Garden.

Yvette Guilbert, giving recitals in Paris, talks to the audience and does not wish the concerts to be solemn. At the first, given last month, "she particularly asked us all, when we had caught the burden of a song after the first two or three stanzas, to take it up with her in chorus, which we did to the best of our ability." Tony Pastor used to make the same request. "Down in a Coal Mine." We hear the chorus as we write.

Miss Bessie Talbot Salmon, who will give a song recital tomorrow night, has returned after three years of study in Paris. She first studied in Boston. She will be assisted by Miss Alice McDowell, pianist, who has studied here and in Florence.

Miss Louise Llewellyn, who will give an unusual song recital in Jordan Hall next Wednesday evening, has been a newspaper correspondent and is now a student in the dramatic department of the New England Conservatory of Music. For some time she has been studying Bohemian folk songs and the Slovak language, a difficult tongue. She was first led to take an interest in these songs by Mme. Baske wife of a New York 'cellist, who was formerly a musician in Prague. Miss Llewellyn's interest in folk song grew out of class room work under Vincent d'Indy in Paris. She is well acquainted with the folk music of Brittany, and in her recital she will contrast some of these songs with those of Bohemia. A daughter of a former Governor of Kansas, she was educated at the university of that state. She studied music in Paris for three years.

Mr. Dawbarn has this to say about the actor-manager: "The Bouffes Parisiennes reopens under the direction of M. Bernstein, who has again mounted his play 'Le Secret.' One wonders whether author-management is to the advantage of art and the benefit of the beginner. May it not prove as hurtful to progress and sincerity as the actor-manager of the English stage? There is nothing so prejudicial to art as the one-man show, in which satellites rotate about the sun. The system has resulted in plays being chosen solely because one role suits the idiosyncrasies and postcard attitudes of a popular comedian. All the rest of the play is of no consequence. Happily we have not yet reached this degree of ineptitude. The public insists on an all-round cast. But, obviously, there is danger in an author who directs his own theatre. It reminds one of the story of the western restaurant keeper: 'There ain't no kart der joure; there's terrapin and hash. . . and you're going to have hash.' I don't want hash, even if the cook is a personage."

Mme. Bernhardt in London talked about Raymond Roze and his opera "Joan of Arc." "He is artist, he is true musician, and he has taken a great subject. Opera in English? Why not? It should be popular with you. It is a glorious language. Here it in Shakespeare! There is nothing more splendid. And your people will understand it.

"And what a story! The keynote of it—what should it be? Surely, Faith! La Foi! I can imagine the martyred maid singing a sublime invocation amid the flames. Ah, yes. But take care. That scene can be dangerous to the artist. I once had a very unpleasant experience—a narrow escape—though it ended in nothing worse than my fainting. But don't let Mr. Roze's stage manager be too realistic.

"I have shown my sympathy with Mr. Roze by lending him one of the actual costumes which I wore as the Maid when I played the part in Paris. It is one which I used in the scene where I stood holding my sacred banner beside Charles VI. at his coronation in the cathedral of Reims. It is copied from a tapestry in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale, and is regarded as historically exact.

"And I am happy to think that at the premiere at Covent Garden it will be worn by so charming an artist as Frl. Lilian von Granfelt. I have met her. Elle est superbe, magnifique a voir. Elle a la figure adorable, tres lumineuse."

Mr. De Andria's Recitals Mr. de Andria, who will give lectures and song recitals at Whitney Hall, Brookline, this week and next—"Old Songs of Old France" and "Old Songs of Old Greece"—writes to The Herald as follows:

"The French songs I shall render are little known, but are not 'introuvables.' I have used Weckerlin freely; but Du Merson, Fetis, Villemarque and Gouet's incomparable collection, 'La Litterature frivole en France' have also been of assistance to me in getting up this lecture.

"As for the Greek lecture I have consulted Dr. Burney, Chappell, Bellermann, Thierfelder, Reynach, and the Bulletin d'archeologie hellenique. There are ever so many versions of Apollo's Hymn, but I preferred that by Chappell. As for the Paeans to Nemesis and Calliope, they are my own arrangements, as are also the Byzantine Canons of St. John Damascenus, which have never been harmonized, so far as I know, and which I have taken from the text book of Christ and Karanika's Anthologia Graeca Carminum Christianorum (Leipsic edition). My more modern Greek songs come from various sources. Those from Chios have been phonographed on the spot by Huber Pernot and noted by somebody in Paris. The accompaniments are mine. Others come from Smyrna, being reminiscences of old Greek songs indulged in from time immemorial, and always by tradition, by the Greek population of the east. The "Old Man Demo" is a Klepht song, very ancient, arranged by Carrer, probably an Italian maestro of Athens, or the east."

Harvard Opera Association The following letter should interest subscribers to the Boston Opera House, who, often unable to attend a performance, wish to give others pleasure. The excellent purpose of the Harvard Opera Association is here clearly explained:

To the Editor of the Herald:

In the spring of 1912 the Harvard Opera Association was formed as a public-spirited attempt to establish closer relations between Harvard University and music in Boston by enabling a great number of students who, otherwise, would be unable to afford the opera at its present high prices, to get good seats at vastly reduced rates. The association is open to all members of the university. Its significance will be apparent when it is known that second balcony seats, in the first four rows, are sold for 75 cents apiece, and that orchestra seats are sold for $2 instead of $5. The opera association has to make up for the difference. This it has been enabled to do through the generosity of Eben D. Jordan, other gentlemen interested in opera, and subscribers to the Boston Opera Company, who not only have lent the association their financial aid, but have frequently presented it with their unused tickets, which the association was privileged to sell at the prices above mentioned. Last year its members numbered over 1200, each of whom paid an initiation fee of 50 cents. The association is proud to record that it hardly ever had to turn away a demand for tickets, and that it was, in fact, a great success, approved heartily by President Lowell, Prof. Spalding, Dean Briggs, and a great number of the gentlemen of the faculty. The students themselves have again set the stamp of their approval upon it by joining to the extent of nearly 1000, each member paying $1, in place of the 50 cents of last year.

To my mind the significance of this movement is striking. It represents the first attempt in this country to put the opera on a footing where students of limited means may afford it. It encourages a far greater interest in the opera and in music than was before possible, and has even in the brief year of its existence proved such a success in stimulating an interest in good music at Harvard that it is deserving of recognition by the music lovers of this country. Already to many men it has become a vital part of their university life. Especially true is this of men from the smaller cities, who ordinarily do not have the opportunity to hear good music. And to all it presents the opportu-

[illegible] the [illegible] more [illegible].

It [illegible] who have the in[illegible] at heart that [illegible] day be endowed. But in [illegible]nwhile it will continue to play [illegible] part in the university. Those [illegible] son contributed tickets, and Mr. J[illegible]rdan and others, who made the [illegible] of the association possible, [illegible] warmly thanked.

N[illegible]HOLAS ROOSEVELT '14.

[illegible]rvard [illegible]iversity, Nov. 6.

Bat[illegible]lle's New Play Mr. Henri Balaille's new [illegible]lay, "Le Phalene," was th[illegible]s reviewed by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Te[illegible]pl[illegible]:

"M. Henri Bataille's 'Le Phalene'—the moth—(the dictionary says 'La Phalene,' but the author insists upon [illegible] it masculine), at the Vaudeville, [illegible] being the exact story of [illegible] Bashkirtseff. Thyra, beautiful, [illegible] with most of the arts, and 23, is [illegible] cosmopolitan daughter of a Slav [illegible] with whom she has rushed [illegible] all the smart circles of Rome, Nice and Paris. She thirsts for fame [illegible] kind; she is full of the conceit [illegible] her own genius, and eaten up with [illegible] because she thinks she may [illegible]t realize it. One fancied one was listening to a recital of Marie Bashkirtseff's diary.

"A year or two ago Thyra was almost a great singer. Then her voice broke. Now she is almost famous already as a sculptress. The old sculptor Lepage, her neighbor, is her master. The author evidently persists in recalling Marie Bashkirtseff, whose master and friend was the painter, Bastien-Lepage. Thyra asks Lepage for his candid opinion. He says that with five or six years' study she may be able to do something good. The delay seems to make her desperate, and when the master 's gone she breaks the clay model she was at work on.

"She is engaged to an Italian prince of ancient lineage and enormous wealth. She evidently loves him as he loves her. He calls—and she breaks off the engagement without giving him any explanations. The secret comes out, first through the old mother, and then through herself. She is in the last stage of consumption, and has only five or six years to live—once more like Marie Bashkirtseff.

"We leave Marie Bashkirtseff at last. Having jilted the prince, to his astonishment and despair, she dresses up as Salome and goes off to the Bal des Quatz' Arts. Re-enter the prince at three in the morning, and tells the scared old mother that he watched her daughter at the ball having supper with two men, with one of whom she went off. Thyra comes back, is accused by the prince and by her mother, and says, 'Yes, it is all true.' She gives him explanations, now with a vengeance. She has only five or six years to live. With that knowledge that she cannot marry him. But she was determined, all the same, to know life, and went therefore, to the Bal des Quatz Arts. Despair and hatred from the prince, who staggers out, 'Addio, addio per sempre.'

"[illegible] minutes later he reappears. Since Thyra cannot be the princess, let her be his mistress. She is shocked and indignant, and then falls into his arms just before the curtain.

"Act III.—Thyra has only three or four more years to live, after two of what we are told has been wild revelry with the prince. But, as we expected, the prince is weary. She cannot even make him jealous. It was not a pleasant play. Thyra, on the Sicilian coast, climbs a rock to recite romantic verse to a tragic empress in heavy black, who has just landed from her imperial yacht and who is evidently meant for the late Empress of Austria. Thyra would leap from the rock if she were not held back. She dies at last at a supper party to which she has asked all her friends, but has asked the prince in vain. She has promised her guests a surprise. The surprise is a dose of cyanide of potassium which she injects into her arm, and which kills her instantly. The moth, having burnt her wings sufficiently, preferred not to wait two or three years more before dying.

"The first act of the play is the best, and was amusing. The second was pathetic, but lengthy. After that one began to weary of the dying consumptive. Mlle. Yvonne De Bray, on whom most of the play depends, acted intelligently and with immense vigor, but did not look in the least consumptive. The piece is trimmed with many hors d'ouvres, some amusing, others curious—a cruel but funny caricature of young M. Maurice Rostand, for instance. A strange American poet in attendance on the Empress of Austria told us—presumably the mistakes were his own and not the author's—pointing to the rock on the Sicilian coast: 'It is from there that the great American poet, Alexander Shelley, threw himself into the sea, and here his body was afterwards found and his ashes thrown into the sea.' Finally Thyra, analyzing her own temperament, cried that she suffered from 'gloriae cupido,' and added, 'the glory of love.' We thought it was a slip, but she repeated the same strange Latin [illegible] and the same [illegible] tra[illegible], with [illegible] to ten minutes afterwards."

[illegible]e Paris correspondent of the Times [illegible]s the theme "is more suitable for the physician than the dramatist. Young women in the 'third stage' of tuberculosis, he says, are not nowadays paraded either on the stage of the theatre or on that of society. And even if they have artistic ambitions and are at the same time possessed by an insane desire to drain the cup of life to the dregs, the long-drawn-out exhibition of a tragedy of that kind is not necessarily art; it may be, and is in this case, little better than a cinematographic exhibition of horrors. That Thyra should suddenly have cast all she cherished, including her virtue, to the winds and have afterwards become the mistress of the Italian prince to whom she had been betrothed—that she should have done this solely because a Paris specialist in tuberculosis had given her only five more years of life in which to perfect her art as a sculptor, involves the assumption that she was a vierge folle as well as a consumptive. The end—Thyra's suicide by poison in the midst of a fete which she gives in Paris—recalled the denouement of Sudermann's 'es lebe das Leben.'"

Stage Notes "Between Sunset and Dawn," in four scenes by Hermon Ould, was produced at the Vaudeville, London, Oct. 23. Liz is the young wife of Bill Higgins, a drunkard. He is bad enough when he is sober. She runs away from him and finds shelter in a miserable doss-house kept by a dreadful Mrs. Harris, whose son falls in love with her. She rebuffs him—"for Liz is acutely conscious of the respectability of the married state—but at last she throws in her lot with him." Left alone with him, then, at 2 A. M., he develops a form of erotic mania, begins smiling strangely, asks [illegible] will her to kiss him, and while she leans nervously forward to obey him, stabs her in the back, so that she falls dead. The appalling mother comes tottering in to learn what the noise is about and finds her son, still smiling, kneeling over the corpse. The author has done his work with a good deal of deftness. The characters of the husband and wife and of the hapless Jim are well drawn and the story moves steadily along. His denouement, however, is bad art. Such a seizure as that which turns young Harris into a murderer is not suited to the theatre. Pity, sorrow, anger, alarm—all these emotions may legitimately be excited by the dramatist; the finale of Mr. Ould's play only evokes a sort of nausea. So deep a degradation of 'the paragon of animals' is more fittingly the theme of the pathological lecturer than of the dramatist. However, the play was well received." And it was in London that "Monna Vanna" was forbidden by the censor!

Edward Garnett's new play "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc" was produced in London on Oct. 26 under the auspices of the Religious Drama Society. Only the members were admitted. No scenery was used. The play was published last year. We are told that Mr. Garnett, the son of Richard Garnett, avoided the romantic illusion. The character of Jeanne was described in a preface as one likely to prove "of supreme interest and inspiration to suffragettes and to all who are watching the rise of the new type of womanhood in our times."

More novels are being filmed, and this section seems to be running neck-and-neck with classical plays. Dickens already has a good lead, with the "Old Curiosity Shop" yet to be completed, and the Hearth" is in the making. "Sherlock Holmes" has already been booked up, and Miss Marie Corelli has written a cinema play!—Pall Mall Gazette.

This reminds us that the film of "The Three Musketeers," produced recently in London, took a year in preparation and cost $90,000. There are 170,000 pictures in the film.

Robert Pateman appeared as the burglar at the Palladium, London, in "A Cut off the Joint." A burglar is terrified into fits when he is told by a scientist whose house he has entered that the mutton he has been eating is full of cholera bacilli.

Mr. Dawbarn writes from Paris: "'Le Procureur Hallers' is a singular play in its French dress at the Theatre Antoine. It is a subject that has prompted several authors, French as well as English and German. The hero has hallucinations, resulting from overwork; they are the more singular because they are perfectly logical. Each evening, when his reason leaves him, the magistrate believes he is an Apache, and acts exactly as one of the band. He has no memory of this phase when he returns to himself, just as, being Apache, he has no recollection of being a jurist. He lives as two different men. You can imagine what such an author as Paul Lindau makes of such a theme. It is breathless in its intensity and weird realism. Herr Lindau exteriories the struggle within the disordered brain of the magistrate with great skill, and M. Gemier translates it into living gestures. And when the victim of this alternative personality robs his own house and proceeds to try his companions of the night before, in his capacity of judge, his situation is [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] act, which provides a solution, is less convincing than the preceding two. At last it is brought home to the procurator by a woman of the town that he is a man of double existence. The knowledge cures him. The play is evidently a warning to excessive drinkers, who present in their own cases modified instances of a dual personality."

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MISS HEMPEL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Frieda Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, assisted by an orchestra of Boston Symphony players conducted by Otto Urack, gave the fifth of the Sunday afternoon concerts yesterday in Symphony Hall. The program announced these arias and songs:

Mozart, first aria of the "Queen of Night" in "The Magic Flute"; Donizetti, "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Schubert, "Du bist die Ruh," "Hark, Hark the Lark"; Wolf, Elfenlied; Strauss, Strendchen; Arditi, waltz song, "Parla."

The orchestra played the overtures to "The Magic Flute" and "Alfonso and Estrella," ballet music from "Orpheus," two movements from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and the "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda."

Miss Hempel, who appeared last season at the Boston Opera House as Rosina, Violetta and Olympia, sang here yesterday for the first time in concert. Her program as announced a fortnight ago included "Ernani, Fly with Me," which we would gladly hear if only to revive old memories and associations. There was a time when every self-respecting concert soprano brought with her this aria from "Ernani," "Robert toi que j'aime" and Harrison Millard's "Waiting." Ah, these were good old days, when the assisting orchestra, if there was one, would have played the overture to "Zanetta" or "The Bronze Horse" or "Zampa" or "Masaniello," and probably two of them. And today an overture by Auber would be welcome at a Symphony concert.

Miss Hempel's original program also incuded Mozart's beautiful air, "Deh vieni non tardar," which we would rather have heard than the air of the mysterious Queen of Night. But let us be grateful. Miss Hempel might have sung Proch's Air and Variations.

An audience of good size was roused to enthusiasm; and with good reason. Miss Hempel's singing of florid passages and ornaments was brilliant. We have not heard such coloratura singing in Boston since Mme. Melba visited us when she was at the zenith of her fame. And Miss Hempel's singing of coloratura was not heartless; her bravura was not metallic and defiant. It was warm frec, elastic, spontaneous; it was warm and significant. The voice itself is of lovely quality throughout; the middle register is full and rich, the upper tones have body and quality.

And Miss Hempel is something more than an accomplished virtuoso. She showed skill as an interpreter in the group of songs. Less successful, perhaps, in "Du bist die Ruh," than in the others, she nevertheless maintained a fine melodic line, and caught the spirit of the poem. But her vocal performance and interpretation of the remaining songs was wholly admirable. Sentiment was not exaggerated; archness did not sink into aggressive coquetry. The song of Wolf was sung with delightful nuances of expression and the hackneyed serenade of Strauss assumed new beauty.

Miss Hempel was reported as saying when she recently landed in New York that she was indisposed the greater part of last season. Certainly, those who have heard her only at the Boston Opera House are not fully acquainted with her voice and her art. Yesterday she sang honestly and modestly without the airs and graces of the prima donna too expectant of applause.

Mr. Chevrot was warmly applauded not only for his part in the "Mad Scene," but for his expressive playing of the flute solo in Gluck's beautiful ballet music.

The orchestral pieces, especially the excerpts from "Peer Gynt," met with favor.

Smart sayings and pretty stories are frequently invented in an author's study. The inventors of them, not being willing to lose their labor, spread them abroad; and to make themselves the merrier with them, and give them the greater currency, they ascribe them to certain places and persons, accompanying them with all such circumstances as may make them appear most credible. When stories thus invented are of a diverting cast, and give a handle for laughter, they take root in the memory, and are easily spread. Collections are made of these, which are frequently printed; but persons of taste and judgment content themselves with applauding the wit (if any) in them, without taking them for matter of fact.

"As Though."

Whenever we use in this column or elsewhere in The Herald the words "as though," some person who does not sign his name, some anonymuncule—to borrow a word from Charles Reade's rich vocabulary of vituperation—writes in objection; or he cuts out the paragraph, underlines the two words, and [illegible] mark in the [illegible] of some [illegible] comment. "As though" is in the English language. Southey, whose style has been approved even by pedants, did not hesitate to use the phrase, which goes back to the 13th century. Shakespeare did not despise it. Lithgow, whose record of travel and sufferings is written in sinewy English, says: "The camel hath a most slow and lazy pace, as though he were weighing his feet in a balance." The anonymuncule evidently prefers "as if," correct, but mean, snippy—almost apologetic for that which follows.

Africanderisms.

Commenting on "Africanderisms, a Glossary of South African Colloquial Words and Phrases," the New York Evening Post says: "Failing to find in the Oxford Dictionary not only such 'well known words' as 'Africander,' 'Africanderism,' and 'Africanderdom,' but even 'African,' the Rev. Charles Pettman, a resident of the Cape for nearly 40 years, has come forward to supply the lack a hundredfold."

The volume "A. B." of the New English (Oxford) Dictionary was published in 1888, and the word "appendicitis" will not be found therein; but "appendicitis" and "Afrikander" are in the Concise Oxford Dictionary (1911.).

Among these "Africanderisms" is the word "stoop," well known in the United States. "Come and sit on the stoop"; "door stoop." But door-stoop in English dialect means the side of a doorway. In Virginia the word "porch" is often used for veranda. "I reckon there's a heap prettier view out here on the poach." Were the "Africanderisms," "inspan" and "outspan," for hitching and unhitching ever common in New England?

"Slim" may mean sly, cunning, wiley, but Lowell used it in the "Bigelow Papers," and in England, it goes back to the 17th century.

Temptations Galore.

As the World Wags:

Noticing a short time ago your memories of "The Black Crook," I remember to have seen at the Boston Theatre a play on the same order, "The Twelve Temptations," and think that Louis Aldrich was in the cast. Do you recall the lady singer in it who came and disappeared through a trap and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee" while the hero slept?

Will you kindly ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson if he ever came across the word "bohung" in his travels in the West? If he has, will he kindly enlighten us as to its meaning?

CONSTANT READER.

Allston, Nov. 7.

We never saw "The Twelve Temptations." They were too many for us. Weak and irresolute is man! One temptation at a time is enough.

This spectacle by Joseph C. Foster and John E. McDonough was brought out at the Grand Opera House, New York, Feb. 7, 1870 and it ran there until July 9. "The Demon Can-Can" was introduced on March 7. The "Spectacular Romance" was produced at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 20, 1871. Louis Aldrich took the part of Ulric, The Lost Soul. Nell Warner, H. A. Weaver and D. J. Maginnis were in the cast. The chief singing woman was Miss Nully Peiris. According to the program, she sang an Ave Maria, a waltz, "The Kiss," by Arditi, and in Ulric's sleeping chamber, "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer." Is our correspondent sure that she sang "Nearer My God to Thee"? There is a story that Miss Emma Abbott in Western towns introduced this hymn in the Garden Scene of "Faust," either to voice her ecstasy or to take the curse off the scene that had provoked the wrath of Dr. Dio Lewis.

At the Boston Theatre the demon can-can was danced in "The Studio of Ebiis in the Kingdom of Despair." Would that we could have seen this show, with a view of the Dungeons of the Inquisition; the interior of the Temple of Ibis, and the pyramids and colossal sphinxes!

Perhaps our old and esteemed friend Mr. Napier Lothian, who conducted the orchestra on this joyful occasion, can answer your question about the hymn. —Ed.

Mme. Lafarge, Author.

The Herald recently alluded to the extraordinary case of Mme. Marie Fortunee Lafarge, accused and convicted—as many thought and think, unjustly convicted—of poisoning her husband with arsenic. If anyone wishes to read her memoirs, published in 1841, they are in the Boston Public Library. She also wrote: "Heures de Prison," published in 1853, one year after her death, and she left behind her a play in manuscript, "Une Femme Perdue."

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CASTLE SQUARE—"The Country Boy," a comedy in four acts by Edgar Selwyn.

Tom Wilson	Donald Meek
Joe Weinstein	William P. Carleton
Fred Merkle	Frederic Ormonde
Hiram Belknap	George Ernst
Hezekiah Jenks	Carney Christie
Herman Leitz	Alfred Lunt
Jimmy Michaelson	J. Morris Morrison
Mr. Phelps	Robert Capron
Jane Belknap	Doris Olsson
Amy Leroy	Florence Shirley
Mrs. Bannan	Mabel Colcord
Miss Dunstan	Augusta Gi[illegible]
Mrs. Phelps	Anne Fayston
Mrs. Wilson	Beatrice Lor[illegible]
Lucy	Sylvia Cushma[illegible]
Sarah	May Lan[illegible]

By PHILIP HALE.

LONIAL THEATRE—"The Lady e Slipper; or, a Modern Cinder- a musical fantasy in three acts, by Anne Caldwell and Lawrence rty, lyrics by James O'Dea, music lctor Herbert. First performance oston. Produced by Charles Dillam. W. E. Macquinn was the cal director.

Crown Prince Maximilian.....Douglass Stevenson
Ulrich.....Eugene Revere
von N.....Robert Rogers
.....Edgar Lee Hay
.....David Abraham
.....Samuel Burbank
.....Fred Perine
.....Ed Randall
.....David C. Montgomery
.....Fred A. Stone
.....David Abrahama
.....Elsie Janis
his .....Louise McIntosh
tte .....Violet Zell
ves .....Allene Crater
ary Godmother.....Ione Bright
re Danseuse.....Majorie Bentley

e book itself is a poor one. The except when Messrs. Stone and omery are on the stage are surgly vapid, and the humor is thin stale. Mr. Rogers worked heroically, who inspired the unfortunate idea rning Cinderella's father into a c German with the traditional top- ? The first half-hour before the en- e of Messrs. Montgomery and Stone a dreary stretch, intolerable if it not been for Mr. Abrahams as the His Cat and his Dog were both ent, and there was not too much of em. Miss Janis herself seemed subd until she began to dance.

When she did dance and when Mr. e made his entrance as the Scarecr and Mr. Montgomery as the Pumpkin, the dulness of the librettists was forgotten, if not wholly forgiven. Miss Janis's voice is as infantile in song ever, but she makes no pretensions and is discreet. She reserved her imitations for the third act and then gave pleasure, even to those who did not k the subject of the first. But throughout the piece her dancing was delightful by reason of its grace, its ness. It was joyous dancing, lithe never acrobatic. There was the flowing line, the perfect curve, without straining after effect. She danced as though her sole thought was her own enjoyment. Always pleasing to the eye, in action or repose, she made the insipid lines allotted to her endurable.

Neither Mr Stone nor Mr. Montgomery has so pat a part as in other plays in which they have been seen, yet they were entertaining, and at times very amusing. Mr. Stone's dancing was grotesque in his own peculiar way; it was often daring. One of the really funny things in the show was the travesty on the old-fashioned song and dance, "Them Was the Childhood Days." The spectator was taken back to the days when Harrigan and Hart sang and danced "Little Fraud," or when Delehanty and Hengler appeared in the saloon square scene in "The Streets of New York." The days when statuesque dancers were knowingly criticised, and the hero was stamping and there was a battling or "Ajax Defying the Lightning." Mr. Stone introduced the Punch and Judy Glide, which will probably not be seen at the assemblies this season. His society dance with Miss Zell, for we think it that Spooks had Cinderella's sister Freakette for a partner, was deliriously wild, and at the end of this act, having jumped like Harlequin through a gilly portrait, he went up with the drop curtain and came down with it first. Amusing, too, was the Harlequinade in the last act with the good old fashioned pantomime tricks.

Mr Herbert's music is seldom worthy of him. The entrance of Cinderella as the Princess into the ballroom is daintily conceived, and the song "Bagdad" has character, but as a whole the music is ordinary jingle that might easily have been written by a lesser man.

Mr. Stevenson as the Prince was a pleasing partner for Miss Janis at the ball, and Miss Bentley was a pretty apparition in conventional ballet dress.

The "Lady of the Slipper" is handsomely mounted. The costumes are in good taste, and the effects of color are often beautiful. The evolutions of the chorus were neatly performed. There was a very large audience, and it was evidently highly amused, for the dancers were called out again and again; repetitions lengthened the performance; and the antics of Messrs. Montgomery and Stone excited boisterous laughter.

HENRY E. DIXEY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Henry E. Dixey, he of "Adonis" fame more recently, of vaudeville, is at Keith's Theatre this week presenting his Mono-Drama-Vaud-Ologue, in which his marvellous versatility and talent along many lines is so effectively displayed. Mr. Dixey, early in his talk, gives a cleverly worded dissertation upon the requirements and the limitations of the actor. And even as he presents this part of the program seemingly naturally portrays by inflection and by gesture the roles of which he is telling. Later in his act he surprises his audience by going into the realm of legerdemain and does very cleverly a number of sleight-of-hand tricks with all the grace and ease of the professional.

Lucy Daly, upon the program as Boston's own comedienne, was most enthusiastically received as she stepped upon the stage, and at both the afternoon and evening performances was the recipient, at the conclusion of her act, of some mammoth floral remembrances from friends, an immense bunch of yellow chrysanthemums, even more than Miss Daly could handle, being the feature of the evening presentation. Miss Daly sings several songs, and later in her act with Paul Chute gives the "waltz moderne" and the "tango Chinese."

Then there's Edmund Hayes and company in "The Piano Mover," with Hayes himself as the boss and the emaciated, ragged "Bozo" as the gang of men that Hayes superintends in the moving of the piano from the hotel parlor to the roof garden. "The Piano Mover" is one of the funniest sketches in vaudeville today, and last night's audience laughed until the tears came. A few of Grace Wilson's "a million friends" were in the audience last night when this handsome young woman stepped out to sing some very catchy songs, dashing to the wings between each song and, while the applause was still on, making a miraculously rapid change of costume. George W. Jones and Harry Sylvester, just one-half of that once famous "That Quartette," have an interesting sketch, "The Two Drummers," written by Leo Carrillo.

Beaumont and Arnold, in a jumble of mirth and of melody, went well and were recalled again and again. John Cantwell and Reta Walker in "Under the Gay White Lights," the Brimbos, English novelty entertainers, and the Four Merkel Sisters from the Circus Schumann complete the bill prior to the usual motion pictures that are especially interesting this week. One film is devoted to Walter Johnson of baseball fame, and the great Washington pitcher is seen first warming up before a game and later upon his Kansas farm leading the simple life and feeding the chickens and doing other farm work that he enjoys even more than winning baseball games with his deceptive curves and unsurpassed speed.

TREMONT THEATRE—Miss Billie Burke in "The Amazons," a comedy in three acts, by Arthur Wing Pinero.

Barrington .....Shelley Hull
Gabred .....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Andre de Grival.....Fritz Williams
The Rev. Roger Minchin.....Morton Selten
Fitton .....Thomas Reynolds
Youatt .....Arthur Fitzgerald
Oris .....Barnett Parker
Miriam .....Annie Esmond
Lady Noeline Belturbet.....Elaine Inescourt
Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet.....Dorothy Lane
Lady Thomasin Belturbet.....Billie Burke
"Sergeant" Shuter.....Alice John

Pinero's play was referred to on the program last evening as "a comedy," but the adventures of Twoenwayes and his friend Do Grival at Overcote Park are as widely farcical as they are preposterous. As played by Miss Burke and her associates the piece which delighted playgoers some 20 years ago, if an innocuous trifle, is still excellent entertainment. The dialogue is amusing, crisp, well turned. Nor does the theme appear old-fashioned, although certain traditional characters are conspicuous, the assinine earl, the volatile and explosive stage Frenchman, the comic poacher and gamekeeper.

In Lady Thomasin, Miss Burke has found a congenial part. She is boyish with aplomb. Her habitually sportive behavior on the stage is admirably suited to the intentions of the dramatist. She romps through the play with rollicking good humor, petulant, capricious, mocking in turn. She is a pretty picture on the stage, her voice is melodious, her laughter contagious and it is a pleasure to see her in a role which does not urge her to the display of tremulous femininity.

As Lady Noeline Miss Inescourt was effective and vehemently masculine. Miss Lane as Lady Wilhelmina made the most of her opportunities.

A feature of the performance was the capital fooling of Mr. Gottschalk and Mr. Williams. They again delighted as the aristocratic Tweenways with his family traditions and the excitable de Grival. Their debates, quarrels, reconciliations and furious efforts to outdo each other in winning their respective suits were irresistibly amusing.

Mr. Hull played Viscount Litterly in an appropriately romantic vein. Miss Esmond as the Marchioness of Castlejordan, who sought consolation for her "miserable maternal blunder" in bringing up her daughters as boys, was effective and dignified.

An audience of good size was constantly enthusiastic. It applauded Miss Burke and welcomed joyfully her interpolated song in the second act.

Next Monday evening Bayard Veiller's "The Fight" will begin an engagement at this theatre.

MISS SALMON'S RECITAL

Miss Beasie Talbot Salmon, soprano, gave a song recital, assisted by Miss Alice McDowell, pianist, and J. Angus Winter, accompanist, in Jordan Hall last evening. The program included arias by Puccini and Massenet, and songs by Scarlatti, Haydn, Campra, Schubert, Rubinstein, Borodin, Rachmaninoff, Sinding, Kaun, Weckerlin, Trepard, Saint-Saens, Vidal, Hauser, Cadman, Peel, Campbell-Tipton, Woodman.

Her program was an ambitious one that would have taxed a more experienced singer. In fact it was beyond her present vocal ability. The voice itself is of pleasing quality in the middle register. Further study will no doubt remedy faults that were apparent last evening, but Miss Salmon has much to learn in the art of interpretation. There was a friendly audience of good size.

Miss McDowell played pieces by Chopin, Smetana and MacDowell in a pleasant manner, and Mr. Winter accompanied well.

Taking down the volume of weather lore, we learn that if flowers bloom in November, the winter will be severe; that a heavy November snow will last till April. "As November, so the following March."

If there's ice in November that will bear a duck,
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck.

Today is St. Martin's day, and if it is fair, dry and cold, the cold in winter will not last long. If the wind is northwest, the winter will be a rough one. If the wind is in the southwest, it will keep there till the first of February with a mild winter up to then and no snow to speak of. But if the leaves of the trees and grape vines have not yet fallen, a cold winter may be expected. Here's enough for sad thinking.

A Proper Saint.

Reasons why Saint Martin should rule the weather are not to be found in the Golden Legend of J. de Voragine, but there are pages of interesting information about him. He was a humble man. Even when a knight at 15 years of age he did not disdain to draw off the boots of others. In the best known story about him, meeting a poor man all naked near the gate of Amiens, Martin drew out his sword and carved his mantle therewith in two pieces in the middle, and gave that one half to the poor man, for he had nothing else to give to him, and he clad himself with that other half, and on the following night he was rewarded by a blissful vision. Later in life he raised the dead, and whenever the devil appeared to him he put him to flight. In Paris he kissed a foul leper, horrible to all men, and anon he was all whole. No man ever saw St. Martin sit in church, and in his cell he sat upon a three foot stool. "And all things obeyed to this holy man, as well things not sensible as vegetative, and not reasonable, as things insensible, as the fire and water."

Deep-Read.

Some may chide us for talking about the weather, but it is a safe subject. It does not engender bad blood; it does not provoke angry and abusive letters to the editor-in-chief with the question: "Why do you let this man write for you?" (Sometimes "ass" is substituted for "man.") Discussing the weather, we do not run the risk of unpleasant reflections upon our ancestry.

They point out to you in a village a moth-eaten person and say in a whisper, "He has read everything." Sometimes they call him a "booky" man. There are men in city clubs who have this reputation and they are to be avoided. If one of them sits in a group the conversation is soon like unto the game of authors. "By the way, have you ever read Dugdale's 'Monastleon'?"

"I was reading the other night a curious old book, 'The Vanity of Arts and Sciences,' by Cornelius Agrippa. You know there are several editions. Mine is dated 1676. I was struck by what he says about the art of dicing: 'One of those arts that depend wholly upon chance, wherein, he that is most studious, and most expert, becomes so much the more vile and wicked.' That reminds me"—. Is it any wonder that the group disperses? Yet if a club has literary pretensions there should be at least one of these Bibliophagists for every 50 members.

We do not believe that the village wonder or the club bore reads Dr. Johnson's "Idler." There are private libraries in which stand in a row those 38 volumes, "The British Essayists," the Tatler, best of them all; the Spectator, which is more praised than read; and there are the other titles, Mirror, Lounger—but this loafer did not invite his soul—Observer, Idler, Adventurer—and he had no adventures worthy of narration—World, Connoisseur—"and gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters"—and there are others.

Cheer up!

Nevertheless, in the Idler, our old friend Dr. Johnson remarks: "The weather is a nobler and more interesting subject. It is the present state of the skies and of the earth, on which plenty and famine are suspended, on which millions depend for the necessaries of life." Long before the Doctor drank tea or gave up going into the greenroom at Garrick's Theatre for prudential reasons, Robert Burton declared that "such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humours." Johnson did not quote this saying, but he combated it. "To temperance every day is bright and every hour is propitious to diligence. He that shall resolutely excite his faculties or exert his virtues will soon make himself superior to the seasons and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east, and the clouds of the south."

And how much a year would Dr. Johnson or any one of the esteemed, but ponderous, old essayist; how much a year would Lamb, or even Hazlitt earn at space rates on any newspaper in Boston, New York or Indianapolis, which, we are assured by authors and publishers of that city, is now the literary centre not only of the United States, but of the universe?

Varia.

If Landor were alive and writing "Imaginary Conversations," he would surely invent one between Mr. Paderewski and ex-Gov. Curtis Guild on the subject of Russia.

Dr. Paul K. Sellew is reported as saying: "The whiff of a cigarette, especially when inhaled, caused a slight rush of blood to the head." This depends on the head; also on the quality of the tobacco.

Mrs. D. B. Kraemer of New York gave a tea party in honor of her servant Mary, who had lived continuously in her household for 25 years. Twenty-five years? Tea? Mrs. Kraemer should have opened champagne, or poured the finest Tokay, or uncorked Johannisberger.

We thank Mr. M. J. Carroll, Dr. William P. Houston of Boston and Mr. E. L. Browne of Kansas City for information concerning the poem beginning, "The Nox was lit by lux of Luna." Mr. Browne says the poem was published in the Kansas City Times about 32 years ago. Mr. Carroll writes that the poem is in a volume, "Poetical Ingenuities," selected by William F. Dobson, and published by Chatto and Windus, London, in 1882. No correspondent has yet named the author.

Nov 12, 1913

SONG RECITAL BY MISS LOTT

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Fanny Lott, soprano, gave a song recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Walter E. Young was the accompanist. There was a warmly appreciative audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Martini, Piacer d'Amor; Pergolesi, Se tu m'ami; Puccini, Vissi d'arte; Schumann, Mondnacht, Volksliedchen, Er der Herrlichste; Beethoven, Ah! Perfido; Wagner, Schmerzen, Traeume, Die Zigeunerin; Franz, Im Herbst, Rummel, Ecstasy; Carpenter, May, the Maiden; Maynard, Sing where the gypsy-winds blow.

Miss Lott, a daughter of ex-Senator William H. Lott of this city, studied here and then went to Italy where, after continuing her studies, she sang in opera with marked success for several years. She afterwards went to Posen, where she appeared in opera as a "guest." She then gave her attention in Germany to the art of Lieder singing.

Her voice is naturally a full and pleasing organ and it has been well trained. Last evening there was not a sufficient variety of tonal color either for merely sensuous charm or for rhetorical effect. It may also be said that the voice itself was more appealing in strongly defined dramatic music than in songs of a contemplative or introspective nature.

The aria of Beethoven, the aria from "Tosca" and Franz's "Im Harbst" were sung with true feeling and with an authority that was not always to be observed in the interpretation of the other songs. The melancholy charm of Martini's familiar air escaped her. The song was taken at too fast a pace and in a rather commonplace manner. Schumann's "Mondnacht" was also taken too fast, and there was little suggestion of exquisite reverie and love-longing so intense that it finds only subdued expression. Miss Lott knows how to maintain a fine melodic line. She proved this abundantly in the course of the evening, but the wonderful opening phrase of "Mondnacht," which should be slowly sustained, a phrase of golden beauty, calm and serene as the moon itself, was nervously agitated and there was no enchantment. So, too, in "Traeume," although there was tonal beauty, there was a lack of poise, too often noticeable in other songs. Of the more unfamiliar selections, Carpenter's "May, the Maiden," was the most conspicuous and it was well sung.

It would seem that Miss Lott should now cultivate repose in interpretation, the repose that emphasizes sentiment and emotion. Her performance as a whole suffered from undue haste; from a lack of rhetorical pauses. With her natural gifts, and with her training she should become an accomplished Lieder singer.

Having intelligence, she should study patiently effects produced by a mastery of contrasts and nuances, and inquire curiously into the tempo by which the significance of a song is fully exposed.

MR. DE ANDRIA'S RECITAL

Gives, in Brookline, Program of "Old Songs of Old France."

Mr. A. T. M. De Andria gave a lecture and song recital, "Old Songs of Old France," last evening at Whitney Hall, Brookline. Thoroughly at home with his subject, Mr. De Andria began the evening with a few general remarks about the words and music of the songs which divided themselves naturally into four classes: those of a religious, sentimental, patriotic nature and the national anthems.

In most instances the composers are unknown although they are in some cases supposed to have belonged to the Compagnie de St. Julien, a French guild of meistersingers. Plain song was used in the setting of ecclesiastical poems while poly phonic music characterized the songs of the people. In 1852 the French government ordered a compilation of songs composed during a period beginning in the middle of the 13th century and lasting until the revolution. To this work, now in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, Mr. De Andria is indebted for such valuable information.

He gave attractive illustrations of each of the four classes. They were widely varied and pleasingly sung. Walter J. Kugler was the pianist. A large and interested audience was present.

Next Tuesday evening Mr. De Andria will present a program of "Old Songs of Old Greece."

We received several invitations yesterday. One was to subscribe forthwith to a magazine "as big as the world and as varied as human nature itself." Why is it that something in our heart tells us not to do it? Why is not man more trustful?

Another invitation was flattering. After reading the circulars we walked abroad, like Charles Lamb's Hester with a springy motion in our gait. We held our head up. It was as though a brass band were in the street playing a two-step, and troops were passing with banners, and citizens were cheering. For we were informed confidentially that we had been chosen with 41 other prominent persons as worthy of a vast encyclopaedia of knowledge at a reduced price. The others were not named, but we have reason to believe that among them are President Wilson, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Curley, Mr. Mellen, Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, and Mr. Robert W. Chambers. This, indeed, is recognition and yet—so compelling is New England thrift—we have not sent and shall not send a money order or a check to this publisher, although we commend his discriminative judgment.

Miss Destinn's Cure.

Miss Emmy Destinn is known in Boston as a great singer, great in every sense of the word. To use a phrase that was of late years passed into newspaper cant, but was formerly highly respectable in old English, she "bulks large" on the operatic stage, so that although she sang the music of "Madama Butterfly" as no other woman has sung it in Boston, she was not an ideal Japanese sweetheart, not dainty, not cuddlesome. Sensuous, spiritual, noble in song, as an actress she was massive and concrete. Lo, now a change! She has lost in weight and is still losing. And this by eating five large potatoes boiled in the skin, at a mid-day dinner, and giving up soup, butter, desserts, except uncooked fruit, little milk, no cream, no sugar. "Five large potatoes must without fail be eaten at the mid-day dinner." After seven or eight days there should be a pause for three or four days—probably she means dropping out potatoes—then the cure should be resumed for another week. Fish and white meat are allowed, and—we shudder at the thought—Miss Emmy is passionately fond of raw ham.

How dietetic theories change! Not many years ago persons wishing to reduce their weight were warned against potatoes. Now we are told by specialists that potatoes are much less fattening than bread, which should never be eaten with soup, meat, or hearty vegetables. Many economists and political writers have declaimed against the potato, as an undesirable, demoralizing food. William Cobbett used to write against it, as some today inveigh against the Demon Rum.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson last summer reduced his weight from 202 pounds to 17?. He accomplished this by eschewing butter, eating lightly, preferring fish to meat, abandoning all pies, puddings, strong waters and malt liquors, exercising in moderation, going to bed at 10 or ... have become ... ... after ... ... work in ... volumes—the first volume has not yet appeared, for the printer has a sadly commercial soul and snaps his fingers at the expectant scientific world and anxious subscribers who, at present few in number. By the way, he asks us to inform "Constant Reader of Allston" that he never heard the word "bohung" in the West or in the East. We'll be the goat. What does "Bohung" mean?

At the Church.

As the World Wags:

Which is the correct English—the funeral was held (from) (at) (in) the home (or church)? Each of these prepositions has its merit in that place, yet none seems to fit the case. REP.

Lawrence, Nov. 7.

We do not pretend to be an authority on "correct English." If you mean by funeral the religious service, or any reading of consolatory prose or poetry to comfort the mourners or honor the dead, you may say that the funeral was held at the church or at the home; but "held" is here superfluous. The reporter who writes "holocaust" for "fire," often speaks of a funeral "held at the late residence of the deceased." But funeral also means a burial procession, death itself, the grave, a monument, and it formerly meant the expenses attending a funeral, also a funeral sermon. —Ed.

Cats on the Stage.

The Cat in "The Lady of the Slipper" is one of the features of the show. Do those persons who suffer physical discomfort when a cat is in the room, though they do not see it, resent its presence on the stage? Do they begin to sweat and feel nausea? Does the hair of the head begin to rise? We know what Maeterlinck thinks of the cat and how he shows his dislike in "The Blue Bird." Mr. Hilaire Belloc sympathizes with him. "If one had the time, one could watch them day after day and never see them do a single kind or good thing, or be moved by a single virtuous impulse. They have no gesture for the expression of admiration, love, reverence or ecstasy. They have but one method of expressing content, and they reserve that for moments of physical repletion. The tail, which is in all other animals the signal for joy or for defence, or for mere uselessness, or for a noble anger, is with them agitated only to express a sullen discontent. All that they do is venomous, and all that they think is evil." And against these despisers of cats stand Mahommed, Baudelaire, Gautier, Champfleury—the list is a long one.

Important.

The latest "most perfect" girl is Miss Margaret Ademick of Chicago, only 16 years old. She weighs 117 pounds and is 5 feet 6 inches in height. Her bust and hips measure 36 inches and her waist 26. The physician at Smith College says she knows how to walk, stand and sit. She reads without glasses and has never used tobacco in any form.

Nov 13 1913

Miss Louise Llewellyn Gives Novel and Interesting Entertainment.

Miss Louise Llewellyn, soprano, gave an unusual and very interesting lecture-concert last night in Jordan Hall. She was assisted by Miss Corinne Harmon, pianist, and Howard Godding, organist. There was an attentive and pleased audience of good size.

Dressed in a Bohemian costume that became her, Miss Llewellyn sang folk songs of that country in Czech, and in the Slovak and Moravian dialects. First she spoke a few words about the sturdy, independent, patriotic people of Bohemia and their pronounced individuality as a nation. Mentioning prominent men of Bohemia, she characterized Dvorak as one of "the greatest creative artists of the 19th century," a statement that admits of discussion. She said nothing about Smetana, who is even more strikingly national as a composer and had more imagination.

Before each song she gave a short description of its contents. She spoke clearly—her speaking voice has a fine quality—and her substance and manner were admirable. Her choice of words was felicitous and her characterization of the songs was illuminative; nor was she without the gift of humor. Rare thing among lecturers, she knew when she had said enough. Always lucid, she was not verbose; she did not hesitate; there was no vain repetition; her composure was delightful.

And she sang in true folk song spirit. Let the Bohemians say, if there were any present, whether her pronunciation was correct and her accent true. This is true: that by voice, tonal color, gesture and facial expression she brought each song vividly before the hearers. They saw, as well as heard, the youth eager for war, the coquettish maiden, the man bereft of family and sweetheart praying for death, the peasant at the market, the girl wishing new shoes for the dance. Miss Llewellyn's task was a difficult one. She might easily have been absurd or dull. The 25 songs might have become monotonous but her ability to differentiate and vitalize gave variety and charmed.

The songs were for the most part interesting in themselves, and some were beautiful in their simplicity and primitive emotion. Nor is it too much to say that the character of each song was fully brought out. The singer's facial play was expressive; her gestures were free and significant; and she adapted skilfully her voice to the sentiment of the verses.

At the end of the second part she played dances on an old Bohemian instrument corresponding to the vielle. In the third part of the program she contrasted folk songs of Brittany and Bohemia.

Mr. Frank Gittelson, an American violinist, will give concerts in this country next season. His circulars are already distributed and we are informed that Mr. Arthur Nikisch on Jan. 15, 1913 — henceforth a historical date — was so moved by Mr. Gittelson's performance that he at once called him "The Vulcan of the Violin."

But why "Vulcan"? Vulcan, according to credible report, was an accomplished blacksmith in his day. We can understand how a formidable pianist, a smiting thunderer, could be fitly called a Vulcan; but what did Mr. Gittelson do to his fiddle in order to receive this title?

Mr. Nikisch's characterization is singularly unfortunate, not to say libellous, for Vulcan, a mere mortal blacksmith, was lame. The ancient poets described him as "blackened and hardened, from the forge: with a face, red and fiery whilst at his work; and tired and heated, after." The Reverend Mr. Spence, further says—we quote from his "Polymetis": "This poor god is almost always the subject either of pity or ridicule. He is the great cuckold of heaven: and his very lameness serves to fling all the gods into a violent fit of laughing, when they have a mind to divert themselves after some accident that has chagrined them. Ovid makes his own wife mimic his lameness to entertain her gallant. In short, the Great Celestial Deities seem to have admitted Vulcan among them only (as great men formerly used to keep a fool at their tables) to make them laugh, and to be the butt of the whole company."

"In Quoque."

Mr. H. Dennis Bradley of London, reading opinions expressed by various women in the Press of his city on how a man should dress, waxed wroth. The consensus appeared to be that a man's choice should be restricted to "dark blue or gray suit, plain black or blue socks, black cravat with small white spots, no monocle, no jewellery, black boots (certainly no spats), hair brushed flat and never frizzy." Mr. Bradley, taking for granted that these women entertained sensible opinions, offered in all humility "a few ideas on how a woman should dress from a sober and moral point of view: Plain drab costume entirely disguising her figure—drabber the better; black pork-pie hat with small, white spots; no jewellery (what a save!); pair of spectacles; a virtuous umbrella; natural wool stockings and an entire absence of alluring embroideries; good thick black boots with very low, moral heels."

The Passing Shoeblack.

Mr. Bradley's remarks about boots reminds us that the "shoeblack" is said to be one of the disappearing sights of London. We say "shoeblack," for "bootblack" is an Americanism. "His trade has been killed by asphalt and macadam streets and the cheap, quick-shining 'polish' that every man can use for himself." In the good old days—when Mrs. Shum's husband swept the crossing—the shoeblack's equipment consisted of a footstool, brushes of boar's hair, a jar containing a mixture of soot and whale oil, and an old wig to give the final polish. The shoeblack then did a good business, "and a weekly paper drew a comparison between an author's life and a shoeblack's, greatly to the latter's advantage."

Benevolent Macgregor.

We saw it stated some years ago that the shoeblack was comparatively a modern product; that in the exhibition year of 1851 when London was full of visitors "Rob Roy" Macgregor suggested to the managers of the Ragged School Union, endeavoring to solve the street Arab problem, the organization of the great army of waifs into a boot-blacking brigade, and he made the first box for holding the kit. Lord Shaftesbury provided the necessary capital, a five pound note, and Miss Macgregor made the first tunic. The scheme met with opposition. Idlers jeered at the boys; Punch poked fun at them, and the policemen made them move on, until Mr. Macgregor succeeded in giving the boys a legal status by the insertion of a special clause in an act of Parliament.

Before Macgregor.

No doubt, this is all true; but there were shoeblacks or bootblacks in London before Mr. Macgregor was born. Witness these lines from John Gay's "Trivia: or the Art of Walking the Streets of London" (1716).

> When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice
> And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice.

And again:

> The gods her suit allow'd,
> And made him useful to the walking crowd
> To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
> With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
> Each power contributes to relieve the poor;
> With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
> Diana forms his brush; the god of day
> A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
> To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
> Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
> Press'd from the enormous smoky whale; the god of fire,
> From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
> Among these generous presents joins his part,
> And aids with soot the new japanning art.

Gay represents the shoeblack as the son of Cloacina and a mortal scavenger. After the lines just quoted there is a long description of the boy at work and filling his pocket with jingling halfpence.

And in an article published in 1730, we find this sentence: "'Dear Jack' has exhausted his splendid shilling, and now cries 'Japan your shoes, your Honor?'" Dr. Johnson defined "Japan. To black and gloss shoes. A low phrase." Mr. Dawkins in "Oliver Twist" applied himself to a process "designated as Japanning his trotter-cases."

Nov 14 1913

PIANO CONCERT BY COPELAND

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. George Copeland gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall last evening. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, First movement of Sonata op. 27, No. 2; Chopin, Valse; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Debussy, Bruyeres, Ondine, Brouillards, La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, "Les Fees Sont d'exquises danseuses," "General Lavine," La Puerta del Vino, Feux d'artifices (from the Second Book of Preludes).

Last season Mr. Copeland gave an eloquent performance of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata. Last evening he played the first movement of the same composer's sonata known as the "Moonlight," an absurd title, given without warrant, but one that persists. Mr. Copeland played this movement with commendable simplicity, but in his endeavor to avoid sentimentalism he narrowly escaped being matter-of-fact. Nor was he wholly himself in Chopin's waltz. There was not the requisite fleetness; the bass was unduly emphasized, yet the rhythmic flow was often disturbed by robbing the value of what is commonly known as the third beat. The brilliance was hard polish.

But Schumann's music was finely played, and Mr. Copeland has seldom shown a more beautiful conception and emotional performance than he displayed in the romantic pages just before the Finale. Would that Schumann had cut down this Finale at least one-half!

After the first group of pieces Mr. Copeland played Debussy's "Clair de Lune" as only he can play it. Then came the first performance in Boston of eight Preludes with fanciful titles from Debussy's Second Book, published this year. A biographer of Debussy speaks of a third period in his career, beginning with the music to "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." These preludes are in the vein of the first book, and are impressionistic sketches. "Ondine" has the quality of former "water pieces" of Debussy, including the fountain scene in "Pelleas." It is liquid music, through which is dimly seen the shape of a sportive nymph. "Brouillards" suggests the blinding mists and stumbling humanity groping its way. Still more poetic are "La Terrasse" and "Les Fees," sketches of indefinable beauty. Who was "General Lavine"? The composer adds the chacterizing word "eccentric." It is said that the stiff, staccato walk of H. F. Chorley and his curious manner suggested to Gounod his "Funeral March of a Marionette." This General Lavine was evidently addicted to ragtime, or he walked in rag-time along the boulevard. In "La Puerta del Vino" there is the constant thought of a habanera. There is the rhythm, there is frequently a hint at the dance tune, there is constant anticipation that is never gratified, and above all there is Spanish sentiment, a dallying with the sensuous, a pride in self-abandonment. All this is suggested with masterly skill. "Feux d'artifices" is almost garish in its brilliance.

Mr. Copeland played these Preludes with an imagination which rivalled that of the composer. The Herald has often praised the surpassing qualities of this unique pianist. For Mr. Copeland has a singularly pronounced individuality. Some time ago he might have said with de Musset that his cup was small, but he drank out of his own cup. He is no longer only a specialist for Debussyitis; a Watteau-like musician of the 18th century with a clavecin; a miniaturist; a cuttier of cameos. He can be broad, daring, fiery. The serenity, nobility and passion of Beethoven are not hidden from him, as was made known last year. But he has a genius for the interpretation of Debussy. And his exquisite touch, now vaporous, now

... that the subtly ... his ... ng maavura and sou... ng per... n ag'cally compel ng, mystic, ... rful, make him as an in erpreter ... ussy, lonely and incomparable.

... are sorry to see that the Academy ...on) spells clarinet with an "o."

... J. Lewis Ellsworth of Worcester, ...ent of the New England Fruit ..., is reported as saying that the ... can raise the best apples. Yes, ... but will the people in the East be ... to buy a barrel at a reasonable ..., or will the apples continue to go to London, where they are sold at a ... rate, as we are informed, than ...n apples are in Boston?

In Costume.

...s Louise Llewelln, who gave a re... here of Bohemian songs, dressed ...lf for the recital in Bohemian cos... By the way, she forgot in the ... of her little and interesting talk ... the characteristics of that nation ... an old Bohemian saying: "I ... a son; a promising son. Shall I m... him a thief or a fiddler?"

... should not others imitate Miss ... Teyte and Miss Llewelln? When ... Kreisler gives a concert of old vio... it would be a pleasure to see ... in a costume of the 18th century. ...opeland, playing Debussy's music, ... dress as a figure in a painting by ...au or Fragonard. It is true that ...olmetsch used to wear an ancient ... in his concert, but he was nei... picturesque nor impressive. His ... Nos. 1 and 2, were more fortunate ... respect. No. 1 was a charming ... The Flonzaleys would lend ...lves to the idea of dress suiting ... character of the music more effec... than the Kneisels would. We ... like to see the Boston Symphony ...ra playing music by Bach, Mo... Handel or Haydn in the dress of ...me in which the composer flour...

News from Mexico.

...ellers tell us that streets in the ... capital are named "Lost Child ...", "Pass If You Can street," "Love ...d street," "Sad Indian street," "... of the Wood Owls"; that there ... shop called "Gate of Heaven" ... drunkery "The Bait of the Devil." ... is not the proprietor of the drug ... sanguine concerning the destina... of h... victims?

A Monarch's Jest.

...d Suffield in his Memoirs, ...ted ...s Lowth and just published, has ... to say in praise of Edward VII. ... found the King "remarkably clever" ... conveying his wishes or in reproof. ... feeling much amused at ... neat reproof he once made to a ... staying at Sandringham who shot ... when the season was nearly over. ... were confining our attention to ... birds. Our good friend had for... or had not noticed this, and the ... shook his head at him with a ... and called out, pointing to the ... 'Ah, Blank, what a man you are ... the ladies!'"

Perpetual Motion.

...he World Wags:

... is insisted upon, to me, that there ... old proverb, saying or saw, read... 'Tis love that makes the world ...ound."

... phrase is familiar enough to me, ... I claim that it has probably been ...rain of a song of no importance, ... found no trace of it after go... through 15 or 20 of the best known ... of quotations, popular sayings, ... the like.

... or any one of your correspon... can give me any information on ...ject, I shall be greatly obliged.

... 11, 1913. BACK BAY.

... think with you that the sentence ... finally the refrain of an old song, ... whether the song was of "no impor..." ... another question. "The song ... the singer, and comes back most ... him."—Ed.

Undaunted Arbutus.

...e World Wags:

... you say that: "Taking down ... volume of weather lore, we learn ... flowers bloom in November, the ... will be severe."

... interest you to know that yes... lady here picked a small bunch ... trailing arbutus, in full bloom, and ... its usual fragrance, in the ... at Poland Spring.

A. E. HAWKINS.

...outh Poland, Me., Nov. 11.

Biographical.

... street, yesterday, I met a man ... to be on his uppers. From head ... was filthy, a blot upon the land... his boots were a mixture of strings ... He was a scarecrow amid well-... people. Even his hat and his beard ... shouted the need of a half-... him—something, and ... I wondered whether ... was out on business! ... whether he dined ... dress! He was al... to be real.

What Is "Bohung"?

...e World Wags:

... surprised that Mr. H... never heard of "Bo... ever, that

... will ... come to his ... soon; if not I will try to enlighten him.

Apropos of Harry Kernell, I think he first appeared here about 1875 in his enjoyable monologues. I have heard him many times, but never in the song mentioned. Harry Dixey used to give imitations of him at the old Boylston Museum about the time that Yale and Decker appeared there as the "Black and Tans." CONSTANT READER.

Allston, Nov. 12.

A Good Sobriquet.

The Countess of Warwick will edit the women's page of the Daily Sketch. Will she sign herself "Babbling Brooke"?

Nov 15 1913

5TH SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Warnke was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony in B minor ... Schubert
Concerto in D major for 'cello ... Haydn
Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral" ... Beethoven

Some may remember Anton Hekking, the first 'cellist of this orchestra for two seasons, a restless, fantastical man of indisputable talent. He played Haydn's concerto for the first time in Boston, and had the courage, the audacity, to play Reinecke's cadenza to it in all its terrible length. Like a political procession, it took an hour or more in passing a given point. Mr. Hekking was sadly put out because there was objection to the cadenza and also to the concerto. When Hugo Becker visited us in 1901 he played this concerto, but spared us the maunderings of Reinecke. Mr. Warnke was also merciful yesterday afternoon. He composed, or, as he modestly said, "compiled," his own cadenzas.

There are gay and pretty passages in the Finale of the concerto and suave, if formal, measures in the middle movement. The audience apparently liked the music, which is frankly "obvious," and it applauded Mr Warnke with more than customary warmth, and for this it had good reason. But as Mr. Warnke sat there, saying ... allotted ..., did anyone wonder how this concerto sounded in 1783 at the summer palace called Esterhaz? For there without doubt it was first played by Anton Kraft. The Prince's orchestra did not number over 22 players. There was never more than one 'cello. The performances before the Prince and his guests were in the afternoon, although concerts were given occasionally in the evening. The 'cellist received 430 gulden a year, much more than at Vienna. He also received free lodging, six to nine casks of wine, 20 to 30 pounds of candles, three to six cords of firewood, and every two years a summer or winter uniform.

And in 1783 the ... Gevaert had not tinkered Haydn's score or added flutes, clarinets and bassoons to the accompaniment. This concerto ... have sounded otherwise than we all heard it yesterday. Nor were the sophisticated ears of yesterday's audience the ears of prince, guests, composer, players. If Haydn's little orchestra had ... on the stage and all, with Dr Muck himself, in uniform, we should not even then have known the concerto in the spirit with which it was written and first played.

Schubert fortunately did not finish the symphony in B minor. If he had completed it, the third and fourth movements might have killed the work in spite of the romantically beautiful first Allegro. Already in the second movement there is a falling off, though the solos for oboe and clarinet are Schubertian in their tender melancholy. Too many of the composer's works show a steady diminuendo of creative force, a flight with drooping wings, lower and lower. The music was poetically played, and Dr Muck gave to the Allegro a dramatic force that had not found such eloquent expression here before, not even when he conducted the symphony six years ago.

Mr. Daniel Chennevière declares that Debussy was really the first to unveil the beauty of soul suggested by a landscape, in which we recognize an interior life, independent of the plastic form, a life sister to ours. And Debussy "unveiled" it in "Iberia." It is not always easy to understand Mr. Chennevière's mental attitude or his verbal expression, but he flatly says that some experiments made in this unveiling, as the "Pastoral" Symphony, were incomplete or superficial. Another Frenchman, a more profound thinker, an artist in words as in music, M. Vincent d'Indy, devotes several pages of his "Beethoven" to a consideration of Nature as Beethoven knew her. It may be said that the "Pastoral" symphony needs no gloss. The music, indeed, voices Beethoven's feelings. The emotions that filled him when he was in the open country, in the forest or by the brook, alone with his thoughts or in contact with peasants; but d'Indy's discussion of Beethoven's relations with Nature as he understood her is illuminative, not impertinent. Nor do we

find that the ardent admirer of Debussy is making statements as a madman beats upon a drum.

We should like to hear his opinion concerning landscape-music before "Iberia." Is not Mr. Chennevière acquainted with d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain" or the music of nature in "Symphony On a Mountain Air?" These works are not experimental, superficial or incomplete. "Iberia" is an amazingly brilliant composition; it contains pages of the rarest beauty; it dazzles and it fascinates. Yet many find the "Unveiling," etc. in the overture to "Fingal's Cave" and even in the "Pastoral" symphony, works widely different in subject and in expression, but translations of nature into tones.

Some days ago The Herald described a "new drink" called "stone wall," which "had its origin" in Quincy. The recipe included hard cider, Jamaica ginger, lemon juice and sugar. We made no protest at the time, although the stone walls and stone fences known to us in the Seventies were of a very different nature. Before that, the stone fence was in destructive action, but the ingredients varied according to locality, the inventive genius of the bar keeper, or the adventurous spirit of the consumer. We have received the following letter:

Stone Walls.

As the World Wags:

The Herald is behind the times. Since Mark Twain first published the "Stone Wall" in his "Innocence (sic) Abroad" as a means of paralyzing the mixologists at American bars in Europe, this drink is included in the printed list of American drinks displayed at American bars on the continent. While it is conceded that the "Stone Wall," with its modicum of gin, which your recipe omits, goes down like a torchlight procession, yet if anything really warming is needed you are referred to shoemaker's red stain, which the cordwainers of Lynn are said to indulge in since that town has gone dry, if the imminence of the thirst and imperative conditions prevent them from going to Chelsea, or even Boston.

TEETOTALER.

Boston, Nov. 12.

In England, a stone fence is compounded of brandy and ale, but did the idea, the general notion, that is, the concept, come from America? In McDermott's "Popular Guide to the International Exhibition of 1862," we read: "An American bar where visitors may indulge in * * * eye-openers, stone fences and a variety of similar beverages."

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.

So sang the admired poet; yet stone walls and iron bars may imprison the reason and cage good resolutions. Malt liquors are safer, on the whole, yet not for those that are liverish. This reminds us of another letter addressed to The Herald:

With or Without?

As the World Wags:

Although my parents could not afford to give me the advantages of a collegiate education I am much interested in the development of Harvard University, and frequently pass through its grounds. I was pleased with the description of the new Harvard Club, which I hope to see, for my family physician said that he would have me there to luncheon some day. "Some day," I wish doctors would be more definite. But it seems to me there is a serious omission in the furnishing of this clubhouse. I am told that the bar is without a footrail. Is this true? A rail is indispensable. With one foot upon it, the poet, philosopher, statistician, whatever the calling may be, has a sense of security; there is a firm foundation, like that of the saints of the Lord in the good old hymn; then he can indulge in monologues, digressions, repartee, scientific discussions, the comparative merits of Mr Alfred Noyes and the inspired Hindu Rabindranath Tagore, nor will he sway and totter with the heat of the argument. A footrail in my opinion is more important than a jack towel, a plate of broken and fragrant crackers, or the picture of a scantily draped woman in a reckless attitude recommending a brand of champagne. I cannot believe the report that the Harvard Club bar, which should be a model, is rail-less.

JUNIUS BRUTUS HATCH.

Cambridge, Nov. 13.

Thought for the Day.

It is hard if our hearts may not go out to those gloomy vessels, with their cargoes of gold and courage and ruin, that sail, it seems, the mental seas of youth no more. Were they really bad for us, those sanguinary tussles, those starlit nights of dissipation? A pinafore would wipe away a deal of blood, and the rum, though we might drink it boiling, like Quilp, in no wise lessened our interest in home-made cake.

Verbal Remembrance.

Some will enjoy looking over "Le Dictionnaire Etymologique de la Langue Francaise," by M. Leon Cledat, professor at the University of Lyons. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to words that are associated with some historical or legendary character. Thus the Emperor Olybrius is remembered: any conceited, meddling,

obtrusive fellow, any humbug, is spoken of as an "olibrius." "Pomme d'api" is named after the gardener Appius. The Cook Julien gave his name to the "julienne" soup that too often at hotels is nothing but dishwater, and there is a legend that this soup was invented in Boston (some years ago this legend was discussed in The Herald). M. Bechamel, not a professional cook, but a fastidious appreciator of cookery, gave his name to a sauce. The knife with a wooden handle known as the "eustache" was originally the work of Eustache Dubois, a cutler at St. Etienne. Then there is the Gibus, the opera hat, the crush hat, the accordeon. The word "lambiner" means to loiter, dawdle, dilly-dally, because Prof. Lambin of the College du France was long in his lectures and a snail in his walks abroad. "Stras," a jewel of paste, is named after Strass, a jeweler who invented the composition. "Praline," burned almond, derives its name from the confectioner to Marshal Plessis-Praslin. "Vespasienne," a great convenience, comes from the Roman emperor who raised money in a peculiar way and when taunted with it made a witty and historical reply. The story is in Suetonius. Many famous men are thus remembered: Nicot, Etienne de Silhouette, Chateaubriand, Nesselrode perhaps there are some in Boston who still are served with Delmonico pudding.

Avery Street.

As the World Wags:

Who was the Avery that gave his name to the street in 1826? This street was before that known as Sheaf's (or Sheafe's) lane, and at an early date Colburn's lane.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Boston, Nov. 14.

Nov 16 1913

There are some interesting concerts this week. First of all, there is the Pension Fund concert this afternoon, in which the orchestra itself will be the best of soloists.

Concert-Givers This Week

Mr. Chipman, we understand, is a Boston singer who has been trained for his concert by Mr. Luckstone. His program is an unusual one. He has the courage to begin with songs in the English language and does not drop into French and German until later. Mr. Chipman has sung in New York and western cities.

Mr. Buitekan, we are told, is of Dutch extraction and has studied chiefly in Boston. Miss Seydel, the young violinist, is known here and in Europe. In 1910, when she was only 13 years old, she won the applause of public and critics in Cologne by playing Bruch's G minor concerto and Spohr's "Gesang scene," and last June she was warmly praised in Cologne for her performance of Saint-Saens's concerto No. 3. Her father is Mr. T. Seydel, a double-base of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. de Andria's lecture recital is of an unusual nature, for he will sing in Greek. The recital should be of special interest to all that are interested in the music of the ancient Greeks, and folk and national songs. The program covers many centuries.

It is unfortunate that the concerts of Miss Maggie Teyte and Mr. Backhaus conflict. Miss Teyte's was announced long ago, and it seems as though the pianist's recital might have been put on another day.

Miss Maggie Teyte (Mme. Eugene Plumon) was born on April 17, 1891, near Wolverhampton, Eng. Her name originally was Tate, and she did not change it until she went to Paris. When she was very young, her parents moved to London, and her father became an innkeeper. She studied the planoforte with Mr. Moore at the Royal College of Music, London. She was heard singing by musicians, among them Paul Rubens, the composer of musical comedies—so the story goes—and was advised to study seriously. She went to Paris and became a pupil of Jean de Reszke. In May, 1906, she sang at Paris in a Mozart festival organized by Reynaldo Hahn. In February, 1907, she made her operatic debut as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" at Monte Carlo. On April 17, 1907, she took the part of Glycere in the first performance at the Opera-Comique, Paris, of "Circe" by P. and L. Hillemacher. Some of the newspapers then described her as "a little American," and the critics praised the freshness and timbre of her voice. On June 12, 1908, at the Opera-Comique she took the part of Melisande, "an innocent and poetic Melisande with a voice of delicious purity, with golden hair a little princess of the amorous and mystic legend, giving us in marvellous fashion the sensation of the unreal." On May 31, 1909, she was one of the three youths in the performance at the Opera-Comique, of Mozart's "Magic Flute." On Good Friday, 1909, she sang in Debussy's "Damoiselle Elue" at a Colonne concert in Paris. On Feb. 8, 1910, she took the part of Violette in "La Reine Fiammette" of Xavier Leroux. During her engagement at the Opera-Comique Miss Teyte took a small part in Camille Erlanger's "Aphrodite."

[illegible] at Covent Garden during Mr. Thomas Beecham's season of grand opera in 1911. She was heard in "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" (Antonia), "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Cherubino). On Dec. 18, 1910, she took the part of Mélisande at Covent Garden. (In 1909 she had sung in concerts in London.) On April 24, 1912, she appeared for the first time on the music hall stage at the Alhambra, London, when she sang an excerpt from "Tosca," and sang Debussy's "Chant de Bacchante" and the old song, "The Minstrel Boy." In 1911 Miss Teyte was engaged as a member of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company. She made her first appearance in the United States on Nov. 4, 1911, at Philadelphia as Cherubino, and on Nov. [illegible] she took the part of Cendrillon in Massenet's opera of the same name. She gave a recital in Boston on Feb. 14, 1912. The program included songs by Debussy, Duparc, Hue and Hahn. Debussy's "De Greve" and "De Solr" from "Proses Lyriques" and his "La Chevelure" were then sung here for the first time. She sang at a symphony concert on Jan. 25, 1913, airs from "Louise" and Debussy's "Prodigal Son." She gave a song recital on the 31st of that month and a concert with Mr. Clement on Feb. 1. She has also sung here in private houses.

Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus was born in Leipsic on March 26, 1884. He studied with Alois Reckendorf from 1891 to 1899 (as a private pupil), and after 1894 at the Leipsic Conservatory, and also with Eugen d'Albert in 1899 at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He has been distinguished as a piano virtuoso since 1900 and has made many concert tours. In 1905 he taught the pianoforte at the Royal College of Music in Manchester, Eng., and in that year was awarded the Rubinstein prize. In the summer of 1907 and in succeeding summers he directed the "Ferien-Meisterkurse" for pianoforte playing at the Sondershausen Conservatory of Music. Mr. Backhaus made his first appearance in the United States as a pianist at a concert of the New York Symphony Society in the Century Theatre, New York, Jan. 5, 1912, when he played Beethoven's concerto in E-flat major. He gave a recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, on Jan. 8, 1912, and played Beethoven's fifth concerto at a symphony concert on March 16 of that year.

Stage Notes It is not in picture palaces alone our children's morals should be watched. What of this? It is the bill announcing a suburban performance of "Zaza." You saw the piece, perhaps, a decade ago, when it was still considered "risky." It is now, apparently, child's play. "Children under 12 half-price to all parts" is the lure thrown out in a quite respectable neighborhood. But—there is one restriction, you will note with satisfaction—"children in arms not admitted." We draw the line.—Daily Chronicle (London).

The London Times wished that Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, the hero in a revival of "Under Two Flags" at the Lyceum Theatre, would smile and break the spell of melancholy which seemed to cling to him. "Presumably, however, a hero of melodrama who is wrongfully accused of forgery in the first act, shot in the second, stabbed in the third and condemned to death by a court-martial in the fourth has little time to consider anything else but his continual run of ill-fortune."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 31 published this note: "Sir Herbert Tree and Mr Bernard Shaw took a morning walk together in Bloomsbury yesterday and were the observed of all observers. The actor wore a tightly fitting frock overcoat and a Homburg hat of a decided violet shade, and carried a light cane, while the Sage of the Adelphi had a loose light gray suit, brown boots and a green Homburg, and made great play with a large and unrolled umbrella." Important, if true.

Talking of "Parsifal," there appears to be one town, at any rate, in Germany which has narrowly escaped the melancholy fate of being deprived of the privilege next year of hearing Wagner's music-drama. That signal dishonor, one learns, threatened to befall Elberfeld, whose municipality, notwithstanding the expressed wishes of the burgomaster, refused to vote a sum of £1250 to enable a performance of "Parsifal" to be given there. But to the rescue came a local Wagner enthusiast in the person of Chevalier von der Heyst, who, upon hearing of the municipal decision, wrote to the director of the theatre assuring him of his readiness to contribute the required subvention out of his own pockets. Elberfeld now breathes again. —Daily Telegraph.

Miss Rosina Filippi, endeavoring to establish a repertory theatre in London where the best plays by the greatest authors, dead or alive, will be produced, and only fourpence be charged for every seat in the house, describes the theatre at Milan founded by "Umano," the friend of the Italian poor. It contains 2300 seats, all cushioned, comfortable and possessing an uninterrupted view of a huge stage, and all priced at fourpence each. The theatre was constructed out of a dilapidated [illegible] and it was [illegible] that he proposed to set to work here Plays by Alexandre Dumas, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Pinero, J M Barrie, the Greek dramatists, Goldoni, Sheridan, Shakespeare, Moliere and Bernard Shaw had been produced there. "Candida" was the most constant favorite. Miss Filippi also proposed to attach to the theatre a school of acting. The whole cost of the theatre for two years would be met, she said, by a sum less than that which was paid two months ago for a single cinematograph film.

Fines of $50 and $25, respectively, have been imposed in Berlin upon Siegfried Jacobson, the publisher of a theatrical newspaper, and upon Dr. Lessing, the author of an article which gave a premature description and adverse criticism of Hermann Sudermann's play, "Der Gute Ruf."

Dr. Lessing is reader for the court theatre at Hanover, and gave Jacobson the report which he wrote for the theatre. He seems to have acted in perfect innocence. He said in evidence that the theatre paid him 4s. for his report, and was well aware that he "made further literary use" of his reports on plays.

The Daily Telegraph (London) announces that Mr. Farnol has made a four-act play of his novel, "The Broad Highway." Is this the version now in rehearsal by the Henry Jewett players?

Concert and Opera Richard Strauss's "Festival Prelude," written for the inauguration of the new Concert House in Vienna, was performed on Oct. 19 and did not please the critics.

New works to be heard in London are a symphonic poem, "King Arthur," by Charlton Speer; a cantata based on Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" by J. F. Barnett; "April," a cantata on John Masefield's poem by Balfour Gardiner, and "Dream Tryst," a "brief impressionist setting" by H. V. Jervis Read of Francis Thompson's poem.

Jean Gilbert's "Tango Prinzessin" has succeeded in Berlin. Gilbert wrote the music for "Die Keusche Susanna," known here as "The Girl in the Taxi." His new music play, "Uncle Casimir," will be seen in Paris as a film operetta before it is taken into a theatre. Gilbert was the chief figure in a curious lawsuit. In November, 1910, when he was in humble circumstances, he obtained $7000 from a merchant, Mandel, and he pledged himself to pay proportions varying from 25 to 50 per cent. of his income from various sources. Mandel has already received $75,000. The composer sought to have the contract set aside as contrary to public morals. He offered Mandel $15,000 to release him. Mandel insisted on $75,000. It was agreed that the contract should be cancelled on payment in instalments of $62,500.

Isidore de Lara's opera, "Les Trois Masques," produced last year at Marseilles, was brought out at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, Oct. 23. The story by Charles Merc was given to the public in dramatic form in 1908. It is told as follows by the Pall Mall Gazette. Antonio loves a Corsican peasant girl. There is a child. Antonio wishes to marry the mother, but is prevented by his father, who sends him for a soldier. For the last time, he comes to see her on the eve of his departure, notwithstanding the warnings of an old servant, who fears the vengeance of the abandoned girl's brothers. It is the country fete, the Fete des Masques. From a distance comes the sound of laughter and of song. Suddenly there is the report of a gun. The old servant utters a piercing "Antoino!" Some men, disguised in masks, call for the master of the house. A devil and pierrots are of the band, and they support one of their number who appears to be drunk. They enter Antonio's house and commence to drink. The "disabled" Pierrot lies stretched upon a chair. His three companions, after their carousal, leave him there. After a time, the servants of the house enter. Pierrot must awaken and go his way. They shake him and tear aside the mask. The livid face of a corpse appears: it is Antonio. The three brothers have killed him and transported him to his father's house in this disguise. It is his punishment for abandoning the girl.

The Daily Telegraph says the opera is among the best of De Lara's works, which is not saying much. The last scene is undoubtedly the most dramatic music he has ever composed.

Mr. Walbrook said in his review of the new musical comedy, "The Girl from Utah" (the Adelphi, London, Oct. 18), that one of the pleasantest features was the return of Sidney Jones. "Incomparably the most inventive of our composers of opera bouffe music since the death of Sullivan, he has given us very little new work of late years. * * * Let us hope that Mr. George Edwardes, under whose banner Mr. Jones made his biggest successes years ago, will soon give us another opera, of which the music shall be entirely from the very charming pen of the man who composed 'The Geisha,' 'San Toy,' and 'My Lady Molly,' to say nothing of that prettiest of coon songs, 'Linger Longer, Loo.'"

Herman Klein has made a new English version of "Carmen" for Raymond Roze's season at Covent Garden. "The old translation," he said to a reporter, "was not a true rendering of the original libretto, and did not do justice to the famous authors, Henry Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy. Henry [illegible] the translator, got none of the verve—the characteristic spirit of the original. It was a vast deal of commonplace, and what was still worse, it compelled an enormous number of alterations in the actual musical text of Bizet. It has been my object, in this new version, to restore what was lost in Hersee's version, and to bring out the drama of the original libretto, which I consider one of the fiest operatic librettos in existence." Mr. Klein has discarded the original spoken dialogue to which Bizet never set music. Some of it was included in Hersee's version.

After all it is a kind of pump—the aerophor—which last week I remarked is recommended by Strauss in his score of the Festliches Praeludium to the bassoon players, who have to hold, in one breath, sixteen bars of low G. My query as to the nature of the machine elicited a reply from Messrs. Rudall, Carte, the English agents for the aerophor, who, on my visiting their establishment, kindly showed me how it was to be used, and even allowed me to try my hand at it. (Incidentally, I may say I drew from a clarinet a far greater variety of sounds than I have ever heard produced by a legitimate clarinettist.) The machine is simplicity itself, for it consists merely of a bellows worked by the foot of the player, which is connected with the wind instrument by a length of rubber tubing. By means of this tube and bellows any note or series of notes may be sustained or played for just as long a period of time as the player may desire, while the saving in breath, and consequently strength, is obviously very great. That it is no toy is clear from the enthusiasm in its behalf of such men as Richter, Strauss—who calls it epoch-making, and states that its inventor, Mr. Samuels, has opened up by its means an entirely new field of orchestral technique—Siegfried Wagner, Nikisch, Balling, Mengelberg and others of the truly great. It is a simple affair for a flautist who uses the aerophor to play the finale from Mendelssohn's violin concerto (in an arrangement for flute, of course) in one breath, while it is on record that a tuba player had to be stopped after playing a passage for five minutes "in one breath." It will be interesting to note if the Philharmonic players make use of it at the opening concert next week.—The Daily Telegraph.

William Ludwig, the baritone who is well remembered here, will have a benefit at His Majesty's Theatre, London, on Dec. 8. Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Herbert Tree, H. B. Irving, Arthur Bourchier, Ben Davies and Miss Tempest, Mme. Crossley and Miss Violet Vanbough are among those who promise to take part. "Two years ago an affection of the throat necessitated an operation, which, unfortunately, resulted in an almost complete loss of voice, thus rendering singing or teaching an impossibility. Under these circumstances the help of the public is appealed for, in confidence that a long and honorable career will commend itself to their practical sympathy. A committee, including Sir Alexander McKenzie, Sir Henry J. Wood, Sir C. Villiers Stanford, and Sir Frederic H. Cowen, has been formed to further this appeal, and it is hoped to raise a sufficient sum to give Mr. Ludwig substantial assistance during his enforced retirement from the profession he so long adorned. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., chairman of the committee, or to Mr. D. F. Moylan, honorable secretary, addressed Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent street S. W."

Prevost's Stage Governesses Many no doubt have read Marcel Prevost's novel, "Les Anges Gardiens," and Mr. Dawbarn's account of the play made from it is now timely:

"Poor governesses! Are they really as black as MM. Frappa and Dupuy-Mazuel, on the faith of M. Marcel Prevost, sees them? The 'collection' at the Theatre Marigny is certainly peculiar. Fanny, the English specimen, is tyrannical and hypocritical; Magda, the German, is perverse, and dabbles in espionage; the Italian Sandra is revengeful and sensuous, and Rosalie, the young woman from Luxembourg, is irresponsible.

"The 'clou' is the lunch in the second act which, apart from ethics, is a dramatic triumph. The governesses meet and exchange their impressions; they are extraordinary. They lunch so well that Rosalie sleeps in her chair, and her hair falls down; Fanny has to straighten herself before she can go home; the German becomes cynical, and avows her love for a pianist, and Sandra, the hostess of the occasion, for it is in her little pavilion that the lunch is given, receives young Jacques Corbeiller, and sings with him the songs of Italy.

"Things develop in the third act. Sandra becomes Jacques's mistress and is driven from the house. She revenges herself by exposing the infidelities of Mme. Corbeiller. Nor has the petite Rosalie been idle. Tenderly attached to the Baronne Anay, she is even more tender to the baron, who, to escape from her, has to simulate suicide. Fanny, with the astuteness of the race—of course!—has deserted her employers' sinking ship and lives on the Riviera with the daughter of the house, who [illegible] fatigue and [illegible] her patients.

"M. Prevost might have given us one normal governess. But, no. He and his adapters are implacable. They leave no shred of character to the poor foreigner who has the pretension to earn her own living in a country which is not hers. Englishwomen, it is clear, try to britonise their charges and spoil their accents as well as their affectionate French natures. Happily, their treason is to the family and not extended to France. They are not like Magda, who wheedles plans of aerial mobilization out of the under-secretary of state for war.

"If we acknowledge the governess is bad, we must admit that her employers are little better. It does not seem to me that young France would be any safer in their hands. If foreign languages can only be learned at such a price—the price set forth in the play— then ignorance is bliss. These considerations do not prevent "Les Anges Gardiens" from being brilliantly dramatized, staged and acted. The cast is a star one, including Mmes. Marcelle Genlet and Yvonne Garrick; MM. Janvier, Arquilliera and Henry Bauer—all excellent.

"Mme. Genlet, as the Englishwoman, is hailed as the real thing. Has she not a dry and dominating manner, an accent you could hang a hat on, and an entire absence of charm? Her countrywomen are always 'guyed' on the foreign stage. I know no exceptions. If the entente has removed the sting, the suffragette has developed the type. The foreigner is hardly to be blamed if he generalizes. How is he to realize that the militants make themselves 'monsters' merely for the cause and not by nature? The standpoint is exclusively English and suffragist.

"The play is only feminist in the sense that women play the leading roles. Otherwise the sex is libelled. The play's effect here is tremendous. It will check the invasion of the foreigner into French families. Hitherto, the English miss and German fraulein have been as much the mark of 'snobisme' as a golf club.

"When will an author write a real study of the English for the French stage? John Bull is hopelessly caricatured, and Mrs. Bull is unrecognizable. The twenty odd miles across the straits lengthen into thousands before the picture of an English lord or the gaunt and angular shadow of a British 'Mees.'

"Nor do adaptations of English successes always succeed this side. This is not so much because of the adaptation, as because of the subject which does not interest the Frenchman. A French country doctor recommended haricot beans to a sick bricklayer and a carpenter. The bricklayer lived, the carpenter died. Thereupon he wrote in his diary: 'Haricots good for bricklayers; bad for carpenters.' For the same reason Strand or Kingsway haricots may be bad for the Boulevards."

Theatre Music Mr. Filson Young writes to the Pall Mall Gazette:

"There is hope once more for the theatre-goer; the musicians are on strike.

"The proper place for music in the theatre is at the opera, the music-hall, and, perhaps, the picture theatre; its introduction before and between the acts of an ordinary play is a real nuisance and absurdity. Any one who was at the premiere last night of Wiers-Jenssen's 'The Witch' at the St. James,'s must have been struck by the wonderfully simple and yet sufficient manner in which that masterly play was presented in the theatre. Ten years ago it would have been riddled with orchestral music—overtures, entr'acts and 'appropriate' passages. Last night there was not a bar of music; and how effectively the sombre drama, with its Rembrandtesque figures drowned in shade, stood out and detached itself from the atmosphere of the theatre, enclosed in a silence far more telling than any music, and revealing itself as a world of shadows enveloped in a profounder gloom!

"Mr. Granville Barker has done wonders in freeing our stage from the tyranny of conventional scenery. I hope he will succeed also in freeing it from the tryanny of 'incidental' music."

Cost of London Concerts Mr. Robert H. Legge, writing about British music for the Daily Telegraph, discusses the cost of orchestral concerts in London:

"I often wonder if those who complain the loudest in the matter of the arrangement of concert programs have any kind of idea of the normal cost of giving such concerts as those of the London Symphony Orchestra or the Royal Philharmonic. They would say, no doubt, that this has nothing to do with them. Nor has it, up to a point. Nevertheless they may be interested to read some figures that have come into my hands. During the last season of London Symphony Orchestra concerts in Queen's Hall, for example, the society made a net loss of £22—not a great sum, you may say; but do not overlook the fact that not a player had received a shilling of payment for his services. The loss was exclusive of personal expenses, etc. The total profit made by the organization, including their engagements in the provinces as well as

[illegible] to [illegible]. That is not £2 per [illegible] for a year's work!

[illegible] to the cost of a concert when one [illegible] great conductors is engaged—na[illegible] conductors, as I shall show in a [illegible]nt, do not attract—before me lies the actual account, or a copy of it, for [illegible] of these concerts. To the conductor [illegible] £50, rent and police absorbed an[illegible] £43; advertising, £60; printing £25; a soloist anything up to £105; smaller s[illegible] to the amount of about £[illegible] were d[illegible]rsed. Now all this does not include [illegible]ng for the players themselves, and it should be noted that Queen's Hall when filled with paying people at [illegible]ual prices holds only about £450. [illegible] the cost, roughly. What do [illegible] think were the receipts? I have [illegible] that no native conductor attracts [illegible] same extent as a foreigner, at [illegible] according to the figures before [illegible] during the last season of the London Symphony orchestra there were [illegible] concerts conducted by native mu[illegible]s. The receipts were respectively [illegible] and £167, disregarding the shil[illegible] pence. At another concert [illegible] occurred in the midst of these [illegible] Steinbach conducted, and the re[illegible] sprang up with a leap to £544!

[illegible] an at last year's balance-[illegible] which I imagine may be had for [illegible]ng of the Royal Philharmonic [illegible] The society gave the usual [illegible] concerts. Of these four were con[illegible] foreigners, Mengelberg and [illegible] while the remainder were [illegible]d by natives. For these concerts [illegible] sums taken at the doors were, [illegible] first case £471, in the other £506, [illegible] it is unfortunately a big but) [illegible] the last case £343 of this sum was [illegible] on the night when Tetrazzini [illegible] proved one of the most potent [illegible]s in recent years. It is custo[illegible] to talk of the British craze for [illegible]er. At least the Briton backs [illegible] with his money, for in most in[illegible] the foreign conductor brought [illegible] half to two-thirds as much [illegible] as any native conductor!"

The American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters held their first business session in Chicago last Friday. It was a momentous occasion. Mr. William Gillette, who has often impersonated Mr. Gillette in various plays upon the stage, spoke about illusion in the drama. Illusion requires that an actor taking a part should first of all ex[illegible] physically the bodily characteris[illegible] of the person he portrays. It will be remembered that Mr. Gillette once tried to play the part of Brachard in Bernstein's "Samson," Brachard, the Herculean son of Marseilles, who began life as a streect porter.

Baleful 13.

The Morning Post (London) recently published this news: "To meet the views of superstitious people the Harrow Council have decided in future to substitute '12 A' for '13' in the numbering of houses." This led a correspondent of Notes and Queries to write: "It is rather astonishing that the present year is not referred to as 1912 A.' But the cases are hardly the same. We know a man who is obliged to ride frequently in suburban trains. He adds up the figures identifying each locomotive, and if the sum total amounts to 13 he takes another train. Not for his life would he ride in a train drawn by "2920." But he does not hesitate to look at the new moon through his spectacles, and last week we saw him walking under a ladder.

An Arabian Juke.

Mr C. F. Tucker Brooke of Yale University asks for information about [illegible]rbus, Duke of Arabia. The Elizabethan Club of that university possesses a play "Common Conditions" (c. 1576) and on the title page is the statement that the drama is "drawne out of the most famous historie" of this Juke.

Greatly Daring.

Sir Oliver Lodge not long ago was [illegible]k-sure about the immortality of the soul and a future life. In other words he thinks nobly of the soul, and his [illegible]ve words comforted many. Some of his fellow scientists wondered at his audacity. What will they say now? He is positive that this winter will be clear and cold.

That Old Saying.

A few days ago "Back Bay" asked the origin of the saying, probably the burden of an old song, "'Tis love that makes the world go round."

Two readers of The Herald send answers which we now publish, but the line is much older than the date given by either.

As the World Wags:

A little poem entitled "'Tis love that makes the world go round"—three [illegible], I think—written by Mrs. Abbie W. Gannett, was first printed in the Traveler 25 or 30 years ago. Afterwards the same poem was included in a little [illegible] of poems called "The Old Farm House" published by Lothrop & Co., Boston, in [illegible] I think. I have [illegible] a copy or I would send you the verses.

CAPT. WYLLYS GANNETT.
National Home, Me., Nov. 14.

In a Music Hall.

As the World Wags:

I don't know whether the following is the origin of what "Back Bay" is after, but he can pay his money and take his choice. It was sung by the celebrated "serio-comic," George Leybourne of England, at the London music halls in the early seventies, and was very popular at the time. I had at one time a copy of it, but it is long since worn out and gone. The first verse, which is all I remember, is as follows:

Love, love; oh, what is love?
Love 'tis that makes a man feel so peculiar;
Love, love, who does not love
A Maud, a Matilda, a Jane or Julia?
Love it is and love alone
That makes this earth go round and round.
Love is certain to be known
Where a woman's to be found;
When one has a first attack
It's like raspberry jam running down one's back.

The chorus I've forgotten, but I guess this is enough without the original Leybourne.

OLD TIMER.
Newton Highlands.

Glorious Apollos.

George Leybourne, who called himself the "Lion Comique," sang many songs, among them "Champagne Charlie," "Up in a Balloon," "She Danced Like a Fairy," "The Lancashire Lass." For some years he was a spectacular figure in London, gorgeous in dress, reckless with money. At the time "Champagne Charlie" was the rage, he used to drive with four horses to London "pubs" and drink champagne out of pewter pots. So the legend goes. He was one of the glorious Apollos of the music halls, to be classed with Arthur Lloyd, who in "The Shoreditch Toff" described himself late in the Sixties, as "Immensikoff" and wore a coat heavily trimmed with fur, thus giving the name "Immensikoff" **to a fur-lined overcoat** sported by men about town. Leybourne was fond of impersonating the heavy swell. He died in 1884. Emily Soldene in her amusing Memoirs associates "Champagne Charlie" with "the Great Vance," whose real name was Alfred Peck Stevens. According to the "British Musical Biography" he "introduced the music-hall style to the higher classes of society." In 1888 he fell at the wings of The Sun Music Hall after the third verse of "Are You Guilty?" and died in a cab on his way to the hospital.

Then there was Charles Edward Dunbar, a lesser light, who visited this country in the Seventies, a greasy, flashy person. We remember his "Waiting for Nelly at Temple Bar."

Walking on the Strand one day,
Smoking my cigar;
There I met my Nelly, love,
Waiting at Temple Bar.

And he sang another song:

Wait till the moonlight shines on the water,
Then take your little one out for a walk.

Mr. Dunbar punctuated this song with odious winks.

Then there was G. H. Macdermott, whose singing of a song by G. W. Hunt in 1878 brought the word "jingo" into political slang. The song, asserting that England had the money and the men and was able to lick all creation, was characterized as a manifesto. Macdermott, who died in 1901, was also an actor and playwright, and in 1874 he came to this country as stage manager for Julia Mathews.

"Shoeblacks" Again.

The Herald recently spoke of "shoeblacks" in London and how "Rob Roy" Macgregor organized street waifs in 1851. In Miss Caroline Ticknor's "Hawthorne and His Publisher," which shows the intimate relationship between Hawthorne and William D. Ticknor, a publisher whose character, courtesy and humanity lead one to forget the famous emendation of Byron in John Murray's Bible, there is a letter written in London by Mr. Ticknor in 1853:

"One very interesting sight about London is some 300 boys in various parts of the city taken from the prisons, and about 10 or 12 years of age, dressed in regular uniform of red flannel shirt and furnished with a bottle of blacking and a brush, and they earn some four or five dollars per week by blacking the boots and shoes of the passersby at a penny each. Each has his appointed station with a little stand for the foot. I am told there is not an instance in which a boy has been known to make improper use of the money. I take frequent opportunity to encourage the little fellows."

SYMPHONY FUND CONCERT

At Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, the first Symphony Pension Fund concert of the season took place. This was the program:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5...Beethoven
Suite, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1 ....Bizet
Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34 ...Rimsky-Korsakoff
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2...........Liszt

Though bad weather reduced the attendance somewhat below the flood tide that is usual at these concerts, neither snow squalls nor empty seats dampened a particle either the enthusiastic skill of the Symphony orchestra players or the vivifying, alert genius of Dr. Muck, the conductor.

It was a privilege as well as an inspiration to hear the effulgence and the glory of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony sounded as they were.

Not a charm was missed in the romantic Bizet suite from the gossipy, rural prelude to the splendid ding-dong of the Carillon, with its delicate fretwork and arabesques of harmony.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish caprice was received with particularly ardent acclaim. Nothing could exceed the clarity, precision and sensitive illumination with which were portrayed these Spanish sketches as seen through Cossack spectacles—glimpses of Andalusia as viewed from the steppes of the Don or the Dnieper.

Of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, one who listened said: "I thought I had heard this often, but I never heard it really played before."

'THE FIGHT' NOT SO 'SHOCKING'

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Fight," a play in three acts by Bayard Veiller. Produced in its first form at Long Branch, Aug. 25, 1913.

Doctor Root.................Edwin Brandt
Edward Norris..........Douglas Patereon
Mrs. Edward Norris......Jeannette Duprez
Mrs. Thomas...................A[illegible]a Boshell
Tom Davis............Raymond Van Sickle
Helen Thomas............Clara Mersereau
Daisy Woodford.........Frances Stamford
Gertie Davis.................Marjorie Wood
Jane Thomas.........Margaret Wycherly
Watson.........................Del La Barro
Messenger boy......................John Dugan
Jimmy Callahan...............William McVay
Edward Woodford.....Edward R. Mawson
Amos Judson................William Holden
Edward Throckmorton.....Edwin Caldwell
Thomas Gaines..............Charles Sturgis
Mae Laporte.................Sarah Whiteford
Factory child.....................[illegible] Francis
Joe Keeler.......................Charles Halton

The adventures of this play before it came to Boston do not now concern us. We have only to do with it as it was performed last night.

Jane Thomas, the president of a trust company in a little town in Colorado founded by her father and named after him, thinks that the town is in a bad way. Young women take the downward road because they are tempted to drink in the back room of Callahan's saloon, and little messenger boys are hardly able to run errands because they, too, fall victims to the Demon Rum. There are bawdy houses in which kidnapped girls are held and Senator Woodford—who in Boston, where all government and state officials are by our mayor considered sacred persons, is described as a Washington lobbyist—having paid $500 for the kidnapping of a young girl, unlocks the door of the room and finds his own daughter. Quelle surprise! Children of 12 years work in jute mills 10 or 12 hours a day. Graft and corruption are in the air.

Miss Thomas proposes to change all this and so runs for mayor. The campaign is melodramatic. Her family, with the exception of her mother, objects. Smug and respectable citizens are bent on her defeat. They organize a run on her bank. Mr Amos Judson's son has forged his father's name on a check. Holding this over Amos's head with the threat of an indictment, she compels him to confess to the conspiracy, and he goes across the street to sign his name to the confession and swear to it. Meanwhile his fellow conspirators have persuaded other banks not to lend her currency on good security. The said conspirators, knowing that Miss Thomas has given the facts to a newspaper man—such a newspaper man as is seen only in melodrama—rush in to her private office and endeavor to take Judson's statement from her. She has hid it in the waste basket, and while Woodford's innocent little daughter, who happens to come into the room and is questioned by Callahan, tells the story of her father's appearance in the brothel, where she was a prisoner, the porter takes out the basket. The conspirators, shocked by the young girl's story, look askew at Woodford, but they manage to get the sworn statement before it arrives at the bank. This disconcerts even Miss Thomas, but there was a good curtain for her when she told them where the statement had been hidden, and she was freed from the suspicion attached to her when she was seen entering the brothel.

The run on the bank continues. Woodford, who wears a beautiful suit of clothes, such clothes as are worn only by smooth scoundrels on the stage—the name of his tailor should have been added on the bill to that of the maker of gowns for Miss Wycherly and Miss Wood—assures Miss Thomas that the foundations of government in this country are laid in slime and mud, and even Senators do not dare to look down from their proud eminence to see the source of their authority. The run on the bank continues, but Dr. Root, who loves her, brings in a bag with $1000 in gold, which is poured out on the counter. The sight of this, and also of bags containing iron washers being taken into the vault, puts an end to the run. Callahan, disgusted by Woodford's behavior, tells Miss Thomas that he is the boss of the town and she will be elected. Every saloon keeper, every heeler will vote for her, and there are 3000 voters coming over from Denver. For Callahan has daughters. Her happiness is complete when she lets Dr. Root know that she will marry him, although his black eye received in a fight with Woodford, who had slandered Miss Thomas, is not romantic.

All this is highly improbable and the play is the more amusing. It should not be taken seriously as a powerful argument against "white slavery" or against graft in public office. Nor is it a persuasive plea for women in city offices. It is a melodrama with episodes of comedy and farce-comedy. It is not easy to see how any one will be shocked by it or be tempted to take it as a convincing tract.

Miss Wycherly gave an excellent performance of her part. An accomplished actress, she played with unflagging ability, with great variety of expression, with womanly feeling and with a fine sense of humor. More than once, by her skill and personal charm, she saved a scene. Mr. McVay's Callahan was an admirable study of character remarkable for a realism that was not merely photographic but vitalized by genuine art. This Callahan was a saloon keeper, the boss in town politics, but after all a human being and a humorist, and many of us have met him. It would be interesting to know whether he worked Miss Thomas as mayor.

The audience was highly entertained.

"Damaged Goods" will come to the Tremont Theatre on Monday, Dec. 1. Richard Bennett will head the company.

PARK THEATRE—First Boston presentation of "Stop Thief," a farce in three acts by Carlyle Moore. Staged by Sam Forrest. The principals of the cast:

Joan Carr...................Edna Hibbard
Mrs. Carr....................Ruth Chaster
Caroline Carr.....................Eliss Scott
Madge Carr......................Elsia Glynn
Nell................................Mary Ryan
William Carr..................Frank Bacon
James Cluney..................Percy Ames
Mr. Jamison..............Robert Cummings
Doctor Willoughby...........Wm. H. Boyd
Rev. Mr. Spelvin...........Chas. Kaufman
Jack Doogan......................Sam Hardy
Joa Thompson............Jos. C. Marlowe
Sergeant of Police..........Thos. Findlay

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Miss Maude Adams in J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan."

Peter Pan.....................Maude Adams
Mr. Darling..........Robert Peyton Carter
Mrs. Darling................Marion Abbott
Wendy Moria Angela Darling...... Dorothy Dunn
John Napoleon Darling......Edwin Wilson
Michael Nicholas Darling......Iris Carroll
Nana...........................Byron Silvers
Tinker Bell.......................Jane Wren
Jas. Hook.......................R. P. Carter
Smee..........................Edward See
Great Big Little Panther..Georgs Hubbard
Tiger Lily................Madge Treadwell
Liza...........................Janet Findlay

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Monte Cristo," a dramatic version of Dumas's novel.

Edmond Dantes / The Abbe Busoni / The Count of Monte Cristo.......John Craig
Nortier...............William P. Carleton
Caderousse.....................Donald Meek
Danglars...............Frederic Ormonde
M. Moral........................George Ernst
Albert De Morcerf..........Carney Christie
Fernand, a Catalan....J. Morrill Morrison
Villefort......................Mr. Alfred Lunt
Abbe Faria....................Russell Clarke
Mercedes.........................Doris Olsson
Mlle. Danglars.............Florence Shirley
Carconte......................Mabel Colcord

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

Mr. Brown's Dream.

As the World Wags:

I know that any one who at the breakfast table relates his dreams is a bore. I also know that Socrates considered a dreamless sleep the greatest blessing. Nevertheless, I feel compelled to tell you of a curious dream I dreamed last night. Like the Ancient Mariner, I must out with my story, and instead of stopping men in the street on their way to the office, shop or beer saloon, and thus running the risk of being arrested—for Bostonians are not romantic except occasionally in State street—I write to you, that my dream may be known to thousands.

I dreamed that I was in a church and it was Sunday morning. The church was in Boston, but Boston was a city in the Commonwealth of Dreamland, and I doubt if the most hardened churchgoer could find this building. A courteous man, evidently a Hebrew, invited me into his pew, and yet the

church was in all probability of the Congregational order, though it may have been Methodist or Baptist. By his language in prayer I learned that the clergyman was not a Unitarian.

The service was a peculiar one. After the invocation and the reading of a chapter from the New Testament the clergyman left the pulpit. An usher handed him a stick with something like a pinwheel on the end of it, and lighted this pinwheel which began to revolve. The clergyman and his assistant then walked up and down the broad aisle and while the firework shone and sputtered the two sang verses about a shipwreck. The last lines were as follows:

> But this I know, and know full well,
> Some went to heaven and some to hell.

The congregation rose and repeated these lines as a chorus, and then was dismissed.

Deeply impressed by this service, I went to the Porphyry Club and found there a young Hebrew of gentlemanly address. I had never seen him before, and I did not know that he was a member. His face bore a close resemblance to the owner of the pew I had just left, and I said: "I was greatly obliged to your father, or perhaps it was your brother, this morning." He answered: "Yes? He is no longer of our faith. He has been Catholicized." This I did not understand, for surely the church in which we had sat was of a Protestant denomination. And we began to talk about religious ceremonies. I said that the hush in a little country church for the quarter of an hour before the service began was to me more uplifting and consolatory than the service that followed. "To me," he answered, "the service of the Preliminaries is the most impressive." I had never heard of this sect, and I went on: "Then the service of the Quakers is intensely spiritual." He again said: "I think that of the Preliminaries is on a higher plane." And I awoke.

There is no sect entered in the catalogue as "Preliminary." I never saw or heard the word applied to anything animate, man or woman. And yet, is not this world preliminary, and are we not all preliminaries? There are preliminary examinations. And what is life but a daily examination? Few of us, alas, pass it without conditions.

SLOWDEN BROWN.

Boston, Nov. 16.

A Daughter of the Incas.

We are informed that Mme. d'Alvarez, the new contralto at the Boston Opera House—she made her debut at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, in 1909—traces her ancestry back to the Incas of Peru and "believes herself possessed of inspirational ability from that line." Now the Incas were great and powerful rulers, sons of the Sun which they worshipped, and they took to themselves as wives their sisters; but we never heard that they were conspicuous for skill in bel canto. Yet from the good reports about Mme. d'Alvarez, her voice and art, we are confident that her performance will not be a case of Peruvian bark.

"Replica."

A correspondent takes The Herald to task for a loose use of the word "replica." He says that in art a replica is a copy, duplicate, or reproduction of a work of art made by the original artist. Speaking by the card, confining himself to the vocabulary of art, he is correct. Yet the word has often been used by good writers in a transferred sense. Thus Kipling in "Stalky" writes: "Each house * * * was a replica of the rest, one straight roof covering all."

The Sacred Seven.

Another correspondent asks: "What are the Seven Seas?"

They are the Arctic, Antarctic, North and South Pacific, North and South Atlantic and Indian oceans.

And now what bright-eyed boy with one hand tied behind him can tell us the names of the Seven Sleepers, the Seven Brethren, the Seven Islands, the Seven Heavens, the Seven Bishops, the Seven Champions, the Seven Wise Men? When he has named them, we should like to hear from him about the Seven Jargons, the Seven Stars and the Seven Names of God.

KELLOGG HEADS B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Charles Kellogg, who has just left his home in the California Sierras for three months in vaudeville, is this week paying his annual visit to B. F. Keith's Theatre, appearing in his intensely interesting sketch in which he sings bird songs, revealing the same marvellous range of voice that the bird has. Mr. Kellogg also introduces his "dancing flame," a long blade of fire that is susceptible to vibration and which jumps up and down as this lover of nature utters the sounds of birds.

Ray Cox, the girl from Dixie, always a favorite with Keith audiences, is back again in her character songs, all of them of her own composition. Miss Cox's "Work, Work, Work," song made one of the biggest hits of the evening and she was encored several times. Her final offering, "The First Aeroplane Ride," was also enthusiastically received.

Ida Brooks Hunt, who was in "The Chocolate Soldier," is now in vaudeville at the head of her own little company in the operetta entitled "The Singing Countess." Miss Hunt is, of course, the countess, and she sings a number of songs, responding with the "My Hero" song, in which she scored her biggest success in "The Chocolate Soldier," as her final encore.

A new and altogether attractive act is that of the Castillians, who present in bronze and verdigris reproductions of some of the world's best known masterpieces in statuary. These include "George Washington," "Dante," "The Angel Lucifer," "Napoleon" and several others, each of them being portrayed with closest attention to detail. The Stanley Trio had a lot of fun with themselves and with the audience as well in their acrobatic act, with two of the trio being "plants" in the audience when the curtain goes up on the act.

Friend and Lesser in "The Butler and the Slavey" are new to Boston vaudeville-goers, but their skill won for them instant favor. Cartmell and Harris, an international dancing duo, did some very pretty dancing. The Three Clark Bazillians made up a great combination of aerialists and Harry L. Webb, a newcomer from the West, broke into Boston with an excellent line of songs and stories which he presents in blackface.

Nov 19 1913

JOHN CHIPMAN

By PHILIP HALE.

John Chipman, tenor, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Isidore Luckstone played the accompaniments. The program was as follows:

Carmichel, Come and Trip It; Arne, Plague of Love; Smythe, Forever and a Day; Widor, Contemplation; Luckstone, Que je t'oublie; Saint-Saens, Aimons-nous; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chanson Indoue; Hue, A des Oiseaux; Franz, Stille Sicherheit, Maedchen mit dem rothen Muendchen, Es hut die Rose sich beglagt; Wolf, In dem Schatten meiner Locken; Brahms, Botschaft; Rubinstein, Since First I met Thee; Rogers, The Star; Cowen, At the Mid-Hour of Night; Huges, Kitty, My Love, Will You Marry Me?; Russell, The Wonderful Wise Man o' Tawton; Logan, Lift Thine Eyes.

Mr. Chipman has a light and agreeable voice, well suited to the interpretation of tripping songe and songs of gentle sentiment. Yesterday he was not called upon to be heroic or deeply emotional, nevertheless he showed skill in differentiation, although the greater number of the songs were as sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow.

The program was an unusual one. As a rule, the audience is invited to hear a group of old Italian songs mixed with old German; then come groups of French and German songs; at the end tribute is paid to American composers, and the singer condescendts to be heard in English. He enunciates and pronounces English a little worse than the foreign languages, which he cannot speak or read. Mr. Chipman began at once with English composers, and his enunciation wae delightfully distinct. Some might object to his facial play, as seen in Dr. Arne's "Plague of Love," but surely it is better to smile when singing, "Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now," than to have morose composure with a disinheriting countenance.

Mr. Chipman sings freely and easily, and is not constantly thinking of tone-production. He sings not to show how carefully he has been taught and how conscientious he is in technical matters, but with a view to express the sentiments of poets and composers. He has been well coached, and either he or his coach has studied diligently the art of Mr. Edmond Clement. It may be said that Mr. Chipman was yesterday more successful in French than in German. To interpret songs by German composers he should still work patiently. As he evidently is intelligent and has already learned much, progress should be easy. In time he may have a broader style and his interpretation a deeper significance.

An audience of good size wae friendly disposed.

GIVES SONGS OF GREECE

Second Lecture and Recital by A. T. M. De Andria.

A. T. M. De Andria gave the second and last of his lecture and song recitals last evening at Whitney Hall, Brookline. The subject was "Old Songs of Old Greece."

Mr. De Andria began by giving a brief general outline of the history of music in Greece, a nation conspicuous for its love of poetry, music and dancing. He then gave varied examples of Greek songs, charming for their melodiousness and simplicity. The lecture was in English, but Mr. De Andria, after reading an English translation, sang the songs in their original tongue. His voice, sonorous and agreeable, was heard to advantage, and he sang with musicianly feeling.

A small but interested audience was present.

It is well known by this time that the mayor of Boston exercises censorship over stage plays. He, therefore, is jealous for the dignity of those in public office. On the Boston stage there can be no reflection on the honesty, ability or worth of President, senator, representative or mayor—especially mayor. Thus does Mr. Fitzgerald comport himself as one of Plutarch's men. When "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" was produced here two years ago, our mayor at once stripped a comedian of the honorable office given to him by the ingenious playwright. Last Monday night Mr. Woodford—a really shocking person—was characterized on the play bill as a Washington lobbyist, whereas in New York "Senator Woodward" was on the bill. Eternal vigilance is Mr. Fitzgerald's motto.

And when "Othello" will next be played here, we shall expect these lines to be cut out:

> Brabantio—Thou art a villain.
> Iago—You are a senator.

And if "Venice Preserved" should be revived, Antonio, "a fine speaker in the Senate," would not appear, all on account of his deplorable behavior and conversation with Aquilina. Thus do we live, thus are we guarded, under a paternal, beneficent, artistic government.

Alphabetical Dinners.

As the World Wags:

When I came to Boston I brought letters to some of the best people, and as I am a bachelor of presentable appearance and agreeable conversation I am often invited to dinner. I find that there is a sad uniformity; that little or no imagination is exercised in the choice of courses. We always begin with raw oysters or grape fruit, and the latter is ruined by over-sugaring and the addition of rum or some unsympathetic wine. The soup—but I must not waste words. Believe me—whenever I receive an invitation I know what dishes will be set before me.

I read yesterday afternoon in the hope of finding material for sparkling talk at dinner that night, and I came across this passage: "Geta the Emperor would have all his messes or dishes served in at his table orderly, according to the first letters of their names; as for example, those that began with P, as pig, pie, pike, puddings, pouts, pork, pancakes, etc., were all served in together, and so of all the rest." The thought came to me, why should there not be alphabetical dinners in Boston?

Suppose, for example, that our common friend, Mrs. Golightly, should send out invitations for a "B" dinner or an "S" dinner. Black bean soup, beef, beets, Bolivia salad—I name at random, or "S," salmon, sausages, sauer kraut, etc. There would be novelty. There would be surprise. Of course the letter of the alphabet should not be named in the invitation. For, I confess, I should be tempted to decline an "A" dinner, although we could have Appledore soup or arrowroot, Algonquin Canapes, anchovies, apples cooked in all forms, apricots (including jelly), artichokes, asparagus, Aurora sauce, and by a permissible stretch, things in aspic, as birds, individual chicken salad, stuffed olives, tomatoes, tongue, angel cake, aerated bread, acidulated water, almonds, amber pudding. I think I'll speak about this to Eugenia—I mean Mrs. Golightly.

ALGERNON SMYTHE.

Boston, Nov. 17.

In Lynn.

As the World Wags:

"Shoemakers' Red Stain" is not mentioned by Johnson in his curiously frank "Sketches of Lynn," but the historian of the shoemaking city gives several old-time terms, positive, comparative and superlative of what another and greater Johnson once described as man's only really happy condition here below.

"If a man was very drunk he was 'blind as a bat,' or 'well corned,' or 'well stove in,' or 'skewed,' or 'cocked,' or 'well smashed.' In later times such were said to 'carry a heavy turkey,' or 'a brick in their hat.'"

Johnson also refers to Heywood, who gave the following phrases in use about 1635: "He is foxt, he is flawed, he is flustered, he has swallowed a tavern token, he has whipt the cat, he is bit by a barn weasel, he is somewhat whittled."

H. L. S.

Boston, Nov. 17.

You will find in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" a long list of phrases descriptive of unfortunates who are overcome. The Herald has published from time to time some of the more picturesque.—Ed.

Dead as a Door Nail.

As the World Wags

What you say today in answer to a Lawrence correspondent who asked which of the three prepositions, "from," "at" and "in," should be used in speaking of a funeral as held from or at or in a home or church suggests a question which I will ask you. In obituary notices I often see such expressions as "He leaves two children to mourn his loss," and "He leaves two children to mourn their loss"; and my question is, Which of those two forms of expression is correct—or are they both correct, "loss" in the former case being interpreted as used in the objective sense, so to speak, and in the latter in the subjective sense?

Nov. 12. SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

As we have said before, the English language is fearfully and wonderfully made, and we are happy if we succeed in making nouns and verbs agree. It might be better if in the first sentence, the children "mourn the loss." "Loss, meaning the being deprived by death, separation or estrangement," often means contexually the death of (a person regretted). Thus De Quincey spoke of "the loss of Mr. Griswold" and Steele wrote "Affliction for the loss of their mother." "He leaves two children to mourn their loss" is also correct. This can be safely said at any rate: the old man is dead. ED.

"Mr. John Malone."

As the World Wags:

Lester Barrett of Manchester, Eng., is the author of the song "Mr. John Malone" to which reference has been made. The song was not written until Sept. 15, 1878, for the dedication of the town hall of said city as you will see by the following verse. I had a book of all his songs but unfortunately lost it. The writer is a schoolmate. I left England in 1874 and our correspondence drifted apart. I was taken by surprise when he, returning from a trip to the World's Fair at Chicago, came on here, inquired for me and was brought into the shop by a friend of mine. I did not know him at first sight nor he me. It was 19 years since we had seen each other. Not being a singer, I never memorized the song, but what I have read of it and heard sung by those who came from Manchester, the following is the correct first verse. The cause of the delay is I tried to obtain said song but so far have failed. P. J. KELLY.

Manchester, N. H., Nov. 16.

> On the 15th of September we dressed up neat and gay,
> To join a grand procession, we then set on our way.
> There were tinkers, tailors, scavengers, and ladies short and tall,
> All come to see the opening of our lovely new town hall.
> There was Mr. Machile Murphy, with a brand new suit of clothes,
> They were made by Mr. Docherty, who (sic) everybody knows;
> Muldoon the solid man was there as decent as can be,
> But the divil a one in all the lot could stand beside of me.

How did our old friend, Muldoon, "the solid man," find his way to Manchester, England in 1878?—Ed.

Apollo Club.
1st concert. Fl
[illegible]
Nov 20 1913

PIANO RECITAL BY H. BUITEKAN

By PHILIP HALE.

Huyman Buitekan, pianist, assisted by Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Scarlatti, Pastorale, Scherzo; Schumann, etudes symphoniques (Mr. Buitekan); Maquarre, Au Clair de lune; Mozart, Minuet in D; Wieniawski, Polonaise in A major (Miss Seydel); Brahms, violin sonata, A major, op. 100 (Miss Seydel and Mr. Buitekan); Chopin, Waltzes, op. 64, No. 3, op. 42; Debussy, Clair de lune, Poissons d'or; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15 (Mr. Buitekan).

Mr. Buitekan was born here in 1883, and he has studied the piano in this city. This information was given in a circular handed with a program to the hearers yesterday. The circular commended highly the pianist in a "Foreword," and published laudatory remarks about his playing which had been published in newspapers of this city and Bangor, Me. The circular also bore Mr. Buitekan's portrait, so that there could be no mistake as to the identity of the pianist on the stage. Mr. Buitekan, who seems to be wholly serious, was probably not responsible for the distribution of this circular, which praised him extravagantly, and it is now better to say a few words about his performance yesterday.

...ed Scarlatti's ... sympathetically, ... in the instrument for which the composer wrote, the taste of the period and nature of the composition. It ... an agreeable interpretation. The ...zo of the same composer was ...ed as though it were by any modern, ... there was the sound of thunder and ... and all that. Perhaps Mr. Bultekan got the admirable acoustic properties of the hall, but in this Scherzo and afterwards he often used undue force, and his strength, especially in chords, had harshness rather than full and musical sonority. Nor was his interpretation of Schumann's music poetically romantic. In the second episode, for example, after the announcement of the subject, the beautiful melody was not well sung and there was too great insistence on the bass and on unessentials. He was more fortunate in his treatment of the pages just before the Finale.

This young pianist gives promise for the future, but he has still to cultivate beauty of tone, a finer sense of nuances and contrasts, and a more skilful use of the pedals.

Miss Irma Seydel, a young violinist, whose talent has been recognized in this country and in Europe, gave agreeable variety to the concert, but she, too, did not appreciate the acoustic properties of the room.

A small audience applauded vigorously.

He sent for Terpnus the harper, renowmed in those dayes for his cunning above all other. Sitting by him as he played and sung, day by day after supper until it was far in the night, himselfe likewise by little and little began to practise and exercise the same; yea and not to let passe anie meanes that expert professours in that kind were wont to do, eyther for preserving or the bettering and fortifying of their voices: even to weare before him upon his brest a thin plate or sheet of lead; to purge by clystre or vomit; to absteine from apples and fruite, with all such meates as were hurtfull to the voice; so long, untill his proceedings still drawing him on (a smal and rusty voice though he had) he desired to come forth and shew himselfe upon the open stage, having among his familiar companions this Greeke proverbe evermore in his mouth, That hidden Musicke was nought worth.

Mathilde Marchesi.

Mathilde Marchesi was in her 88th year when she died. Manuel Garcia passed his 101st birthday and his mind was unclouded. Mme. Marchesi was less fortunate. After she moved to London, she lived with her daughter Blanche, and her memory failed her. One of her pupils, now in Boston, not a professional singer, visited her recently to her own regret; for there were days when Mme. Marchesi did not know her, when the formerly alert, acute mind was a blank, when returning to her daughter's house after a drive, she would ask for the mistress as though she were paying a visit, and being told that she was out, would refuse to enter, much less to go to her own rooms, and chide her pupil for her lack of breeding. She would forget even the names of women whom she had made famous.

There are some Americans who having studied with Mme. Marchesi for a little time came home and accused her of having ruined their voices. Perhaps they did not understand her instruction; perhaps they had no voice to ruin. There has been much nonsense talked and written about the "Marchesi method" as there has been about the "Leschetizki method" for the piano; yet no sane person would deny that Mme. Marchesi—born Mathilde Graumann in Frankfort—and Theodor Leschetitzki, born of Polish parents, were great teachers. I say "were," for Leschetitzki is now in his 84th year. They were fortunate in their pupils, no doubt. Some women went to Mme. Marchesi after they had been well grounded by others, and trumpeting her fame were silent concerning her predecessors. But this is the way of the singing world.

Two Colleagues.

Garcia had one great pupil, Jenny Lind, who went to him when her voice was in wretched condition, and it was thought she would never be illustrious. Another pupil, Catherine Hayes, is now chiefly remembered by the savage attacks on Thackeray when his "Catherine" was mistaken by Irishmen for the singer, whereas the novelist's Catherine was put to death in 1726 for the murder of her husband, one Hayes. It is not unlikely that Garcia will be remembered for three things: his activity in extreme old age, Jenny Lind, and his invention of the laryngoscope.

Garcia's sister Pauline Viardot, who died in her 89th year, was remarkable in many ways; she was famous in opera, she composed, she was brilliant in conversation, and she taught Desiree Artot, the beautiful singer with whom Tschaikowsky was madly in love, and Marianne Brandt, who won fame in Wagner's music-dramas.

Marchesi Pupils.

The list of Mme. Marchesi's pupils is a long one. It includes Mme. Ilma de Murska, Gabrielle, Krauss, d'Angeri, Schuch-Proska, Gerster, Melba, Eames, Stahl, Sybil Sanderson, Calve (who had had other instructors), Horwitz, Pyne, Tremelli, Salla, Boulitchoff, Nevada, Papier, Walter, Frank, Saville, Adams, and her own daughter Blanche. Then there was Eulalie Risley, an American, of whom Mme. Marchesi thought highly, and called a second Alboni, with "a beautiful mezzo-soprano of enormous compass, and at the same time, wonderful execution." She sang in Italy in the eighties, and accepted an engagement of seven years at Budapest. "As this last institution is not of much account in the musical world, the name of a singer who was fitted for a great career has remained almost unknown, and she died * * * after a short illness." Another pupil of Mme. Marchesi was the late Julia Wyman, the accomplished mistress of French song. Mary Howe with her extraordinary voice was another one. Many Americans studied with Mme. Marchesi, and some professional and amateur, now living in Boston, remember her well.

When I was a student in Paris Mme. Marchesi expected much of three pupils: Mrs. Armstrong, who was not then known as Melba, Emma Eames, and Miss Rose Stewart. The careers of Mmes. Melba and Eames are well known. As Miss Stewart was about to appear in opera she fell sick of typhus fever and narrowly escaped death. After she regained strength, she displayed her skill in concert halls, and then devoted herself to the nobler art of teaching. Mme. Melba once said to the writer that of all the Marchesi pupils who were with her then in Paris, Miss Stewart was considered the most promising. Mme. Melba, though generous in praise, is not one that uses words lightly or pays compliments merely for the sake of being amiable.

Uncommon Versatility.

Mme. Marchesi for some years was a valued contributor to the Signale. She wrote in German two volumes of memoirs; the first was published in 1877; the second in 1888. In 1897 a volume, "Marchesi and Music," was published in New York. It is an entertaining book, filled with shrewd reflections and agreeable gossip. She might have spoken more at length of Klementine Schuch-Proska, the singer who for years was a favorite at Dresden and especially of Saxony's King. She ruled the opera house with a rod of iron, for she was the wife of the complaisant and talented conductor Ernst von Schuch. Mme. Marchesi might have told amusing anecdotes of the erratic Ilma di Murska, but Mme. Marchesi was not a scandal-monger.

As a teacher she was often brusque in manner and cutting in criticism. The speaking voices of many American pupils, their awkwardness in gait, their absence of good manners, offended her and she was unsparing in her correction. Her pupils learned more from her than the art of singing. All in all, she was an uncommonly gifted woman. There was no one like her while she lived, and she apparently leaves no successor. Her daughter Blanche, who has visited Boston, is a true artist, but she would be the first to say that she has not her mother's extraordinary talent.

Nov 21 1913

MAGGIE TEYTE IN ANCIENT SONGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maggie Teyte, at the Copley-Plaza, yesterday afternoon, sang in costume French arias and songs of the 18th century, assisted by the Boston Quartet of Ancient Instruments (C. W. Adams, harpsichord; P. Fosse, Hautbois d'amour; A. Gietzen, viole d'amour; M. Belinski, viola da Gamba. The arias were as follows:

Gretry, Rose cherie from "Zemire et Azor"; Je crains de lui parler la nuit from "Richard Coeur de Lion", "Vous etiez ce que vous n'etes plus" from "Le Tableau parlant"; On dit qu' a quinze ans, from "Lucile." Dalayrac, Quand le bien aime from "Nina"; Jeunes fillettes from "L'Amant Statue." Isouard, "Ah! pour moi quelle peine" from "Jeannot et Colin." Dezede, C'est pour toi from "Blaise et Babet. Monsigny, Il regardait mon bouquet, from "Le Roi et le Fermier"

Songs, Weckerlin's versions: Voici Noel, Le Rosier blanc, Verduronette, Petronille, Maman dites Moi. Also the old song "Ebol Ebo."

Instrumental. Sacchini, Ballet de Chimene; Leclair, sonata for viola d'amour, viola da gamba and harpsichord; Rameau, Tambourin; Galuppi, Allegro; Rameau, Contredanse.

Miss Teyte's costumes were charming; some of the songs had a pleasing flavor; the ancient instruments added to the illusion. If the concert had only been in a smaller hall, where a closer, more intimate relationship could have been established between musicians and hearers! As it was, Miss Teyte, especially in the arias, often forced tone until her voice had little of its native beauty; forced tone until it lost quality of any sort. And so, while the naivete of words and music, and the frank ingenuous appeal of the old composers were enjoyed, while the understanding of the singer and her appreciation of the ancient style were made known, the hearer found pleasure chiefly in the old folk songs, in which the singer was far more discreet and effective. "Voici Noel!" "Le Rosier blanc," "Ebol" and "Petronelle" were, indeed, features of this entertainment, and in their interpretation Miss Teyte was the artist we admired last season.

Some might say that Miss Teyte in singing the arias with full voice and often with too great force was faithful to the Parisian operatic traditions of the period, for not only Dr. Burney and other strangers visiting the city, but Frenchmen themselves, complained of the screaming on the stage and compared the French with the Italian companies in Paris to the great advantage of the latter. We doubt if Miss Teyte wished thus to be historically accurate.

A concert of this sort is apt to be monotonous, and in this instance the instrumental pieces did not give variety. The air for hautbois d'amour in Sacchini's ballet was the most agreeable of the selections. The combination of instruments in accompaniment and in instrumental pieces was generally acidulous and at times downright sour.

There was an audience of fair size and the folk-songs were liberally applauded.

Miss Teyte will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 18, when she will sing songs by Charpentier, Hue, Debussy, Chabrier, Carpenter, Schindler, Bandonai, Roussel, Moussorgsky, Stravinsky, Wolf, Szymanowsky and Bleichmann.

PIANO RECITAL BY BACHAUS

Has Improved in Interpretation Since First Appearance Here.

Wilhelm Bachaus gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Brahms, Rhapsodie in G minor; Scarlatti, Allegro in G major, Scherzo in F major; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 57 in F minor (appassionata); Chopin, Prelude in E flat; Studies, op. 25 in A flat, F minor, F major, G flat, op. 10, No. 5, in F flat; Nocturne in D flat; Ballad in G minor; Strauss-Bachaus, Serenade; Schubert Liszt, Soiree de Vienne in D major; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in F minor; Schubert-Liszt, "I Heard a Streamlet Gushing"; Schubert-Tausig, Military March.

Mr. Bachaus has long enjoyed an enviable reputation abroad, especially in England. When he made his first appearance in Boston in January, 1912, he seemed chiefly remarkable for his mechanical proficiency. Since then he has evidently given thought to interpretation. Yesterday afternoon he played as an accomplished virtuoso, a master of technic and an imaginative interpreter.

He has at his command a variety of touches. His tone is at will sonorous, delicate, caressing. He displays admirable symmetry in phrasing and dynamic gradations. His playing is brilliant, his interpretations are authoritative and not without originality, and as an interpreter he is romantic.

His performance of Beethoven's sonata was broadly conceived, poetic and at times impassioned. His playing of the five studies by Chopin was a feature of the recital and a delight by reason of the uncommon beauty of tone displayed and the grace and fluency of execution. The performance of the Ballad was less interesting, but Mr. Bachaus was heard to excellent advantage in the Nocturne and the shorter pieces.

An audience of good size was warmly appreciative.

I met him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat.
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

A correspondent, Prof. Edward L. Morse of Salem, sends us the following extract from a letter written by Louis Agassiz to his mother. The letter is dated Boston, December, 1846:

"Leaving Boston the 16th of October, I went by railroad to New Haven, passing through Springfield. The rapidity of the locomotion is frightful to those who are unused to it, but you adapt yourself to the speed, and soon become, like all the rest of the world, impatient of the slightest delay. I well understand that an antipathy for this mode of travel is possible. There is something infernal in the irresistible power of steam, carrying such heavy masses along with the swiftness of lightning. The habits growing out of continued contact with railroads, and the influence they exert on a portion of the community, are far from agreeable until one is familiar with them. You would cry out in dismay did you see your baggage flung about pell-mell like logs of wood, trunks, chests, travelling-bags, hatboxes, all in the same mill, and if here and there something goes to pieces no one is astonished; never mind! we go fast—we gain time—that is the essential thing."

And this was on the Boston & Albany! And there was baggage-smashing in 1846!

A Forgotten Historian.

As the World Wags:

I am the owner of a set of books which, as far as I could ever learn, are unique in this part of the world. It is the "History of Ireland," by Thomas Leland, in four volumes, published in New York and Philadelphia in 1774 by Hugh Gaine, Robert Bell and John Dunlap. Who can duplicate them? Has any one seen the work in any edition? Was the author a recognized historian? Did he write other works, and what are they? HISTORIAN.

Williamstown, Vt., Nov. 17.

Thomas Leland (1722-1785), a native of Dublin and a Fellow of Trinity College, was professor of poetry, prebendary of St. Patrick's and vicar of Bray. His "History of Ireland" was published at Dublin in three volumes (1773). A copy of this edition is in the Boston Public Library. He translated the orations of Demosthenes, and wrote these books: "History of Philip of Macedon" (1758); "Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence" (1764); "Sermons," in seven volumes; "Orations of Aeschines and Demosthenes on the Crown" (1770); "Examination of Arguments," etc. (1772); "Remarkable Events in Ireland" (1781). Chancellor Kent said that the "History of Ireland" was written with "judgment, care and just discrimination." The author of Leland's life in the "National Dictionary of Biography" describes the history as a dry narrative which shows no knowledge of topography or literature. Leland has been described as "a profound scholar and a most eloquent preacher."—ED.

Rene's Steak.

As the World Wags:

A year or more ago, I think it was, I saw your discussion of the proper interpretation of Chateaubriand, as applied to the cooking of a beefsteak. It was during my visit to the City of Mexico, about 30 years ago, that I was initiated in the mysteries and delights of a Chateaubriand. A restaurant, which I think was in the Calle Plateros (continuation of the several San Franciscos), was recommended as noted for the excellence of its Chateaubriands, which proved to be filets cooked betweeen two protecting coarser cuts, which retained the juices of the filets and protected them from the scorching or smoking by neglectful or unskilled cooks. A quarter of a century later (more or less), I spent two years (also more or less) at the Alexander Young Hotel, Honolulu, where there was an excellent chef, and thanks to my ability to talk to him in French, he treated me well, giving me several Chateaubriands as interpreted by him. But in those cases the treatment was different from that of the chef in Mexico, being simply a filet cooked in a covered casserole. I have a somewhat extensive battery of cookbooks (almost enough to justify borrowing the name of "five-foot shelf"), and I find the term Chateaubriand interpreted in various ways in several of them; and in none of them is the Mexican recipe followed. SAINT-MALO.

Newton Centre, Nov. 18.

English in Lisbon.

As the World Wags:

You remember of course the Portuguese guide to English as she is spoke. Some time ago I happened to be in Lisbon and I saved this announcement:

"The Concalves House, Rocio, 33, holds as an honour to inform your Excellency than possesse the best collection who existed about simples illustred post kartes, and about the in silves with colouring made at hand with wiess of Portugal. In this house Your Excellence meet a splendid assortment of useted stamps-office for collecion with the most advantageous prices. For the illustrated post kartes sold in this house, stamps-office of exemption these are." VASCO DA GAMA, JR.

Boston, Nov. 18.

Full Nourishment.

As the World Wags:

I heartily approve Mr. Algernon Smythe's idea of alphabetical dinners. Nor should one fear to invite guests to a "Letter A." Dr Samuel Johnson advised the Rev. Dr. Maxwell of Falkland in Ireland to have a good orchard, if possible. "He knew," he said, "a clergyman of small income, who brought up a family very reputably which he chiefly fed with apple dumplings." LORENZO SWETT.

Medfield, Nov. 19.

Nov 2

Amazingly Brilliant Performance of Mahler's No. 5 in C Sharp Minor.

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mahler's Symphony in C sharp minor, No. 5, and Mozart's Notturno for four orchestras of two violins, viola, bass and two horns (K. 286).

Although the performance of Mahler's symphony is one of the triumphs of this orchestra, and the symphony itself is of an unusual nature, there were many vacant seats in the second balcony. It cannot be said that the music is too

[illegible] The performance [illegible] was the [illegible] this city, and the deep impression [illegible] last April was surely not effaced. There are pages that make an immediate appeal, the Dead March, the [illegible] in the Scherzo, the long [illegible] line of the Adagietto. [illegible] is not subtle, impressionistic, [illegible], [illegible] to the mass of hearers [illegible] in the habit of saying: "I [illegible] a musician, but I know what I [illegible]" and [illegible] condemn d'Indy, Debussy, the later Strauss and all their [illegible]. It is therefore surprising that the upper balcony was not filled with [illegible], the curious, and all those who [illegible] a sensation in any form of art.

The performance yesterday was amazingly brilliant even for this orchestra under Dr. Muck's leadership. It is not easy to conceive of a more effective interpretation. Never has the orchestra [illegible] so elastic, so dramatic, so plastic and so euphonious, and we do not forget stirring and magnificent performances of the past. Each member shared in the glory, and yet it is not invidious to speak of Mr. Heim's superb playing of the difficult trumpet part in the first movement, for the dramatic—we had almost written theatrical—effect of many [illegible] depends upon the skill and the [illegible] of the solo trumpeter.

The symphony itself is like unto the great image that stood before Nebuchadnezzar in a vision. "And the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay."

There are musical thoughts that are lovely and noble. By their side are [illegible] of a vulgarity that is masked only by adroit contrapuntal treatment [illegible] the blare of instrumentation which gives a plausible and momentary importance. There is excessive reiteration of subjects and devices, and the skill displayed in embellishment and varying of orchestral color, colors rather than nuances, does not relieve the monotony. The opening is imposing, but the chief theme of the Dead March is as the figs pronounced sonorously, "in the name of the Prophet." The first pages of the second section, "Stormily restless," are a stroke of genius, the free expression of wild imagination. There are charming ideas in the Scherzo, and there is much that is only whimsical, as though Mahler had then written solely for his own amusement, and said to himself, "Let us try it this way. I wonder how it will sound." The Adagietto, which yesterday might have been taken at a little faster pace to the advantage of the melodic line, is the most emotional portion of the work, and here Mahler [illegible] simple means. Here the thought and the expression are happily wedded, nor does the ghost of Wagner, seen for a moment smiling, forbid this union. It may be that in the Finale the composer could not help remembering the wondrous theme, D major, in the Adagio of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but the resemblance is after all only a suggestion, and this Finale in rondo form, with the majestic peroration, is worked so that there is a steady crescendo of interest. As a whole, Mahler's symphony, with its mixture of the grand and the common, with its spontaneity and its laborious artifice, is like unto the great image that stood before Nebuchadnezzar in the vision of his head upon his bed.

Mozart's Notturno has not been played here since Mr. Henschel brought it out early in 1882. It was written at Salzburg, possibly in imitation of an "echo" piece by Haydn and belongs to the class of inconsiderable pieces known as musical jokes. As a rule, the joke is on the composer. For three orchestras in turn to echo fragments of a phrase announced by the first is not in itself irresistibly humorous. The Notturno, however, served to relieve the tension of the audience after Mahler's music.

The world in its best state is nothing more than a large assembly of beings combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel.

Nautical Terms.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps your gift for research will enable you to explain why when a man is slightly tipsy he is said to be "Three sheets in the wind." Why not two or five sheets? Or, when in a similar condition, he is said to be "half seas over." What is the connection from a nautical point? Sailors say that nearly all the ropes on ships are called sheets, and poets call sails sheets sometimes. The old song begins: "A wet sheet and a flowing sea." What advantage is there in wet sheets, especially if they are ropes? We used to sprinkle water on our catboat sail to shrink it in a light air, so that no wind could pass through. A friend suggests that the Pilgrim fathers when half-across the ocean celebrated the occasion "not wisely but too well," and so inspired a tradition. But a lady said: "Those sheets evidently were on a clothes line, and, of course, unsteady and wet, and flowing and flopping in a wind." Nevertheless, I still sympathize with the man from Missouri.

Brookline, Nov. 19. J. M. C.

"J. M. C." asks, "Why not two or five sheets?" Here is a quotation from Dana's "Before the Mast": "Though S[illegible] might be thought tipsy—a sheet or so in the wind—he was not more tipsy than was customary with him. He * * * seldom went up to the town without coming down three sheets in the wind."

Stevenson's Desprez was inclined to be "a sheet in the wind's eye, especially after Rhone wine."

We find no quotation of any number of sheets in the wind before 1821, when Egan used it; but "half seas over" goes back to the 17th century. Gifford said that in its specific sense the phrase is a corruption of the Dutch "Op-zee zober," over-sea beer, a strong heady beverage introduced into Holland from England. An ingenious derivation, wholly unnecessary. There are other and equivalent nautical terms, as channels under, water-logged, with one's jib well bowsed.—Ed.

The Motive Power.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "Back Bay" will find in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" a song with the refrain:

In for a penny, in for a pound,
'Tis love that makes the world go round.

Boston, Nov. 15. J. D. K.

"We Name."

There is talk in England of censorship at the baptismal font. Prebendary Burroughs has been advocating it. The register at Somerset House shows shocking examples of reckless or too humorous parents: Boadicea Basher, Happy Jiggins, Haystack Brown, Anno Domini Davis, Ananias Cutting, Jolly Death, Odlous Heaton, Bovril Simpson, Affability Box, Sardine Box, Jocose Ann Reynolds, River Jordan, Not Wanted Smith, One-too-Many Simpson. Of course a man can drop a baptismal name as Mr. Arnold Bennett dropped "Enoch," and Mr. Austin Dobson put away his front name "Henry." Renan substituted "Ernest" for "Antistius" and Jacques Anatole Thibault is famous as "Anatole France."

Vindicated.

Some years ago we spoke with fitting lightness about cork legs and were then mocked and made the song of drunkards in the streets. Letter writers insisted that there are no cork legs; that the legs so called are made out of some other substance. The other day headlines in a Boston newspaper told the reader that a man had been foiled in suicide because his cork leg kept him afloat. Suppose this unfortunate man's leg had been a wooden peg or of gold, like Miss Kilmansegg's, for she could not endure the thought of cork.

And cork! When the noble cork tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or a sonnet!
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the small beer—in,
It pierced her heart like a corking pin,
To think of standing upon it!

Regrettable.

When Justin McCarthy first went to London he was surprised to find swells smoking clay pipes in the streets. Only a few years ago there was a revival of the clay in that city and men colored them in rivalry of the meerschaum. Now we are informed that it is difficult to find one in the street or to buy one in a shop. "The workman no longer smokes a clay in public. At the dinner hour he takes the cigarette that is consumed in five minutes or the briar pipe that lasts (properly tended) for five years." A reporter was sent out. He could see no clays even among "the breakers of the roadside," no corncobs, no calabashes, and in restaurants he saw no meerschaum. The briar was the thing. At last he discovered this fact: the publican, if he is favorably disposed, will give a clay to a customer; the tobacconist does not sell them. In Boston we have been obliged to hunt for a "T. D.," nor is it easy to obtain a Gambier in the tobacco shops near at hand. Our civilization is still imperfect.

Harassing Domesticity.

Mr. Hughes and Mrs Hughes in New York do not agree in their little nest. She says he is given over to beer and highballs. He answers that he drinks, but not to hurt; he never drinks between drinks, and when he does take a modest quencher it is because his wife has served him with highly seasoned food that incites a fiery thirst. He furthermore objects to her use of rouge—the shade is too garish—and he disapproves pencilled eyebrows and blackened eyelashes. How easily domestic bliss might here be restored. Hot spices and sauces do not improve good cookery. We do not recommend arrowroot and other soft, mushy dishes, but there is a nourishing stomachic mean. As for his wife's facial decoration Mr. Hughes should read Mr. Max Beerbohm's defence of cosmetics.

The fifth season of the Boston opera will begin tomorrow night. The opera will be "The Jewels of the Madonna," which is brilliantly spectacular, whatever may be said about the nature of the libretto or the worth of the music. It is an opera for a gala night and the excitement on the stage easily affects the lookers-on in the theatre. The first opera ever given at the Boston Opera House was "La Gioconda." "Mefistofele" opened the second season, [illegible] the third, "Contes d'Hoffmann" the fourth, and in these productions special stress was laid upon the scenery, costumes and properties. We are far from the days when it was the custom to begin a season with "Faust," "The Huguenots" or "Lucia" with a celebrated singer of the "Mad Scene."

And "The Jewels of the Madonna" last season was popular. It drew money to the box office. There were seven performances in January, February and March. Mme. Edvina took the part of Maliella at the first four and Mme. Carmen Melis succeeded her. Mr. Zenatello was the Gennaro throughout the season. Mr. Marcoux took the part of Rafaele for the first three performances; Mr. Polese appeared once; and Mr. Blanchart three times.

The performances of this characteristically Italian opera were conducted by Mr. Caplet, a Frenchman. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct tomorrow night. As a rule a German opera, that is, an opera composed by a German, should be conducted by a German; an Italian opera by an Italian; a French opera by a Frenchman. The late Felix Mottl was an admirable conductor in opera house or concert hall; yet his "Carmen" was ineffective. He did not feel the tempi; he did not catch the spirit. Yet occasionally a world-man comes along like Mr. Toscanini. Mr. Campanini may also be characterized as a catholic conductor. One of the best orchestral performances of "Lohengrin" we ever heard was led by Mr. Mancinelli.

Tomorrow night the chief singers will be Mmes. Edvina, d'Alvarez, Heliane and Messrs. Ferrari-Fontana and Ancona, who will appear respectively as Maliella, Carmela, Stella, Gennaro and Rafaele. Mmes. d'Alvarez and Heliane will sing here for the first time. The former was at the Manhattan Opera House under Mr. Hammerstein, and then as now she made her first appearance as a woman advanced in years, for in New York she took the part of Fides, in "Le Prophete," on Aug. 30, 1909. Tomorrow as then she will be obliged to rely on voice and action rather than on any personal charm. The press agent informs us that Mme. Kristine Heliane was engaged to sing here two seasons ago, but was forced to withdraw on account of sickness. She was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company for a season. "She was born in India of Scottish parentage." She has sung in Nice, Monte Carlo, London and in Russia, and in "Faust" she can take the part of Marguerite or Siebel. Mr. Ferrari-Fontana will sing here for the first time in an Italian part. Last February he gave a masterly performance of Tristan when his Italian made the music more beautiful. Mr. Ancona is no stranger in Boston. Many of us remember him in the nineties at Mechanics' building as Escamillo—his first appearance was in this part, Feb. 27, 1894, with Mme. Calve and De Lucia—Figaro in Mozart's opera, Tonio, de Nevers, Rigoletto, Telramund, Alfio, Valentin. He was the Valentin when on April 6, 1897, Mme. Calve made her first appearance here in "Faust." The other chief singers were Mme. Mantelli, the faithful Mme. Bauermeister, Cremonini, the tenor who is dead, and Plancon, who was seen last season at Monte Carlo with hair and beard of snowy white. Mr. Ancona was singing in 1890 or before in "Le Roi de Lahore" at Trieste. According to information for which we do not vouch, he first studied literature and politics and received the degree of doctor of social science. His teacher was Giuseppe Cima of Milan. Mr. Ancona sang for the first time at La Scala Dec. 26, 1890, in Massenet's "Cid." Mme. Darclee, who once visited this country, was the heroine, and Castlemary, an excellent actor, admired in Boston, who died on the stage of the Metropolitan during a performance of "Martha," was in the cast. During the season of 1906-07, Mr. Ancona was a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company in New York.

Mme. Edvina in "Faust"

The opera on Wednesday will be "Faust," and the cast will be as follows:

Faust	Mr. Muratore
Mephistopheles	Mr. Ludikar
Valentin	Mr. Ancona
Marguerite	Mme. Edvina
Siebel	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Martha	Miss Leveroni

Mme. Edvina will take the part of Marguerite for the first time in this city. It would seem that this part is peculiarly suited to her, and it should be remembered that she made her first appearance at Covent Garden in Gounod's opera. There will be natural curiosity to see whether she follows the polite traditions of Paris or wishes to "individualize" the part, to play it with consuming passion and frank realism after the manner of Pauline Lucca, or to bring forward a strongly marked impersonation, following the example of Mme. Calve and Miss Garden.

Mr. Muratore will be heard here for the first time. Announced last season with Mme. Cavalieri, the singer that was looked for came but never sang. A sketch of his career has already been published in The Herald. Yet it may again be said that after study at the Marseilles Conservatory he first was an actor. He changed his mind, studied singing in Paris, and was engaged at the Opera Comique, where he came out as the king in Hahn's "Carmelite" (Dec. 16, 1902), with Mme. Calve [illegible] Mlle. de la Valliere. On March 17, 1903, he created the part of Lionel in Messager's "Muguette." In 1905 he became a member of the Paris Opera, and made his first appearance there on April 19, 1905, as Renaud in "Armide." He took the part of Faust for the first time at the Opera on Feb. 2, 1906, and was warmly praised.

A biographical sketch of Mr. Ludikar has also been published in The Herald. He has sung with marked success in Germany, Italy and South America.

Edouard Tournon will conduct an opera for the first time in this city. He was here with Mr. Muratore last February. Mr. Tournon studied at the Paris Conservatory under Vidal and De Beriot. His opera, "Par un Clair de Lune," was produced last season at Enghien-les-Bains, with Mr. Muratore in the tenor part.

Another New Tenor

The opera on Friday night will be Puccini's "Tosca," with this cast:

Cavaradossi	Mr. Martinelli
Scarpia	Mr. Marcoux
Angelotti	Mr. Sampieri
The Sacristan	Mr. Tavecchia
Floria Tosca	Miss Garden

Concerning Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux there is nothing new to say, and let us hope that Mayor Fitzgerald, in his efforts to shield ingenuous youth and feverish old age, will also have nothing to say.

Giovanni Martinelli, tenor, will sing here for the first time, and it is said that the part of the patriot-artist-lover is most congenial to him. He is 28 or 29 years old, and when serving in the Italian army he played clarinet in a band. The conductor of this band heard him singing one day and advised him to study singing. He followed the advice, went on the stage in "Ernani" at Milan in 1911, was engaged at Monte Carlo and later at Covent Garden. It is said that his Johnson in "The Girl of the Golden West" is an admirable performance. His first appearance in America was with the Chicago Opera Company at Philadelphia in "Tosca" on the third of this month.

Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

"Tristan und Isolde"

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" will be the opera on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

Mme. Matzenauer will then take the part of Isolde for the first time in this country. She has already been heard here as Brangaene (Feb. 23, 1912), and she has appeared as Kundry and the Bruenhilde of "Die Walkuere" at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her impersonation of Brangaene was vocally and dramatically impressive, and much may be expected of her Isolde.

Her husband, Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, appeared here as Tristan on Feb. 8 and 10, 1913, and he gave a performance of the part that had not been equalled in Boston since Jean de Reszke showed that this music could be sung, and that the "true Wagnerian spirit" did not necessarily find vent in groans, shouts, shrieks and other loud cries.

Mme. Niessen-Stone of the Metropolitan is announced as Brangaene, Mr. Ludikar will take the part of King Marke and Mr. Weil that of Kurwenal, in which part he was heard last season, and also the season before.

The smaller parts will be taken by Messrs. Everett, Jou-Jerville and Deru. The latter two are newcomers. Jean Jou-Jerville is a young tenor of four seasons who has sung chiefly at Vichy and Bordeaux. Louis Deru, tenor, has had experience at Brussels, Nancy and Liege.

At Popular Prices

"Lucia di Lammermoor" will be the opera on Saturday night when popular prices will prevail. Mme. Scotney and Mr. Fornari will reappear as the mad lady of the village and the wicked brother. Mr. Tanlongo as Edgardo will sing here for the first time. He is said to be a pleasing tenor. Mr. Lyford will conduct.

The first of the Sunday night concerts will take place on the 30th. It will begin at 8 o'clock. The singers will be Mmes. Amsden and Swartz-Morse, and Messrs. Tonlongo and Marcoux. The full orchestra will assist, and the program will be as follows:

Overture, "William Tell" .... Rossini
Aria Ritorna Vincitor, "Aida" .... Verdi
Miss Amsden.
Aria from "Mignon" .... Thomas
Mme. Swartz-Morse.
Aria Calf of Gold from "Faust" .. Gounod
Mr. Marcoux.
Duet Barcarole, "Tales of Hoffman" .... Offenbach
Miss Amsden, Mme. Swartz-Morse.
Aria Vissi d'Arte, "Tosca" .... Puccini
Miss Amsden.
Serenade from "Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Mr. Marcoux.
Aria La Donne E Mobile, "Rigoletto" ... Verdi
Mr. Tanlongo.
Trio from "Faust," Act. 4 ...... Gounod
Miss Amsden, Mr. Marcoux, Mr. Tanlongo.

Concert-Givers This Week

Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, who will give a recital tomorrow afternoon, was born at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, in 1890. Her mother, born in New Brunswick, played the violin. Miss Parlow's parents moved to California when she was five years old. She studied in San Francisco with Mr. Conrad, of that city, for five years and for a similar period with Henry Holmes. Her first performance in public in San Francisco was at the age of six years.

In 1905 Miss Parlow went to London, and gave a recital on March 23, 1905. On Nov. 1, 1905, she played with the London Symphony Orchestra, and in that year she was commanded to play before the queen. Feeling the need of further study, Miss Parlow took lessons of Leopold Auer for 18 months. In the course of this period she played in public at Helsingfors and Riga. In July, 1907, she was chosen to play at the Russian concert conducted by Glazounoff at the International Musical Festival held at Ostend. In November, 1907, she began an extensive tour of northern Europe. She has since that year led the life of a virtuoso. Her first appearance in the United States since 1905 was on Dec. 1, 1910, with the Russian Symphony Society, when she played Tschaikowsky's concerto. She played in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 1, 1911 (Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D major), and again on Dec. 2, 1911 (Bruch's Fantasie on Scottish airs). She gave a recital here on Dec. 13 of that year. It is said that after her tour in Norway she received a Guarnerius violin "costing $10,000," from a "wealthy" Norwegian.

Urlah Sumter Richards, a basso profundo, who will sing here for the first time on Tuesday, was born in Columbia Co., Georgia, on Oct. 10, 1880. He was a student at Payne Institute, Ga., until he went to Syracuse, N. Y., where he studied singing. His voice is said to be of uncommon range and quality, and it is also said that he sings in an artistic manner.

Mme. Evelyn Scotney, coloratura singer, who with her husband, Howard White, bass, has been making a concert tour in the West and South, will give the second of the Tremont Temple concerts on Thursday night. They were warmly applauded by subscribers to this course last season. They are both members if the Boston Opera Company.

An Amateur Gloster

To the Editor of The Herald:

In a late edition of your paper I read a complimentary reference to Mr. James F. Aylward's conception of Gloster at a recent amateur performance in Cambridge. I happened to be present at the time and I would gladly add to the writer's views, notwithstanding comment on amateur performances is perhaps neither academic nor ethical.

But Mr. Aylward's Gloster was lifted beyond the sphere of the amateur. His was striking in its originality, for the amateur of today is too easily given to the many conventional, though varying, Richards of our professional stage.

His wooing of the shallow Ann was a gallant veneer above the inner hypocrisy, capitally shaded and heightened by the glaring incongruity and insufficiency of an abominable stage. In his moments of feigned absorption in prayer, as Buckingham urged upon him the throne, he was convincing in his assumed sincerity; nor his part played, did he smash his prayerbook to bits, but rather tossed it carelessly aside as in supreme disdain.

His importance was majestic after the coronation, yet without a semblance of stiffness. Mr Aylward's diction and enunciation were the kind that would please Mr. Herkimer Johnson. I would like to have reached out and felt that amiable gentleman by my side, for I have seen him on a Monday night shake his head dubiously as he mingled with the theatre throng after listening to some professional tragedian in three hours of words! words! words!

T. A. R.

West Park street, Dorchester.

Nov 24 913

Even in moments of ecstasy, said Amir al Muminin, the rapt visionary should keep at least one foot on the ground.

Mr. Hicks's Discovery.

As the World Wags:

The fortuitous juxtaposition in The Herald recently of two apparently unrelated and dissociated, but actually correlated and interdependent, news items of the utmost significance has gone practically unnoticed, although the Mexican situation, currency reform, the Fall scandal, the comparative merits of the young barbarians at football play, have been given unlimited space in your valued paper. Nobody has commented [illegible] and soberly on the unmistakably [illegible] tendencies indicated by the two items when taken in conjunction. Nobody has waved flags over them, as it were. It is absolutely impossible that they should go unnoticed, as if entirely inconsequential, therefore it appears to devolve on me to wave the flags. I do so with a bit of diffidence, but with a certain sort of courage born of the fact that I have a lad in college—unfortunately, I have never had the advantage of a formal academic training, even in the rural New England institutions or in New Haven—and from him have learned about syllogisms, canons, the Barbara Celarent verses and inductive reasoning, and have met that delightful old gentleman, Major Premise (no kin, I am given to understand, to Major Vis). So I proceed herewith to the waving.

Rails and Sawdust.

A.—A writer complained in your column that there is and is to be no rail of brass or of any other precious or semi-precious metal in front of the bar at the new Harvard Club.

B.—In that department of crystallized mercantile tragedy headed "Petitions in Bankruptcy" appeared the item: "——; sawdust dealer, assets ——; liabilities ——."

Is not the connection obvious? No orthodox bar-room can maintain itself, even in an A.-B. club, without an iron or a brass rail in front of the bar. With equal strength can it be asseverated that no white man's club should be allowed a license unless there is sawdust on the floor—damp sawdust, preferably. Just how to work out the syllogism to prove that by the time the national Democratic administration comes to an end there won't be a barroom open anywhere in Boston, I do not know. Probably you do. Unquestionably Mr. Herkimer Johnson does. I know that my son could work it out, employing the well known law of Ex Post Facto Hoc Ergo Propter Hoc. But I know this: that if brass rails are disappearing and sawdust dealers are going into bankruptcy on every side, it won't be long before we shall see the last of the bar-rooms and their concomitants: the stiff towel smelling of German mustard; the squat spittoon; and the bartender who used to be a prize fighter.

A Cellar Worker.

In connection with this subject, let me say that part of my duty in my home consists of keeping the cellar floor free from dust. Now, this cellar has a fat-bellied furnace with a weakness for making dust, and it is no mean problem to keep the floor as clean as the shelf behind a first-class bar. I do so, however. How do I do so? First, by having the cleanliness of the bar shelf in my mind's eye as an approachable ideal; secondly, by using wet sawdust before I sweep the cellar floor on Sunday morning. My wife says that my use of the sawdust is probably because of ante-nuptial memories; but I feel safe in asserting that there is no place in the world so suitable for wet sawdust as my cellar floor — except, of course, a bar-room floor.

Futile Athleticism.

In conclusion, Sir, let me say that I belong to an exclusive Back Bay social organization, the members of which have an innate fondness for athletics—indoors and out. Oh, the lifting muscles some of the members have developed! Yet, chancing past the stirring little bar-room night after night, I have seen those men taking their exercise in agony. Have you, may I ask, ever gone up the stairs in the dark and, thinking that there was still another step at the top, pawed around in the air? So have I seen my fellow members pawing the air in moments of self-ease and abandon, with no rail for a foot rest. Poor lads! If they could have even one foot on a cushion of wet sawdust it would be some solace. And the club pretends to be a representative institution.

Ancestor Worship.

Before my "final conclusion" let me continue my rambles as follows: If the Harvard Club, which should take the lead in such matters, and the other organization to which I refer, cannot be compelled to install brass rails and sawdust, we tenders of furnaces can preserve at least the shadow of the old-time bar-room by having soiled towels and wet sawdust in our cellars. But it is well worth while to make a concerted effort to restore the rail and the sawdust to their proper places. Let us, with one foot on the rail of Rightecua Wrath, the other in the sawdust of Indignation, and our right hands holding aloft a tub of old-fashioned suds of Gaudium Temporis Acti, insist that the jag of our daddies is a good enough jag for us!

POSEIDON HICKS, Jr.

Brookline, Nov. 22.

Mr. Hicks should know that the bar in the club on Commonwealth avenue will soon be furnished with an ornate and serviceable rail. Of this we are assured by the gifted architect. The rail, however, will be detachable, so that on solemn occasions the bar will be disguised and appear in the shape of a mere decoration.—Ed.

Educative Soup

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Algernon Smythe's advocacy of "alphabetical dinners in Boston," I would suggest that alphabet soup should not be forgotten—the soup of that name would be particularly appropriate for the "A" brand of such dinners. By the way, how did alphabet soup get its name? Is it so called because its ingredients include everything from A to izzard?

GOURMET.

Boston, Nov. 19.

We suppose that alphabet soup is so called on account of letters in paste that float on it or sometimes sink. If the soup is watery or burnt, the guest should not pick out the letters with a spoon and play the game of words until the next course is served. See any trustworthy book on etiquette.—Ed.

PADEREWSKI IN 2D RECITAL

Mr. Paderewski gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Paderewski, variations and Fugue in E flat minor, op. 23; Beethoven, sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2; Schumann, Des Abends, Grillen, Warum, Aufschwung; Schubert-Liszt, Soiree do Vienne, No. 6, Erlking; Chopin, Ballade, op. 47, Nocturne, B major, op. 62, Polonaise, op. 53; Wagner-Liszt, Isolde's Liebestod; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody.

The pianist's Varistions and Fuge were first played by him in Boston six years ago. As he was not the first to play his Concerto in this country, so he was not the first to play these Variations, for Mr. Stojowski, his pupil, anticipated him in New York. It might be said that this composition appeals more to the musician interested in the modern structure and use of the variation form than to the general public, and yet the second variation, the one in the manner of a Sicilano, and the 11th and 15th have an exterior, obvious beauty that may be at once appreciated.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Paderewski has ever played hers more beautifully than he played yesterday. He took Schumann's "Aufschwung" at so fast pace that the effect was somewhat diminished, but with this exception there remain only words of thankfulness and wonder. It mattered not whether the music was by Beethoven or Liszt, Schumann or Chopin, for Mr. Paderewski is not a specialist, but one that comprehends, catches, reproduces the spirit of any composer, and, when he is wholly in the vein, glorifies the music by his interpretation.

The Ballade and Polonaise of Chopin were played superbly, as was the Wagnerian transcription. The performance of the Soiree de Vienne was delightful. Wonderful were the shimmering tonal effects in the Hungarian Rhapsody, and these Rhapsodies, which, as played by many, seem only tours de force, and incur the reproach of vulgarity, performed by Mr. Paderewski are much more than pretexts for glitter and speed.

A mechanism that, artistically controlled, has an individual significance; a fine, unerring sense of rhythm; the singing of a melody so that it floats as in air; infinite graduations of tone; gorgeous coloring that is not abused; poetic, imaginative interpretation—these are still Mr. Paderewski's distinguishing qualities. Then there is the undefinable quality; call it magnetic if you will, that draws all people unto him as by a spell; charms for the moment, and leaves an abiding memory, and persuades the hearer that thus this music should be played and in no other way.

The hall was crowded and the audience was enthusiastic. After the Rhapsody Mr. Paderewski was generous in responding to the insistent entreaty of his admirers.

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"Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast. Tomorrow—bathe my limbs in odors, and put ointment in my hair."

"Has for a bath," Snoggin interposed. "They're not to be 'ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will git you a little boil for your 'air."

Thackeray and Bulwer.

In this manner did Thackeray mock the pompous style of Bulwer, the Bulwer of the Lofty and the Ideal, the Trutbful and the Beautiful, the Bulwer of "Eugene Aram," "Paul Clifford," "Devereux," "George de Barnwell" is a brilliant parody; it outshines Bret Harte's burlesque Bulwer, capital as it is. It is not so ferociously personal, however, as Thackeray's letter of Charles Yellowplush to Bulwer or the description of the novelist in "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew," from the moment that Bulwer gave his name in a "thick, gobbling kind of voice" as "Sawedwadgeorgeearlilittnbulwig" to his explanation of why he had been made a baronet: "On the thwone of litewature I stand unwivalled, pwe-eminent; and the Bwitish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwitish nation by lifting into the bosom of the hewiditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy."

A Grandson Speaks.

We were reminded of all this and of Tennyson's scornful verses in reply to "The New Timon," by reading the report of a lecture on "Bulwer-Lytton and His Times," delivered at the University of London by his grandson, whose biography of Bulwer has just been published. Lord Lytton said in the course of his lecture that the question was sometimes asked whether one could read his grandfather's books today. He replied, and he did not think he was prejudiced, that "if due allowance was made for the age in which they were written, the best of his books were just as readable and just as delightful now as they ever were." But which are the best of his books? Would Lord Lytton name "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," "The Parisians"? Would he disown "Pelham," the novels that once were condemned as immoral, and "Zanoni"? "The Haunted and the Haunters" or "The House and the Brain" is one of the most terrifying ghost stories ever written. Does any one read "Lucretia," or "Rienzi," or "Paul Clifford" today? "The Last Days of Pompeii" would not tempt us if it were the only book in a country hotel during a rainy week and an enforced stay. The books of the period when his heroes were dandies or accomplished criminals are not easy reading in 1913; yet the student of English life and manners can learn much from "Pelham."

And Also Writes.

Lord Lytton, lecturing, said that Bulwer "personified to an extraordinary degree the 19th century," and he told this anecdote, amusing in itself, but what has it to do with the personification of a century? "At the age of 9 this precocious reader of books startled his mother by saying, 'Pray, mama, are not you sometimes overcome with the sense of your own identity?'" To which the mother sensibly replied: "It is high time you went to school, Teddy."

We have not yet seen the Earl of Lytton's life of his grandfather. It is in two volumes and costs 30 shillings net. The Daily Chronicle says that they are "infinitely fascinating"; that Lord Lytton's candor about Bulwer's temperamental and artistic failings is astonishing, but that the man comes out the better for it. "We find here that beneath the brilliance, the glitter, the dandyism and the romanticism which were mere superficial fashions of the age in which he lived, the real Bulwer Lytton was a man of genuine fibre, of vast energy, well-nigh universal faculties and 'superhuman industry.'" There is necessarily much about his unfortunate marriage. His wife, Rosina Wheeler, the beautiful Irish girl, proved to be in later years "a haunting nightmare of vindictive hatred."

And yet the legendary Bulwer will survive, the man in the wonderful coat in the Maclise Portrait Gallery, shaving himself before a pier glass. Bulwer referred to it as an "offensive caricature," but many years later he and the artist were friends.

"We Name."

As the World Wags:

In the published genealogy of one branch of the Hammond family in America may be found a peculiar name: Polypus Hammond, born in Rochester, Mass., 1702; settled in Newport, R. I. His 12th and last child, born in 1758, was named Polypus. He married and settled in his father's birthplace and had another Polypus, born in 1791. It would be interesting to know what pet names were chosen for these strangely burdened boys. Polly would be misleading and Pus would be painful.

J.

Worcester, Nov. 22.

The Daily Chronicle (London) recently published a letter from a Yarmouth correspondent—it was not signed A. Bloater—giving a list of family names within a stone's throw of his house. They were all bird-names: Sparrow, Martin, Pigeon, Partridge, Dove, Starling, Cockrill, Lark, Drake, Finch, Crowe, Nightingale. Bardsley in his book on English surnames says that such bird-names were originally nicknames. If a man developed showiness, he was called Jay; if pride, Peacock or Pocock; if garrulity, Parrot or Parratt; if he was a votary of song, Nightingale or Lark; if homeliness, Sparrow, and so on. But why Polypus as a Christian name? Did the first Hammond thus named have one at birth?

Sheets in the Wind.

Apropos of "J. M. C.'s" question about the origin of the phrase "Three Sheets in the Wind," a correspondent sends the definition of "Sheets" or "Sheats" in old Bailey's Dictionary, the dictionary of our grandfathers: "Sheats (in a ship) are Ropes bent to the clew of the sails, which serve in all the lower sails to hale aft or round off the clew of the sail, but in the topsails they are made use of to hale Home, i. e. draw close

[illegible] sell to the [illegible] those [illegible] under water which come along the Ship's Run and are closed into the [illegible]." He quotes from a fat [illegible]. The Bello second edition 1736 [illegible] the definition in a slightly different manner. Bailey's Dictionary contains many familiar and slang phrases of the period. There is no reference to only sheet or three sheets in the wind.

MISS PARLOW

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Charlton Keith was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Vieuxtemps, Concerto in D minor; Corelli, "La Folia" variations; Chopin, Nocturne; Schumann, "Bird as Prophet"; Goldmark, Aria; Haydn Auer, Vivace (dedicated to Miss Parlow); Wieniawski, Carnaval Russe.

This was the program as announced, but Miss Parlow after the transcription of Schumann's "Bird as Prophet" added a flashy piece by Hubay, if we understood Mr. Mudgett correctly in his announcement.

The program served to display her excellent qualities, through the more modern concertos without an orchestral accompaniment are as cold veal with or without the garnishment of parsley. It was surprising to find a violinist of Miss Parlow's attainments playing a transcription of Schumann's poetic piece. There are some things that should escape the fury of transcribers and this is one of them. It is bad enough to transfer Chopin from the piano to the violin. However, the "Bird" prophesying from the fiddle pleased the audience greatly and the prophecy was repeated.

Miss Parlow played here with the Symphony audience and in recital two years ago and she was then an accomplished virtuoso. She has great facility and her technical acquirements are not forced upon the hearer. Difficulties are overcome as if they were in the daily routine and were no longer to be laboriously prepared for, and anxiously approached. She has an agreeable, sympathetic tone, good taste in phrasing, unusual strength for a young woman and yet she is not too masculine in interpretation. Some wise man once said that he wished to hear a woman play the piano like a woman. The same may be said of female violinists. And it is not paradoxical to add that the greatest male pianists and violinists are those who have feminine as well as masculine qualities; but as soon as a female violinist rasps the G string and is too deliberate and constant in an exhibition of animal strength, the charm evaporates.

Miss Parlow, fortunately, has abundance of strength, dash, abandon. How admirable her attack of the chief phrase in Hubay's piece! But in her revelation of emotion there is the grace and tenderness of womanhood. Nor is nobility of feeling foreign to her, as was shown in some of the Corelli variations.

An audience of fair size was warmly applausive. Miss Parlow will give a concert with Wilhelm Backhaus, pianist, in Jordan Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 6.

"A Thousand Years Ago," by Percy MacKaye, Opens at Theatre Next Week.

With the opening at the Shubert Theatre next Monday night of the engagement of "A Thousand Years Ago," Boston theatregoers will witness the first performance of the new play on any stage, the work of Percy MacKaye. Some confusion may have been created by the references to the production by his tentative title, "Turandot." Playwright and producers decided finally to call it "A Thousand Years ago." This would prevent its being confused with German and English productions bearing the "Turandot" title. With these, Mr. MacKaye's Oriental romance has nothing whatever in common save the source of material. All drew their inspiration from the Persian tale of Calaf, prince of Astrakhan, and Turandot, princess of Pekin. Gozzi was the first to put the tale in dramatic form, and it was from his play that Schiller made his celebrated German adaption. Some hundred years later Reinhardt rearranged Schiller's version, and his "Turandot" was the result. Mr. MacKaye has made an entirely original use of the romance and "A Thousand Years Ago" bears little resemblance to any of the versions of "Turandot." The company includes Frederick Warde, H. Cooper Cliffe, Joseph C. Smith, Fania Marinoff and others, in whose support will be 50 players.

Fifth Opera Season

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth season of the Boston Opera House opened brilliantly last night. There was a very large audience from orchestra to upper gallery. The spectators were animated, expectant, deeply interested.

Some years ago an old opera-goer in New York who had long been at home in the Academy of Music before the Metropolitan was built spoke, in an article containing agreeable gossip, about the peculiar odor of an opera house the moment the curtain goes up and there is a movement of air. This odor, he said, is peculiar to any opera house, large or small. It is not that of any theatre devoted to stage plays. The odor to this sensitive person suggested jewels and handsome costumes, flowers, the song the other side of the footlights, distressed heroines carrying a lace handkerchief and warbling their woes, scowling baritones steeped in crime, sleek-haired tenors conscious of opera glasses held by fair hands, and now and then a suspicion of garlic proved the superiority of Italian lyric drama. Even Hazlitt in his savage attack on opera as a form of art characterized this form of entertainment as "an enchantress with a thousand faces." "Every object is there collected, and displayed in ostentatious profusion, that can strike the senses or dazzle the imagination; music, dancing, painting, poetry, architecture, the blaze of beauty, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.'"

Popular Opera Chosen.

The operas chosen for performance at the Boston Opera House on preceding first nights, "La Gioconda," "Mefistofele," "Samson et Dalila" and "Contes d'Hoffmann," were not too familiar. "Mefistofele" was practically unknown to the younger generation and "Samson et Dalila" had been sung here only in concert form. The opera last night, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was fresh in the minds of many. It at once became popular last season by reason of the spectacle, the brilliant coloring, the pictures of Italian street life, the bustle and the din. There was music that by its lightness, its obvious melodies, its strongly marked rhythm made a frank appeal, for Wolf-Ferrari was much more fortunate in expressing the operetta spirit than in giving voice to the deep emotions and the tragic situations.

Opera-goers had been so accustomed to melodramatic situations, so hardened by participating in the deeds of Scarpia, Pinkerton, et al., that the squalid and repulsive libretto gave only a sensation of mild surprise. The show was the thing. The management made a wise choice last night.

When the opera was first performed here the chief singers were Mmes. Edvina and Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Marcoux. Later in the season Mme. Carmen Melis took the part of Maliella and Messrs. Polese and Blanchart that of Rafaele. Last night Mme. d'Alvarez appeared for the first time in Boston; Mr. Ferrari-Fontana took the part of Gennaro for the first time in this city, and Mr. Ancona made his first appearance at this opera house. Mr. Moranzoni conducted this opera for the first time in Boston.

Last Night's Cast.

The cast was as follows:

Gennaro.....Mr. Ferrari-Fontana
Maliella.....Mme. Edvina
Rafaele.....Mr. Ancona
Blaso.....Mr. Giaccone
Ciccillo.....Mr. Pini-Corsi
Rocco.....Mr. Pulcini
Stella.....Miss Heliane
Serena.....Miss Leveroni
Concetta.....Miss Sharlow
Grazia.....Miss Galli
Totonno.....Mr. Jou-Jerville

Gives Character to Gennaro.

Mr. Ferrari-Fontana bore away the honors, although the part of Gennaro is singularly ungrateful. It is impossible to feel much sympathy for the straight-laced, slavishly devout blacksmith, and it is not surprising that Maliella was willing to look with favor on almost any other man. If Gennaro had remonstrated less with her on account of her light behavior and knocked her down once or twice, she would have respected him and might have loved him—as she understood love—for a month, or at least a few days.

But Mr. Fontana gave character to this simple person—it was a dull life Maliella led with him and his mother—and showed vividly his consuming love, his terrible temptation and his remorse. This Gennaro of childlike faith in good became a man with blood and passions. Seldom have we seen a more intelligent conception of a part that would suggest little to an ordinary tenor, and seldom is a conception embodied with such marked vitality. Face, gesture, voice gave significance and made a strong appeal.

Mme. d'Alvarez made her first appearance here in a part of little importance, for Carmela has little to do with the march of the story and the music given to her by the composer is of little worth, melodically or dramatically. It can, therefore, now only be said that Mme. d'Alvarez has an uncommonly full, rich and beautiful voice; that she sang freely and with taste. Much more can, no doubt, be said when she takes a more strongly defined part.

Mr. Ancona was in the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company 20 years ago at Mechanics building and visited this city for three or four seasons afterwards. He was pleasantly remembered for his smooth, agreeable voice and his control of it. He was not then distinguished as an actor of force or originality. He sang pleasingly and was a pleasant person in whatever part he took, Escamillo, Tonio, Rigoletto or de Nevers, an amiable singer and an amiable man. He sang the serenade smoothly last evening, but he is hardly the one to give a dramatic performance of Rafaele, blackguard and cheap swell.

Mme. Edvina Adds Variety to Acting.

Mme. Edvina's Maliella is in some respects a more vivid performance than it was last season. It is less mannered. She has rid herself of the one inevitable gesture of Charpentier's Louise. There is more variety in her acting, and she sings the music with a greater spontaneity. She is often a charming picture on the stage.

Nevertheless her Maliella might have more flesh and blood. This Maliella is a bundle of nerves. She is neither sensuous nor sensual. Nor is she primitive in her scorn, anger, infatuation, horror. She is still petulant, waspish, when she should be volcanic.

The Neapolitan Maliella was a bad lot. She was inherently canaille. Mme. Edvina portrays her as merely shrewish. Her impersonation is still dry and hard. It lacks southern fire, rage, explosiveness, abandon. And yet it is an honest impersonation, carefully prepared.

The chorus did admirable work and the stage management was excellent. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with Italian spirit and with a discrimination that has sometimes been lacking in the past. The entr' actes were warmly applauded, and there were many curtain calls.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Faust." Mme Edvina, Swartz-Morse and Leveroni will sing, and Messrs. Muratore and Ludikar will be heard here for the first time. Mr. Ancona will take the part of Valentin and Mr. Tournon will conduct.

MME. NAZIMOVA

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Mme. Nazimova in James Bernard Fagan's dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel "Bella Donna," a play in four acts. First performance in Boston.

Dr. Meyer Isaacson.....Charles Bryant
The Hon. Nigel Armine.....Herbert Percy
Mahmoud Baroudi.....Robert Whitworth
Dr. Hartley.....Edward Fielding
Sir Henry Grebe.....William Hassell
Ibrahim.....A. Romaine Callender
Hamza.....Claus Bogel
Monks.....Arthur Hurley
Mrs. Chepstow.....Mme. Nazimova
Mrs. Marchmont.....Amy Veness
Marie.....May Galyer

The first act takes place in Dr. Isaacson's office. Mrs. Chepstow, known to men about town as "Bella Donna," visits the London physician. She is eager to know his attitude when he learns young Nigel Armine is to marry her. Dr. Isaacson strives to oppose his friend, but the marriage takes place.

In act two Mr. and Mrs. Armine are at home in Egypt. Mrs. Armine is already bored by the boyish devotion of her husband. She craves stronger food. The news that sons have been born to Nigel's brother, which decreases his own fortune, does not mend matters. It is, in fact, the last straw. She is fascinated by Baroudi, a wealthy Egyptian. Together they plot Nigel's death.

In act three Nigel is nursed by his wife on Baroudi's boat. He is dying from lead poisoning administered by Hamza. Baroudi's servant, a young American doctor, infatuated with Bella Donna, treats him for sunstroke. Dr. Isaacson, the avenger, arrives. After a battle royal with Mrs. Armine he orders the trip up the Nile abandoned and the sick man back to his villa.

In act four Nigel completely recovered, is told by his friend the real cause of his illness. Unbelieving and incensed he orders Isaacson from the house. Mrs. Armine, however, infuriated at the failure of her plans and the prospect of a dull future, confesses the truth and prepares to join Baroudi. But the Egyptian, already provided with a dancing girl, has no mind to sacrifice his friendly commercial relations with the English. Repulsed by him and debarred from her home there is the intimation that Bella Donna will seek the Nile.

Mr. Fagan's adaptation is as crude as Mr. Hichens's story, stripped of its pages of description. It is a melodrama of the drawing-room. The characters are all familiar. There is the amiable and impetuous hero, hypnotized by the serpentine adventuress with a spotted past. There is her brutal foreign associate. There is the [illegible] doctor who rescues Sir [illegible] at the crucial moment.

The first act is tedious in its unrelieved passages of exposition. The second, with Bella Donna's passionate surrender to the Egyptian, is theatrical. The old device of arousing the emotions of the audience is used—a storm—during which the villainess, her face appropriately nimbed by a candle over which she stands, contemplates the box of poison with extravagantly mimed horror. The third act has one effective scene, that in which Dr. I. Isaacson foils Bella Donna and takes command of the situation. The ending of the play is unsatisfactory, although in keeping with the most approved traditions of melodrama.

Mme. Nazimova's impersonation of the heroine might well be disputed. An actress with an extraordinary command of gesture and facial play she was deliberately and continuously reptilian. Her costumes, too, were glittering, ophidian, sinuous. Successful in her simulation of a sinister, scheming woman, a creature of greed, guile and passion, she seldom suggested the semblance of suffering innocence so cleverly counterfeited by women of Mrs. Chepstow's type, and their most effective weapon in masculine destruction. Mme. Nazimova's entrance in the first act was studied. Her mincing gait and laborious coquetries should have been sufficient to confirm the worst suspicions of a far less keen judge of human nature than the astute Isaacson. Indeed, her outward semblance of evil was so strong that Armine's rapturous protestations of her innocence seemed ridiculous.

Only in the third act did the actress for a moment abandoning her mannerisms, become dramatically effective in her portrayal of suspense, apprehension and sullen resignation in defeat. On the whole her Bella Donna was venomous rather than fascinating. It is a study in striking poses, an incarnation of sensuality without elemental passion, and it is to be regretted that the passionate sincerity, the native eloquence, which marked Mme. Nazimova's work at the beginning of her career have, for the moment, disappeared.

Mr. Bryant played Isaacson with rigid conventionality. Mr. Whitworth was a stalwart Baroudi and displayed with telling effect the superb contempt of the oriental for woman, except as a slave or a plaything. Mr. Percy was unsympathetic as Armine.

The stage settings were elaborate and picturesque, especially in the second and third acts, while the eastern atmosphere was successfully suggested.

An audience of fair size was appreciative.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Stars Contend for Favor—Dainty Marie and Jesse Laskey Headliners.

A bill of more than usual excellence is being given at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, with several headline acts vying for the lion's share of the applause. One of the best and most attractive acts seen at B. F. Keith's this season is that of Dainty Marie, who is, just as the program states, "not what she seems to be." When Dainty Marie first steps upon the stage she is dressed in flowing, flimsy robes, and as she sings a catchy song the audience tries to make up its mind whether Dainty Marie is of the masculine or feminine persuasion.

Then just about when everybody has concluded that Dainty Marie is a man, presumably because the program says she isn't what she seems, Dainty Marie bows from the stage, to appear again in white silk tights cut low all around. There's no longer any question. No man, even with the assistance of padding, could have that figure. Then Dainty Marie, having established by her figure that she is a girl, after all, appears in a series of swinging ring poses, subsequently bringing into play a long strip of web with a number of other poses much upon the Japanese order. The lights are low, the spot light bright. It's a case of every move a picture, and Dainty Marie skips off the stage only to return in response to enthusiastic applause.

About the best thing that Jesse Laskey, whose companies always run to attractive-looking women, has ever given to B. F. Keith audiences is his "The Red Heads" company, which is being featured this week. Jacob Kaufman hits upon the idea of engaging a long line of red-headed models to create talk among the season's garment buyers and increase business. The lisping girl, the suffragette girl, the bashful girl and the flirting girl all do their share in making the model garments look most attractive. Jake Kaufman's business was never better.

Paul Morton, he of the Four Mortons for so many years, is out with Naomi Glass in a song and dance sketch entitled "My Lady of the Bungalow." Mr. Morton, always a beautiful dancer, gave several well received numbers and Miss Glass contributes by song, rather than by dance, her full share to the success of the team. John C. Rice and Sally

... old favorites ... Keith's ... theatre, are making their annual visit this week in their new sketch, "The Path of Primroses," with Rice as Mr. P. and Miss Cohen as Mrs. P. The scene is Christmas night in a cheap theatre. The act made a big hit.

Arthur Deagon, first and last with many a musical comedy, reels of a number of good stories. Rafayette's Animals present a well trained troupe of dogs, etc. Max Laube appears in the role of a human bird, as whistler and mimic, while Hermine Hessler indulges in a wild act of balancing on tables and chairs. Hessler, by the way, is direct from Berlin.

N. E. CONSERVATORY

A dramatic recital will be given by the dramatic department of the New England Conservatory of Music under the direction of Clayton D. Gilbert, Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 5 and 6. Tickets are by invitation. "The Vampire Cat," a legend of old Japan, arranged as a pantomime by Mr. Gilbert, with music by Charles P. Scott and dances under the direction of Miss Bertha Draper King, will have its first performance on any stage. "Le Passant," a one-act operetta, the text by Francois Coppee, music by E. Paladilhe and translation by Mrs. Ella Mahr, the music directed by Minnie Stratton-Watson, will be performed in English. "... da's New Hat," a study of character, in one scene, by George Paston, will be given for the first time in this country. By special permission of Arnold Daly, the pupils will present "The Monkey's Paw," a story in three scenes by W. W. Jacobs, dramatized by Louis N. Parker.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Travelling Salesman," James Forbes's comedy in four acts:

... Blake	William P. Carleton
...	Donald Meek
... Royce	Frederic Ormonde
...	Al Roberts
...	Carney Christie
...	George Ernst
...	Alfred Lunt
...	Morrill Morrison
... Henry Dawson	Robert Capron
...	J. Monte Crane
...	John Miller
...	Doris Olsson
...	Mabel Colcord
... Henry Dawson	Augusta Gill

Nov 26 1913

RECITAL BY MR. RICHARDS

Basso Profundo Assisted by Mr. Howard, Violin, at Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

... Uriah Sumter Richards, basso profundo, assisted by Mr. Wesley I. Howard, violinist, and Miss Theresa ... accompanist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall last evening. Mr. Richards sang Mozart's "Who Treads the Path of ..." and songs by De Koven, Forster, ..., Shelley, Phillips, Foote, Fisher, ...berg, David, Osgood and Webb.

Mr. Richards, born in Georgia ... was educated at Payne Institute, ... Ga. He studied singing at Syracuse, N. Y. Last night he sang for the first time in public. The basso profundo is now rare ... ..., and festival committees ... a loss to find one. Mr. ... has a genuine bass voice, sonorous, and naturally of good quality through an extended compass. He evidently studied faithfully and ... of serious aims. He still ... much to learn in the art of singing and in the matter of phrasing in ... a melodic line, in finishing ... He should cultivate greater ... and cure himself of certain ..., such as letting a tone fall ... of a musical sentence. Last ... he was too often explosive, too ... given to undue emphasis. His voice that amply warrants study ... intelligent teacher. When ... in expression he was most ... When he deliberately wished ... dramatic, he broke phrases into ..., and by attempting to be con... impressive, he did not arrive ... climax. By his explosiveness ... sometimes suffered, yet he ... showed a lively sense of rhythmic ...

... Howard played modestly and hon... Handel's Sonata in E major and ...'s Two Old Melodies in Varia...

... was a small and appreciative ...

MAQUARRE SEXTET

... Maquarre Sextet (Messrs. Theo..., ... Gilbarsol, Werner, Nagel, and Maquarre) assisted by Al... Votto, pianist, gave an afternoon ... last night in Jordan Hall. The ... included Gouvy's Serenade ..., op. ..., Widor's Suite in F major ... and piano, and Haydn's Symphony in B flat major, No. 12.

Sir Plume of ... snuff box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

News from London.

We are told that in London there is a "decided revival of interest" in the walking-stick. A cane of rhinoceros hide is especially in favor, and it costs from about three guineas upward, according to the handle. "Rhinoceros horn of good length sells for 30 guineas." Malacca canes are always in season and comparatively cheap. Women are also carrying walking-sticks, some of which are made of ivory. Sword-canes are in demand. "A Toledo blade stick with reliable lock apparatus and invisible joints costs two or three pounds." "Toledo blade!" Is the building with its forges raised for Charles III. by Sabatini still on the banks of the Tagus? Are these blades in London so elastic that they can be curled up like the mainspring of a watch? When firearms came into use Toledan swords became the arm of cavalry, and later the smaller French sword dispossessed the Spanish rapier. Are these modern Toledo blades made in Sheffield or in Germany?

The Demon's Cane.

We are also informed that canes are "the rage" in Washington, D. C. Alas, they are "rum canes," full of strong waters for use of a Sunday in a dry town. Sharp-eyed policemen found that many persons "weavy" in their walk, with flushed faces, dabblers or thick in speech, were carrying canes. It was found on investigation that the canes had hollow tubes, "and from the tubes came the odor of whiskey." The tubes are of various sizes and hold from a gill to a quart, "from a drink to a drunk."

Famous Sticks.

There is a book about walking sticks, but we have not read it. No doubt it abounds in anecdotes. When Disraeli was at Gibraltar in his younger years he wrote to his sister, wishing his mother should know that his waistcoat and studs were making a sensation among the officers, and he also spoke of his sporting a morning and an evening cane. "I change my cane on the gunfire and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect those magical wands produce." More famous was the cane dear to Balzac. Coleridge had one with the head of an eagle on one side and his own portrait on the other. He was always losing it, so that he wrote a special cry for the bellman. Dr. Johnson had a formidable stick: an oak-plant with a head the size of an orange. This head was formed from the root. The stick was over six feet in height, and it increased from about an inch in diameter at the lower end to nearly three. This stick was ready to defend Johnson against Foote, the mimic "Ossian," and Macpherson. Was this the oak stick he took with him to the Hebrides, a measuring rod as well as cane and weapon? for a nail was driven into it at the length of a foot, another at that of a yard. He lost it, but thought it was stolen, and he despaired of seeing it again. "No, no, my friend," he said to Boswell, "it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here!" Then there was Gen. Gordon, who in 1863 led storming parties in China with no other weapon than a little cane. There was Moberly Bell, for a long time manager of the London Times. His walking stick was plain and stout, mounted with a bone from his own body. Once in Alexandria he caught the heel of his foot as he was crossing a railway track. Seeing a train approaching he freed himself, but injured his ankle so that a joint bone had to be removed. This bone formed the handle of his stick.

Practice Needed.

It is not every one that can sport a cane gracefully. The Prince of Darkness, we are assured, has always been a gentleman.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

Writers on the morals and manners of dress say that the majority of walking sticks are too short. You should choose a stick that at first seems intended for a man taller than yourself, then you acquire a noble and imposing bearing. We like to see young bucks in Commonwealth avenue Sunday afternoons with a long coat, a plug hat, no overcoat, though the air may nip, and a flourished cane. Sometimes they do it very well, and do not look a bit conscious or uncomfortable. It takes courage in these days to sport a gold-headed cane, even though it is suitably inscribed. Is there any satisfactory combination of walking-stick and umbrella? If the latter is carried as a cane, it soon becomes a gamp.

In Yokohama.

As the World Wags:

The advertisement of the Goncalves House, Lisbon, which you quoted, reminds me of an equally wonderful triumph in English achieved by Whiskyboy, No. 17, Aioicho Itchome (Minatobashidori), Yokohama. This card was given to me with purchases made in that town.

"Our shop is best and obliging worker that has everybody known and having articles Genuine Japanese Crystals and all kinds of Curios, Stones, Shells, Irories Catseyes, Pearls and pure Tortoiso Shells, etc, worked for ladies hair ornaments, Earrings, Lace Pins, Collor-Cuffs Buttons and Fingerrings, also for Gent's scarf pins, Buttons, Charms and Spectacles, Gold and Silver articles, etc, etc, and (Repairs) gildings Gold or Silver plate, in electroplate or plainmending Swords, Fans, Chines, Lockets and Charms etc, Carving, in Laid, work own name or monograms or any design according to order. We can work how much difficult Job with lowest Prices in sure. pleace try, once try. Don't forget name Whisky." B. F. PINKERTON.

Newton, Nov. 23.

BROAD HIGHWAY ON THE STAGE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "The Broad Highway," a romantic drama in five acts, by Jeffery Farnol; taken from the author's novel of the same name. First performance on any stage. The cast:

Peter Vibart	Henry Jewett
Sir Maurice Vibart	Gaston Mervale
Sir Richard Anstruther	Henry Ludlowe
The Ancient	George Gaston
Simon	Calvin Tibbetts
John Strickland	F. Gatenby Bell
Black George	Charles Chappelle
Old Amos Joel	Harry O. Crosby
James Dutton	Frank Lyman
Job	Albert E. Berg
A postilion	Lewis King
Mr. Dashwood	Robert Swasey
Mr. Archer	Frederick Caton
Adam	Arthur Hoyt
Charmian (Sophia, Lady Sefton, alias Charmian Brown)	Marie Leonhard
Prue	Phyllis Grey

An attractive quality of Mr. Farnol's novel is its vivacity, its youthful dash and lightness of heart. The play loses much of this virtue and accentuates all that is melodramatic and sentimental. It does not persuade any one that the young people ever got into difficulty and got out of it, and so its sentiment does not touch even a susceptible heart. It is too long.

It was 11 o'clock before the curtain rose on the fifth act, and the lateness of the hour seemed to be due as much to the length of the text as to the delays incident to a first performance. The stage manager announced that to save time the fifth act, which takes place in the public room of the inn would be given with the scenery of the fourth act. This was fatal to the very slight illusion which the play creates. Condensation of the lines and swifter acting will do much to improve "The Broad Highway."

The performance was amateurish; more so than an indulgent audience should expect even of a first performance. And this audience was very good-natured and ready to smile at little accidents which spoiled the melodramatic mood. Mr. Jewett is too heavy for Mr. Farnol's adventuresome and boyish hero. F. Gatenby Bell, as John Strickland, the wronged husband, was impossibly queer; one attended less to the tragedy of his life than to his absurd wig. When the pistol that killed the dark villain failed to resound Mr. Bell carried his part through above the giggles of the audience, and was rewarded for his pluck by generous applause.

Some of the humor of Mr. Farnol's country characters is left in the play. The best humorous work was done by George Gaston as the village patriarch.

Miss Leonhard's Charmian was probably as natural as the text allowed her to be, but her sparkle was somewhat diminished by hobbling and tedium of the play as a whole. She is as good looking and spirited as "our heroine" was intended to be.

The scenery was effective and no doubt will be handled more easily after another performance.

Nov 27. 1913

EDVINA

Her First Appearance as Marguerite Here—Part Well Suited to Her.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Faust," by Gounod. Edouard Tournon conducted.

Faust	Lucien Muratore
Mephistopheles	Paolo Ludikar
Valentin	Mario Ancona
Wagner	George Everett
Marguerite	Louise Edvina
Siebel	Jeska Swartz-Morse
Marthe	Elvira Leveroni

Mme. Edvina took the part of Marguerite for the first time in this city. This part is well suited to her, for she is a lyric soprano. In a passionate, dramatic part, like Maliella she is handicapped by nature. As Antonia in the "Contes d'Hoffmann" or as Marguerite she is charming.

It is true that some have endeavored to play the Marguerite of the French librettists in a tragic vein. Pauline Lucca's impersonation was memorable. But she went outside the frame provided by the librettists and composer. Gounod's music is seldom passionate. Its sensuousness at its highest expression is a sentiment rather than a profound emotion. Nor has he given to Marguerite such tragic pages as those in the prison scene of Boito's "Mefistofele."

Clara Louise Kellogg in her memoirs, which are not always free from malice, sniffs at the attempt of certain singers that came after her to present the character of Marguerite in a new and unexpected manner. It is true that Mme. Calve and Miss Garden in turn showed us a new Marguerite. They did not follow closely the traditional lines. Mme. Calve, not wishing that the Jewel song should be only a parade piece, a bravura concert waltz, took all sorts of liberties with the rhythm, and rhythm was never Mme. Calve's sworn friend. She invented original business. Miss Garden's ambition is to be original. It is a pity that the old rake in Offenbach's "Mme. L'Archiduc," with his gag, "It's original; I like it," had not the pleasure of knowing her. It is unnecessary to add that Mme. Calve's Marguerite was an emotional performance and that Miss Garden is always interesting.

Now Mme. Edvina portrayed the Marguerite to whom we had been accustomed before the "singing actress" assumed such formidable proportions on the stage. A sweet and gentle girl, fond of pretty jewels, susceptible to flattering attentions, lonely and longing to love, under the care of a foolish old woman, she might have abandoned herself to the handsome stranger without the Demon's aid. The Marguerite of the opera would never have questioned Faust about his religious beliefs.

And this Marguerite was charmingly portrayed by Mme. Edvina. There was no simpering, no coquetry, no wanton side glance when Faust accosted her. There was no laborious business at the spinning wheel, no effort to wring from the spectator the exclamation, "How natural she is!" She did not cackle with joy over the jewel box. Simple in her narration to Faust, shy but soon confiding, she sang with warmer and warmer expression, until awakening from her rapture she feared for herself, knew her weakness and ran to the house that she might dream of the morrow. The odors of the garden at night and the conniving stars persuaded her, and she did not at last shrink from her lover's arms.

In all these scenes Mme. Edvina was lyrically admirable. In the one scene that approached tragedy, the scene in the church, her will to act was too evident. She was fussy with her prayer book. Her agitation was mannered. Her despair was unconvincing and left the spectator cold. It was not that she did anything mean or common. It was that she did not rise above the traditions to a tragic height.

Mr. Muratore sang here for the first time. Seldom have we seen as youthful and presentable a Faust. His taste in costume was a pleasure to the eye. The part is not a grateful one for an actor. After the opening scene he is personally conducted by Mephistopheles—without whose aid he can neither seduce nor slay. Vocally the part is rich, and there have been lovers in the Garden scene, as Capoul, who were as dangerous to the women this side of the footlights as to Marguerite. Mr. Muratore showed himself to be an experienced actor and singer. His voice is naturally a virile one, but, like many French singers, he often reminds one of the black-bearded gentleman from Paris, who sang here recently in vaudeville, now in a sonorous baritone, and now in a woman's treble.

Mr. Muratore has a manly organ, but between the full display and a thin soft voice he knows no middle force in expression. Yet he has style; he command attention; he fills the eye—and he can easily fill the ear. Let us hear him in other parts before we speak more definitely.

After all, the dominating figure in the opera is Mephistopheles. His appearing is eagerly anticipated. There is curiosity as to whether he will come through the floor on a trap. His adventures are closely observed and admired. If he jests, there is the ready smile. It was so in the old mystery and miracle plays. The devil was the favorite. And for centuries the attitude of audiences has been that of Lord Thurlow toward Milton's Satan: "He was a damned fine fellow and he ought to have won."

Mr. Ludikar, who sang here for the first time, has a hard voice, a voice not unsuited to the character, some might say; yet there is no good reason why Mephistopheles should not have an oily, persuasive speech. Mr. Ludikar's tones are resonant; they have, when necessary, a biting, sardonic quality, and they were often skilfully managed for dramatic purposes. He sang with much intelligence as far as the significance of the text was concerned. As a rule, he acted forcibly without straying far from the old established and approved path.

Thus at the sign of the cross he crouched and squirmed and bit his sword. The agony of the immovable Marcoux in this scene was far more effective. And in the church scene, where Mephistopheles should tower in evil eminence, Mr. Ludikar was a gentleman in a cloak singing words that were harsh to Marguerite's perturbed

[illegible]

Mr. A[illegible] [illegible] Valentine's song, which was interpolated for his benefit in the French version in good Italian style with fine tonal quality and with a [illegible] legato. His singing brought back the [illegible] days in which he figured prominently.

Mme. Swartz Morse made much of Siebel's air, turning it into a scene with dramatic meaning, and Miss Leveroni is to be praised for not over-acting. Marthe is too often a chaperon not to be endured.

Mr. Torrion, who conducted here for the first time, was fortunate in his [illegible]. He had firm control, a keen sense of rhythm and proportion. It is to be hoped that he will have other opportunities. The excellence of the stage settings and stage management in this opera is known to all. The lighting in the church scene was especially beautiful.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

He cared not where he picked up his neologisms, so they were dazzling and bizarre. Greece, his own Carthage, the gutters of Rome, contribute to the wealth of his diction, for he knew naught of that pedantry which would cramp expression for authority's sake. The literary use of slang was almost his own invention. He would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror.

"Some" Slang.

We all know too well the present use of "some" in slang. A heavy accent is laid upon the word. "Some weather," "some dancing," "some girl" and here "some" is a term of high praise; a little above "corker," but not so laudatory as "honeycooler" or "lallapalcosa," with its variants, as "lollapatoza." The English, always envious of our language, now say that we cannot pride ourselves on the originality of our slang. The Pall Mall Gazette, usually friendly, makes this point: "In Latin 'est aliquid' meant 'it is something not to be sneezed at,' and the Spanish word 'Hidalgu' is said to be the Low Latin 'filius de aliquo,' i. e., 'son of a somebody.' 'Something like a morning' will survive 'some morning.'"

The modern use of "some" in this country is a revival with variation, extension, but the Pall Mall Gazette does not seem to be aware of this. An English army officer named Ruxton travelled in the West and in Mexico and died at St. Louis in 1848. He wrote two books relating to his adventures, and in the second, "Life in the Far West," published a year after his death, is this sentence: "She's 'some' now, that is a fact, and the biggest kind of punkin' at that." Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" includes: "which was admitted by the oldest inhabitant to be 'some' in the way of cold winters." Even the Englishman's own Oxford Dictionary admits "some" in predicative use, "of some account; deserving of consideration."

It is true that "esse aliquid," to be of some importance, and "esse aliquem," to be somebody, are good Ciceronic Latin, but why lug in Cicero, or why inquire into "hidalgo," whether he be a "hidalgo de solar," a "hidalgo de privilegio," or a "hidalgo de las canales adentro." Go back to English dialect and we find "some" meaning "great in quantity or degree." "Ther's sum chin' e' thease boots"; "That is some [illegible]tness"; "Some rain today"; "He's some fool," and in each instance "some" is heavily accented.

Three Sheets.

As the World Wags:

To make clear the meaning of the expression "three sheets in the wind," I quote Falconer's Marine Dictionary: "Sheet, a rope fastened to one or both the lower corners of a sail, to extend it and retain it in a particular station."

When a ship is tacked the sheets are raised in succession; first the jib, then the fore and then the main as the helm is put down. The ship is then not under good control and may miss stays and "get in irons." The three sheets are in the wind.

A man, then, is said to be three sheets in the wind when he is not under control and has difficulty in going in the direction he desires.

Is there any better explanation?

Nov. 25. CONCORD.

"Drapetomania."

As the World Wags:

On page 171 of volume 2 of Edward Dicey's "Six Months in the Federal States," he says that Swift, he thinks, suggests that in an ideal state all who attain the age of 60 would be removed as public nuisances. Where, if anywhere, in Swift's writings does he make that suggestion? Did Prof. Osler plagiarize from Swift when he made the suggestion—as a bit of jocose irony he is now understood to have meant the suggestion to be taken—that people should be put to death upon reaching the age of 60?

What is the etymology of the word "drapetomania"? The word was used in the South in slavery days, meaning a proneness on the part of slaves to run away. I don't find the word in any dictionary. INQUIRER.

Can anyone answer these questions? Of course, Swift's terrible description of the Struldbrugs or Immortals ("Voyage to Laputa," chap. X), is familiar. While Swift says that a Struldbrug grows melancholy at 30, and is looked on as dead in law as soon as he completes the term of 80 years, we do not find any reference in this chapter to the advisability of throwing overboard every person of 60.

"The Signal Man."

As the World Wags:

Was Charles Dickens the author of a short story entitled "The Signal Man"? I have a distinct impression that it was in my old edition of Dickens's Christmas stories, but being unable to locate it, and having been questioned by a college president, I am interested to know if I am right. L. P.

We have not the time to look this story up in a complete edition of Dickens. We remember a ghost story told by a railroad man and written out by Dickens, but do not recollect the title. There was a phantom seen before an accident, and this phantom waved an arm wildly and put it before his face that he might not see the crash, the maimed and the killed. We read the story when we were young, and were uncomfortable going up dark stairs to bed. It is our impression that it was one of a group of tales published with "Mugby Junction." A still more thrilling ghost story of railroad service is "Le Train 081," in Marcel Schwob's "Coeur Double."

This reminds us that there is a discussion now in English newspapers as to whether Dickens is out of date. One of the correspondents, Mr. Richard Gillbard, M. R. C. S., F. R. C. P., therefore an important person, thinks the question must be answered partly in the affirmative. "I find there is almost an invariable aversion to Dickens, especially among young women. They allege he is sad, and I gather they are after a more joyous view of life." So Dickens's dominating characteristic is sadness! Publishers in London are more sanguine than Mr. Gillbard. They keep on publishing editions of Dickens, and the latest has explanatory and illuminative prefaces by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy and other constant laborers in the literary vineyard.

Random Notes.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace was a great and good man, but on the walls of his studio were three panels. One of them was a cartoon. Dr. Wallace believed it had been drawn under the spirit influence of Raphael. The other two were photographs of pictures painted by a young French iron worker in a trance. He had had no training in art, but he once saved a Spiritualist sculptor from suicide.

The following advertisement was published in the London Times: "Elderly lady (partial invalid) requires companion; one who has travelled or can tell good ghost stories preferred."

The Snail's Progress.

As the World Wags:

Attention has been called to the "Safety first" methods of our railroads as possibly exemplified by the slow and painful progress of many trains from South Boston to the South station.

It may be of interest on the arrival of these trains in the terminal to observe the engineers.

Although undoubtedly a safeguard, their diligent search for an overheated journal or hot box under the circumstances may strike a note of pathos, especially if you have just missed an important connection. G. H. WILDE.

Braintree.

Nov 28 1913

LONGY CLUB IN AMERICAN MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

The Longy Club gave the first concert of its 14th season last night in Jordan Hall. J. Theodorowicz assisted. The program was as follows

Oldberg, Quintet in E flat op. 18, for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and piano; Brockway, At Twilight and An Idyl of Murmuring Water for two flutes, two oboes, two horns, and two bassoons; D. G. Mason, Pastorale op 8 for violin, clarinet and piano; Bird, Serenade for two flutes, two oboes (one interchangeable with English horn), two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

Mr. Longy thus paid homage to American composers. It was probably an act of courtesy rather than of rapt musical appreciation, for the composition by Oldberg was disappointing and the pieces by Brockway and Mason are experimental rather than rounded works of art. Oldberg's quintet was disappointing because they make much of this composer in Chicago. Mr. Stock has conducted his symphony and his overture, "Paolo and Francesca," possibly other works. Born in 1874 at Youngstown, O., Oldberg studied in this country, then at Vienna and afterwards at Munich. In 1899 he became professor of composition and the piano at the [illegible]western [illegible]rsity. In spite of his years of study, Mr. Oldberg's quintet is amateurish in the treatment of wind instruments and in the structure of his movements.

The most pleasing of the four is the Menuetto, which begins in a distinctly Brahmsiam manner. In the other movements the themes have not a decided profile and instead of true development, there is futile and annoying repetition. Nor is the music often euphonious. In the first movement there are brilliant passages for the piano and the wind instruments enter and retreat without purpose. A disjointed work, in which the composer is seen stopping for breath and saying: "I wonder what should come next"?

Mr. Brockway, born in Brooklyn in 1870, is not unknown here. His "Sylvan Suite" and Symphony in D-Major have been performed at Symphony concerts, and I believe chamber music by him has been heard. The two pieces performed last night are of an impressionistic character, modern in sentiment, and they show a poetic spirit even when it is not always happily expressed. The ideas in this instance have significance, and the treatment of them, especially in the Idyl, is often interesting.

Mr. Mason's Pastorale is amiable music, easily heard and immediately forgotten.

The pieces were played with the customary finish and musical taste.

The second concert will be on Jan. 22.

SCOTCH CONCERT AT THE TEMPLE

Many Scottish people were in the audience that crowded Tremont Temple last evening at the second concert of the Tremont Temple course, to hear a program of "Scottish Songs" sung by Evelyn Scotney, soprano, and Howard White, basso, with Miss Ellen Keller, violinist, and John Craig Kennedy at the piano. Both Miss Scotney and Mr. White were in good voice and their singing aroused great enthusiasm. They responded with additional numbers to many encores.

The closing number was Bemberg's "Nymphes et Sylvains," with violin and 'cello obligato, Mr. White playing the 'cello.

Some of us are not so devoide of good manuer, but we will ever be prest to interteine curtesie with curtesie.

Rude Bostonians.

As the World Wags:

Are public manners worse in Boston than elsewhere, or am I a bit touchy? The other day, just as I opened the glass door of a shop to go out, a man outside, who hadn't even had his hand on the latch, bolted in and would have collided with me had I insisted upon my rights. I merely said in his ear, "I'll be blowed!" or words to that effect, but he passed on unheeding, apparently without a realization of his rudeness. Exactly this thing has happened to me again in Boston, and I have rarely encountered it elsewhere. Here, too, I am thrust aside without any such phrase as "Beg pardon" or "If you please," by men and women, some of them well-dressed and not of rude appearance, and am clawed aside by others swimming their way, turtle-like, through the human mass crowding the ill-smelling electric cars. One does not receive in Boston the homicidal glances that greet one from fellow-passengers upon public vehicles in New York, but surely public manners are oddly crude in these parts. I have heard it whispered that one encounters a variant of such manners in clubs, and one woman of my acquaintance tells me that she has seen such exhibitions even in the drawing room; but that I believe to be the uncharitable notion of an incurable New Yorker.

AMICUS PACIS.

Chestnut Hill, Nov. 26.

Somewhat Personal.

The Bostonians have often been reproached for rudeness, but rudeness is often the expression of shyness. We fear, however, that the Bostonian, especially one of high position, is too often deficient in the little courtesies and graces of life. Women are, perhaps, even greater offenders than men in this respect. More than once in theatre and concert hall we have been elbowed and "hoofed" by supposedly gentle women without regard to their views on female suffrage. A season ago a woman, apparently well bred, sat across the aisle. She dropped her book of words and it fell beyond her reach. Remembering lessons of childhood, we took the liberty of picking up the book and handing it to her that she might dilate with the proper, or improper emotion, for the soprano was to sing some songs with a surprisingly frank text. The woman did not thank us; she did not even bow with hauteur. She glared. Perhaps she thought we expected an invitation to afternoon tea, or surmised that we were in league with white slavers. And yet our look was one of profound respect.

In New York.

A brewing company's advertisement in a Forty-second street car, New York, runs as follows:

As losses on bottles quickly run into coin,
We make an allowance on every return.

A passenger, observing this, sent it to a weekly, and it was printed with this heading:

"As words are Rhymed in New York."

"Upon What Meat."

Dr. Hugonency, the Dean of the Medical Faculty at Lyons University, asserts in an article on dietetics that human flesh is the ideal food for mankind. This leads an earnest student of sociology to quote the case of Guy de Maupassant, who in his wild desire to experience all sensations, wished to play at cannibalism. He procured from a friendly physician enough flesh for a meal and gave it to his cook without telling her what it was. She was a good cook, too; but Maupassant found that the flesh had "an insipid flavor, somewhat resembling veal of an inferior quality." We never had the pleasure of meeting a cannibal, professional or amateur, but we once knew an Australian, a painter in Paris, who married, so it was said, the model of Cabanel's Venus. At least 20 other women were pointed out to us as this model, and we remembered how many duelling pistols with which Burr killed Hamilton are exhibited by proud owners in this country, with a long-winded story as to how they obtained them. This painter had an uncle who was shipwrecked, and at sea in an open boat the survivors drew lots for food. The uncle told his nephew that "long pig" was not so bad; that their victim tasted not unlike pork. Much depends of course on the victim; the physical condition and preceding diet. The natives of New Caledonia preferred the legs and thighs. We doubt if the human stomach would make good tripe, or whether human kidneys stewed or en brochette, or liver with mashed potatoes, would be palatable. Nor have we ever had the courage to experiment with a well-nourished baby after the recommendation of Dean Swift. Travellers inform us that cannibals as a rule are well proportioned and sturdy. Burton looked upon cannibalism, human sacrifice, slavery and polygamy as necessary conditions, by which civilized society rose to its present advanced state. "Without cannibalism, how could the Zealander have preserved his fine physical development?"

It's Very Old.

As the World Wags:

The line, "'Tis love that makes the world go round," must date back far beyond Gilbert and Sullivan, for the duchess quotes it to Alice during the croquet game in "Alice in Wonderland." I was rather surprised at finding it there as I had always known it as the refrain of a rather idiotic college song, into which it must have been put as Lincoln's dictum "You can't fool all the people all the time" found its way into musical comedy. It would be interesting to know in what setting the old line first made its appearance; it's rather good, I think; it sounds sentimental and yet if you look at it a few minutes it becomes simply a plain statement of fact. M. A. A.

Concord, Nov. 23.

Nov 29 1913

Mr. Martinelli Heard at Boston Opera House for the First Time.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca	Miss Garden
Cavaradossi	Mr. Martinelli
Scarpia	Mr. Marcoux
Angelotti	Mr. Sampieri
Il Sacrestano	Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Tortorici
Un Pastore	Miss Gauthier

Mr. Martinelli sang for the first time in Boston. It is said that the part of Cavaradossi favors him. He certainly would agree to this opinion, for he has chosen this part for his first appearance in other cities.

Nature has given him a voice of fine quality and ample power. She has also given him a manly figure and a pleasing face. As a singer he has yet much to learn in technic and in dramatic expression. A young man, he rejoices in the beauty and the strength of his organ, and he is inclined to abuse his strength. He sings hard. The physical strain is evident to the eye. With more experience he will learn that force is not necessarily dramatic expression; that a great tenor is a man of tonal gradations, who knows the significance of color and nuances, and he will look upon his voice as an instrument to be played upon by various sentiments and emotions. He has a treasure in this voice; the question is whether he has the intelligence to utilize it. Let us hear him in another role.

The performance as a whole was interesting as a melodrama, in which the dialogue was heightened speech. It was a melodramatic performance pitched in

violent key. The impersonation of surprising Miss Garden is well known. Mr Marcoux's acting of Scarpia is also familiar. In fact, the opera itself is well-worn and it might be put on the shelf for a season with advantage to itself.

Miss Garden sang with more pains than is her wont, with more attention to the art of song, which at times she has seemed to scorn. She sang in French, although the libretto is extant, like "The Mousetrap," and written in very choice Italian. She sang in French until she came to the set song in the second act, when she exercised the privilege of a prima donna and lapsed into Italian. Her acting was effective in its general management of detail and in splendid moments. Yet in the final scene with Scarpia she was romantically picturesque rather than tragic. Her tight-fitting dress, however beautiful it was in the eyes of a costumer, impeded freedom of action; so that with her high heels she was obliged to mince and her running from the eager and inflamed Scarpia was turned into a timid avoidance of his embraces. The climax of the pursuit was an affair of the sofa, not of the chase.

Mr. Marcoux was in better voice than he was last season and he had firmer control of it. His composition of the part may be justly praised. If he would only be content to act with face and gesture and not always insist on acting with his voice. Even Scarpia should have moments of bel canto.

The other parts were satisfactorily taken, and Mr. Giaccone, as in the past, made much of Spoletta. Mr. Moranzoni gave the orchestra loose reins in the matter of excessive force.

Florent Schmitt's "Tragedy of Salome" Played by Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Fritz Kreisler was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

"The Tragedy of Salome" ..... Florent Schmitt
Concerto in D major, No. 4, for violin ..... Mozart
Overture to "Anacreon" ..... Cherubini
Concerto in A minor, No. 22, for violin ..... Viotti
Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" ..... Lalo

Florent Schmitt, a Frenchman of Alsatian parentage, wrote music for a "mute drama" entitled "The Tragedy of Salome," which was performed in Paris six years ago this month. The "poem" was by Robert d'Humieres and Loie Fuller took the part of Salome. The orchestra was then a small one. Schmitt elaborated certain pages and made a Suite which was performed at a Colonne concert in 1911. The Russians have performed this ballet-pantomime with this music in Paris and London. I believe the performance of the Suite yesterday was the first in this country, but the name of the composer is not unknown in Boston. Mr. Longy has brought out an orchestral Rhapsody and a chamber piece, and Mr. Caplet last season put four of his Chansons for four voices on the program of an Opera Sunday concert.

In d'Humieres's poem, Salome, with childish joy at seeing jewels overflowing from a chest on the terrace of Herod's palace overlooking the Dead Sea, dances a Dance of Pearls. An orchestral Prelude of considerable length precedes this dance in the Suite. Then there are strange enchantments on the sea. The five accursed cities are dimly seen. Sounds of revelry beneath the waves are heard. Old crimes awake and call to Salome. Herod and Herodias are silent in the darkness. A voice arises from the depths. Salome appears, as if invoked, coming from a cloud of living figures, palpitating irresistible. A thunderstorm draws near. Salome dancing is seen by flashes of lightning. Herod pursues her. For a moment she is naked, but John the Baptist enters and covers her with his mantle. Herodias beckons to the executioner. When the head of John is brought to Salome, she suddenly, as though the head had whispered to her, throws it into the sea, which turns blood red. And then the head of John haunts her. Turn where she will, she sees it, and at last the heads are everywhere. The storm breaks. The bolt strikes the citadel. Mount Nebo vomits flames. And Salome is swept about by infernal frenzy.

Played in the theatre with the scene and the dancer in sight, Schmitt's music would no doubt be more effective. As a concert suite the greater part of it must be perplexing to any one not acquainted with the text which it illustrates. There is no sensuous dance music. There is no amorous cantilena for the 'cellos after the manner of Massenet. This music is coldly thought out, it is deliberately contrived. As music for its own sake, the Prelude and the "Enchantments on the Sea" are the most striking pages. The two are cleverly poetic. The harmonic treatment and the orchestral expression are unusual and dramatic. Whether the female voices introduced in the scenes add to the effect of the "Enchantments" is a question. The poem says: "Then a voice arises from the waves." The composer gives a melody which he asserts was heard on the waters of the Dead sea, to a voice, then two take it up, then six. The melody is not one that answers the excited imagination, it would not have moved either Herod or Salome. There is neither languor nor longing. Nor is Schmitt's melodic vein a rich one. He relies more on atmospheric effects. Heard in a concert hall the music for the Dance of the Lightnings and the Dance of Fear is futile. The text calls for wilder and more terrifying strains, not for mere boisterousness; nor are there any measures to suggest the voluptuousness of the dance that maddened Herod.

Nevertheless there is much that is original and interesting in this Suite, and Dr. Muck is to be thanked for acquainting us with music by a modern composer who has not been unduly influenced by predecessors and contemporaries but has a mind and a voice of his own.

It was a pleasure to hear the overtures again. When the "Anacreon" and Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" are played we are persuaded to believe that in this manner the ancient Greeks should have written for their theatre. There is the nobility of thought, the simplicity of expression, the withdrawal from the market place, the meditation within the temple. And Lalo's overture is a fine work, with its beautiful episode for the violincello.

Mr. Kreisler gave delight by his performance of two old-world concertos. Neither was unfamiliar to constant concert-goers, but Mr. Kreisler, by his performance, enhanced their native charm. It would be hard to say whether this admirable artist showed his interpretative genius more fully in the tender beauty of the slow movements, in the spirit, often tricksy, of the finales, or in the brilliance of cadenzas which were in keeping with the taste of the period. The orchestral accompaniment was as from a brother soloist, and the playing of the orchestra throughout was of the highest order.

The orchestra will be away next week. The program of the concerts on Dec. 12 and 13 will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Weingartner, "Merry" overture; Schumann, Piano concerto (Josef Hofmann, pianist); Strauss, Festival Prelude (first time in Boston).

We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us.

Aids to Long Life.

As the World Wags:

The Sunday Herald again refers to Prof. Metchnikoff, who is interesting to many of us young (?) men on account of his connection with the theory that the drinking of sour milk is helpful against the degeneration of tissue in old age.

There are many who would like to "live long and prosper," and would be glad to take this cure if they knew how easy it is to do so.

A most convenient method is to use the milk in a form of whey-cheese—much like cottage cheese and known by Germans as Schmierkaese, the only apparent difference between the one and the other being in that the German version is flavored with caraway seed. Any hausfrau can tell you all about it. Don't use rennet. The milk needs to be sour to produce the effect. There is most always some milk over. Keep a jar for the one purpose and add surplus milk from day to day.

Of course one cannot benefit in such cases by sporadic efforts. One needs to acquire the habit, which, however, is here easy to do. The writer has been using this method for 20 years and promises to do so for 20 more, which will then bring him close to the 100 mark. He uses it every morning for breakfast—two eggs full of schmierkaese, a half-pint of coffee, with just enough toasted bread to fill in. It is palatable and satisfying, and one will not become tired of it, however long one may live.

MAJ. W. HOFFMAN, U. S. A.
Dorchester.

A Questioning Soul.

As the World Wags:

What you say today about the occurrence of the names of birds as surnames reminds me of the following genealogical incident: A widow of the name of Sparrow, who had two children, married a widower of the name of Pigeon, who had three children. In the course of a few months Mr. Pigeon died, and his widow afterwards married a man of the name of Partridge, to whom she bore two children. The family, as is seen, then consisted two two Sparrows, three Pigeons, and four Partridges.

It is sometimes the case that brothers or sisters or a brother and sister have, as one of their forenames, the same name; for example, Henry Ward Beecher and William Henry Beecher were brothers, as were Ephraim Kirby Smith and Edward Kirby Smith, Lewis Gaylord Clark and Willis Gaylord Clark (twins), and Oliver William Bourn Peabody and William Bourn Oliver Peabody (twins), of all of whom sketches are to be found in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography."

How are such names to be accounted for as John Sylvester John Gardiner, Macarthur Eastman Eastman and Hamilton Hamilton, of whom there are sketches in the cyclopaedia just mentioned?

Squire, Prince, King and Lord sound odd as forenames, but they are met with sometimes: for examples there are sketchss of Squire Chase and Prince Saunders in ths above-mentioned cyclopaedia.

Is "von" to be regarded as a forenams or a part of the surname? In the above mentioned cyclopaedia the sketch of Alexander von Schrader is among the sketches of those whose names begin with the letter 'V,' but the sketches of Bertha von Hillern and Hermann Eduard von Holst are among the sketches of those whose names begin with the letter 'H.'

When the Philadelphia convention of 1787 which framed the Constitution of the United States completed its labors, the delegates to the convention appended their signatures to the instrument in witness thereof. The name of one of the Maryland delegates as thus subscribed to the instrument is "Dan. of St. Thomas Jenifer." Please explain that nams. Jenifer was a native of Maryland.

In a certain part of the West Roxbury district of Boston the streets have the names of birds as Wren, Oriole, Linnet, Martin, Lark, Robin, Partridge, Swallow, Sparrow, Plover, Curlew, Petrel, Eagle, Thrush, Grouse, Heron and Willet.

NOMENCLATOR.

November 25.

Random Answers.

There's 'Squire Bancroft Bancroft, the playactor, and there's John Stone Stone, the electrical engineer, formerly of Boston. Why such names are given can best be answered by the parents of those burdened, or honored, as you are pleased to look at it.

The name Alexander von Schrader should come under "S." "Von" merely indicates nobility. The opera conductor at Dresden was named Ernst Schuch when he first went there. In 1897 the Emperor of Austria ennobled him and he is now Ernst von Schuch. His wife, Klementine Proska, pleased the King of Saxony, and so von Schuch climbed the ladder from Hofkapellmeister to Kgl. Hofrat, to generalmusikdirektor, to Geheimer Hofrat. It's a beautiful system, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The "v" in "von" is lower case. On the other hand "Van der Stucken" is indexed under "V."

"Dan, of St. Thomas Jenifer" is a corker. It is more sonorous even than Charlemagne Tower, or Bellamy Storer.

In Albany, N. Y., there are streets named after birds as in West Roxbury. We remember Eagle, Hawk, Swan, Dove and Lark. Rude boys would direct strangers to Hawk street as just below "Cough and Spit." It was an old joke and a vulgar one.

"G." wrote on Nov. 10 to the Pall Mall Gazette: "Apropos of the talk about boys with girls' names, it may be recalled that some girls have received boys' names by mistake. That was the case of a child known to me, whose mother, when asked by the clergyman what name she desired to give her infant, answered or meant to answer, 'Lucy, sir.' Unfortunately she lisped, and was misunderstood, with the result that the clergyman was indignant. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Lucifer! Certainly not. No child shall be baptised by that name in my church. I shall baptise the child John,' and he promptly did so without awaiting further explanations."

Nov 30 1913

'TRISTAN UND ISOLDE' SUNG

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Tristan und Isolde" in the afternoon. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Tristan ..... Mr. Ferrari-Fontana
Isolde ..... Mme. Matzenauer
Koenig Marke ..... Mr. Ludikar
Kurwenal ..... Mr. Weil
Melot ..... Mr. Everett
Brangaene ..... Mme. Niessen-Stone
Ein Hirt ..... Mr. Jou-Jerville
Stimme des Seemanns ..... Mr. Deru
Ein Steuermann ..... Mr. Grand

Mme. Matzenauer took the part of Isolde for the first time, and her husband sang the music of Tristan for the first time in German. Last season he sang it in Italian, and then made an unforgettable impression. Yesterday afternoon it was not easy to recognize the tenor of last season or of last Monday night until, at the end of the second act, he began to sing in his native language.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Fontana made the experiment, for he gave an erroneous idea of his vocal ability and of the peculiar charm of his voice to those who had not heard him before. Last season his voice was full and robust in heroic declamation and of exquisite beauty in the great duet. He showed his mastery of color and nuances for dramatic purposes. Thus with his chivalric bearing and impassioned acting in the last act, he presented a knightly and romantic figure, with a voice and an art that took us back to the days when Jean de Reszke was in his prime.

And what would it have mattered after all if Mr. Fontana had sung in Italian throughout the opera? The music would have been only ths more beautiful. How many really care whether they understand the text or not? Is it not a greater pleasure to hear Italian clearly enunciatsd and beautifully pronounced than to see an admirable tenor sadly handicapped by a language foreign to him, one that he has not wholly mastered? And those who are at all acquainted with the laws that govern singing know that it is more difficult for an Italian to place his tones effectively in German, to master consonants and diphthongs than it is for a German to accommodate his tones to Italian vowels.

The performance yesterday gave another instance of the manner in which a singer's voice is affected by a language. When Mr. Ludikar sang ths music of Mephistopheles in French his voice was hard and dry, and this was without regard to any deliberate attempt at sardonic effects. Yesterday, as King Mark, he sang in German, and, lo, it was a meatier, richer voice.

Mme. Matzenauer two seasons ago gave a remarkably good performance of Brangaene. Like Miss Edyth Walker and Mme. Fremstad she had higher ambitions. Why appear as Brangaene, Amneris, Orpheus, when there are dramatic soprano roles? Mme. Matzenauer has been heard as Kundry and the Bruennhilde of "Die Walkuere," in other American cities. We doubt if she has taken the part of Aida in this country, but yesterday she appeared as Isolde. As Isolde or Brangaene, her tones are of unusual beauty, but their full splendor is naturally more apparent in the latter part. Yet she used her voice adroitly as Isolde and in the most passionate moments she did not shriek, shs was not explosive. She constantly sang and in her singing expressed the emotions of Isolde. Not that she departed widely in her acting from the routine heroine of German opera houses. Her name is not Milka Ternina. But her acting had dignity and sweetness. There was facial play that had meaning; there was sobriety in gestures.

All this is particularly true of the first act. It is true of the second act up to the love duet. Many of us remember how beautiful this duet was when sung by Mr. Fontana with Mme. Fremstad and even with little Mrs. Stevens of Chicago. Yesterday the effect was indifferent, and too often there was no effect. Mr. Fontana was thinking of his German, the voices did not always blend, intonation was sometimes impure, the tempi of the conductor were at times questionable, the orchestra was not wholly in sympathy with the singers and on any slight pretext it struggled to be boisterous.

Mme. Niessen-Stone's voice lacked body and did not easily cross the footlights. Brangaene's arms in the dialogue were always in motion. Mr. Weil's Kurwenal, an honest performance, is known to all. The Melot of yesterday was an improvement over the one of last season.

Mr. Ludikar's King Mark was one of the best that we have seen for the last 30 years, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Ludikar's conception of the part is the best that we have ever seen, in Germany or in this country, and we do not forget Edouard de Reszke with his booming voice. For once an audience sympathized with the monarch and forgave him for the music imposed upon him by Wagner.

An audience, large in the upper portion of the house, and not so large as it should have been in orchestra seats and boxes, was generous in applause.

NEW TENOR IN "LUCIA"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia." Mr. Lyford conducted.

Lord Enrico Ashton ..... Mr. Fornari
Lucia ..... Miss Scotney
Sir Edgardo Di Ravenswood ..... Mr. Tanlongo
Lord Arturo Bucklow ..... Mr. Giaccone
Raimondo Bidebent ..... Mr. Sampieri
Alisa ..... Miss Heyman
Normanno ..... Mr. Fusco

The Saturday evening operas at popular prices bid fair to equal their records of past years. There was a thoroughly enjoyable performance last night. Vincenzo Tanlongo, the new tenor, made his Boston debut and created a most favorable impression. He has sung before, chiefly at the National Theatre at Rome. He appeared a trifle uneasy in his new surroundings in the early part of the evening, but he soon overcame that feeling and sang with fine spirit. The audience showed its appreciation in the liberality of its applause. Miss Scotney, who is familiar in this part to the Saturday nighters of last year, won new friends.

The repertory of the Boston Opera House this week will be as follows:

Tomorrow night "Tristan und Isolde" will be repeated, with Mmes. Matzenauer and Niessen-Stone and Messrs. Ferrari-Fontana, Amato and Ludikar as the chief singers. Mr. Amato of the Metropolitan Opera House will make his first appearance here this season and take the part of Kurwenal. He took the part on Feb. 12, 1912, when the opera was first produced at this house with Mmes. Gadski and Homer and Messrs. Urlus and Lankow as the other chief singers, under Mr. Weingartner's direction.

[illegible] Wednesday night "The Jewels of [illegible] Madonna" will be repeated with [illegible] Edvina and d'Alvarez and Messrs. [illegible] and Ancona.

On Saturday afternoon the opera will be [illegible] with Mmes. Edvina, [illegible]-Morse and Leveroni, and Messrs. [illegible], Ancona and Everett. [illegible] was heard last season as [illegible], Manrico, Don Jose, Julian and [illegible].

On Saturday evening the opera will be "La Traviata," with Miss Evelyn [illegible] and Messrs. Taniongo and [illegible] as the principal singers. Miss [illegible] has returned from Europe, where she had been singing in opera with success, to make a short stay and she will sing on Saturday as a "guest." She was heard a fortnight ago in concert at Tremont Temple. During the first season of the Boston Opera House she was a member of the company and her first appearance was as Ellen in "Lakme." On Nov. 13, 1909, she took the part of Aida and on March 5, 1910, in consequence of the sudden illness of Mme. Boninsegna, she bravely took the part of Valentine in "Les Huguenots," for the first time and without rehearsal.

"Monna Vanna" will be produced on Friday night for the first time in this country. The chief singers will be Miss Garden and Messrs. Muratore and Marcoux.

Fevrier's "Monna Vanna"

"Monna Vanna," a lyric drama in four acts, book by Maurice Maeterlinck, music by Henry Fevrier, was produced for the first time at the Paris Opera on Jan. 13, 1909. The cast was as follows:

Monna Vanna	Miss L. Breval
Prinzivalle	Muratore
Guido	Marcoux
Marco	Delmas
Vedio	Nansen
Borso	Gonguet
Torello	Triadort
Trivulzio	Cerdan

Paul Vidal conducted.

The play "Monna Vanna" was produced at the Theatre de L'oeuvre, Paris, May 17, 1902. The chief parts were then taken as follows: Monna Vanna, Mme. Georgette Leblanc; Guido, Jean Fromont; Marco, Lugne-Poe; Prinzivalle, Darmont. The play itself is in three acts and nine scenes; the first and the third acts at Pisa; the second before the town.

The play was performed here in English at the Tremont Theatre April 2, 1906. Bertha Kalich (Vanna), Henry Kolker (Guido), Fred'k Perry (Marco) and Henry B. Stanford (Prinzivalle) were the chief actors.

There was a performance in French at the Boston Opera House on Jan. 25, [illegible]. Monna Vanna, Mme. Leblanc; Guido, Jean Durozat; Marco, Jean Duval; Prinzivalle, Rene Maupre.

It was stated in Parisian music papers in 1905 that Henry Fevrier was at work with Maeterlinck on an operatic version of this play. Fevrier, born in 1875, the son of an architect, studied at the Paris Conservatory under Massenet and Gabriel Faure. Messager, a friend of his family, was helpful to him, and no doubt especially interested in the production of "Monna Vanna," for the Opera in 1909 was under the management of Messager and Broussan, who have recently given up the directorship. "Monna Vanna" is dedicated in gratitude to Mme. Hope Temple Messager. On May 8, 1906, an opera in two acts, "Le Roi Aveugle," by Fevrier was produced at the Opera Comique. There were nine performances that season and the critics were gentle toward "a first offence." Even then there was talk of a performance in the near future of "Monna Vanna" at the Opera; but this production did not take place until early in 1909, as we have seen. There were 16 performances that season, and in 1910 there were only two. Dufranne took the part of Guido for the first time on May 28, 1909, and Miss Mary Garden appeared as Monna Vanna for the first time on Oct. 11, 1909. On Jan. 22, 1910, Gresse replaced Deemas, and in February Miss Hatto appeared as Monna Vanna. The opera has been performed in other cities of France and in towns of Germany.

The name of Fevrier is not wholly unknown in Boston. His sonata in A minor for violin and piano was performed in Chickering Hall on Jan. 17, 1911, by Edward Dethier and Miss Carolyn Beebe. His latest work, "Carmosine," was produced at Theatre Lyrique, Paris, this year.

This year (Feb. 24.) He wrote incidental music for a comedy, "Agnes, Dame Galante," performed at the Bouffes Parisiens in March, 1912. He is now at work on "Gismonda," an opera based on Sardou's play.

It may here be stated that another operatic "Monna Vanna," based on Maeterlinck's play by Aemile Abraniy, with music by Aemile Amraniy, Jr., a son of the librettist, was produced at Budapest. After the production, Maeterlinck accused the librettist of plagiarism and brought suit against him and the managers Raoul Mader and Emerich Meszaros, who had allowed the libretto to be printed. The court at Budapest gave a decision in May, 1910: "The portion of the drama for an opera libretto and the publication of the same, together with the opera [illegible] to be looked upon as being an infringement on Maeterlinck's authorship. But as the textbook, without the music, appeared separately in print without Maeterlinck's authorization having been obtained, the opera managers, Mader and Meszaros, are found guilty of instigating the separate reproduction of the libretto, and are fined 100 kronen each." The managers were compelled to pay the law costs.

Maeterlinck apparently had forgotten that when his play was brought out critics pointed to a striking resemblance between its subject and the subject of Adolph Aderer's "Isora," a romantic drama of Italy in the 15th century produced at the Odeon, Paris, April 29, 1895. In the latter drama there is war between Genoa and Milan and the conquerer Sporza spares the lives of the Milaness provided Olgiati sends his wife, the beautiful Venetian Isora, to Genoa to be a court lady. She had before this refused the honor. Hence the war. Isora accepts the sacrifice, but stabs Sporza and afterwards dies in her husband's arms. The condition that Maeterlinck's heroine should go to the foe's tent naked under a mantle was the invention of the Belgian—or possibly his wife's idea.

Mms. Leblanc wished to create the part of Monna Vanna in the opera, which librettist and composer intended for the Opera-Comique. Was it the composer or the managers who did not look kindly on the idea of Mme. Leblanc taking the part? This is certain: In April, 1908, Maeterlinck wrote letters to newspapers in Paris, Le Figaro and Gil Blas, expressing his surprise that "Monna Vanna" was to be brought out at the Opera. He said that his ideas of the mise-en-scene were not in accord with those of the stage director at that theatre; that this "intimate and psychological" drama would be lost in the immense opera house; that Fevrier was wrong in saying that he, Maeterlinck, had insisted on having his wife create the part. "It is true," he wrote, "that M. Fevrier when he asked permission to set music to 'Monna Vanna' hastened to pledge his word that the creation of the part would be reserved for the woman that inspired the drama. He has not found it his duty to keep this pledge, which we did not demand of him." And so there was talk of the courts and of Maeterlinck bringing suit with damages at 10,000 francs for each performance. Many of us remember how Maeterlinck sulked when Debussy and Carre preferred Miss Garden to Mme. Leblanc for the creation of Melisande, and how he insisted that Mme. Leblanc should create the part of Ariane in the opera of Paul Dukas. Truly, as Corot remarked, woman disturbs the landscape.

The libretto of "Monna Vanna" is so close to the drama known to every one that there is no need of a long description. The first act shows a hall in the palace of Guido Colonna. Marco, the father of Guido, tells of his visit to the tent of Prinzivalle, their foe; how this chieftan, who loves philosophy and not war, will raise the siege and relieve the starving if Guido's wife will go to his tent, at night, alone, nude under her cloak. There is a scene between Guido and Monna Vanna. She announces her intention of saving Pisa and Marco understands her better than her husband does in his suspicion and jealousy.

The second act is in Prinzivalle's tent. He wonders whether the woman he loved as a girl will come. Trivulzio attempts to assassinate him. Monna Vanna enters. There is a long scene in which Prinzivalle tells the story of his love for her. For her sake and out of respect for her he will save Pisa.

A prelude to the third act is entitled "The Anguish of Guido." The scene is again in Guido's palace. He cannot forgive Marco for advising Monna Vanna's visit to the enemy and he curses him. She returns with Prinzivalle. Guido insists on knowing whether Prinzivalle possessed her. She tells the truth; he respected her honor. Then Guido orders the guards to take him to a dungeon. Vanna in despair says she has lied, and Prinzivalle shouts that she now is lying to save him. She persists in accusation. She begs that she can have Prinzivalle in her power; she begs for the key to the dungeon. Marco sees through her plan and approves.

In the drama the guards lead Vanna to the dungeon, that she may wreak her vengeance. Guido applauds her, not knowing her intention. And, the play ends.

In the opera, after Vanna exclaims: "Le beau va commencer," there is an orchestral interlude. Then the curtain rises—Act IV.—on a dungeon scene. Prinzivalle frees himself from the chains with which Vanna had bound him as though they were garlands of flowers. She enters. The sun floods the prison with light. They will leave the palace, leave Pisa. For them henceforth is freedom of life.

Brieux's "Damaged Goods."

Brieux's "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avaries") was produced for the first time in this country at the Fulton Theatre, New York, March 14, 1913, under the auspices of the Medical Review of Reviews Sociological Fund. The New York Evening Post, reviewing the performance, said: "There need be no pretense of any objection to its [illegible] upon the stage on the score of any innate propriety or immorality. It is a serious work, wholesome in purpose and sound in fact. The questions which it provokes are those of profit and expediency."

"Les Avaries" was performed at the Gymnase, Liege, March 6, 1902, and on the following day at the Theatre du Parc, Brussels. The first performance in Paris was at the Theatre Antoine, Feb. 22, 1905. The piece had been read at the Theatre Antoine to a distinguished audience by Brieux on Nov. 11, 1901.

Eugene Brieux, who was received into the French Academy in May, 1910, began life as a journalist and was for some time chief sub-editor of the Rouen Nouvelliste. Antoine discovered him as a playwright. Brieux does not believe in the doctrine of "art for art's sake." Such a maxim, he has said, is only worthy of plate spinners and other jugglers. His own view of what the public wants is clear: "It likes to see the spectacle of a will which evolves and asserts itself. It demands (though without knowing what it demands) that the dramatic author should be a professor of energy." It has been written of him that "the variety of the messages which he delivers to his age almost tempts one to describe him as an ethical corps of commissioners. Brieux was born in Paris Jan. 19, 1858. His first play was "Bernard Palissy," written with Salandri and produced in 1879. His first piece played at the Comedie Francaise was "L'Evasion" (1896). It is not necessary here to speak of his more striking dramas.

In Boston "Damaged Goods" is produced under the auspices of the public health department of the Woman's Municipal League and the Suffolk District Medical Society. Individuals have also expressed their approval of the subject and of the treatment of this subject. The Herald publishes three letters received. The first is by Dr. Hugh Cabot:

Dr. Cabot on Brieux's Play

"I believe the production of Brieux's play 'Damaged Goods' at this time is both wise and timely. I have read the play and seen it produced. It is scientifically accurate, avoids the exaggerations which have too often been introduced into discussions of this subject and is free from any attempt to get dramatic effect by illegitimate means. In many ways it is a sermon rather than a play. It is intended to convey the facts in regard to the importance of syphilis as a drag upon our present civilization and it successfully fulfills its mission. Those who believe that widespread information in regard to the problems of communicable disease is necessary to the protection of public health are urged to see it. Those who go to the theatre for recreation and amusement will not find it here and will do well to stay away. It is a serious minded presentation of a serious subject, the consideration of which we could not avoid if we would.

"At the present time our methods of protecting ourselves against this disease are shamefully inefficient, largely due to widespread ignorance of the facts. Until we face these facts we shall not solve the problem: when we face them coolly, wisely, and with an abiding intention to use them we may expect results.

"Public education by means of the drama when done as accurately and skilfully as it has been by M. Brieux should command public support."

Dr. Rosenau and "Damaged Goods"

When asked for his opinion of "Damaged Goods" as an educational play, Dr. Milton J. Rosenau, head of the department of preventive medicine of Harvard University, said:

"The disease with which this play deals is the blackest plague spot of the human race. Despite its prevalence, despite its seriousness, despite the fact that it causes so much frightful misery both to the guilty and the guiltless, there is less known about this disease, by the general public, than any other.

"One of the ways to prevent the spread of this disease, just as we prevent the spread of any other disease or infection, is by diffusion of knowledge concerning the nature of the affliction and the manner in which it is transmitted. The facts which are vividly set forth in 'Damaged Goods' are made especially impressive through their presentation in dramatic form. Thus to set forth truths in accordance with the plan to check other infectious diseases, and they justify the play.

"As to the philosophy of Brieux, as voiced in 'Damaged Goods,' I see only material welfare. He tells his unfortunates that they must make the best of a bad situation. Those who are afflicted and those who come in contact with the disease are told to adjust their lives to the exigencies of circumstance. Perhaps much of the bluntness and convincing force of this dramatist's narrative would have been lost had he attempted to deal with the more complex ethical problems of the situations which he sets forth. Brieux's solution is based almost entirely upon the practical and the material, and, while one cannot take exception to the conclusions which he presents, neither the individual nor society should lose sight of the ethical and moral problems involved.

I do not consider 'Damaged Goods a 'sex' play in the commonly accepted classification of 'sex' plays. It is a medical play. It deals with a disease, a disease which has been allowed to spread far more rapidly and widely than would have been the case had it not been abetted in its ravages by secrecy and silence. By bringing it into the light of common day this drama of Brieux's can prove a very potent factor in prevention."

Rabbi Levi and "Damaged Goods"

Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel writes of Brieux's play:

"I am very glad to learn that Brieux's remarkable play, 'Damaged Goods' is to be brought to Boston. I have scant sympathy with the average drama of the day which, as Lanier said of Dickens, 'takes the slums and raggedest miseries of London, and plumps them boldly down in the parlors of high life,' especially when the unedifying spectacle is wholly an expression of mercenary motive. William Winter would dignify the enterprise by calling it 'tainted trash'. But, aside from its unusual dramatic form, 'Damaged Goods' is the message of a modern prophet designed to help society solve one of its most desperate problems, discussing, it is true a tabooed subject, but one with which for its own salvation society must become familiar. For here, too, knowledge and not ignorance is saving. The 'conspiracy of silence' has wrought enough harm. Under expert guidance we need to be led from the darkness to the light. I trust the drama or tragedy, call it what you will, will have a long and successful run."

Dr. Arnold and Brieux.

Dr. Horace D. Arnold, president of the Suffolk District Medical Society, writes a long letter beginning:

"The play 'Damaged Goods' is a study of syphilis in its bearing on marriage. The Suffolk District Medical Society gives its support to the production of this play because it believes that if the public were better informed about this disease and its dangers, more could be accomplished toward its prevention and eradication. The relation of this disease to immorality is sufficiently dealt with in the play.

"It seems wise, in addition, to emphasize the fact that a person may accidentally contract syphilis in a perfectly innocent way, through ignorance as to where the danger may lurk in everyday life. The fact in itself is a sufficient reason why the public should be instructed about such matters, and the medical profession welcomes the change of attitude which will permit a sane public discussion of syphilis as an infectious disease. * * * Our object is first to show that the whole public has an interest in this matter, and secondly to make it clear that syphilis is not necessarily the badge of immorality. The innocent victim of this disease certainly has enough to bear, without being hastily adjudged immoral merely because the disease exists."

Dr. Arnold writes about the dangers of infection through a break in skin that allows the entrance of certain microorganisms, an infection that has no necessary relation to the question of morality; infection by means of a glass, spoon or other utensil, public drinking cup, common towel, tobacco pipe. "How many persons who moisten the end of a lead pencil in the mouth realize that it may carry some infection?"

"Turandot" and "1000 Years Ago"

Mr. Percy MacKaye's new play, "A Thousand Years Ago," to be produced tomorrow night at the Shubert Theatre for the first time on any stage, was suggested by an old Persian romance, which gave the idea to Carlo Gozzi of Venice of his "Turandot." Turandot was a beautiful and clever Chinese princess, who permitted all men to woo her, with the understanding that only the one who could answer three riddles propounded by her would win her. The others were to be beheaded. Young Kalaf, a foreign prince, banished from his native land, saw her portrait and resolved to win her, nor was he deterred when, approaching the imperial city, he saw the heads of luckless suitors impaled on the gate. Kalaf solved the riddles, but she refused the reward. He agreed to give up his rights provided she could guess his real name. One night, though carefully guarded, he exclaimed in sleep: "Oh, unhappy Kalaf!" She arranged a vengeful pleasure. With her suite she appeared in mourning attire; but in her heart she loved Kalaf. She contented herself with her success and yielded to love.

The story was told by a Persian poet, Nizami or Nidhami, otherwise known as Abou Mohammed ben Youssout, who flourished in the 12th century at the court of the Seldioucides princes. The story of Turandot is the Persian's "Seven Figures of Beauty."

Gozzi's fairy play was produced at Venice in 1762, and in it the four masks and the Servetta, Smeraldina, of the Commedia dell 'Arte were employed. Schiller's adaption was first performed

t W mar in ... 18... became the bas s of Reinhardt's production in Berlin.

The play has tempted composers. There is incidental music by De touches, ...edel, Weber, Lachner Busoni, portions of whose suite were played here at a Symphony concert Feb 18, 1911, and at least nine operas with libretto based on the story have been composed.

It is stated that Mr. MacKaye's play has no connection with any of the stage pieces above named "aside from sharing with them in the use of the original Persian material."

Dec 1, 1913

MME. GADSKI AT SYMPHONY HALL

SYMPHONY HALL—Song recital by Mme. Johanna Gadski; Mr. Edwin Schneider, accompanist. Program:

PART I.

Waldesgesprach, Lotosblume, Fruhlingsnacht	Schumann
Nacht und Traume, Madchens Klage, Ungeduld	Schubert

PART II.

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen, Liebchen ist da, Im Herbst	Franz
...ainacht, Auf dem Kirchhof, Von ewiger Liebe	Brahms

PART III.

Verborgenheit	Hugo Wolf
Im Treibhaus	Wagner
Meinem Kinde, Zueignung	R. Strauss

PART IV.

Good Morning, Ein Schwan	Grieg
A Slumber Song	H. C. Gilmour
Your Eyes	E. Schneider
The Swan Bent Low, Midsummer Lullaby, A Maid Sings Light	MacDowell

OPERA SUNDAY CONCERT

Large Audience Present—Orchestral and Vocal Selections.

The first of the popular priced concerts to be given Sunday evening took place last night at the Boston Opera House. An unusually large audience was present. The full orchestra of 75 members played. The program included overture from "William Tell" by the orchestra, "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida" and "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca" by Miss Amsden, aria from "Mignon" by Mme. Swartz-Morse, "Calf and Gold" song from "Faust" and a scene from the "Jewels of the Madonna" by Mr. Marcoux, the Barcarole from the "Tales of Hoffmann" by Miss Amsden and Mme. Swartz-Morse, "La Donna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto" by Mr. Tanlongo, the new tenor, and a trio from "Faust" by Miss Amsden, Mr Marcoux and Mr. Tanlongo.

Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pints hold more;
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss;
Come to the Pub next door.

As the World Wags:

Chambers's Miscellany, Vol. VIII., published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington street, Boston (undated, but I imagine some time in the forties of the 19th century), gives an account of the travels of Lewis Burkhardt, a Swiss explorer, who visited the Meyreab, an Arab tribe on the banks of the Nile, in 1812. Burkhardt is quoted as saying: "The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called bouza." Is it possible that there is the original of our booze"? E. S.

Arlington, Nov. 27.

Sir Richard F. Burton, who spelled the Arabian word "buzah," finds the Russian "buza" the old Dutch "buyzen," the German "busen" and our "booze" derived from the Arabic, but lexicographers, as Dr. Murray, are of another opinion, and look upon "booze" as a variant, or perhaps a dialectal form of "bouse." "The origin (of bouse) is not quite clear" The Dutch "busen" or "buizen" "seems directly related to 'buise,' a large drinking vessel." The German "bausen" may be derived from "baus," blown-up condition, tumidity. "Bouse" also appears as "bowse."

The Arabian drink is made with barley bread, crumbled, mixed with water, strained and left to ferment. Its proper name is "mizr" or "mizar." The ancient Egyptians knew a similar beverage prepared from barley. According to Burton, this "buzah" is the "pombe" of Equatorial Africa, drunk in immense quantities by the natives. "In Unyamwezi the standing bedsteads, covered with bark slabs, are all made sloping so as to drain off the liquor."—[Ed.

Three Sheets Again.

This naturally leads to the thought of "Three Sheets in the Wind." We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

In your issue of Nov. 27, "Concord" asks if there is any better explanation than that he gives for the term, or saying, "Three Sheets in the Wind." In old times, when I went to sea, when a sailor was drunk, he was said to be three sheets in the wind. "Concord" is ...t off in regard to condition of sheets in tacking ship. Different rigs of ships call for different conditions. As ... of a ship, we will have it the same. The first ... comes ... the first officer, who at the time is in command of the deck. "All hands, ready for stays." Every man goes to his position. Then "Tacks and sheets!" At the same time the order is given to the man at the wheel, "Hard down." Next order is "Main topsail haul." Next is "Let go and haul." Then the ship is full on the other tack. Then comes the order, "Flat down with your sheets and haul your bowlines taut, and belay all." A ship is in irons when she has lost her steerage way. This may happen in several ways. It seldom occurs while in stays. If the first officer is a good sailor, he will give an order to the man at the wheel to give her a good pull a few minutes before he gives the order to "hard down." That gives the ship increased headway and there is seldom a miss stay, or getting in irons. There is a lot of explanation goes with this.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Human Leather.

As the World Wags:

Your little monograph on "long pig" reminds me that about seven years ago, a group of the curious, with the usual proportion of messenger and telegraph boys, used to gather round the window of a harness maker in the Boro', Southwark, to brood upon a piece of genuine "human leather" about a foot and a half square.

The exhibit was not so gruesome as it appeared at first sight. It was the idea of a plucky patient, who had suffered a hip amputation at Guy's Hospital, just round the corner, and had had the bizarre idea of giving personality to an item in his library by having it bound in part of himself. The leather was nicely tanned and colored, and had very much the appearance of the seal leather with which small notebooks and lady's purses are covered.

This suggests the query as to how much truth there is in Carlyle's frightful story of the "buckskin breeches," made for French soldiers during the Terror out of the mortal remains of "les aristocrates." The seer of Ecclefechan's own authority is not very good, and the story is indignantly denied in the new "intensive" histories of the Revolution that keep the Paris printing presses busy year in and year out. I think Carlyle remarks that the skins obtained from male enemies of progress were found satisfactory, but that the others partook of the frailty of a good many of the fair victims of "Saint Guillotine" during life. It is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, that the idea was nothing more than one of the dreams haunting the diseased brains of the madmen and sadists who helped to make the French Revolution. H. L. S.

Boston, Nov. 28.

Carlyle quoted Montgaillard about this tannery of human skins: "Such of the guillotined as seemed worth flaying." The skin of the men was superior in toughness and quality to chamois; that of the women was good for almost nothing, being so soft in texture. Carlyle, however, is not to be taken too seriously. Mr. Belloc has pointed out some of his blunders, as that of applying the epithet "sea-green" to Robespierre with tiresome repetition; whereas Robespierre's complexion was healthy and his expression winning. We spoke last summer of books bound in human skin for sale at Paris, and then quoted the French general who unfolded to Octave Mirbeau's neurasthenia his plan for turning Africans in the colonies to account by using their skin as a substitute for wall paper, and as material for portmanteaus, pocket books, ladies' bags, etc.—[Ed.]

"The Signal Man."

As the World Wags:

The story for which your correspondent inquires, "The Signal Man" by Charles Dickens, is to be found in chap. IV., Mugby Junction, under the title, "No. 1, Branch Line—The Signal Man."

FREDERIC S. MONROE.

New Bedford, Nov. 27.

We are indebted to Mr. Robert C. Brider of Marblehead for the information that "The Signal Man" is in volume 2 of "Great Short Stories," edited by William Patten and published by P. F. Collier & Son, New York. "R. W. D." of Gardner names another book where the story may be found.

Tavern Humor.

Now let us return to the Pub. We quote from the Daily Chronicle (London):

"You may find tavern humor in the neighborhood of Fleet-street, where the landlord puzzles the compositor's wits —trained to solution of hieroglyphics. This is displayed prominently in a well-frequented tavern. And you may note there is no prize offered for the correct interpretation:

THE LANDLORD'S INVITATION.
Here's to Pa! nds pen Da's?
O.C.I. alb ouri, Nhar!
M'les "Smirt" Ha! N.D.F.;
Uniet Fr I en'dsh! I.P.R.
Elg. N.B. eju' St. Andkin; Da!
N' Devils Pea kof-no; N.E.
Notice.
Any person instructing others how to read the above will be fined glasses round.

Dec 2 1913

SEES 'DAMAGED GOODS' STAGED

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avaries"), a play in three acts by Eugene Brieux.

George Dupont	Richard Bennett
Doctor	Louis Bennison
Henriette	Olive Templeton
Mme. Dupont	Maud Milton
Nurse	Florence Short
Student	George Ferguson
Loches	Joseph Weber
Woman	Elsa Berold
Man	George F. Moran
Girl	Adrienne Morrison

"Damaged Goods" may be considered as a dramatic piece for the theatre or as a zealous tract in the form of dialogue. As the play was performed in a theatre in the course of a season and for the general public, let us first look upon it as a play.

Its effect does not depend upon ingenuity of plot or brilliance of dialogue. There is no plot as the word is commonly understood; there is no development of intrigue; there is no denouement. The characters are every-day persons, or rather, every-day types, serving as feeders to the theories of a physician, who may or may not be taken as merely the mouthpiece of Eugene Brieux.

Warned Against Marriage.

Dupont, a young man, is suffering from syphilis. He has not been dissipated; he has lived a more restrained life than the majority of young Parisians of his wealth and position. He is betrothed to a charming girl with a substantial dot. His physician says that if he marries her within four years he will be a criminal. He warns him solemnly against the injury he may bring upon his children. The young man waits six months and marries.

He and his wife are happy until their baby is taken sick. Dupont's mother is acquainted with the nature of the child's disease. The physician insists that the wet nurse should be sent away so that she may not by remaining contaminate others. She, however, is told that she may herself fall sick and is offered a sum of money as a present if she will stay.

At first she is willing, but, learning from the physician the nature of the disease, she wishes to leave. There are violent words, and, angry, she blurts out the truth. The wife entering hears her hideous accusation, and is stunned by the brutal frankness of her speech.

In the last act the father-in-law consults the physician about a divorce. The physician argues with him. Did he make any inquiry about the bridegroom's health? Had he himself never run risks before marriage? He, then, was a lucky man; young Dupont, probably less immoral, had been unlucky. Then the physician calls in a woman from the waiting room. She tells her pathetic story.

A father comes in anxious about his boy who had just entered college. A girl tells how she came to "make her five hours" in the streets. The physician declaims against the ignorance of men and women concerning the disease; the false sense of shame that prevents them from going in time to a reputable physician; the hypocrisy that would prevent any enlightening public discussion. Through ignorance and hypocrisy the children suffer and the race is blighted.

Audience Closely Attentive.

It will be seen that this is not a play in the ordinary sense of the word. Nevertheless an audience that crowded the Tremont Theatre, an audience that the late Henry A. Clapp would have described as "representative," listened with the utmost attention, frequently applauded the lines of the dramatist, and was enthusiastic at the end of each act.

Mr. Bennett was called out again and again. He made a short speech in excellent taste and with the sincerity that marked the acting of every player on the stage. The attitude of this audience, remarkable for its composition, was unmistakably favorable.

Looking at "Damaged Goods" merely as a play, a theatregoer might truthfully say that it is rudely constructed, that the characters are only instruments for the physician to play upon as expounders of his theories; that there is little interest in any of the men or women as individuals; that the physician is always talking. He might say this and yet he would confess that no play performed here for several years has so riveted his attention and given him so much food for thought. And he would also confess that seldom has the time passed so quickly in a theatre. If anyone should say to him that the play was obnoxious or against public morals, he would simply ask permission to examine the gentleman's bumps.

He would also say, that having read the play in the original French or in the English translation, he was surprised to find how well it acted. This no doubt was due in some measure to the unusual excellence of the performance.

The honesty, the relentless sincerity of Brieux inspired his interpreters. Seldom do we see such uniformly good acting on the stage. Mr. Bennett, Miss Templeton, Miss Short, Miss Berold and Miss Morrison will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Bennison sustained well a long and trying role, and it is enough to say that the others were more than adequate.

Play's Purpose Explained.

Before the performance began Mr. Lorin F. Deland read with marked effect the few words in which the dramatist explained the purpose of the play and an extract from Bernard Shaw's preface to the translation of three of Brieux's dramas.

Does any one ask whether this play is a work of art? It is not a work of art as the literary man or the skilled dramatic carpenter understands the phrase. It is much more than a work of art. It is a play in which a subject that is of vital interest to the race is treated manfully, humanely and with irresistible force.

Then comes the question, one that is really not connected with the present discussion. Will the play be instrumental in dispelling ignorance and hypocrisy? This is a question that each spectator must answer for himself or herself.

The objection that this subject is not a fit one for the stage is one that does not require serious discussion. We can imagine no fitter place. It seems to us that even the greatest self-deceiver witnessing "Damaged Goods" would come to the conclusion that he too had been hypocritical in his attitude towards the problems presented; that even the most strait-laced woman, hearing the Girl's story as told by Miss Morrison in compelling fashion, would understand at last why young women are often forced into the street, to become social pests, by their wreaking vengeance on the men that sent them there.

The subject of the play has been treated more than once in poetry and fiction, from the poem of Jeronimo Frascator to that of Robbe de Beauvesser. Within a few years the "Venus" of Michel Corday and the "Bubu de Montparnasse," by Charles Louis Philippe, have been published, and a clumsily written, but sound and effective, romance has appeared in Germany.

Nowhere, however, has this subject been discussed in such convincing manner and with such deep humanity as in "Les Avaries," by Eugene Brieux.

The English are never weary of gibing the headlines in American newspapers and sneering at American newspaper English. The Daily Chronicle of London in a recent issue published this headline: "Three men gassed in a sewer." The writer had the decency to inclose the obnoxious word in quotation marks; but is not "gassed" as hideous as "burgled" or "defi"? That English newspapers have used this term for over 20 years does not mend matters.

"Sailed the Spanish Main."

As the World Wags:

Please point out to T. Roosevelt, Esq. ("Steaming Southward" in the Outlook, Nov. 29), that the "Spanish Main" is not water, but dry land.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Boston, Nov. 30.

Right-o! As we understand the phrase dear to all friends of pirates and greedy readers of their deeds, the Spanish Main is the northeast coast of South America between Orinoco river and Panama, and the adjoining part of the Caribbean sea. Or, to quote another lexicographer, "it is the northeast coast of South America from the Mosquito coast to the Leeward islands. A mistaken idea has prevailed among authors that this term referred to the Caribbean sea, in the sense of main ocean; but the Caribbean sea, though a part of the Atlantic, is not the main ocean, being almost a land-locked sea. The term has reference to the mainland, or continent." At the same time "main" is used elliptically for main sea, the high sea; and also used elliptically for mainland, hence no doubt the confusion. When Henley wrote of The Ago

Brave with adventure and doubloons and crime,
Rum and the Ebony trade * * *
And the trim Slaver, with her raking rig,
Her cloud of sails, her spars superb and trig,
Held, in a villainous ecstasy of gain,
Her musky course from Benin to the Main,

This main was the Spanish Main. But poet's sailors have "sailed" the Spanish Main.

Cane-Lore.

Let us add to our paragraph of walking stick lore. A correspondent, Mr. W. H. W. Bicknell, thinks that the cane carried by the madman of Seville should be put in the glass case with locked doors that holds the sticks of Balzac, Dr. Johnson and Disraeli. The story is pleasingly told in "Don Quixote"—the author's prologue to the reader

[illegible] second part, and Shelton thus [illegible]: "There was a Mad man in [illegible] which hit upon one of the [illegible] absurd tricks that ever [illegible] in this world lighted on, which [illegible] made him a Cane sharpe at one end and then catching a dogge in the street, or elsewhere, hee held fast one of the Dogges legges under his foot"—but read the story for yourself.

Were there ever canes in the New England of early days that were at the same time walking sticks and almanacs—that is, sticks with the courses of the moons of the whole year engraved upon them? Were there ever sticks fitted with snuff boxes, scent bottles, compasses, flasks, watches, telescopes? In London 10 or more years ago sticks with a knob that unscrewed and formed a pipe were in fashion. When Max O'Rell visited Edinburgh, his host asked him one Sunday if he would take an umbrella with him instead of a cane. "It [illegible] more respectable on the Sabbath."

"Pro Pelle Cutem."

Apropos of human skin for bookbinders and other makers of things out of leather, Mr. J. Foster Palmer wrote last month to Notes and Queries, asking about the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company, "Pro pelle cutem." "It evidently suggests in some way the substitution of a human skin for an animal's skin. It is really the converse of a phrase in Juvenal (x. 193) 'Pro cute pellem,' which forms part of a description of some of the disadvantages of a protracted old age, in which 'inter alia,' the natural human skin gradually comes to assume the appearance of the dead hide of an animal. I presume that in the converse phrase 'pro pelle cutem' the skin of the hunter is improved in appearance by the suitable food he has been able to obtain by selling the skins of the animals he has caught."

This explanation is unsatisfactory. Can any one give a better one?

The line of Juvenal, by the way, is the 192d, not the 193d, in the 10th satire. The whole passage was translated by some vigorous but unknown scholar in 1777: "See the face ill favor'd and frightful to look upon, unlike to what it was; instead of a skin a nasty hide; a flabby pair of cheeks, the wrinkles of an old grandam ape (bred in the shady woods of Tabracha) that mumps and scrubs her leathern face."

The line of Whitman, "old age superbly rising! Ineffable grace of dying days!" is more consoling.

"Man in the Street."

As the World Wags:

There is a phrase that was in more common use by essayists and journalists, first in England and then here, say some 10 years ago though heard but seldom nowadays, whose origin I have never heard traced. The phrase is "the man in the street," or as Macaulay writes it in one of his essays, "the man in the streets." Macaulay uses it in exactly its current signification, to denote the average specimen of the genus homo as he is met day by day. Can any one tell if Macaulay was the originator of the phrase, or does its use date back before his time?

WILLIAM S. MACE.

Boston, Nov. 23.

Alas, alack-a-day! The great Oxford Dictionary with regard to the letter "S" has not gone beyond "Sniggle-Sorrow," and under "Man" we are referred to "Street" for a definition and quotations. The phrase is probably older than Macaulay. The Oxford Dictionary makes this curious statement: the American equivalent is "the man in the cars." Do our readers know this phrase? We never heard it, never said it except in this dictionary. "Man about town" is, of course, old and familiar, but it has nothing to do with Mr. Mace's question. "The average man," a phrase in common use, is frowned on by highly respectable lexicographers, and yet John Stuart Mill did not hesitate to use it.

A Psychic Pianist.

It is only fair to warn concert goers. Mr. Francis Grierson, who is a "psychic pianist," has landed at New York. An American by birth, but English by choice, author of "The Invincible Alliance" and other books, as a pianist, "he makes improvisations, some of which have been described by critics as almost impossible." This recalls Dr. Johnson's remark on hearing the celebrated performer. Mr. Grierson lost his gift ten years ago, but he now has it again and is bound to exercise it. Fortunately in Boston the municipal censors are vigilant.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: William A. Brady presents "Believe Me, Xantippe," a comedy in four acts by Frederick Ballard. Cast:

George MacFarland, alias MacGinnis, ...John Barrymore
Art[illegible] ....Alonzo Price
Thornton Brown ....Henry Hull
"Buck" Kamman ....M. Tello Webb
[illegible] Calloway ....Herbert Russell
"[illegible]" Higley ....Ted La Duc
William ....Harry Bender
Dolly Kamman ....Mary Young
Martha, Dolly's aunt ....[illegible]pha Byers
[illegible] ....[illegible] Harris

Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago" Given for First Time on Any Stage.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"A Thousand Years Ago," a romance of the Orient, in four acts, by Percy MacKaye. First performance on any stage.

Turandot	Rita Jolivet
Altoum	Frederick Warde
Zelima	Fania Marinoff
Calaf	Jerome Patrick
Barak	Frank McCormack
Chang	Edmund Roth
Scaramouche	Sheldon Lewis
Punchinello	Bennett Kilpack
Pantaloon	Allen Thomas
Harlequin	Joseph Smith
Capocomico	H. Cooper Cliffe

Mr. MacKaye's play was suggested by the Persian romance in "The Thousand and One Days," wherein the adventures of Calaf, Prince of Astrakhan, and the beautiful Princess of China are recited. From the old Italian comedies Mr. MacKaye has borrowed Scaramouche, Punchinello, Pantaloon and Harlequin who, with their leader, Capocomico, a strolling player, seek their fortune in China.

Romance awaits them. The Emperor, pleased with their antics, unburdens himself to Capocomico. His daughter refuses to wed. To each ardent suitor she propounds three riddles. If they are not guessed the wooer loses his head. So far no man has won and heads are daily added to the collection which decorates the city gate.

Capocomico with sovereign audacity proposes to exchange places with the ruler for one day in which he will put an end to the princess' bloody ways or lose his life. The emperor accepts the offer.

The players' designs are easily accomplished. Turandot swoons at the sight of a beggar, who is none other than Calaf, prince of Astrakhan, whom she has seen and loves. The wily Capocomico has his suspicions. Calaf presents himself as a suitor. He reads the riddles and subsequently the wilful princess surrenders to love, while Capocomico, happy to have served the cause of romance claims as his only reward the withered rose thrown to Calaf by Turandot at their first meeting.

Mr. MacKaye's piece is a charming fantasy. There is a happy blending of the romantic, the comic and the picturesque. The story is told gracefully, the dialogue is in turn witty and poetic. The stage is not cluttered with superfluous personages. Every character is sharply drawn and makes its own appeal. There is the Emperor, a goodnatured old fellow, grieved at his daughter's eccentric behavior and rejoicing in his little holiday from cares of state. There is Capocomico, superbly arrogant, and there are the members of his troupe, engaged in fantastic gambolings. There is, too, Turandot, a vixenish young woman with an oriental disregard for human life, and there is the hot-hearted Calaf.

The play naturally gives unusual opportunity for effective stage settings and gorgeous costumes and the producers have improved the opportunity. There is cubist and Rheinhardtian scenery, riotous in coloring and quixotic in design. The scene of the first act is singularly effective. It represents the city gate at Pekin. A green-eyed, redtongued god leers from the tower, while the heads of Turandot's suitors shine with cadaverous pallor in the darkness. The scene in Calaf's bedchamber might be shortened. That of Turandot's dream is wildly fanciful. Throughout the play there was artistic lighting.

Mr. Cliffe played Capocomico lightly, with consummate art and becoming nonchalance. Miss Jolivet has made rapid strides since her appearance here in "Kismet." Last evening she acted with sincerity. She was fortunate in suggesting and maintaining the oriental illusion, noticeably in the use of her hands. Mr. Patrick as Calaf was sufficiently impetuous. Mr. Warde was amiable as the Emperor. Mr. McCormack and Miss Marinoff bore themselves well as devoted servitors, while Capocomico's followers were amusing and individually excellent.

Nor should Mr. Furst's incidental music be forgotten, which now tickled the ears with pleasing melodies, now enchanted the oriental atmosphere with barbaric din.

A large audience was justly enthusiastic. Mr. MacKaye made a modest speech at the end of the third act.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John A. Fraser's dramatization of J. M. Barrie's novel, "The Little Minister," in four acts and nine scenes.

Rev. Gavin Dishart, the Little Minister, ...Donald Meek
Capt. Halliwell ....William P. Carleton
Tammas Whamond ....Frederic Ormonde
Peter Tosh ....Robert Capron
Hendry Mumm ....Carney Christie
Wearyworld ....Al Roberts
Lord Rintoul ....George Ernst
Sheriff Riach ....Alfred Lunt
Rob Dow ....J. Morrill Morrison
Snecky Webster ....George Ernst
Mr. Ogilvy ....Russell Clarke
Sergeant O'Kelly ....John Hiller
Micah Lindsey ....Russell Clarke
Lady Babbie ....Doris Olseon
Jean Baxter ....Florence Shirley
Nannie Webster ....Mabel Colcord

MISS BEATRICE HERFORD AT STEINERT HALL

Large Audience Enjoys Original Monologues.

Miss Beatrice Herford gave pleasure to a large audience yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall by recitations of her original monologues. Those selected were "An English Party," "The Cook," "A Young Reciter" and "The Discontented Voter."

Miss Herford possesses a keen and unerring insight into feminine human nature. She is familiar with all types. The shop girl, the cook, the club woman, the boarding-house gossip, the fond mother, the tactless English hostess of the provinces and many others are brought to life in her monologues, while her skill in composing them rivals her art in their presentation.

Always witty, yet never malicious, Miss Herford excels in the humorous exposition of feminine characteristics and peculiarities. She is adroit in suggesting the presence of others on the stage.

Yesterday the trials and tribulations of an English hostess, the remarks of a good natured Irish cook, the views of the discontented voter and the triumph of a proud mother guiding her infant son through a recitation before admiring friends were amusingly presented, while in response to prolonged applause Miss Herford added "Piazza Ladies" and "Shop Girls" to the program.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Tristan and Isolde." Second performance in Boston this season. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Tristan	Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana
Isolde	Margarete Matzenauer
Koenig Marke	Paolo Ludikar
Kurwenal	Pasquale Amato
Melot	George Everett
Brangaene	Matja Niessen-Stone
Ein Hirt	J. Jou-Jerville
Stimme des Seemanns	Louis Deru
Ein Steuermann	Alban Grand

The cast was the same as on Saturday afternoon, except that Mr. Amato replaced Mr. Weil in the part of Kurwenal. It was a very distinguished performance. A more golden voice than Mr. Ferrari-Fontana's has not in our time been heard in this opera. He is not merely a good singer; he is a great singer. And he sings as if he had measureless power behind his voice; he never pushes through a note. Add to that the dignity and reserve of his acting. He does not find it necessary to wrestle in the love scenes.

Mme. Matzenauer is an accomplished singer, sure of herself, and in fine control of difficult passages, notably those which she began softly, letting her note, so to speak, grow out of the orchestra. It was only in the richest phrases of the duets that one felt a certain not quite satisfactory sharpness and brilliance of tone against Mr. Ferrari-Fontana's mellow and glowing tenor. The passage which she sang with her head behind Tristan's was effective and lovely.

Mr. Amato's Kurwenal was manly and sympathetic. The fine quality of his voice was tested and proved in the third act when he had to sing with the incomparable tenor. Mr. Ludikar kept King Mark from being ludicrous, and though that may sound like negative praise, it was indeed a tribute to a very difficult achievement.

When the singers were on the stage they seemed to remind Mr. Caplet that much of his opera is intense. When they were not on the stage, his conducting lacked virility; he did not get under the surface of the introductory passages that are intended to be at once emotional summaries of what is to follow and preparations for the very high dramatic and musical moods.

ANNIVERSARY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Exceptional Attractions Provided for Celebration of Event.

It was just 30 years ago, this week that B. F. Keith of this city started in a very modest way a little variety show that met with instant favor and paved the way for the vaudeville of the present day, at the head of which B. F. Keith himself is supreme. In commemoration of the anniversary a bill of exceptional length and of unusual excellence is being presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Nearly all of the numbers are brand new to Boston audiences although there are just enough of familiar faces upon the program to remind one that, after all, it is a B. F. Keith house.

In spite of all the acts never before seen in Boston the one that made the biggest hit [illegible] night and [illegible] the largest amount of applause was that of Lydia Barry, comedienne of quality. Miss Barry has been at B. F. Keith's many times in the past, yet that did not detract one moment from any of her songs, of which "Barry," as ever, was the most popular. "Twenty Years Ago," "Hennessce" and "The Same Old Hat," were just a few of the other of Miss Barry's offerings that everybody applauded.

A most mystifying act is that of Servais Leroy, Mlle. Talma and Herr Bosco, a troupe of European magicians who perform before the very eyes of the audience and in rapid succession several of the most difficult of the long repertoire of illusions. Florence Roberts & Co. appeared in the one-act play, "The Woman Intervenes," by J. Hartley Manners, author of "Peg O' My Heart." Miss Roberts is, of course, the woman, with Charles Wyngate playing the lead man role, that of Paul Winthrope.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin made a most favorable first Boston appearance in pickings from song and dance land, while Laura Buckley, protean monologist, was excellent in her "Character Sketches from Life." The rest of the bill includes Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Darrow, in their ever popular smoke and sand pictures; Kennedy & Kramer, in black and white; Prevost & Brown, in "The Corkscrew Kid"; The Monetta Five, in a mirthful musical melange; Charles B. Middleton and Leora Spellmeyer, in "An Ocean Wooing"; Joe Cook and his "One Man in Vaudeville," and the Hassan Ben Ali's 10 Toosoonin Arabs, who do some very startling acrobatic work.

Dec 3. 1913

KNEISEL FOUR GIVE CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet gave the second concert of its 29th season last evening in Steinert Hall. Michael von Zadora was the assisting pianist. He played here for the first time. The program included Mozart's Quartet in F major (B. & H. No. 9); Schubert's posthumous quartet in D minor; Cesar Franck's Piano quintet.

The program might have been better arranged. After an hour of chamber music, the introduction of such an important work as Franck's quintet is a mistake. The quintet should have come first or second; preferably second, with Mozart's quartet as an amiable contrast by its suavity and lightness. Nevertheless, it was a pleasure to hear Franck's noble music again, and it should not be forgotten that the Kneisels were largely instrumental in acquainting concert goers with the chamber music of this great composer, although they were not the first to play the quintet in Boston. They gave an unforgettable performance of it some years ago with Mr. Bauer. Mr. von Zadora is evidently a musician of intelligence and a facile pianist with an agreeable touch, although last night he was inclined at times to declaim a melodic line that should have been sung.

Mozart's quartet is not too familiar here, and it is in lightsome vein. Schubert's quartet is always welcome. The Kneisels played it with great spirit and with the intimate understanding that distinguishes their performance, but they have played this music here with a finer sense of euphony. Last evening in fortissimo passages there was too frequent rasping and strength more than once crossed the boundary line and became coarseness.

An audience of good size applauded enthusiastically. The third concert will be on Jan. 6.

RECITAL BY HOFMANN

Pianist Gives Program Made up Entirely of Chopin Pieces.

Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program consisted entirely of pieces by Chopin and included Polonaise Fantasia; Impromptu, A-flat major; Nocturne, F minor; Sonata B-flat minor, op. 35; 25 Preludes; Etudes, A-flat major; C major, C minor; Ballade, A-flat major.

Mr. Hofmann's playing yesterday was conspicuous for beauty of tone, immaculate phrasing, polished mechanism. He excels in delicacy of touch, unerring sense of proportion, artistic poise. His interpretations are authoritative, poetic, contemplativee, inclined to the conventional yet not without originality.

His performance of Chopin's sonata was interesting and impressive. The movement was taken at so fast a pace that it occasionally lost in effectiveness, but the second was admirably played and the melody enchantingly sung. The last movement was impressionistic in coloring.

Mr. Hofmann's playing of the Preludes was wholly delightful. In them his exquisite use of nuances as well as his mechanical perfection was in evidence, while he reflected the changing moods of the composer, suave, lyric, vehement in turn with artistic sincerity and unforced expression.

A small audience was deeply appreciative.

... and then the ... harpist is some... encouraged ... Friday evening Mr. ... Kerr lectured on science to 600 convicts in Portland prison, and was received with enthusiasm. But during his absence from home at M... on that same evening other ... still at large raided him and carried ... even his stock of postage stamps.

Not Sufficiently Near.

A candidate at an English civil service examination was asked: "How far is it from the earth to the sun?" He replied: "I cannot say the exact distance of the sun from the earth, but it is not sufficiently near to interfere with my properly discharging the duties of my office." For coolness and sound sense this recalls the remark of another candidate who wrote in an essay on the changes of the 19th century: "The public exacts every year a higher standard of education from those who seek employment in its service; in proof of which I may refer to the extraordinary difficulty of the questions set at the present examination."

The King of "Neckties."

We quote from a recent issue of the London Mail: "The 'King of Necktie Manufacturers' has just reached Paris on his annual tour of the capitals of the world, and his taste is regarded by the most exclusive set of male society as the last word in necktie design. This super-tie merchant, whose cheapest tie costs £2 and who will not accept an order for fewer than 25 ties, is reputed to make a profit of £20,000 a year."

Let us overlook the fact that this writer speaks of "ties" and "neckties" as though the word "cravat" had disappeared with the Merovingian kings, Margaret of Burgundy and the Croatian mercenaries of the 17th century, who gave their name to the article of dress worn around the neck. A string tie is not worthy of the more heroic name.

But is it possible that this mysterious stranger whose cheapest invention is sold at $10 has superseded Charles Gustave Antoine Le Bargy, the Magnificent? Is the celebrated actor no longer the "arbiter elegantiarum" in Paris? When he played in the "Marquis de Priola" he appeared on the stage encircled as to his neck with a wonderful cravat; it became the rage, the "Priola" cravat was in the windows of all haberdashers serving the swells. "Men and youth and old age," wrote a contemporary, "disputed for its possession. No man felt fully dressed without the Priola cravat." M. Le Bargy still lives and acts. Has he, like E. Berry Wall, Esq., of New York, laid down the sceptre? And who is this nameless king of neckties? Does he condescend to visit Boston? Or does he look on us as hopeless and pass us by?

Intermezzo.

A miner from New Hampshire said to Artemus Ward in Salt Lake city: "A good thing happened down here the other day. A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage brush. You go catch 'em—that's wot you do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh, no!' Says the driver, 'Oh, yes!' and he took his long coach whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

Query: How was this gentleman from Boston dressed? How did his clothes betray him? There was a time when the Bostonian was known by his shawl when he ventured into another state.

M. Le Bargy Creating.

To go back to Le Bargy, the Magnificent. Years ago there was a picture in Punch that was lifted by Harper's Magazine. It represented two heavy swells. One asked the other how he achieved "such a miwaculous cravat." The other answered: "I give my whole mind to it." And we all remember the story of Brummel's valet carrying away a mass of crumpled cravats and the Beau pointing to them and saying: "Those are our failures."

M. Le Bargy, on the other hand, was artfully indifferent. He seemed almost careless in the matter of tying. He would choose a piece of muslin and, without looking in the glass, attach it to the base of the collar with a few rapid movements. As his rapt panegyrist wrote: "The Le Bargy tie ties itself. There is a picturesque air of confusion about it. It seems to have grown there by accident, without any particular thought. It is 'negligé,' it is almost nonchalant. It has the smallest strain of impertinence. Such is the Le Bargy tie in the full flower of its beauty—a hothouse plant surely, but growing with the wild freedom of the dog rose."

"Cravatiana."

A little book of 84 pages was published at Paris in 1823. The title, translated, is as follows: "Cravatiana, or a General Treatise on Cravats considered as to their origin, political, personal and moral influence, their Form, Color and Species." This book was translated freely from the eighth edition in English. Can any one name the author? There are pictures of 14 cravats and an illustration of the manner in which a cravat should be tied. And among these cravats is one called The American. The accompanying letter press is as follows: "The cravate a l'Americaine, is extremely handsome, and easily arranged, provided it is stiffly starched. It is composed solely of two lateral folds, which do not come so close to the ears as the Mathematical Cravat. * * * The American, when it is arranged with the characteristic precision, presents the appearance of a column designed to support an elegant capital. It has many advocates among our friends across the sea, the Dandies of the United States, who honor it with the fine title of "Cravat of Independence." We remark in passing that this title might be contested, for the neck thus cravated is placed in a sort of vise, and any lateral motion or deflection is thus prohibited. The colors of the American are sea-green and amaranth. I make this observation, although I designate the colors determined by fashion as the most suitable for each species of cravat, I do not pretend to exclude the simplicity of white which can be adopted in any case."

The translator's preface is appropriately serious. He insists that the cravat is the man himself and the human heart has no recesses for the observer who has studied the material and structure of this adornment.

Dec 4 1913

EDWARD LANKOW

By PHILIP HALE.

Edward Lankow, bass, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, assisted by Robert Pollak, violinist, and Miss Jessie Davis, pianist. Mr. Lankow sang these songs: Saint-Saens, Les Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean; Schubert, Meeres Stille; Franz, Is hat die Rose sich beklagt; Brahms, Reinsches Volkslied; Moussorgsky, Wehmuetig rauschten die Blaetter; Strauss, Morgen; German, Rolling Down to Rio. He added several songs in response to applause, among them: "Drink to me only," a Scottish song and "Baby Mine." Mr. Pollak played these pieces: Debussy, En Bateau; Mozart, Menuet; Moor, Prelude; and with Miss Davis, Grieg's Sonata in G.

Mr. Lankow's voice is an uncommon one, as the operagoers of two seasons know. It is first of all a true bass, full, sonorous, and of a singularly beautiful quality. Not contented with his natural gifts and enviable reputation, Mr. Lankow studied last summer, and with beneficial result in this respect, he now has a firmer control of the extreme upper tones, firmer in intonation and more responsive to rhetorical demands. Yesterday he reaped fully the reward of labor, for his voice was in excellent condition, and his use of it was admirable.

Saint-Saens's music to Hugo's ballad is not often sung here. Among the works of the composer's early period it demands dramatic treatment. Mr. Lankow caught the spirit of the whole and made much of the various episodes. His vocal art, however, was more fully displayed in the songs of Schubert, Franz and Strauss, also in the beautiful song of Moussorgsky. In "Meeres Stille" his long sustained legato was a lesson to some of his colleagues, and in Moussorgsky's song he gave the appropriate "atmosphere." In the more spirited music he was equally successful, although it may be said that in rapid delivery of English words, his enunciation was sometimes indistinct.

Mr. Pollak, we are informed, is an Hungarian, who is now connected with the Geneva Conservatory. As a virtuoso he has travelled through Europe. His tone is pure, individual and sympathetic. In matters of technic he is highly proficient. He phrases as a musician, and with warmth, poetic feeling, brilliance according to the demands of the music. In a word, he is a violinist of indisputable parts, and it would be a pleasure to hear him in works of long breath. After the sonata, in which Miss Davis gave valuable assistance, he responded to the applause. The Prelude, by Emanuel Moore, heard here for the first time, is characteristic of the composer. It treats in an original manner original thoughts. A small audience was enthusiastic.

We have received the letter paper of a musician in Connellsville, Pa., and we approve his frankness. He announces himself as "The original and only living Charles E. McBride, leader-director, the Oldest, Most Experienced and Best Theatrical Violinist in This Vicinity." He also says: "Second to none in the Public's Eye. Now Sober and Reliable." Whatever he may have been in the past, he is now plumb sober, always able to tell his E string from his bow, and this helps in fiddling a concerto or a jig. Nor is Mr. McBride careless and improvident ... too many of his kind. In the upper left hand corner is this legend: "Terms C. O. D."

"Pro Pelle Cutem."

As the World Wags:

The motto of the Hudson Bay Company, "Pro Pelle Cutem," appears to have been suggested by the verse, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life" (Job II., 4). The maker of the motto, wishing to express the idea that a man will give his skin, risk his life, for the skins of animals, changed the "Pellem pro pelle" of the Vulgate to "Pro pelle cutem," thereby obtaining a strikingly appropriate descriptive expression.

JOHN W. RICE.

Rockland, Dec. 2.

The Man in the Street.

As the World Wags:

I believe Emerson used the expression "Man in the street" and I think the date was about 1855. A word about the equivalent "American" expression "Man in the cars" found in the Oxford Dictionary. Dr. Murray got the phrase from Bryce, which shows that the term must be used somewhere in this country, though I never heard it.

Boston, Dec. 2. HENRY WEISS.

Junior.

As the World Wags:

Clement Comer Clay was a United States senator from Alabama from 1837 to 1841, and his son, Clement Claiborne Clay, was a United States senator from the same state from 1853 to 1861. Can the latter properly be called Clement C. Clay, Jr.? He is so called on pages 192, 198, 204 and 211 of the latest edition (1911) of "A Biographical Congressional Directory." QUERIST.

Boston, Dec. 3.

"Junior" denotes the younger of two bearing the same name in a family, especially a son of the same name as his father. The use of "Junior" in this instance might be called a case of political license.

Fashion Note.

The women of Boston have been reproached by unchivalric visitors for not dressing with greater care for the theatre. The Daily Telegraph of London published a paragraph headed "New Theatre Fashions." We reprint it for what it is worth, fearing that it will be of little assistance to those eager for display:

"The other night, at the Chatelet, M. Alexandre Duval, the son of the great restaurateur and Prince of Parisian dandies, was seen clad in a red Inverness cape, with a tender mauve lining, talking to an exquisite lady, whose hair was powdered with gold. At another theatre a well-known lady teacher of singing appeared with hair of the most vivid electric green."

Riddle Me a Riddle.

As the World Wags:

The cryptic lines in the English public house quoted by you last Monday bring to mind the dear old Immortal's discovery of Bill Stump's stone carvings.

I am also reminded—I cannot justly recall through what mental meanderings—of an old German puzzle where you are required to read some lines and make them rhyme. Say somewhat after the manner of the following:

Are you fearful of the dark,
Ann Eliza?
To saving gas there's no objection,
Alexander!

The German is:

Willst du trenlos von mir weichen
Boeser Josef?
—Frage-Zeichen.
Nimmer mehr verlasse ich dich
Liebes Kind.
—Gedankenstrich.

Boston, Dec. 2. E. L.

Court Life.

The tango is not the first dance that has been prohibited at the court in Berlin. In 1859 the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess, was tripped up by her partner during a waltz and she fell on the floor. The Empress Augusta, a fine old crusted conservative, at once forbade waltzing at court balls. We are told that the Emperor now reigning cannot be persuaded to remove the ban. What do they dance at the court balls? They must be solemn occasions. And what happened to the officer, or diplomat, who sent the Crown Princess sprawling? He probably answered to Artemus Ward's description of Heber C. Kimball at the Mormon balls: "I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors." And only quadrilles in those days were allowed the Saints.

Able Seamen.

As the World Wags:

As I understand it, what we are trying to discover is, why a drunken man is said to be "three sheets in the wind," and I would like to have Dr. Crockett's opinion on that. As to what it means every one is agreed.

When Dr. Crockett went to sea, I hope the first officer was called the "mate," which is a much better term.

As to the evolution of tacking ship: after the yards have been swung a ship will sometimes lie dead in the water, or "in irons," and must then by boxed off on the old tack, or you must wear off on the new.

To continue the discussion of the seamanship involved: when the helm is hard down, and the fore and jib sheets are eased off, the ship is coming up rapidly to the wind, and as soon as the sails shake, just before the order "rise tacks and sheets," it seems to me the three sheets are in the wind. A sailor of Dr. Crockett's time would not use the expression, except as a slang phrase, any more than he would use Falconer's definition to describe a sheet, but the expression is much older than that, and probably goes back to the days of Aeneas. CONCORD.

Boston, Dec. 2.

Dec 5 1913

SUITE BY MOOR

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave the first concert of its seventh season last night in Jordan Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Schubert, quartet in D minor (op. posth.); Moor, suite for violin and 'cello (Messrs. Pochon and d'Archambeau); Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 64, No. 5.

The suite by Emanuel Moor was played here for the first time, but his name and a few of his compositions were already known. Mr. Bauer introduced the piano concerto, op. 57, at a Symphony concert in 1908; the Flonzaley played a few seasons ago an impressive excerpt from a quartet and some of his piano pieces have been heard at recitals.

Moor, born an Hungarian, the son of a rabbi, came to this country in 1885, and was pianist of a concert company with Lilli Lehmann at the head of it. This company gave concerts in Music Hall in 1886. Moor prudently married the daughter of a rich New York bottler, Miss Burke, and has since lived at his ease, pleased with himself and his music, of which he has written quantities; at least three operas and seven symphonies, many compositions for violin, 'cello, and other chamber instruments, and as Mr. Bauer told us, about 500 songs. He has made his home near Lausanne for some years. Nor is he the sole admirer of his music. Ysaye, Thibaut, Marteau, Casals and Bauer believe in it, and are zealous in his cause.

Certainly the Suite played last night has beauty and nobility. Moor made a dangerous experiment in putting modern thoughts in archaic form, where he ran the risk of being forced into wearying repetition, pedantic imitation, or a monotony of tone and color. Yet this Suite is one of the freshest, most original and pleasing works that we have heard for a long time in chamber concerts.

While it is skilfully made, there is no disturbing trace of labor. There is no straining after originality. There is no evidence of the composer being influenced by Brahms, Reger, the Russians or the modern French. The themes have a decided character. The three movements—allegro, adagio and presto—are well contrasted, yet there is a continuity of thought and expression. There is a suite, and three episodes are not put together at hazard and so dubbed. The second movement is nobly conceived, and there is a fascinating if a somewhat bitter, piquancy in the last movement; yet the fascination is not merely a tickling of the ear, as is too often the case with the modern chamber scherzo. The suite was admirably played.

Schubert's great quartet had been already performed here by the Flonzaleys and last night they repeated their triumph. It would be almost impertinent to dilate on the characteristics of the Flonzaleys performance, which is now a matter of international history. Applauded as they are each season in European capitals, lauded almost beyond measure for their precision, unanimity, exquisite balance, poetic spirit and wondrous euphony, let them not forget that they have no warmer admirers than in Boston, where they won favor, slowly at first, by their superb art, until now their arrival is eagerly anticipated.

The next concert will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 29.

Teach a boy how to prevent another boy from mashing the head off him, teach him to be good to his mother when she is old, teach him to give two-pence to a beggar without imagining that he is investing his savings in Paradise at 50 per cent. and a bonus; and then, having eliminated civilization, education, clothes, tin whistles, and soap, this earth will not be such a bad old ball-alley for a man to smoke a pipe in.

Cape Canes.

As the World Wags:

The Cape Cod cane should come into the varied collection gathered from the

[illegible] the past by The Herald.

While the Old Colony staff of which [illegible] was a rod filled with sentiment rather than rum and daggers, [illegible] the old collector of curios, had one that was loaded to kill with a [illegible] and another that was equipped [illegible] that would create [illegible] even that of Daniel [illegible].

[illegible] to the "Letter Book of a [illegible]" just published, Amos Otis, the Cape Cod antiquarian, presented Dr. James Savage in 1851 with a walking stick which was loaded with sentiment. It was cut from the tree that sheltered the [illegible] of Gov. Prince in Eastham [illegible] Otis's own hands and sent to his co-laborer in the "never-ending, [illegible] duty as general gen[ealogist and] maker for New England."

Mr. Savage, in acknowledging the receipt of the gift, said: "I postponed acknowledgement until I might visit Boston to see the pieces of the fine stick you designed for me, which came, from [illegible] of the anniversary of independence to untimely end. And the staff of my declining years ought to be the [illegible] work which Gov. Prince cultivated. With Judge David in my last visit to Eastham, 1841, I stopped under that tree to have a chat with the minister, and that incident unites with many [illegible] ones to render dear the memory and the honor of the Pilgrims' land to your much obliged Jas. Savage."

CHARLES W. SWIFT.

Yarmouthport, Dec. 2.

A Note on Etiquette.

A correspondent complained recently of the lack of courtesy seen in the streets and shops of Boston; the rudeness in pushing, jostling, scrambling. Visitors to Paris and even some native Frenchmen deplore the passing there of the traditional French politeness. We read a day ago of Miss Jeanne Dehame, an interesting maiden of 16 years. She stumbled when she was entering her boat at the Quai de Marine and fell into the Seine. She began to swim. A boatman dragged her ashore. As soon as she recovered her breath, she sputtered: "What need was there of your meddling? I've fallen into the Seine 20 times before and got out without anybody's help." And when her rescuer claimed his reward at the police station, she registered a formal protest. But here again this seeming ingratitude may have been shyness arising from mortification. Let us all be charitable. Let us all be tolerant. If anyone shoves into you, shove back, and shove hard.

Mexican Streets.

As the World Wags:

I noted with interest your reference to the singular names given to streets and places of business, in the Mexican capital. It might be well to call attention to another singular feature of the naming of streets in Mexico City; the perplexing change of name at every block or nearly every block. Conkling in Appleton's Guide to Mexico says:

"The tourist will have some difficulty in finding his way about the streets of the City of Mexico, as each block has a different name. Some streets have the same appellation for two or three squares, with a number added to each one—e. g., 1a, 2da, and 3ra de San Francisco." (These figures represent Primera, Segunda and Tercera de San Francisco—First, Second and Third of San Francisco). Turning to a map of the City of Mexico, and examining what appears to be the principal business street, from west to east, the names of the blocks (or streets), are as follows: (For brevity, I omit "Calle del" or Calle del las," etc., which may be translated "Street of" or "Street of the" etc.), Calvario, Egido, (Then it expands to the Plaza de la Republica; next contracting and resuming the name of), Egido, Patoni, Calvario, Corpus Christi, San Francisco (three or four blocks), Plateros, and then the Plaza de la Constitution or Plaza Mayor—all this in the distance of about two miles. And this is by no means an extreme case.

Mr. Ober in his "Travels in Mexico" ([illegible]) says: "The vexatious plan, formerly pursued, of giving every block of a street a different name, is now being abandoned; a more improved system is about to be adopted; and in a few years, it is hoped, one may be able to find the number he is in search of in any particular street without spending hours about it, as now is necessary. In San Francisco street are some of the most richly-stocked stores in Mexico, where, despite the almost prohibitory duties on foreign goods, articles from every land on earth are accumulated." Nevertheless Baedeker's U. S. etc. edition of 1904 still shows the perplexing confusion of names.

In another book, "A Tour in Mexico," by Mrs. James Edwin Morris, (copyright 1902,) I find no mention of the ingenious expansion of names, but I find this:

"The signs over the shop doors, if one has a little knowledge of Spanish, are interesting indeed. At one place an iron [illegible] mattress was offered for sale. There are other signs [illegible] as unique,

[illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] could not be improved upon even by a humorous American. One reads La cola del diablo rojo—the red devil's tail, and another El triumfo del diable—the triumph of the devil."

MONTEZUMA JONES.

Greenbush, Dec. 3.

An Ironical Instance.

Apropos of "refuges" or "life saving oases" in Tremont street, Sir Algernon West tells of one in St. James's street, London, built by Pierrepont, who used to frequent White's and the Turf Club, then in Arlington street. With advancing years and increasing traffic he became alive to the dangers of the crossing, and begged the vestry to erect a refuge. They refused, but said he could at his own expense, which he did. One day, when the refuge was complete and his name embossed on it, Pierrepont was proudly showing it to a friend. He had stepped on one side to admire it better, when he was knocked down by a coach and killed.

Dec 6 1913

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in America of "Monna Vanna," opera in three acts, libretto by Maurice Maeterlinck, music by Henry Fevrier. Produced at the Academie Nationale de Musique, Paris, on Jan. 13, 1909, with Lucienne Breval and Messrs. Muratore, Marcoux and Delmas as the chief singers.

Monna Vanna	Miss Garden
Prinzivalle	Mr. Muratore
Guido	Mr. Marcoux
Marco	Mr. Ludikar
Vedio	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Borso	Mr. Deru
Torello	Mr. Grand
Trivulzio	Mr. Wronski

The features of the performance last night were the drama of Maeterlinck, the acting of Mr. Marcoux, the scenery designed by Mr. Urban and the management of the stage. All these were not seriously disturbed by the music of Henry Fevrier.

It is fortunately not necessary to discuss at length the drama. Many have read it and it has been performed here in French and in English. The idea of a warrior consenting to raise a siege if the beautiful wife of a foeman should be sent to him was not original with Maeterlinck. He, or his wife, always clamorous for the sensational, devised the condition that the woman should go to the conqueror's tent, nude, under a cloak. This does not contribute materially to the dramatic effect of the play; it arouses salacious curiosity. Some ask whether the actress is realistic in this respect. Others sit patiently in hope that the cloak will fall.

The real feature of Maeterlinck's play is the study of Guido's mind; his lack of confidence in his wife and his inability to grasp love as Prinzivalle understood the word. Then there is the revulsion in the soul of Monna Vanna, and her turning toward the man who saved her honor as well as her city.

The drama made its way last night in spite of Fevrier's music. If the opera had been performed by singers of less dramatic force, the music itself would not have had significance. For Fevrier's score is not truly dramatic; it often is at variance with the spirit of the text; it is melodically weak; its recitative is dry and dull; and when a page arrests the attention of the hearer he is generally reminded of Massenet and at times recognizes the voice of Debussy. Other voices are heard, but the dominant one, when there is melodic value and orchestral charm, is that of Massenet.

There are measures for Marco that stand out in the first act; there are some charming passages in the duet of the second act—although in this long duo much valuable time is wasted—and in the third act there is the choral tribute to Monna Vanna. The sterility of the composer's thought and his inability to create a tonal impression of a passionate mood are painfully shown in the prelude to Act III, a prelude entitled "The Anguish of Guido." It might better be called "The Anguish of the Hearer."

But the production was one of which Mr. Russell and Mr. Urban may justly be proud. The scenes of the halls in Guido's palace and that of Prinzivalle's tent with the view of Pisa in the distance were remarkable for beauty of design, exquisite taste in colors and in effects of lighting.

Mr. Marcoux's impersonation of Guido was one of the most striking performances that we have seen on the operatic stage. It is to be classed with Jean de Reszke's Romeo, de Lucia's Canio, Milka Ternina's Isolde, Fischer's Hans Sachs, Renaud's Monk in "Thais," Maurel's Iago—in short, with certain performances that are now traditional. Mr. Marcoux was first of all a singularly picturesque Italian figure of the period, but he was much more than that; he was the man of Maeterlinck's drama.

Great operatic actors and actresses have failed dismally when with loss of voice they have stepped upon the boards of a theatre. It is not easy to see how Mr. Marcoux would have been less effective if there had been no music for the part. The music allotted to him, in itself seldom expressive, gained force by his own dramatic intensity. Never have [illegible] his voice [illegible] willingly to his intention.

Mr. Muratore sang with great freedom and in the more passionate moments in a powerful and convincing manner. He sang and acted with fervor; but not with finesse. As in "Faust," so in "Monna Vanna," he is not a singer with nuances of expression. He apparently knows no tones between the heroic and the pallid sentimental. He too, however, was a warrior of princely bearing, and in his own way contributed to the general effect.

Miss Garden's first act was admirable, in its quiet, modest, dignity, in its expression of self-sacrifice, in its serene confidence; but in the second act she was far from being the Monna Vanna of the dramatist. Not because she was too conscious of her nudity under the mantle; but because the spirit that animated her had not the nobility of Guido's wife. This wife, like the Lady in "Comus," was of saintly chastity.

The wonder was that Miss Garden's Giovanni contented herself with kissing Prinzivalle on the brow. And more than once the spectator rubbed his eyes and listened the more intently, thinking that the music should have been that of Thais before she was converted by the terrifying monk. Miss Garden was often statuesque, always physically interesting, at times effective in song; but there is another way of playing the part, the true expression of a noble soul.

Mr. Ludikar gave an excellent impersonation of Marco. The part of Vedio, the page, was intended for a baritone, and was sung by a baritone, M. Nansen, when the opera was produced at Paris. Last night it was given to Mrs. Swartz-Morse. There is place for only one woman in the tent of Prinzivalle.

The large audience was deeply interested. It admired the histrionic art of Mr. Marcoux; it broke out in applause when Mr. Muratore emitted trumpet tones, and it was greatly pleased with the arms and costume of Miss Garden in the second act, at the end of which there were many curtain calls.

The opera this afternoon will be "Faust," with Mmes. Edvina, Swartz-Morse, Leveroni and Messrs. Laffitte, Ancona, Ludikar and Everett.

The opera tonight (popular prices) will be "Traviata," with Miss Parnell and Messrs. Taniongo and Neumaker.

MISS NEUHAUS'S RECITAL

Given in Jordan Hall for Benefit of South Boston Day Nursery.

Miss Estella Neuhaus gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall for the benefit of the South Boston Day Nursery. She played Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata, Chopin's Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise, and Nocturne in D-flat; four Hungarian Csardas and a Hungarian Gypsy Chant, and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12. Mr. J. Howe Clifford added readings. Miss Neuhaus showed good schooling and gave a thoughtful interpretation of the sonata. There was a small audience.

Have the English no respect for our literary lights, our leading native dramatists? See how the Pall Mall Gazette does not bow down to an idol in our Temple of Humor.

"What is called 'George Ade's greatest farce' is to be seen at the Tivoli this week. It is called 'Mrs. Peckham's Carouse' and its chief situation depicts a lady temperance advocate becoming drunk through being given a little brandy in a faint. It did not strike one as funny, and it came towards the end of the piece, being preceded by a great deal of, as I thought, extraordinarily dull dialogue. If this is Mr. Ade's 'greatest' farce, one would rather like to see one or two of his inferior productions—one of his merely great compositions."

Art in Germany.

Mr. George Moore's comedy, "Elizabeth Cooper," brought out in London last June, has been published by John W. Luce & Co. It is probably more amusing to read than to see on the stage. There are characteristically sour lines in it. When Davenant hesitates about going to Vienna, he says: "It isn't that I wouldn't like to see my play in German—I would, and the acting would interest me; but it is the proceedings that follow the play that I dread, the banquet and the laurel leaves. Germans have no idea of art except somebody crowning somebody with laurel leaves; generally a big fat woman does the crowning. And then all the literati ga[ther] about in my honor would make [speech]es about how art reconciles nations, how the fact of having German taught in schools will make England love Germany better, and how Germans by learning English in their schools will be able to arrive at a truer understanding of a nation, which, after all, is the same nation, for there is a great deal of Anglo-Saxon blood still in England; and after half an hour of this nonsense, I shall have to get up and talk about Shakespeare."

A Woman Censor.

Miss Inez Bensusan, the organizer of a woman's theatre in London which will produce plays by Brieux and Bjornson at the Coronet Theatre next Monday, [believes] that a woman [censor would] make the th[eatre] [illegible], more educational.' She objects to French farces on the same old subject. "I do not think any play should be barred that really educates. Brieux's 'Damaged Goods,' for example, how magnificently it teaches what to avoid. It deals with the same theme as 'Ghosts'—hereditary taint—and of 'Ghosts' Bjornson said to Ibsen, 'that he might have done better, but he had never done nobler work.' In my opinion the bedrock mistake that a man is inclined to make is to object to what is said outright and overlook suggestiveness. That is where I think a man censor fails. Years ago there was quite an upheaval over 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'; although quite accustomed to melodramas in which the villains seduced young women, the public had not had the subject of a woman with a 'past' treated before in this way. Similarly, though some people went almost mad over the beauties of 'The Sign of the Cross,' they could not understand that there is far more real Christianity in 'Androcles and the Lion,' because while one is merely crude melodrama, the other shows up truth from hypocrisy."

Man in the Street.

As the World Wags:

This expression was discussed several years ago in London Notes and Queries, and examples were cited from Emerson's "Conduct of Life" (1860), from Emerson's "Essay on Self-Reliance" (1841), and from the first series of "Greville Memoirs" (March 22, 1830). At the last reference we read of "'the man in the street' (as we call him at Newmarket)." Mr. Mace did not state when and where Macaulay used the term "man in the streets." Was it before 1830? A. M.

Boston, Dec. 4.

The Complete Navigator.

As the World Wags:

In answer to "Concord," I will say when I went to sea the first officer was the captain. If "Concord reads closely he will see I stated the first officer of the deck. If in the captain's watch he may be on deck at the time. If for any reason he is not, the second mate is the first officer. If at the time it is the mate's watch and he is on deck he is the first officer. If for any reason he is absent from the post then the third mate is officer of the deck.

In way of a desire for information I will ask "Concord" what class of vessel he is writing of. In his first article he speaks of a ship, and in the description writes of a fore and after, I would infer a two-master. The head sails of a ship are fore staysail, jib and pib topsail. The terms boxing off on the old tack and wearing off on the new are certainly something new to me. If a ship is in irons she is simply helpless as far as rudder is concerned and that only. The thing to do then is to handle her with her sails. To wear a ship is to take the opposite from tacking. The ship is kept off until she swings completely about on the other tack. This is often done when there is some obstacle in her course preventing a tack, for want of room; or at times when she is in poor trim and uncertain as to action. Again, in this article of Dec. 2, "Concord" writes of a ship and describes tacking a fore and after when he says jib and fore sheets. "Rise" is a new one to me in sailor talk. The order "tacks and sheets" on board a ship means to cast off sheets of head sails. The foresail, meaning the lower square sail on the foremast, the fore staysail and jibs; and there would be five sheets in the wind. If he is writing of a fore-and-after, there he makes a mistake, for the reason that there are no tacks on a fore-and-after and the order "Tacks and sheets" is not the style. Tacks are square rigged articles exclusively. They are the starboard and larboard fore main and mizzen attached only to the lower square sails.

In my previous article there is a mistake. When preparing for stays the order to the man at the wheel to give her a good "full" was printed "pull."

To finish, I never heard any definition given to the phrase, "Three sheets in the wind," only that the drunk was incapable of managing his affairs. Certainly in speaking of tacking a ship or her being in irons, there are many more than three sheets in the wind.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

True Courage.

We read recently of the incredibly heroic act of an English clergyman. He hired a bedroom of a London hotel, "commanding a view of St. Paul's," and asked for a cake of soap and a candle. They charged him a shilling for the former and sixpence for the latter. Lamblike, he paid; but when he went away he thrust the candle into the bellboy's hand, and to the expectant porter he presented the soap with a sad smile.

MR. LAFFITTE SEEN AS FAUST

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon, Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Tournon conducted.

Faust	Mr. Laffitte
Mephistopheles	Mr. Ludikar
Valentin	Mr. Anciona
Wagner	Mr. Everett
Marguerite	Miss Amsden
Siebel	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Martha	Miss Leveroni

In consequence of the "sudden illness" of Mme. Edvina, the part of Marguerite was taken by Miss Amsden. Mr. Laffitte appeared as Faust for the first time in Boston. There was an audience of good size.

The performance was of a mediocre nature. Miss Amsden's Marguerite has been known for two seasons. Dramatically it is a little less reserved than it was at first. The music suits her voice, which is naturally of a fine quality, but this quality too often disappears in the upper register when there is to be passionate expression. The tones then are forced; they are not concentrated. In the church scene the voice was rich and dramatic. Mr. Laffitte may be classed as an honest, conscientious singer. He always does his best, but this best is not inspiring. The garden scene could hardly be called passionate, and Dr Dio Lewis, who once preached against it and by his description put all sorts of disturbing thoughts into the innocent heads of his female readers would yesterday have smiled approval. Mr. Ludikar's Mephistopheles was again mordant and often picturesque, but we missed in the garden scene his costume worn at the first performance this season, especially the Spanish brigand hat. The other parts were taken satisfactorily and Mr. Tournon again conducted with authority, to the advantage of the singers, and with musical taste.

The management of the church scene has long been a stumbling-block. Should Mephistopheles be concealed, while he reminds Marguerite of the error of her ways and curses her? Should he roar at her from a column or a window in the church? or should he be present in bodily form? Some demonologists assure us that Mephistopheles could not enter a church without extreme discomfort, and others say that he could not cross the threshold. It will be remembered that earlier in the opera the mere sight of a cross made him bend and storm and bite his sword in impotent rage. Whatever may be the conclusion on this important point—for opera, we are told, is educative and should always be taken seriously—the lighting of the church yesterday was beautiful.

PARLOW AND BACHAUS

Violinist and Pianist Give Recital in Jordan Hall.

Kathleen Parlow, violinist, and Wilhelm Bachaus, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Grieg, sonata in C minor (Miss Parlow and Mr. Bachaus); Gluck, Melodie; Paganini-Kreisler, Praeludium and Allegro, Tschaikowsky, Valse, Sarasate Zapateado, Hubay, Nocturne, Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance; Wieniawski, Polonaise in A major (Miss Parlow); Chopin, Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in C minor; waltz, opus 64, No. 3, in a A flat; Polonaise, Op. 53, in A flat, Rachmaninoff, Two Preludes, G major and G minor, Liszt, Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Mr. Bachaus.

Grieg's sonata, perhaps the least interesting of his works for violin and piano, was played yesterday by Mr Bachaus with much beauty of tone and facility in execution, and by Miss Parlow with irritating rigidity and as though in unrelated sections.

Miss Parlow's technique is irreproachable and her sincerity of purpose is evident but as an interpreter she still has limitations. Her playing lacks warmth, it is too often dry. Her phrasing is conventional, and she is given to suppressing the mood of the composer. Among the shorter pieces she was most effective in Gluck's Melodie, which she played with much purity of style, while she displayed a certain brilliance in the pieces by Tschaikowsky and Sarasate.

Mr Bachaus was in heroic vein. He has been heard recently to better advantage. He played Chopin's Nocturne with a heavy hand and gave a thunderous performance of the Polonaise.

An audience of fair size was enthusiastic and both artists added to the program. Charlton Keith played excellent accompaniments for Miss Parlow.

MISS PARNELL RETURNS

Seen in "La Traviata"—Much Improved Since First Opera Season.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata." Mr. Schiavoni conducted. The cast:

Violetta Valery	Miss Parnell
Flora Bervoix	Miss Mandell
Annina	Miss Phillips
Alfredo Germont	Mr. Tanlongo
Giorgio Germont	Mr. Ancona
Gastone	Mr. Giaccone
Baron Douphol	Mr. Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny	Mr. Sampieri
Doctor Grenvil	Mr. Sillich
Giuseppe	Mr. Ghidini

Miss Evelyn Parnell returned to the Boston Opera House last night a much more highly finished singer than when she was last seen there in the first season. She is a Boston girl, but since her previous appearance here she has been singing in Italy and at Dublin, where she has won much favorable attention. She put into her Violetta last night a dramatic intensity that carried her audience with her. Physically she is well adapted to the part. Many of her admirers were on hand to show their appreciation of her artistic development.

Mr. Tanlongo, who made his debut last week, heightened the favorable impression he then created. He has lost the early nervousness. Perhaps Alfredo Germont suits him better than Edgar. Certainly he appeared to much better advantage. The entire performance was well balanced and merited a crowded house.

Not long ago some musicians of repute in New York, unwilling to paper the concert halls in which recitals are customarily given, proposed to rent a little theatre which would be filled by hearers ready to exchange money for pleasure. These musicians preferred to sing and play to 200 rather than to face 400 or 600—most of them deadheads.

And yet a manager is hardly to be blamed if he "dresses" a hall. There is nothing more dispiriting than to see a pianist or a singer well worthy of attention conscious of empty seats. Vanity, or, to be more courteous, mistaken confidence, leads some pianists to insist on playing in Symphony Hall. "Mr. Paderewski fills it. Why shouldn't I?" But the poor wretch would be wiser to play in Steinert Hall or Jordan Hall.

Concerts by true artists have been sadly neglected in Boston for some seasons. Various reasons for this have been given. There is no curiosity concerning the unknown visitors; automobiles and bridge are more to the taste of young women whose mothers before their marriage flocked to concerts because it was then the fashion, or in many cases because they were really fond of music. There are too many concerts. The prices for admission are too high. The opera is a much stronger attraction. People are willing to hear a famous pianist, violinist, singer perhaps once a season, and the concert is then a prima donna affair, for there are "prima donna" violinists and pianists.

Nevertheless, the younger musicians are undaunted, and relying on their friends, the support of a piano house, or expectant of favorable notices which can be shown to managers and pupils, they bravely venture.

A glance at the "Concert Notes" in this issue will show that there is plenty to hear within the next fortnight. Miss Beatrice Harrison, the 'cellist, will visit this city for the first time. She is an English girl, not over 20, born in India, a daughter of a colonel in the engineer corps. Taken to England when a child, at the age of 10 she won the gold medal offered by the Royal College of Music and the Associate Board of the Royal Academy. Later she studied with Hugo Becker, and at the Berlin Hochschule she won the Mendelssohn prize, the first time it was awarded to any 'cellist. She has played with leading orchestras in Germany and England. Mr. Kreisler said of her a few days ago that he ranked her next to Pablo Casals, whom he considers the first 'cellist now living. A correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (London) wrote a few days ago.

"Your recent interesting paragraph on the subject of Miss Beatrice Harrison's success in Berlin and elsewhere on the continent brings to mind again the curious neglect of the best of native British artists by their listening contemporaries. The omission of Madame Agnes Nicholls and Madame Kirkby Lunn from the Leeds festival was a flagrant case. Miss Marie Hall has so far never played in a great English festival, though I believe she once was engaged for a Three Choir meeting, but was prevented from arriving in time. Dr. Ethel Smyth has never been invited to contribute to a festival of any consequence. Miss Katharine Goodson goes periodically to America to make her living. While we had Andrew Black we did not appreciate him. Though Dellus is British only by accident, we do not encourage him."

Mr Gebhard will play d'Indy's "Poeme des Montagnes" at his recital tomorrow. The suite is not so well known as it should be, though Miss Hawkins, now Mrs. Stephen Townsend, played it in February, 1901, and Mme. Hopekirk the next year played the third part, "Plein Air." D'Indy composed the suite in 1881. Inspired by the sight of the Cevennes—for mountains have influenced d'Indy in the composition of important orchestral works—the suite is in three parts: "Le Chant des Bruyeries," with sub-titles, as Broullard, Weher, La Blen-aimee, Lointain; Danses Rhythmiques, four little pieces, and Plein Air, which again includes pages with separate titles. The thought of the "Bien-Aimee" goes through the suite.

Mr. Bennett and M. Brieux

Mr. Richards last spring invited the author of "Damaged Goods" to see the first performance of this play in New York, but M. Brieux was then in Asia, so Mr. Bennett met him for the first time as a guest at breakfast in Paris.

"I found my host awaiting me when I entered the lobby. An erect, well-built figure, a man who in spite of his crisp gray hair, which curls above a massive brow, looks fully 10 years younger than he really is—55. He greeted me in excellent English, but with a decided accent. When I replied he raised his hand in admonition. 'I do not understand your language quite so fluently as I speak it. Will you please go a little more slowly,' he said.

"From the length of time that we spent at this first meal one might suppose that Brieux had decided to apply the length of the Chinese plays to his living habits, after his sojourn in the far East, for we remained at the table from 9 until 1. And when, on the following day, the author had lunch with me we were at the table from 2 until 6.

"I found this really big man of the theatre a prince of simplicity. Over and over again he said that all the credit for the lesson in 'Damaged Goods' should go to the great French physicians, Diday, Fournier and Jullien. He considers himself merely their mouthpiece, speaking to a larger public. 'I have only expressed in dramatic form that which they have set forth so vividly in their scientific treatises,' he declared repeatedly.

"I had hoped to induce Brieux to come to America this last fall and give a series of 20 lectures on eugenics before the students of our leading universities. And he accepted the suggestion tentatively, declaring, however, that if he came this year his addresses would have to be in French, as he did not feel sufficiently sure of his English to appear in public as a lecturer. The necessarily restricted character of audiences for lectures in French has convinced me that it would perhaps be wiser to defer this visit for another season. In the mean time, it is hoped that Brieux will find opportunity to complete his mastery of the language. The fact that as a boy he mastered Latin, without instruction and with the meagre assistance of a dictionary and a grammar, makes me feel that this present task will not be a particularly difficult one for him.

"I have never known any other artist to live and labor so completely in accord with his pronounced creed as does Brieux. His every play, indeed, his every scene, reflects the sincerity of his conception of his art, which he has described so earnestly in these words.

"I know quite well what the public likes to see in the theatre. It likes to see the spectacle of a will manifesting itself. Without asking for it in so many words it would like the dramatic author to be a professor of energy. In my view the part of the dramatic author is to be a kind of intermediary between the thoughts of great thinkers inaccessible to the masses and the public. To the latter, he ought to offer, in an interesting form, ideas that are very beautiful and very generous. Yes, that is the part we must play—to seduce the public by placing within its reach the beautiful dreams of philosophers and wise men. * * * As time goes on the theatre will be obliged, more and more, to devote itself to the great current problems. The theatre of the comedy of character is almost closed to us since a man named Moliere went through it. But of the comedy of manners? It is in all our plays without animating them with the breath of life. Let us put into them some one thought, and let us take this thought from the life around us, from the sufferings of our fellow-beings. Goethe said: 'Fill your mind and heart, however wide they may be, with the thoughts and emotions of your age—the work will then come of itself.'"

Brieux's Aim and Purpose

This reminds us that in Mr. H. L. Mencken's preface to "Blanchette" and "The Escape," two of Brieux's plays published by John W. Luce & Co. of Boston, there are extracts from the Marquis de Segur's address when Brieux was received into the Academie Francaise (May 12, 1910). De Segur, attempting to define Brieux's relation to other French dramatists of the day, remarked:

"Accustomed to the methods of the usual playwrights, the manager of the Theatre Libre was filled with astonishment when he read your play." (Reference is here probably made to "Blanchette," or was the play "Menages d'Artistes" (1890)? Brieux's first play was "Bernard Palissy," written in collaboration with Salandri in 1879; but de Segur's remarks could not be applied to this little piece.)

"For this maiden effort of yours had a startling freshness and showed a daring that verged upon extravagance. Woud you believe it?—the author actually championed sound morals as against folly, and the family as against chaos. He went the length of depicting a prosperous home that was not befouled by all conceivable vices. He asserted that virtues could exist, even outside the purlieus of want and starvation. Alongside these audacities the play was not lacking in dramatic power. It comprised several melodramatic scenes. The spectators, though amazed at first, decided to overlook its scandalous decency."

Brieux's type of play is the drama of ideas as opposed to the drama of mere intrigue. "The hour had arrived," said de Segur, "when a long-indulgent public was beginning to weary of the poisonous bill of fare upon which it had for several years been exclusively nourished. Certain far-seeing individuals were asking themselves whether the world was entirely made up of scamps and crooks and bad women, and whether there might not exist here and there a few of those average people who lay no claim to perfection, but who are not altogether deserving of scorn and hatred—the people in other words, who are commonly spoken of as 'decent folks.' You arrived just in time to justify this discovery, and you saw at a glance what path you ought to follow. You conceived the idea of the 'useful play,' whose object is not merely to make people think, but to make them live more nobly. You limited your horizon the better to embrace it. You specialized your work, so as to make it the more effectual."

And then de Segur said that this "Tolstoi of the Faubourg du Temple," as he has been called, drew his theme "from current events, from the burning questions of the hour, and he treated them in the firm conscience of the artist and the profound understanding of the philosopher. He was awake to perils which menaced France and with France, the whole of civilization. He had gone about with 'the sincerest fervor, the most robust sanity of mind,' and yet with a tranquil good nature that added a charming note to the clangor of alarm bells."

Music Notes

The Moody-Manners Opera Company produced for the first time on any stage at Cheltenham, Nov. 19, a one-act lyric drama by David Knox. "The work is entitled 'Giuliana' and the libretto, written by an Italian author, Enrico Golisciani, deals with the 'unwritten law' in such a manner as, so it is very reasonably claimed might easily happen today in southern Italy. Quite briefly, the plot is as follows: Giuliana is a peasant girl who has been wronged by a rich nobleman. In despair at her desertion, she confesses the truth of her situation to her cousin Paolo. The seducer, of course, refuses to set things right by marriage, whereupon he is shot by Paolo before Giuliana's eyes." The composer studied in Berlin and also with Mugnone in Florence.

A concert of British music was given by the Philharmonic Society, London, Nov. 20. The composers represented were Arnold Bax, Frederic Austin, G. von Holst and R. Vaughan Williams. The Pall Mall Gazette headed its review "Meaningless Music," and remarked: "The difficulty in appraising the work of some of our younger men lies in discovering whether, behind all the glamour of brilliant orchestal effects and the like, there really does exist some emotional impulse. The fact is such writers make the task none too easy by reason of their complicated methods, and from the general point of view their music is thus sadly handicapped. One fancies, that is, that the average musical person is only too ready to receive an emotional impression if it could but be discovered."

The Times (London) comments on the closing of Astruc's Opera House in Paris: M. Astruc's primary mistake seems to have been in his appeal simply to the rich and fashionable music lovers, who are rare and unreliable. Their allegiance is founded more on caprice than on conviction, and their influence on the musical public is limited to their own class. It is true it is they only who can fill the box office, but it is the artists in the gallery who recognize merit and advertise the admirable performance. M. Astruc's prices were so high that there were no artists in his galleries. As the novelty of the new theatre wore off the fashionable audiences fell away, and there were no appreciative artists to refill the seats. It is a signal example of the folly of trusting to the fashionable alone to support truly artistic enterprises." And the Times says of de Lara's latest opera: "The success of 'Les Trois Masques,' a lyric drama in four acts (music by M. Isidore de Lara), with a libretto founded on Charles Mere's thrilling one-act play, was sufficient to promise a run of some length had the theatre remained open. Indeed, it is now advertised as one of the future attractions of the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. The libretto in its story of passion and bloodshed could but recall 'Pagliacci' and other works of the Italian realistic school, but M. de Lara's music, unfortunately, did not carry out the resemblance, and lacked both the melodic invention which he has shown in other works and the dramatic power with which he strove to replace it."

Mr. Dawbarn writes from Paris about the Opera: "The crowning defeat of the edifice of Charles Garnier as its political foundations. Behind each note of the prima donna, behind each figure in the orchestra, is the [illegible] mask of a pol[illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] protector [illegible] [illegible] to be reached with gloves [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is wretched, the band [illegible] giving lessons to its private [illegible]. An old opera goer [illegible] other day: "You must [illegible] results from the or[illegible] it is a day when [illegible] to their music [illegible] the day when the "demoiselle [illegible] lessons.' You can[illegible] without knocking [illegible] M. le Député. This deplorable [illegible] into the affairs of the [illegible] the name of control of the [illegible] is the root of the evil. [illegible] M. Rouche, despite his great [illegible], will be able to [illegible] of powerful fa[illegible] castes, which [illegible] of reform, remains to [illegible].

Personal Notes

Julie Opp (Mrs. William Faversham), who has been ill since spring and living in Switzerland, has recovered so that she will be able to take up rehearsals [illegible] her husband's produc[illegible] of "Othello" and "Romeo and [illegible]. She expects to arrive in New York [illegible] Wednesday.

[illegible] Bernard Shaw was present at the [illegible] Albert Hall meeting, he [illegible] had a bad five minutes, while [illegible] played "The Red Flag" [illegible] students' invasion. "I de[illegible] he once said, "that if, with all [illegible] of Scotland to right of me [illegible] the harps of Ireland to left of [illegible], I were charging bravely to victory in the last fight with capitalism, and one single snivel of 'The Red Flag' reached me, I should crawl whimpering under the nearest bed." Such an "ig[illegible] air," he added, would kill any [illegible] and he begged its composer to [illegible] it or republish it as "The Funeral March of a Fried Eel." As a matter of fact, though there is nothing inspiring about the tune, it caught on wonderfully during the American civil war when adapted to "Maryland, My Maryland." But long before that it was popular in Germany as the folk-song "O Tannenbaum," and as "Beulah Land" it still does duty as a hymn for mission services and revival meetings. The author of the words, J. Connell, "the amateur poacher," [illegible] to go to the tune of "The White Cockade," but utilized Mr. Shaw's [illegible] march" on the advice of a [illegible] friend.—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 21.

Is Marjorie Ffrangcon-Davies, a young singer with "a slight, but exceedingly pretty, voice" and much intelligence, who made her first appearance in London on Nov. 2, the daughter of our old friend Ffrangcon-Davies, whose impersonation of Elijah was so impressive that he was [illegible] convinced that he was the prophet?

De Pachmann has been playing in London. The Daily Telegraph of Nov. 20 says that he had "surely never played more divinely. Chopin is, of course, the Pachmann metier. No other pianist of our time dare challenge comparison, for it is purely a question of temperament. In Pachmann's playing one never feels that Chopin is overintellectualized or made a subject for physical display; it is always what one regards as the authentic Chopin, the Chopin of moods and [illegible], of whimsies and conceits."

Miss Inez Bensusan, who is organizing the Woman's Theatre in London—it opens tomorrow with translations of Brieux's "Femme Seule" and Bjornson's "Gauntlett"—believes in a woman censor.

Mr. Arbos, who for a season was concertmaster of the Boston Symphony [illegible], gave a concert with his Madrid orchestra in Paris last month. He was praised as a conductor, but the Spanish music performed, with the exception of Albeniz's "Catalonia" and a [illegible] piece, "El Puerto," of the same [illegible] orchestrated by Mr. Arbos, was voted not of the first quality. Some [illegible] were "beer garden music [illegible] the frankest kind and M. Astruc [illegible] arrangements to provide his [illegible] with beer."

[illegible] Fladholme is again in the [illegible] halls. "She is as pretty as ever. Her smile is still a joy. Her voice never was, [illegible] there was always a wel[illegible] vitality in it. Her old sense of [illegible] has lost none of its edge."

Mr. Shaw's New Play

Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play was produced in London, Nov. 19. The Pall Mall Gazette thus reviewed the performance:

[illegible] at the Vaudeville Theatre was [illegible] last night by the [illegible] of [illegible] farce in four scenes by Mr. [illegible] Shaw called "The Great Cath[illegible]—a [illegible] alteration, it will be [illegible] of the customary description [illegible] Empress Catherine II. In it we [illegible] androphagite; but [illegible] is one of the most magnificent [illegible] Landor's "Imaginary [illegible]," we [illegible] her tragically [illegible] a comic per[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] Englishman, [illegible] with [illegible] the British ambassador, [illegible] is in person to her imperial majesty, as he thinks it will [illegible] to hear his description at [illegible] of some of the fighting in [illegible] has lately been a participant [illegible], including the battle of Bunker Hill. He does so, and Catherine at once falls in love with him. He [illegible], runs away and is promptly brought back to the palace, [illegible] for the torture. The Empress, however, on finding that he is what is called "ticklish," confines herself to titillating him in the ribs with her left foot, causing him to howl with agony, and then, on the arrival of his indignant English sweetheart, decides to let him go. Whereupon he gives her imperial majesty a complicated lecture on the general impropriety of her life, and makes his bow and, hand in hand with his rosy Devonshire maiden, retires. We shall not quote the concluding remark of the Empress on which the curtain falls. It is the climax of the play, and we shall not spoil our readers' enjoyment of it in the theatre by publishing it here.

Mr. Shaw, writing at the top of his spirits, has composed a most amusing farce. We meet the terrible Prince Potemkin, and find him drunk from beginning to end of the play. True, he gives here and there a glimpse of his intellectual power; but a man who, as historians tell us, died from eating an entire goose while in a stage of high fever, was probably a good deal of the [illegible], and the Empress calls him as he rolls on the floor at the side of her bed. In any case, and whether historical or not, the figure is a highly entertaining one, and Mr. Norman McKinnel acted it last night with a comic power that left us regretting that he should so largely confine himself to the gruesomely morbid. He has evidently an appreciation of the cheerfully morbid.

The character of the Englishman is a subtler piece of work, and it is interesting to see how many of our national characteristics the dramatist has succeeded in crowding into it—courage, confidence, stupidity, a placid contempt for those foreign domestic amenities which are so much better represented by their English equivalents, that insularity of humor which finds the wildly funny in the name "Popoff," and the temperamental "coldness" which makes a man prefer to kiss his sweetheart before the court fraternally on the forehead to rapturously on the lips. The whole figure is admirably composed; and Mr. Edmund Breon acted it with understanding. Then we had the empress, with her emotional surgings, and her intellectual affections—Voltaire, la Philosophic, and the Liberal Mind—with Miss Gertrude Kingston to impersonate her; and we had the pretty Dashkoff in the person of Miss Annie Hill, and a duly tempestuous English sweetheart enacted with the right touch by Miss Dorothy Massingham.

Mr. Herman Ould's repellent but powerful play, "Between Sunset and Dawn," is still in the bill, and a second visit to it confirms the opinion we expressed of it when it was first produced, and at the same time deepens our admiration of the acting. Last night, after the curtain had fallen, we heard a curious comment on it. A rather earnest voice was heard to say: "What a powerful play! What a remarkable writer! So few of our dramatists know anything about real love!"

A Vivid German Play

There is a great deal to be said for the sea as a dramatic motif; it can float a whole fleet of imagination's barks apart from "water spectacles." Synge has used the dirge of the waves to voice superb sorrow, Masefield has told a tragedy to its moan, but to Max Halbe, the German dramatist, it has been left to dramatize the river.

Such is the title, such the motif of his play, produced in an admirable adaptation by Mr. Charles Sandeman at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre last night. To say that he has rivalled Synge or Masefield would be absurd. Halbe is less an artist than a dramatic mechanician. But he has at least given us a last act through which something of the terror of the torrent breathes.

We should, perhaps, have liked a little less "realism" and a little more river. In his anxiety to "throw in" a good drama along with his atmospheric experiment, Halbe has swamped the frail craft of imagination. By the edge of the Doorn fields in Silesia there crawls the sluggish Vistula, an ice-bound deep in winter, a raging monster when the sun first melts the Russian snows in spring, and the river is the calendar of destiny as well as dates to the peasants by its banks. But Peter Doorn's philosophy is "D—n the river." His brother's, the clever young surveyor-in-chief, is "Dam it," the boy Jacob would fain be left to dream of it. Only one thing the three have in common—a love for Renate, Peter's wife. Peter is heir to all the family possessions (by the thoughtful destruction of a later will) and his younger brothers are silently hostile—one from luckless love, the other from boyish rage. And Renate herself is stricken by conscience.

[illegible] the river had sucked [illegible] their two [illegible]. This Renate regards as God's [illegible]. From that day she has been her husband's wife in name only. It is his renewed assertion of his rights (in a terrible scene) that rouses Henry and the woman to fury. And as the three overwrought people are literally at each others' throats there is a cry of "The dam is burst."

In their frantic struggles to avert the worst, Peter and the boy Jacob meet. Still furious, they quarrel till the waters surge over their strife. The river takes its last sacrifice, and the drama ends on the note of sins as surely rued as the river's waters break to the sea.

The drama is intensely exciting without being very inspiring. One feels that this was rather a melodramatic sort of river. What real atmosphere the play contains Mr. Esme Percy caught and possibly added something of his own. For the rest, Miss Darragh flushed vivid fire on the smouldering embers of Renate's smothered passions, and both Mr. J. Augustus Keogh and Miss Cameron gave us biting sketches of bitter old age.—Daily Chronicle (London), Nov. 21.

Dec 8 1913

But shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a graveyard. "A feeling of remorse sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

Gunmen.

As the World Wags:

The four East-siders convicted with ex-Police Lieutenant Becker of the murder of Herman Rosenthal have filed a 658-page brief (O you English language!) setting forth reasons why they should not be electrocuted. The names of these gentlemen are as follows: Louis Rosenberg, Frank Cirofici, Harry Horowitz and Jacob Seidenshur—typical Manhattan names, you see. The part of the brief that concerns As the World Wags is that setting forth the fact that "throughout the trials defendants were described in terms coined by the newspapers; that is, 'gunmen,' a term not found in the dictionary, but used throughout the trial by the representative of the people. Surely it must be a wonderful aid in conviction of the man presumed to be innocent to have him described by the trial justice as 'Gyp the Blood' or 'Dago Frank.'"

The brief-writer is correct in stating that the word "gunman" is not in dictionaries. I have looked it up in Mr. Thornton's "American Glossary," but even there I do not find it. All I discover is the relatively innocent usage of B. Roman's "Florida," page 99. "They are supposed to be about 400 gunmen"—this in 1775. Here the gunman is simply one armed with a gun—as in Cotton's Montaigne and Gateker's "Transubst.": "A gunman (it may be) today, and a pikeman tomorrow." The word has also been used in England to mean a mere gunmaker.

It is something of a cry from those uses of the word to that which obtains in Manhattan today. In English criminal cant, however, a gun is a thief; said to be an abbreviation of "gonoph." Dickens uses this word gonoph in "Bleak House," and it is usually applied to a particularly clever rascal. See T. Browne's verses, "False Rachel":

And this here artful dodger was a very artful gun;
He sneaked the heart of Rachel and once more poor Roger's done.

We know the word "gun" best of all in the expression, "son of a gun"—used as early as 1708, in the "British Apollo" (N. E. D.). Thackeray made bold to bring the rude expression into his novels; daring Thackeray!

According to an editorial in the New York American (Sept. 18, 1913), "Gunmen appear to have become permanent retainers of small political bosses in New York city, and it is about time they were wiped out. * * * These cocaine-fed agents for robbery and murder often continue to defy the police for years. * * * They go on terrorizing neighborhoods with their 'gangs' and usually, when not otherwise engaged, taking their hideous part and profits in the commercialization of vice." This last sentence is more instructive than grammatical.

What I should like to know is the origin of the word "gunman." Does it derive directly from the English cant quoted, or is it a simple variation on the Southern "gun-toter"? Or is a vague reminiscence I have of the original "gun" being the syringe used to inject cocaine correct, and the fact that most of these criminals are degenerates the essential one? Time was when I should have turned to the New York Sun for information of this kind—but since the Sun has been reicked, or reickonstructed (take your choice of these verbs), one must travel to Boston. W. B. BLAKE.

New York, Dec. 4.

The Scholiast Says.

In October, 1912, a New Yorker came to our little village, and sitting at ease in the Porphyry told many wonderful tales about his city to the members, who treasured every word. He then said that on the [illegible] a "gunman" is a dope fiend; degenerates with nicknames that would have delighted Villon, Hugo and Henley, stuff themselves with dope and are then ready to kill on sight and at random; that a "gun" in New York slang is a hyperdermic syringe.

The next day Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished and still earnest student of sociology, confessed that he had been investigating the subject. In the London of the last Fifties a "gun" was a thief, specifically a magsman, or street swindler. The word is used in London today as synonymous with "grasshopper." Gunning is the term for thieving, or "going on the cross." In the New York of the Fifties a gun was a pickpocket; now the word is applied in the United States to any clever thief.

Gun thus used is supposed to be an abbreviation of gonof, or Gonoph, as you have stated. The original Hebrew word occurs in Exodus.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon wrote to The Boston Herald in November of the same year: "It is cheering to know that the metropolitan gangster is only what Abe Potash via Montague Glass would call a ganef, a schnorrer, a low life. Against my better judgment I had come to suppose that 'gunmen' were akin to the old-time gunfighters, white men (Western sense), quick on the draw and accurate on the pull. So a gunman is only a Jew full of hop. Glad news! The gunfighter of the old days didn't know what dope was and he didn't know what fear was. He might get full of red liquor occasionally, but he was always a sterling performer with the Colt's 44."

And then Mr. Witherspoon grew sad and reminiscent, for the "gun-artists" are disappearing, though some still live and are "doing excellent work across the border." "Old Man Titus was 85 years old back in 1896, a white-haired, mild-mannered murderer of the old school." He carried what looked to be the first Colt's ever made, "but he could roll a tomato-can uphill with it." Then there were those quick workers, Sailor Jack, Pacific Slim, Dutchy, Chris Munson, Red Davidson, Barley Bean, comrades of Mr. Witherspoon in Southern Mexico. "Even I have a pair of notches on the handle of the old Gat recording the demise of the Luna brothers, Pedro and Flores."

KREISLER AT SYMPHONY HALL

Mr. Kreisler gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: J. S. Bach, suite in E major; F. Bach, Grave; Couperin, Chanson Louis XIII. et Pavane; Pugnani, Prelude and Allegro; Corelli, Sarabande et Allegretto; Cartier, La Chasse; Tartini, Variations; Gluck, Melody in D minor; Schumann, Romance in A major; Mozart, Rondo, G major; Kreisler, Caprice Viennois; Paganini, Three Caprices in B flat major, B minor, A minor.

Mr. Kreisler gave delight by the art and eloquence of his playing to an audience which crowded the hall. His interpretative genius was displayed in the old-world pieces in themselves decorative, not emotional, but heightened in significance by his performance.

After the serene beauty of Bach's Grave the pieces by Couperin were played with exquisite delicacy and finesse, while there was much more in Mr. Kreisler's interpretation of Pugnani's Prelude and Allegro than mere purity of style. A remarkably effective performance of La Chasse was a feature of the concert and the violinist was generous in repeating it.

As is customary in the playing of this admirable artist, there was throughout the afternoon haunting beauty of tone, poetic phrasing, brilliance and fire. The unfeigned modesty of Mr. Kreisler's bearing, the simplicity and directness with which he expresses himself artistically are, too, irresistible.

Recalled again and again, he lengthened the program. Mr. Lamson played sympathetic accompaniments.

SECOND OPERA CONCERT

Quartet from "Rigoletto" Received with Much Applause.

The second of the popular-priced Sunday night concerts at the Boston Opera House was given last evening, and a program of even greater interest than the first was given. The full orchestra accompanied the soloists, who included Mr. Ancona, Miss Scotney, Mme. Dalvarez and Mr. Tanlongo. One of the features of the concert was the last number, the quartet from "Rigoletto." This was sung by the Misses Scotney and Leveroni and Messrs Tanlongo and Ancona. This was the first time that this number was given this season and it was received with much applause.

'BUTTERFLY' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama" Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Madama Butterfly.....Miss Bori
Suzuki.....Mme. Swartz-Morse
Kate Pinkerton.....Miss Hehne
B. F. Pinkerton.....Mr. Laffitte
Sharpless.....Mr. Ancona
Goro.....Mr. Giaccone
Il Principe Yamadori.....Mr. Pulcini
Lo Zio Bonzo.....Mr. Sillich
Yakuside.....Mr. Tortorici
Il Commissario Imperiale.....Mr. Neumarker
L'Ufficiale del Registro.....Mr. Everett
La Madre di Cio-Cio-San.....Miss Mandell
La Zia.....Miss Reger
La Cugina.....Miss Mussini

Miss Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera House was seen here last season only as Mimi, Gilda and Antonia. Mr. Laffitte took the part of Pinkerton last night for the first time in this city.

Miss Bori gave a charming performance of Cio-Cio-San. She was a girlish, pathetic figure. We have seen the part taken by women with glorious voices, who played as though the little heroine were a tragedy queen, or an athletic woman in a German music drama. Miss Bori is fortunate first of all in her size, which we have been taught to associate with the Japanese; but her voice and graceful bearing also are in accordance with the part. Delightful in the entrance scene, she was not coquettish or frivolous. Sharpless at once saw that she took this marriage seriously. Her in the love duet was she passionate, but gentle, shy, then romantic and poetic. The varying emotions in the days that followed were admirably depicted, without undue stress. She was neither heroic nor did she give an imagination in miniature. It was the quiet pathos of it all that moved the audience. And whether the music was in conversational tone, purely lyrical, or frankly dramatic, Miss Bori sang in the appropriate vein, with fine understanding and from the heart.

Mr. Laffitte was a straightforward Pinkerton, so honest that his behavior toward his Japanese wife seemed unaccountable, a fantastic invention of Messrs. Long, Belasco, Illica and Giacosa. Mr. Riccardo Martin, tenor, some time ago advanced the theory that Pinkerton's actions were shaped by the whiskey and water he had absorbed with the American consul. He advanced the theory in all seriousness, an ingenious theory that might serve as an excuse for subsequent erratic singing, but one that probably did not occur to the original teller of the tale, the playwright or the librettists. Mr. Laffitte did not consider the part thus psychologically. He sang and acted as though he were only, and, while he was not an irresistible lover in song or action, he was reasonably impressed by Cio-Cio-San's beauty and delighted with the way trial marriages were regulated in Japan.

A Japan of the librettists and stage manager! Do Japanese men mince and waddle except in opera and operetta? Do Japanese women always hold themselves as in the pictures by their artists? We appeal to Prof. Morse and Japanese now sojourning in Boston. Would any marriage broker be as restless and voluble as Goro is represented? To speak frankly, all this business with the feet and hands is of an operetta nature. We should like to read an analysis of scenery, costumes, decorations and stage management by a Japanese. Would he say that the Japan of the opera is a land imagined by occidentals?

To go back to the performance. Mr. Ancona gave an excellent impersonation of Sharpless. Thus in the first act when the consul is too often only one of a crowd, Mr. Ancona without being unduly prominent gave individuality to the character. In the second act he was sympathetic without being obtrusive. Mme. Swartz-Morse was an attractive and devoted Suzuki, the confidant and monitor of her mistress; nevertheless we still remember the remarkable impersonation of Miss Behne in Mr. Savage's company. She was not all smiles and graces. She had the reserve of the oriental. From the beginning, she saw from a tower the end of all. She was outwardly impassive, almost sinister. Mr. Giaccone was a capital Goro according to the operatic tradition. The minor parts were adequately taken. The mother of Cio-Cio-San looked as young as her daughter. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with much discrimination. All in all an unusually interesting performance of Puccini's opera.

The lighting of the stage has been so artistic this season that we may be ashamed for asking why, toward the end of the second act, when it is dark outside the cottage and before the lanterns are brought in, the room should be as light as it was before the setting of the sun. In several respects the stage settings and the details of management were an improvement over those of last season.

An appropriate book for a Christmas present to a young husband is "Modern Woman and How to Manage Her," by Walter M. Gallichan. Mr. Gallichan, who is probably a bachelor or not a Julius Caesar in his own house, advises "firmness and patience," as though he were giving advices to nurses in an asylum for lunatics. He also recommends tact, consideration and understanding. "So, so, bossie. Stand still, won't you?" "Let her dig, hoe and use a lawn mower." Certainly, and there's the furnace to care for, with ashes to sift. Mr. Gallichan gives women credit for a high degreo of energy and a great capacity for work, and looks forward to the time when they will "sit with men of the judicial bench." Meanwhile, there is the garden; there is the week's washing."

On the Cape.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Charles W. Swift's interesting note on Cape Cod canes of half a century ago reminds us that the walking stick is no longer considered a necessary part of every gentleman's equipment on the Cape of the present day.

Every Irishman carries a cane in his own country. It is about the only weapon allowed him by the British government. In accordance with the custom of my compatriots I "sported" a cane when I came to Cape Cod about 13 years ago. One day a neighbor called on my landlady and expressed regret at my "feeble" condition.

"Feeble!" cried the landlady, who had some experience of my lusty appetite: "He's not feeble."

"Then," snapped the visitor, "what's he carrying a cane for?"

That put my cane out of commission.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Dec. 6.

Sabotage on the Stage.

Apropos of the recent inquiries concerning sabotage: A play with this title, produced some time ago at the Grand Guignol, Paris, has been performed in London by the Little French Theatre Society. The simple plot may appeal to advocates of sabotage. A surgeon is performing an operation on the child of a workman. The lights go out suddenly, and in consequence of the interruption the child dies. Its father rushes triumphantly into the room. He and his fellow-strikers have wrecked the electric light works and the whole town is in darkness.

Fresh Eggs.

There are egg burglars in Bloomington, Ill. They not only carry off the eggs but often boil a half dozen on a gas stove and eat them then and there. In Charles Hoyt's "Parlor Match," after an office safe is broken into, a hod of coal is found within. Eggs this season, whether they are of the season or of a historic past, should be as carefully guarded.

When Cecil Rhodes used to voyage between England and South Africa, he took a coop of hens on board, for the journey was an affair of three weeks. Another prominent South African was asked why he did not follow Rhodes's example. "Oh, I don't bother to take a coop of fowls on board," he answered, "but I tip the bos'un who looks after Rhodes's hens, and I get Rhodes's eggs."

Mexican Coffee.

As the World Wags:

In connection with two of the books quoted on the subject of Mexican street names, it is interesting to compare the pessimistic views of Frederick A. Ober's "Travels in Mexico" with the optimism of Mrs. James Edwin Morris in "A Tour in Mexico." In the matter of coffee, for example, Ober says on page 209, "I must confess that I never tasted worse coffee than I got in Mexico; and if it is the result of my taste having been depraved by chicory, then give me chicory." But on page 194 of her delightful narrative, Mrs. Morris writes: "With the true Bohemian spirit one will find every old inn and every ruin as full of adventure as an enchanted castle, and every meal ambrosia and wine, though it be only black coffee, tortillas and frijoles, but the tortillas are good, and the frijoles, though they may not carry as much culture to the bean, are quite as good as the famous baked beans of Boston herself, and every one knows that Mexican coffee has no superior."

Mrs. Morris's book is delightful; but so carelessly printed! She makes repeated use of the words senor, sonora and senorita, but once only is the "ñ" or circumflex accent used, on page 163. "Adios" is printed "adois"; "Luis Espinsoa" is probably "Espinosa"; "adois" again (page 67, the first time, now repeated on page 196); "Molino del Rey" appears as "del Ray"; "Nuestra Senora de los Remedios" masquerades as "Nuestra Senora de los Ramedios"; "adois" appears for the third time, on page 284, while "papyua" is probably "papaya." But with all its faults it is worth reading.

CORTES MAXWELL.

Boston, Dec. 7.

Last Call.

As the World Wags.

We seem to be no nearer the derivation of "three sheets in the wind," but I want to assure Dr. Crockett that I am not talking about a fore-and-after, but a ship. I refer to sets of sheets, if one may so express it, and box hauling and wearing are handling the ship with her sails, as the Doctor says. As to these manoeuvres and the order, "rise tacks and sheets," I would refer him to any old-time navy man or to any standard work on seamanship. I never heard the captain called the first officer and always thought the officer in charge was the "officer of the deck."

As to there being no tacks in a fore-and-after, how about the jib and forestaysail? True, on these sails they are not running rigging, but they exist, nevertheless. CONCORD.

[This controversy, interesting as it has been to them that go down to the sea in ships, must now end.—Ed.]

The Aviary.

As the World Wags:

I was acquainted with that family of Sparrows, Pigeons and Partridges mentioned by "Nomenclator" in The Herald of Nov. 29. They had a summer cottage at —— Beach, and they called it "The Aviary." All the time during which the younger Clay was in the Senate, his name was given in the Congressional Globe as Clement C. Clay, Jr. AMOS KEETS.

PIANO RECITAL GIVEN BY HEINRICH GEBHARD

Artistic Performance Witnessed at Jordan Hall.

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, Italian concerto; d'Indy poeme des Montagnes, Op. 15; Schumann, Grillen, Traumeswirren; Chopin, Impromptu in F sharp; Platt, The Gulls; Hopekirk, Wandering from "Iona Memories"; Engel, Peace d'Espagne, Tango; Schulz-Evler, Blue Danube waltzes, (Strauss).

Mr. Gebhard's talent is well rounded. He is not a specialist. He is at home in the classics and among modern composers. His touch is varied and, wherever be the degree of dynamic force exerted, it is beautiful. He can be lyrically poetic and he has strength. His brilliance has warmth; it is not mere glitter. His phrasing is musical.

Yesterday afternoon, however, Mr. Gebhard's playing of Bach's music was a disappointment. His performance was too deliberate, mannered, almost pedegogic, and it was not until he began d'Indy's Poeme that the pianist was heard at his best.

This piece, with its varying moods, its impressionistic suggestions of mist, trees, grotesque dances and the ever-recurring theme of the beloved one, evidently made a strong appeal to Mr. Gebhard. He played it beautifully as far as lucidity, proportion, tone, rhythm, mechanical perfection were concerned, with fine color and nuances, and in a romantic spirit.

He imparted to Schumann's Grillen a becoming whimsicality and in Traumeswirren displayed exquisite delicacy and fleetness. Mr. Gebhard, too, is not of those who seek to ennoble Chopin by putting a thundering speech into his mouth. He accepts him, as he was, a poet, who chose the piano for the expression of his thoughts, hectic or serene, confident or hopeless, and in the expression regarded always ideal beauty and found new forms of it.

An audience of good size applauded warmly and Mr. Gebhard lengthened the program.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Great Adventure," a play of fancy in four acts, by Arnold Bennett, based on his book, "Buried Alive." Chief characters:

Ilam Carve.....Lyn Harding
Albert Shawn.....Edward Morgan
Dr. Pascoe.....T. Wigney Percyval
Janet Cannot.....Miss Janet Beecher
Cyrus Carve.....Frank Goldsmith
Father Looe.....Rupert Lumley
Honoria Looe.....Miss Edith Latimer
Ebag.....Mr. Edgar Kent
James Shawn.....Cyril Biddulph
John Shawn.....Erskholm Clive
Mrs. Albert Shawn.....Miss Ina Rorke
Lord Leonard Alcar.....Walter Creighton
Texel.....Edward Connelly

Like a river of water in a thirsty land is "The Great Adventure" as interpreted by the players sent hither by Winthrop Ames. It is clean, limpid, sparkling, refreshing, satisfying.

To be sure, Mr. Bennett has been kind to the actors and has given them all characters that have individuality, life and interest, and has furnished them conversation that is constantly bubbling with genuine fun, sly humor, keen sarcasm or biting irony, and thus has made their task easier than a less talented author would have done.

But on the other hand, these players have the intelligence to appreciate that kindness and the wit to make the most of it. Thus the audience profits doubly, and consequently has not one dull moment from that when the great English artist's valet sickens, the doctor is called and the artist begins to pass himself off as the servant, through the man's demise, his burial in Westminster Abbey, the artist's wooing and winning of the valet's matrimonial agency sweetheart, down to the last, when the artist, finally disclosed as his living self, is shaken out of one of his dazes by his excellent cockney wife and says: "Oh, I was only thinking. They buried me in the Abbey this time; I wonder what they will do the next."

It is rightly named a play of fancy. It is pure comedy at all times without a hint of farce. After none of the laughs is there the slightest tinge of feeling that one has been even a shade lowered. Its shafts are winged with higher forms of wit or satire and its humor keen and bright as it is, presupposes a certain plane of intelligence somewhat above the average. Yet pedantry is there only to be mercilessly lampooned by occasional darts of the artist and by the living presence of Honoria Looe.

Seldom has a more satisfying impersonation been seen in Boston than that of Ilam Carve, the artist, by Mr. Harding. The great man's moodiness, his abstraction, his shyness, his hatred of sham, his loathing of English Philistinism, his basic good humor and utter honesty— each one is vividly exhibited at its proper moment and all are portrayed with such tact and intelligence that the whole character becomes one of consistent, faithful, living reality.

No whit behind Mr. Harding is Miss Beecher as Janet Cannot, the excellent widow who hoped to marry the artist's valet and thinks she has for two years or so after the valet was entombed in the Abbey as the artist. Nothing could be more straightforward than her honesty of Cockney speech. Nothing could be less shy than her avowed absence of shyness. Nothing could be more charmingly unused to the ways of the great than her unsophistication. Nothing could be more ignorant of all things artistic than her ignorance. No keen common sense could be keener. No simple devotion could be more devoted, and Miss Beecher by her entire simplicity and lack of self-consciousness made it the most natural thing in the world for the erratic artist to marry her and resist being dragged forth to fame again.

Every other member of the cast filled his or her part in a most intelligent and lifelike manner. To be really appreciated their work must be seen.

ONE-ACT SATIRE AT B. F. KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's this week is a most satisfying one. Last night there was a large audience that showed unmistakable approval. Paul Armstrong's one-act satire, 'Woman Proposes," has the place of honor on the bill. This piece, while a good laugh-getter, is decidedly lacking in action. It resolves itself into a succession of dialogues, and it is redolent of sentimentality from beginning to end. The lines at times sparkle and there is now and then a successful attempt in a satirical vein at the expense of woman. Man argues that more often than otherwise Woman proposes; Woman explosively rejects the idea; there is ocular proof while Man and Woman secretly look on in a cosey arbor off a ballroom; the principals likewise finally approve of the theme of the play. Both Ruth Allen as Woman and Leonard Hollister as Man played very effectively, and received capable support from Florence Wagner, Marion Goad, Miriam Collins, Robert Armstrong, Edward Henke and Albert Commaker.

The laugh-makers of the bill were the Avon Comedy Four in their farce, "The New School Teacher." This is a riotous outlet for the talents of this entertaining quartet. There were many good songs and the splendid comedy work of Joe Smith and his unique style of dancing are not easily forgotten.

Trovato, with his gymnastic mannerisms and his violin, fiddled to the genuine delight of the audience. We remember him a few years ago when his luxuriant and tossing mane added to the gayety of his performance. But this gentleman, while an adept at tricks, is by no means an ordinary trickster on the fiddle. He is equally at home with the grand opera selection and the jingling "rag." He affects the posture of a 'cello player rather than that of a fiddler.

George W. Barry and Maude Walford were a clever pair of chatterers, and sang a few parodies that pleased. Ned Munroe and Charles A. Pusey, burnt cork conversationalists, gave an act that was new in ideas, and pleased with some original songs.

Maria Lo and company presented a series of living tableaux that were away from the beaten path of living pictures; Gerard and West did a dainty song and dance sketch; Two Tom Boys were seen in an acrobatic act; the Harvey Family produced the thrills in an aerial act, and the motion pictures concluded an unusually good bill.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Sag Harbor," a comedy in four acts, by James A. Herne.

Capt. Marble.....Donald Meek
Ben Turner.....William P. Carleton
Frank Turner.....Carney Carlisle
William Turner.....Frederick Ormonde
Freeman Whitmarsh.....Al Roberts
Hosea Stevens.....J. Morrill Morrison
Martha Reeves.....Doris Olsen
Jane Cauldwell.....Florence
Elizabeth Ann Turner
Mrs. John Russell..

Dec 1[illegible] 1913

said yesterday that the controversy between "Concord" and Dr. Crockett concerning sheets, tacks, first officer, etc. [illegible]. We are sure that these able seamen will read with pleasure and possibly with profit, the following letter:

What Cap'n Jake Says.

As the World Wags:

I am mightily interested in the incidental issues which have developed in the course of the inquiry as to the origin of the saying: "Three sheets in the wind." By way of explanation I may say that, on the assurance of aunt 'Liza Leach, whose infallibility as a spiritualist medium no one down this way ever questions, I expect to witness a renaissance of square-rigged ships just as soon as the Cucuracha slide is out of the way and the paths leading to the Panama canal are trodden down good and hard. And, having been tom-cod-ding these past few summers with Cap'n Jake Odam, I feel the call of the sea and plan to fit myself for the position of captain of some deep-water ship, so I am taking a correspondence course in navigation and seamanship, besides being keen about picking up stray bits of information such as those contributed by "Concord" and Dr. Crockett.

Cap'n Jake says—and he's almost 90, and used to sail in the California trade—that if you get three sheets shaking in the wind, you'll understand why it came to be applied to a drunken man, even if you can't "figger out who said it fust." And he tells me to ask Concord and Dr. Crockett what one may call the lower, foremost corner of a fore-and-aft sail, if there be no "tacks" on such a craft.

Cap'n Jake adds that it took all hands to tack ship handily, and that there'd been trouble if anybody on his ship thought he was sufficiently "officer of the deck" to go about tacking without him. He usually stood on the house, while the mate was stationed on the to'gallan'fok'sl head, with the secon' mate standing by the lee braces.

I expect to find it very useful in the future as I listen to his explanation that the order "Maintopsail haul" should be given when the ship is swinging into the wind rapidly and the wind is one point on the weather bow. Then the yards on the main and mizzen masts fly about sharply, the weather leaches being caught by the wind, while the lee sides are blanketed by the sails on the foremast. Then if a ship lost headway and got "in irons" there was nothing to do but wait until the headsails, still flat aback, swung the bow off on the new course. If the ship got stern way, the rudder had to be changed hard over to help her from misstaying, being changed back to "meet her" when she got to falling off too rapidly.

Cap'n Jake "laffed, he did" when I read to him that a ship "in irons" must be "boxed off on the old tack, or you must wear off on the new."

He also said that, unless the wind was very light and he needed the "courses," he used to clew up the main and mizzen first, doing away with "tack and sheets," for "three sheets in the wind" makes troublesome navigating ashore or afloat.

When I pinned him down for an opinion, he expressed a belief that the phrase which has caused so much wagging was first used by Neptune in an aside to Amphitrite when he once found his barber too drunk to do a good job on the greenhorns that were making their first crossing of the "line."

T. INKER McEREL.

Forgie Point, Me., Dec. 7.

Man in the Street.

As the World Wags:

Regarding Macaulay's use of the phrase as above, I copy from the Tauchnitz edition of the Essays, vol. I, page 245. In a review of Southey's "Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society," contributed to the Edinburgh Review, issue of January, 1830, Macaulay writes: "But Mr. Southey would have the rulers of a country prescribe opinions to the people, not only about politics, but about matters concerning which a government has no peculiar sources of information and concerning which any man in the streets may know as much and think as justly as the King, namely, religion and morals." What seems a little strange is that while the discussion of the matter in the London Notes and Queries traced the use of the phrase to the comparatively obscure Greville memoirs (March [illegible], 1[illegible]), it failed to discover it in the far more widely known essay of Macaulay in the Edinburgh Review of January in the same year—1830. W. S. M.

Boston, Dec. 8.

Anecdote for the Day.

"When in Paris," said the famous Lord Sandwich, "I had a dancing master. The man was very civil, and on my taking leave I offered to do what I could for him in London. 'Then,' said the man profoundly bowing, 'I should esteem it a particular favor if your lordship would never tell any one who taught you to dance.'"

Tango and Maxixe.

We were talking with men from Argentina and they, in an affable and courteous manner were comparing manners and customs in Boston with those in Buenos Ayres. "No lady in Buenos Ayres," said one, "would think of inviting an opera singer however famous to her house or to her box in the opera house." The tango was mentioned. They smiled and changed the subject.

Mr. F. Rawlins recently wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette that he had lived for 25 years "off and on" in South America, mostly Brazil and Argentina, and had never seen the tango or Maxixe danced as it has appeared in London. "I have lived amongst the natives in the interior, too, and never seen anything like it. The tango they dance, however, although it is dying out, corresponds to our old English Morris dances, and is not danced with a partner in the waltzing way. As for the Maxixe, one dares not mention it in Brazilian society, as it is the lowest form of abandonment practised by the most degenerate niggers. To think that it should turn up in sane England and be boomed as a respectable dance!" Softly, softly, Mr. Rawlins. What is the old quotation from the Right Honorable Edmund Burke that has been so often rapped out? "Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." And in Boston we spell negro with one "g."

Poor Mr. Fernandez-Arbos! He came to the Boston Symphony orchestra as concertmaster 10 seasons too soon. For on Oct. 24, 1903, he played in Symphony Hall at a Symphony concert and before the sitters in the family pews a "Tango" of his own composition in which a Tango tune popular in the streets and dance halls of Spain was introduced.

Merry Christmas.

The postman brings another invitation to do good at Christmas, to save the body if not the soul of any elderly man who is, to quote from the circular,

Overfeeding himself and taking little exercise,
Eating meats largely instead of vegetables,
Working too hard in close or overheated offices,
Pushing his business days and attending banquets nights,
Otherwise taking risks with his health.

All we have to do is to send $2.50 to a philanthropic publisher and a book entitled—no, we would not for the world give him a free advertisement—will be mailed to the unfortunate frequenter of banqueting houses. Suppose that we made, say Mr. Golightly, a present of this book. He would be sorely offended at being considered an "elderly" man. In the second place he would be insulted by the reflection on his personal habits. After mature reflection we shall be in $2.50.

Dec 11 1913

'MONNA VANNA'

Fevrier's "Monna Vanna" was repeated last night at the Boston Opera House and the cast was that of last Friday night: Miss Garden, Monna Vanna; Mr. Muratore, Prinzivalle; Mr. Mareoux, Guido; Mr Ludikar, Marco. Mr. Caplet conducted. A large audience greatly enjoyed the superb acting of Mr. Marcoux; the beautiful stage setting of Mr. Urban; the thoughtfully considered impersonation of Guido by Mr. Ludikar; and the manly bearing, fine conception and heroic singing of Mr. Muratore. It admired the beauty of Miss Garden's acting in the first act; and wondered at her costume in the second, a costume wholly at variance with the intention of Maeterlinck, the traditions associated with the drama, and the dressing of the part by Lucienne Breval, the first to impersonate the heroine of the opera. It also asked why a woman of Miss Garden's intelligence could so misconceive the character of Monna Vanna in this scene.

That there can be little birds engendered of old and rotten keeles of ships, they can beare witnesse who saw that ship wherein Francis Drake sailed about the world, standing in a docke neare the Tavish, to the outside of the keele whereof a number of such little birds without life and fethers sticke close.

Canard.

As the World Wags:

I find copied from the Westminster Gazette the following:

"A CANARD—Why should the harmless duck have given his name to a word which suggests a false rumor? The Gazette de Hollande has been trying to find an answer to the riddle, and it declares that the meaning attached to the word "canard" was invented by Dutch sailors of the 16th century, who came back from Greenland with stories about a fabulous duck which was born from a shell, or from the fruit of a tree. But the origin of the word is probably older than that, for it is a belief among English sailors dating from time immemorial that a fabulous bird springs from the barnacle of a ship. There is a passage in "The Tempest," where the fear of being turned into a barnacle clearly refers to the nautical superstition that a duck or fabulous bird sprang from this shell."

The passage referred to in "The Tempest" is act 4, scene 1:

"Caliban—I will have none on't. We shall lose our time, and all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes, with foreheads villanous low."

In my edition the word "barnacles" has a reference as follows:

"A barnacle is a kind of shellfish which sticks to the bottoms of ships and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become a Scottish goose."

This is rather interesting. Do you see, however, that the passage in "The Tempest" "clearly refers" to the "nautical superstition," etc.? H. P. C.

Boston, Dec. 8.

Divers Opinions.

There are various explanations of "canard" as meaning a false report. Littre says it comes from an old expression "vendre un canard a moitie" (to half-sell a duck); and afterwards "a moitie" was suppressed. To half-sell a duck is not to sell it at all; hence the sense "to take in, to make a fool of." In Randle Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary" (edition of 1673) we find: "Vendeur de canard, a moitie"—a cousener, guller, cogger, foister, lyer."

Others speak of an absurd and invented story about the voracity of ducks, which is said to have gone the rounds of the newspapers and been widely credited.

Francisque-Michel in his work on "Argot" states flatly that the word meaning, a false rumor, comes from the proverb cited by Cotgrave.

As for the birds springing from barnacles on a ship, our correspondent will find much entertaining matter in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare" (1839) p. 14; Seager's "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time" (1896) pp. 23, 24; Dyer's "Folk Lore of Shakespeare," pp. 93-95—and Dyer quotes the passage from "The Tempest"; and Phipson's "Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time" (1883) pp. 275-277. The talk is chiefly about the "barnacle goose."

"Hot Corn."

As the World Wags:

A verse of a New York song, to paraphrase Longfellow a bit, has been haunting my memory. It runs somewhat after this fashion:

Oh, come and buy hot corn,
Oh, come and buy hot corn,
And oh my song
From night till morn
Is still, come buy hot corn.

It takes me back to the old National Theatre on Portland street, where a juvenile actress made a hit as Little Katy, the Hot Corn Girl. She was one of the Melville Sisters, I think, who afterward developed into a mature actress of some note. The plaintive ditty that she warbled was somewhat incongruously sung to the music of "The Prima Donna Waltz." The play in which she appeared was made from a book which excited considerable discussion in its time. Some thought it taught needed moral lessons, and some did not. And now, with "Damaged Goods" to the fore, we can see how history repeats itself.

I have only a hazy recollection of the New York publication and its argument, but perhaps some of the readers of As the World Wags have a more distinct impression of the book—those who can go back to the frolicsome fifties. The book related to the abuses that prevailed when hot corn was still sold on the sidewalks of the metropolis. This custom went out, if I am not mistaken, long before universal New Year's calls were discontinued in little old New York.

I have not seen "Damaged Goods," but I do not see from what I have read concerning it, how it can do any harm, even to those who think that the theatre should be simply a place of harmless entertainment and not a school for the teaching of morality.

What is it young Hamlet says when he is about to give his uncle-father the third degree in dramatic form in order to awaken a guilty conscience? Then those queer old plays that used to be performed in the dim religious past, with the sanction of the church—what were they for? They called a spade a spade in those days, but many old theatregoers can remember when "George Barnwell" was thought to convey a needed lesson to wild apprentices; and our forefathers used to see and approve a play by Ford with an exceedingly broad title of which "Pity" was the second word. It would grate on ears polite at the present day. As for the woman in "Damaged Goods," didn't we have our own Charlotte Cushman, years and years ago, in Nancy Sykes. Well, I do not set myself up as a defender of the piece now running at the Tremont Theatre, but its production brought back to my mind the warm controversy over "Hot Corn." BAIZE.

Dorchester, Dec. 8.

Clay to Clay.

As the World Wags.

The first edition of "A Biographical Congressional Directory," published in 1903, gave Clement Comer Clay as the name of both the father and the son, and Ben: Perley Poore's "The Political Register and Congressional Directory" also gave that name as the name of them both. In the "Congressional Directory for the First Session of the Thirty-third Congress" (1853-1855), which was the first session of Congress of which the younger Clay was a member, his name appeared as "C. C. Clay, Jr.," and I think that his name so appeared in the "Congressional Directory" of every subsequent Congress of which he was a member. GENEALOGIST.

"Fair to Middlin'."

In answer to the polite question "How is your health?" often asked only for the sake of conversation, the answer sometimes is "middlin'," or "fair to middlin'," while some mad wags prefer "fair, ranging toward middlin'." Thus is an old English provincial term concerning physical health preserved. Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Wright in her "Rustic Speech and Folk Lore," published recently by the Oxford University Press, points out that to confess to being in a perfectly flourishing condition would be indiscreet. "Never avow to yourself the attention of the powers of evil by boasting that you are quite well. To invite the attention of envy and malice in this manner would be as foolhardy as to attract the devil by mentioning his name, instead of referring to him indirectly."

Dec 12 1913

M. Gustave Charpentier will come to this country in a few weeks to superintend the rehearsals of his "Julien" at the Metropolitan Opera House and also to find a theme for a new opera. "He wants to write about the great country of which he thinks so highly. If he finds a suitable theme he will write both book and music." M. Charpentier has thus far composed two operas and in them he chants the praise of free love. It is a pity that he did not visit the United States some years ago when the Oneida Community was in full blast. Perhaps there are still sources of inspiration in Salt Lake City. Then there is the cabaret life in New York.

The Decay of Dining.

Mr. Filson Young gives as a reason for the decay of serious dining in London, the first class restaurant. "Three things are essential to a healthy person in the art of dining: First, excellence and harmony of the dinner; secondly, a contented mind; and thirdly, peace and restfulness of surroundings. The second condition depends upon oneself. The first can easily, although expensively, be procured in London; but it can hardly ever be enjoyed, because of the absence of the third. How can those delicate essences, fleeting flavors, and perfect vintages be savored in the midst of pandemonium? * * * A parrot house in the near vicinity of a bandstand would be as peaceful a place in which to eat one's dinner. For my part dining in such places becomes a mere symbol or ritual; pleasant enough if one has good lungs or defective hearing; but otherwise tantalizing and exhausting. Hence another cause of the decay of dining (not mentioned by the astute wine traders)—namely, champagne. It is the only thing which will apply quickly enough the stimulus required for such an ordeal. And where champagne is drunk steadily from beginning to end of a long meal, there is no dining."

Mr. Hobson's "Verbiage."

As the World Wags:

Does good usage sanction the use of the word "verbiage" in the sense of "wording" or "phraseology"? I have often seen the word so used in southern newspapers, and I notice that it is so used in a Boston newspaper issued today in a dispatch from that paper's Washington correspondent. What does your old friend, the Oxford Dictionary, say on the subject? VERBALIST

Boston, Dec. 10.

"Verbalist" enclosed a clipping from the newspaper:

"He (Representative Hobson) has introduced several resolutions for a constitutional amendment. While they differ somewhat in verbiage." This use of "verbiage" might be appropriate in Mr. Hobson's case, for "verbiage" means a needless accumulation of words, verbosity; it does not mean "style" or "phraseology." The word, by the way, is not found in the dictionaries of Bailey and Walker. The Oxford Dictionary, alas, does not yet include words beginning with "V," so we are unable to give the history of "verbiage" or inquire into the phrase "vaseline princeps," which we heard used in good faith by a young man describing the merits of a show.

Young Mr. Bludyer.

We thought that literary critics of Mr. Bludyer's stamp were extinct; that the critic today is a honey-dauber, a writer of "appreciations," a polite press agent of the publisher, with here and there an honorable exception. Mr. Bludyer has a successor in direct line who reviews books for the New Age of London, a

...lent weekly. Here ... "Gir... er Onion's "Two Kisses" ... tively kisses a Greek statue and is ...r kissed by an impertinent young ...n. Terrific sensations! How dare he, ... they? The lady goes in for art, ...ds subjects, one 'a ripper,' as she calls ... in Covent Garden. Finally becomes ...s. Pratt. She might have written the ...ok herself, heaps like her do write ...vels and make pots of money."

Ghost Dogs.

...clergyman in Ireland is collecting gh...t stories of his country, "well-authenticated" stories, of course, and he ...w swamped with them. There is a fine tale of a dog's ghost. The invisible ...t still faithful animal is heard coming down the stairs, trotting into the living room, and then turning about and about and finally settling himself before the fire. A little bell on his collar is also heard. The publication of this story ...gg...d the memory of readers and one ...ought up the Dog of Manse. Mr. William Soutar, a Perthshire man, saw t... ghost and told the tale to Bishop Rattray. About 1729 Mr. Soutar met something like a screeching fox which ...ogs were unwilling to chase. A few ...s afterward Mr. Soutar met a big, ...rk grey dog. The dog touched him ...n t...e hip which was sore all night. After several meetings the spectral dog became confidential and confessed that he was the ghost of one David Soutar ...o had killed a man 35 years before ...n now appeared in this shape because ... dog had been with him when he did ...e deed. "Human bones were found ...uried under a bush at a spot indicated ...y the ghost."

Cheer Up!

Here is a curious letter written ap...rently in good faith:

As the World Wags:

As to the use of unauthorized terms ...f speech may I not submit the follow...g remarks?

The term "three sheets in the wind" has about the same relation to a ship or to any other nautical affair, as it has to the supported articles on a housewife's clothes line. There is no more authority for "three sheets in the wind" than there would be for "forty sheets in the wind," at least, so far as it relates to a ship. Men do not generally go about clothed in sheets, and we are left to conjecture as to whether the term "sheets" in this case refers to ...oth, paper or metal. The term is ...ined without my judgment as to its application, and in this respect is as senseless and idiotic as many other terms of slangy and meaningless forms of expression that are so common everywhere.

We read of automobiles "turning turtle," though what relation an automobile has to a turtle has never been explained.

Only a day or two ago The Herald, in speaking of a certain citizen of Lowell, says (sic) he has come into the "limelight" again, though there is no evidence that any "limelight" exists in the affair, or that "limelight" discloses any facts that daylight might not develop.

Another senseless term that seems to be universally used is "wireless telegraphy," though wireless telegraphy has probably been practiced ever since man made his appearance as an inhabitant of the earth, while it is believed even dumb animals and birds have a method or plan of this nature, by which they may conduct limited messages to their fellows or mates. One might mention terms of this character without number, but what's the use? G. C. PAINE.

Boston.

"Turn turtle" was originally nautical slang, Mr. Paine, meaning to capsize. You will find the phrase in highly respectable dictionaries.—Ed.

Dec 13 1913

8TH REHEARSAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Josef Hofmann was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, C major	Beethoven
Merry Overture op. 53	Weingartner
Concerto in A minor for piano	Schumann
Festival Prelude for orchestra and organ op. 61	R. Strauss

Mr. Weingartner conducted his overture at a concert of the Boston Opera House Orchestra last February. Strauss's Prelude was played for the first time in the city.

The overture is joyous and frankly tuneful. Its themes are of an operetta nature, but they are dexterously developed and combined, and there is trick...y instrumentation. The overture ...n...s even a waltz in 6-4 time. It ... pleasant, cheery music for a holiday ...son, music that is not pretentious, but they that clamor for symphonic poems of a "literary" nature, music that depicts struggles of the soul, or yearnings after the infinite, music that is the voice of a symbolist or an impressionist, will no doubt find the overture light and flippant and shake their heads.

Strauss's prelude was ...ed for the dedication of a new ... house in Vienna and at the request of the Society of Friends of Music ... that city. The first performance was on the 19th of last October. The prelude is scored for organ and a huge orchestra. The composer asks for 40 violins, 24 violas, 20 'cellos and 12 double basses; at least 10 trumpets and he would prefer 16. He recommends to the players of certain wind instruments an aerophor, or bellows pump, so that they can sustain long passages without "windy suspiration of forced breath." Strauss evidently thought that this dedication required "a great and thundering speech," otherwise as Mycetes in Marlowe's tragedy, he could not express himself. And what is to be said of this Prelude? Nothing, except that it is exceedingly noisy. There is little majesty or nobility in the conception, the themes are without commanding pomp; and any effect made on the hearer is a purely nervous one. The extra trumpeters, pupils of trumpeters in the orchestra, swelled the din and evidently enjoyed themselves. It is a pity that Strauss did not introduce the noise-creating instruments employed at a Futurist concert in Milan, buzzers, bursters, rustlers, gurglers, students, snorters, smashers, thunderers. A stone-crushing machine might have helped in the final climax.

The orchestra gave a beautiful performance of Beethoven's Symphony. Why debate whether the music is wholly Mozartian; whether there are traces of the "greater" Beethoven? Let the music be taken for what it is, music of the end of the 18th century. At the same time let us recall the fact that when this symphony was played in Paris 103 years ago two or three critics protested against the "astonishing success" of Beethoven's works as "a danger to musical art." "It is believed," said one, "that a prodigal use of the most barbaric dissonances and a noisy use of all the orchestral instruments will make an effect. Alas, the ear is only stabbed; there is no appeal to the heart." And so in 2016 this Festival Prelude of Strauss may seem to the sitter in the seat of the scornful gently lyrical and absurdly simple.

Mr. Hofmann played Schumann's concerto in a rarely poetic manner and the orchestra was in full sympathy with him. In the great hall Mr. Hofmann succeeded in establishing at once the peculiar intimacy that should exist between hearer and pianist when this concerto is played. There was a refreshing absence of undue force, but the delicacy of the pianist's touch showed true strength. His tone always had exquisite quality; clearness was never mechanical; there was the suggestion of the composer musing, weaving his fancies, and then confiding them to one that would understand him. Seldom if ever has there been here a more Schumannesque performance.

MME. D'ALVAREZ

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Re	Mr. Sampieri
Amneris	Mme. D'Alvarez
Aida	Miss Amsden
Radames	Mr. Constantino
Ramfis	Mr. Ludikar
Amonasro	Mr. Ancona
Un Messaggiero	Mr. Fusco
Una Sacerdotessa	Miss Sharlow

Mme. d'Alvarez took the part of Amneris for the first time in this city.

Some years ago Mr. John F. Runciman, in one of his more violent moods, wrote an article in which he said that the interest in "Aida" began only with the Nile scene; that no one cared whether Aida was in love with Radames, whether Amneris was jealous of the captive, or whether Radames cared for this one more than he did for that one, when he went to the war. As for Amneris, said Mr. Runciman, she is "a helpless piece of machinery, something between the stage conception of a Princess and the Lady with the Camillias—any difference in modesty being certainly not in favor of Amneris."

All this is amusing, but it is not true. The sight of two women contending over a man is always interesting, even though the poor wretch may cut a sorry figure. Nor is Amneris necessarily a 'helpless piece of machinery.' It all depends on how the part is acted, how Verdi's music is sung; and in this opera Verdi has portrayed character by the music given to each one of the persons in the drama. Even the Messenger's entrance is accompanied by strains that suggests the desert and wild scenes, it is barbaric and remote.

To Amneris the composer has given music of superb pride, malicious innuendo, amorous entreaty, passion, raging despair. The music is there, and Mme. d'Alvarez understood it and by it made Amneris a creature of flesh and blood, a haughty princess—but a woman. She has a glorious voice, rich, velvety sonorous; a voice of generous compass, with tones that are even throughout and full and round. The voice was used skilfully for dramatic purposes, but the actress never forgot that Verdi's music is to be sung, not declaimed. Of late years we have seen no Amneris to compare with that of Mme. d'Alvarez. In the memorable performance given 17 years ago by Mapleson's Imperial Opera company at the Boston Theatre with Mme. Bonaplata-Bau as Aida; Durst as Radames and D... A...a as Amonasro, and with Oreste Bimboni conducting, the part of Amneris was taken by Mme. Parsi. She had a large and sensuous voice; she was passionate in song and action; but she was inferior to Mme. d'Alvarez in vocal art, in intelligent phrasing, in care for the long melodic line.

It would be a pleasure to speak of the many excellent features of Mme. d'Alvarez's performance, but this is not now possible. Suffice it to say, that in the broad conception of the part and in the nuances of vocal and dramatic expression, her impersonation of Amneris stands far above those admired or endured during the last 20 years.

Mr. Ancona sang the music of Amonazro effectively, in the grand manner, and he acted the part with unexpected vigor. Miss Amsden has made marked progress as a singer. Her voice is now an organ suited to heroic roles. It has more body; it has greater dramatic intensity, and it has not lost in the finer qualities. It is to be regretted that her progress as an actress has not kept step. She is still conscious of her arms; her attitudes are often awkward; her gestures are too frequent and meaningless. Witness, for instance, her exit at the end of the first scene. Mr. Ludikar was an excellent Rampis and Mr. Sampieri a firm-voiced king. Mr. Fusco deserves a word for the uncommonly good recitation of the messenger.

Mr. Constantino returned after a long absence. I believe he was last heard here in February, 1912. Either he was not well disposed last evening or his voice has changed for the worse. His singing of "Celeste Aida" was coarse and vulgar in every way. Nor in the more heroic passages did his voice have the former brilliance.

The chorus did valiant work. Mr. Moranzoni gave an eloquent reading of the score. Seldom have we heard a finer interpretation of the Prelude, which many conductors lead in a perfunctory manner, and throughout the opera Mr. Moranzoni conducted musically, with full appreciation of color, with an intimate knowledge of the many harmonic and orchestral beauties, with constant regard to the singers, with the appropriate dignity and fire.

It is a grand good thing on a black night to learn that New York is taking a lively interest in literary matters. Perhaps the laurels of Indianapolis will not let Manhattan sleep. However this may be, New York, as one resenting the reproach of materialism, is inquiring into the merits of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Several prominent citizens have written to the newspapers and pointed out solecisms, loose construction, participles floating like ill-regulated kidneys in the human body. They have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Thomas Gray as a poet was on the bum. These New Yorkers were not the first. One Johnson, not Herkimer, but Dr. Samuel Johnson, said that there were only two good stanzas in Gray's poetry; one began "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey"; he added "The other stanza I forget." Yet in his life of Gray, the censorious Doctor made amends; there, considering the "Elegy," he rejoiced to concur with the common reader; "for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honors." He then named the four stanzas beginning "Yet even these bones" as peculiarly original. Strange to say, neither in conversation nor in written criticism did Dr. Johnson detect solecisms in the "Elegy"; but it is not easy to impose upon New Yorkers, even when they sleep in New Jersey.

In the Concert Hall.

The time may yet come when the analysis of a symphony will contain a sentence something like this: "The foregoing thematic material is now developed elaborately and at great length. The audience is respectfully requested to remain seated until the end of the movement." Who was it first said of Brahms: "To me his symphonies are always in two movements. He made the first; I make the second"?

Dr. Crockett at Sea.

We said a few days ago that the amiable correspondence between "Concord" and Dr. Crockett was at an end, as far as The Herald was concerned. Then came along Mr. McErel of Porgie Point, Me., who quoted freely from the nautical wisdom of Capt. Jake Odam. And now Dr. Crockett writes as follows:

As the World Wags:

I had a finishing word for "Concord," but a line editorially called a halt. Capt. Jake is all right and evidently knows something about seamanship. Regarding the officer of the deck: I have seen a case of tacking ship when captain and mate both were off duty and the second mate was the officer of the deck. Of course there are tacks to a fore and aft sail. The tack is a permanent lashing, not used in tacking ship any more than would be the sheets of a topsail, top-gallant sail, or royal. Capt. Jake is near 90. Well, I had an eight months' cruise in a square rigger 71 years ago. In regard to the stations taken by the different officers of a ship, Capt. Jake is correct, but that does not alter the statement as to who is officer of the deck. In answering "Concord" details were not called for. With Capt. Jake comes a different program. He is refreshing and interesting. Come again, captain. I was cook of a coasting craft at 12; have worked at sail-making and can tuck a cringle. I have helped rig two ships and a brig; have seen No 1 duck split into ribbons in a gale; have pulled out an ering and know what tough-band knotaway means. Have spent 12 hours on a ship of 1800 tons laying on her beamends with waterline two feet above her weather pumps. And can talk sailor to a sailor. And never took a hand at splicing the main brace at that. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

P. S.—Please, just this once more: that your readers may understand I am not a canal-boat deckhand.

Doubles.

"A man who looked so much like President Wilson that he even wore a soft hat of the shape and color which are becoming as famous as the black campaign hat of a previous administration, upset a whole block on Fifth avenue today." Thus the N. Y. Evening Post.

And for some time the Daily Chronicle (London) has been publishing lists of celebrated persons who bore or bear a close resemblance. Millais made a sketch of Dickens after death, and Tennyson, seeing it, exclaimed: "This is most extraordinary. It is exactly like myself." A painting of Dickens was cherished by one who knew Browning as a portrait of the poet. Tennyson was almost a perfect double of Sir Leslie Stephen. Prof. Schrader and Huxley were often mistaken one for the other and so were Alma Tadema and Du Maurier. Edmund Yates and the late Shah of Persia might have been twins. And so on and so on.

Here in Boston there is a man who was once told that he looked like Sir Henry Irving. He has never recovered from the agreeable surprise. He now walks like the actor, talks like him. We all know that Mr. Hall Caine believes he is the exact image of Shakespeare. Ordinary mortals as a rule resent the charge that their appearance is that of another. If Smith is told that he is very like Robinson, whom he has never seen, he at once hates Robinson with a Florentine hatred; and Robinson is equally vexed; yet we have talked with a man who was as pleased as Punch when some one said that he was the double of Mr. Roosevelt. The best line we remember on real or fancied resemblance was that of Mr. George F. Babbitt. He quoted in The Herald the statement that Henry James the novelist and Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, could not be told apart. Mr. Babbitt then said: "It is seldom that two men have such hard luck."

A National Weapon.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Michael Fitzgerald in your column the other day noted that in his own country the Irishman's cane was about the only weapon allowed him by the British government. Quite a number of years ago Patrick A. Collins came home from a visit to Ireland and was given a dinner by his friends, among whom was John Boyle O'Reilly. Mr. Collins in his travels had picked up a fine blackthorn stick and took this occasion to give it to the poet, explaining that it was the only weapon that the brutal Saxon allowed downtrodden and oppressed Irishmen wherewith to defend themselves—against each other. F. B.

Boston, Dec. 10.

Dec 14 1913

MR. DANGES SINGS FOR FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance of Massenet's "Thais" this season. Mr. Strony conducted.

Athanael	Mr. Danges
Nicias	Mr. Deru
Palemon	Mr. Wronski
Un Serviteur	Mr. Gran
Thais	Miss Garden
Crobyle	Miss Heliane
Myrtale	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Albine	Miss Rienskaia
La Charmeuse	Mme. Scotney

"Thais" is justly classed among Massenet's pornographic operas, and it is far inferior musically to "Manon," "Werther," "Le Jongleur" and "La Navarraise." With the exception of the opening scene, artful in simplicity, the song of Thais about the statuette of Eros, and a few pages of the return to the Desert, there is little worthy of serious attention. Much of the music on the terrace of Nicias's house is fit only for second-class operetta. Then there are long and dreary stretches, like unto the desert that Athanael traversed on his pious mission to ...ve a courtesan's soul. Yet sometim...an accomplished actor and a volup...s actress, while

[illegible] on the stage [illegible] lost the [illegible] of an audience.

[illegible] Danges, who took the part [illegible] Athanael yesterday afternoon, sang [illegible] the first time in this country. Mr [illegible] been a member of the Paris [illegible] and made his first appearance in [illegible] there as Valentin on Jan. [illegible]. He had already had experience, and at [illegible] he took more and more important [illegible] and had a share in new produc[illegible].

We understand that he was suffering yesterday from a severe cold. Nevertheless as a singer he made an agreeable impression. His voice, though [illegible] no doubt his physical disability affected the volume—carried, and the artist was shown in the disinclination to force it. The tones were warm, firm and sympathetic. Mr. Danges sang with taste and with general intelligence. His presentation of the [illegible]ous monk was not dramatically re[illegible]markable. He had the messianic coun[illegible]tenance, he bore himself gravely, he was well-graced in action, but there was little suggestion of the wild fanatic of the desert, who by his savage aspect frightened Thaïs. There was little spiritual exaltation in his reproaches and pious plea. But it would not be just in view of the circumstances to dismiss Mr. Danges merely as an [illegible]able Athanael with "a pleasing voice." We doubt if Pafuntius himself, for that is the holy abbot's name in "The Golden Legend"—would have been impressive if he had had a cold in the head and a sore throat when he endeavored to turn Thaïs from her naughty ways. Mr. Danges will soon be heard in other parts, and then, according to report, praise will not be qualified.

Miss Garden's Thaïs is familiar to operagoers. She accentuates the sensuality of the Alexandrian with each performance. We can imagine Thaïs, the companion of noblemen and philosophers, comporting herself with aristocratic sensuousness and not attacking poor Athanael in public as though she were the loud and stubborn woman of Solomon that with impudent face was without, now in the streets, lying in wait at every corner. But Miss Garden is a law unto herself, and composers and librettists are her playthings. There were admirable features in her performance yesterday. We do not refer to her unbecoming twistings and squirmings and floppings just before her conversion, but to her delivery of certain phrases, to her beautiful treatment of the scene with the statuette, in which she sang with adorable simplicity and genuine emotion, and to other instances where her repose was more significant than are the labored or frantic appeals of others. And it may be said that her singing throughout the opera was of a much higher order than that in which she too often finds delight.

The performance as a whole was inferior to those of past seasons. Mr. Deru sang acceptably, but Nicias was a voluptuary of more elegant bearing. The music of Palemon calls for a heavier, deeper voice than that of Mr. Wronsky. Miss Hellane's tones were not seductive, and the concerted music for Crobyle, Myrtale, Nicias and Athanael was poorly sung. Nor were the evolutions of the ballet to be commended. They were lacking in precision and were not in themselves attractive. Mr. Strony had a firm hand and conducted musically.

NEW SINGER IN "THE BARBER"

Hazel Sanborn of Allston Greeted Warmly at Opera House.

"Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was sung for the first time this season at the Boston Opera House last night. The performance also served as the debut of Hazel Sanborn, an Allston girl, who was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mme. Sanborn, who is in private life the wife of Giuseppi Cavadore, one of the new tenors of the Boston Opera Company, has been studying for the last four years in Italy, making her first appearance about two years ago in a little city near Florence.

She showed signs of nervousness which will doubtless wear off when she has become accustomed to large audiences. Her voice is sweet and powerful, and she was warmly greeted by a friendly audience.

Mr. Fornari was an amusing Figaro, and with Mr. Tavecchia made an admirable comedy team. The honors of the evening, however, fairly belonged to Mr. Mardones, who made the part of Basilio a most impressive one on his first appearance and a most ludicrous one later.

Mr. Schiavoni conducted with restraint.

FOLK SONGS PLEASE AUDIENCE AT THE TOY

English, Scottish and Irish Melodies Win Applause.

The Misses Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller of Sturminster, Dorset, England, entertained a large audience at the Toy Theatre yesterday afternoon with their [illegible] English, Scottish and Irish folk songs. [illegible] early Victorian costumes the Misses Fuller made a beautiful picture on the picturesque stage of the Toy Theatre. Each song was conceded with [illegible] applause from the audience. The program was begun with a prologue, the "Song of the Sword Dancers," a dashing Yorkshire song delivered with fine good spirit. Then followed a group of children's songs of Ireland and England. "The Tree in the Wood" and "Roman Soldiers" were singing games of rollicking childish humor which won prolonged applause.

Love songs of Scotland and England were sung next, the sweet and pathetic melodies proving that, after all, the old songs are best beloved.

A weird lullaby of the Scottish mother, a tender melody of the Irish mother and the merry English mother's song were included in the group of "Mother's Songs" which followed.

Three quaint old Christmas carols were rendered by the sisters and the interesting program concluded with an epilogue entitled "Brixham Town."

Nearly 10 years ago the Oliver Ditson Company of Boston published a copiously illustrated book entitled "Opera Singers: a Pictorial Souvenir" with interesting biographical sketches written by Mr. Gustav Kobbe. The singers discussed were Mmes. Nordica, Calve, Eames, Melba, Sembrich, Ternina, Schumann-Heink, Mr. Caruso, and the de Reszke brothers, but there were many portraits of other singers in costume and as seen off the stage. The Oliver Ditson Co. has just published the sixth edition of this book, and Mr. Kobbe has added biographical sketches of Mmes. Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, and Garden, and extended the article on Caruso. The older articles have been considerably reduced, but Mme. Calve is still allowed to say why she wears a gorgeous red silk petticoat in the first act of "Carmen" and Mme. Eames is still represented as having been somewhat guided in her costumes by the taste of her first husband, Mr. Story. Mr. Kobbe, an excellent critic, disclaims any attempt at critical work in this volume. "Let me repeat that it is intended foremost as a pictorial souvenir." Nevertheless Mr. Kobbe is always entertaining, and his pages are much more than an excuse for the pictures.

Loie Fuller's Book Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston publish "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life: with Some Account of Her Distinguished Friends" by Loie Fuller, with an introduction by Anatole France. This book was published originally in French some years ago and was then reviewed by The Herald. Miss Fuller's gossip is agreeable and the translation, or possibly the original that was first translated into French, is easy reading. M. France gravely gives Miss Fuller a certificate of high artistic and moral character. It appears that the subject of conversation which comes closest to her is religious research. Why this is so, M. France admits that he can not explain. Possibly it is "the effect of a Protestant education." "She is a person," says the gentle ironist, "of good mind and good heart, a soul somewhat inclined to mysticism, to philosophy, to religion, a very deep, a very cheerful and a very noble soul." Miss Fuller tells the story of her life from the age of six weeks, but she disdains dates and other facts that might benefit the historian of the stage. She tells of her adventures in Europe; how Alexandre Dumas, the younger, kissed her on the forehead; how Flammarion, with a forest of hair, talked with her about the stars and the influence of color on organisms; how she visited Rodin; how young dancers whom she had befriended were ungrateful. And at last she quotes freely from an article of M. Claretie concerning her dancing as Salome to Florent Schmitt's music, which was played here recently at a Symphony concert. The last chapter is headed: "How M. Claretie induced me to write this book." The motto on the title page is a remark of Dumas the younger: "She ought to write out her memories and her impressions." As M. France remarks in his preface: "She is distinctly an amiable being." There are 16 illustrations.

Beerbohm Tree's Thoughts "Thoughts and After Thoughts," by Sir Herbert Tree, is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. When this volume appeared in London The Herald published extracts from it. Sir Herbert gives various titles to pages, but the book is really a defence of his elaborate production of Shakespeare's plays. He relies on the verdict of the people. In three years at Her Majesty's Theatre "Julius Caesar" drew 242,000 spectators; "King John" over 170,000; "A Midsummer Night's Dream" nearly 220,000. His arguments brought down on him the castigating hand of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who, examining Sir Herbert's list, came to the conclusion that these Shakespearian productions appealed to the public mainly as realistic spectacles and only in a minor degree on account of the acting, "scarcely at all as the greatest and profoundest works in literature and in drama that the world has seen." Or, as Mr. Smalley put it in his fine old Tory way: "He [illegible] with his [illegible] triumph and with his commercial [illegible] civilization of drama and literature and acting all together."

Sir Herbert says nothing about his alteration of text, his trick of transferring a speech to a character for whom the speech was not written. Nor does he quote two remarks of his half-brother Max, who as dramatic critic of the Saturday Review once described a performance of "Richard II." thus reported as "Richard the Secondary," and on another occasion wrote: "I have a brother who was once an actor."

Shakespeare himself, according to Sir Herbert, sighed for more sumptuous productions than were possible in Elizabethan days. The quotations introduced might be interpreted in another way. "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts." Is this a plaintive cry to stage managers of the future?

Whatever may be said of Sir Herbert's theories, his book is not dull. His digressions, side-remarks are often amusing, and he indulges freely in epigram. He has something to say about Socialism, tyranny, boy scouts, cubists—he talks at ease and at random. He is not so impressed as he should be by "Our Betters." It appears that the latest Cockney accent is of the "genteel" order. "The vowels are squeezed almost out of recognition." Thus "time" becomes "taime"; "town," "teoun"; "girl," "glairl." "It seems to me that the children are taught in the schools this terrible jargon of gentility, to which the vigorous vulgarity of the early Victorian Cockney was infinitely preferable. The imitation of Our Betters is once more to be deprecated. There is nothing so terrible as 'refainement.'"

Shakespeare is not always the subject of Sir Herbert's story. There is an account of "Jim, the vindication of a misunderstood Microbe," which on the whole is heavy fooling. Much more creditable to him is the address on "The Imaginative Faculty." "Hamlet" is not only literature—it is drama, and we all are potential Hamlets. Is this the same as saying that every man thinks he could play Hamlet? There is a long analysis of the Prince's character, an argument to show that his madness was feigned. Perhaps the most amusing pages are those devoted to the chief personages in "Henry VIII.," especially when they are intended to be historically serious. "There was something baffling and terrifying in the mysterious bonhomie of the King. In spite of Caesar's dictum, it is the fat enemy who is to be feared; a thin villain is more easily seen through." Yet Henry VIII. could never say with Mr. Arbuckle: "Nobody loves a fat man." There is that fine fat villain Count Fosco in Wilkie Collins's creepy romance. Still we prefer a stage villain to be thin. A fat Iago would dispel illusion.

Brieux and Moore John W. Luce & Co. of Boston are doing a good work by publishing modern plays, English, Irish and translations from the French and the Swedish, in attractive form. The Herald has just received "Blanchette" and "The Escape," by Brieux, and George Moore's "Elizabeth Cooper." Mr. H. L. Mencken contributes a valuable preface with a biographical sketch, and the translation from the French is by Frederick Eisemann. Neither "Blanchette" nor "The Escape" ("L'Evasion") is an excellent example of Brieux's art, although the latter opened the Theatre Francaise to him, but they show the manliness, the unflinching honesty, the noble sincerity of the dramatist. As plays they are not to be classed with "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," "Le Berceau," in spite of its illogical solution of the proposed problem; "La Robe Rouge," "La Française" or "La Femme Seule." In "Blanchette" there is an attack on red tape in the appointment of school teachers. Because Blanchette could not obtain a teacher's position for six months, even with influence, and because she was fond of luxury, dissatisfied at home, ungrateful, she therefore ran away to Paris and could not find work without dishonor. Then she returns and marries her peasant lover. She had a home; her parents, in their way, were kind to her, but "education" had given her a false sense of values. Would this Blanchette have come back? We doubt it, and the playwright himself has given us cause to doubt.

It should be remembered, however, that "Blanchette" is an early play, brought out in 1892. "The Escape" is a bitter attack on medical fads. The physician does not wish two persons to marry, because the young man belongs to a family in which hypochondria and suicide are hereditary, and the girl's mother was a famous courtesan. They marry in spite of the objections. The man goes into the country and farms. He becomes robust and mentally sound, until his wife, lonely, vaguely wishing something else, is tempted by a former lover who had thrown her over; then the farmer becomes jealous and gloomy. The wife resists temptation and happiness is restored. The physician, a faddist, suffers from heart disease but will not consult a peasant whose cures have been miraculous. If this doctor should consult anyone, his prestige would be lowered; but he nearly dies as he is about to deliver an address on the Sovereignty of Science. Nor can the medical brotherhood complain of Brieux's attack on the doctrine of heredity and the fads of certain [illegible] characters, a [illegible] old widow [illegible] doctor of the type once common in New England.

Mr. Moore's "Elizabeth Cooper," a comedy in three acts, was performed at the Haymarket, London, last June, and a description of the play was soon afterwards published in The Herald. It is good reading, characteristic of the author, and it probably would be as well to read it as to see it on the stage. A novelist, poet and playwright, is bored by letters from adoring women. One in Vienna sends her miniature and she is beautiful; but the playwright does not wish to go to Vienna to see his play produced or to meet the Countess.

"What will she think of me? What will she say? I am alone in an hotel with nothing to think of except the clothes I shall wear. It is difficult to make a selection. Shall I wear a pair of check trousers, or shall I wear the striped? Shall I wear a frock-coat or a morning coat? A jacket would be a trifle undignified, a frock-coat would be a little too formal. Perhaps a morning coat would be the right thing. A morning coat, check trousers—no striped. A fancy waist-coat? No, better not. What necktie? Mauve? Purple? A black necktie? Then the boots. Most important. A woman always looks at your feet. * * * At last the door opens; she comes in. I look at her, she looks at me, and I read what is passing in her mind. I see that she is disappointed, that I am not at all the man she expected to meet. But we are on the stage and have to play the comedy out to the end, so we propose a visit to the picture gallery. I see that I am not at all the man she wants, but I must not show that she is not the woman I want. So I take her hand in the carriage, she withdraws it, and then we attempt some friendship, and after two days of torture I escaped from Vienna, leaving a letter containing some absurd excuse that I am called away suddenly on a matter of important business. That is the first possibility." So Davenant does not go to Vienna but sends Sebastian, his secretary, and allows him to take the name of Davenant and receive all the honors. Sebastian goes, meets the Countess, marries her—does Mr. Moore know how difficult it is for a foreigner to be married in Vienna? In this instance Sebastian and the Countess stumble on an old country priest and are married then and there. The two come back to England and there naturally are complications. Not the least amusing character is the jealous sailor whose wife has been pestering Davenant with letters. Elizabeth Cooper, by the way, is the title of one of Davenant's books.

New Music eReceived The Herald acknowledges the receipt of new music from these publishers:

The Boston Music Company. Rafael Joseffy's "First Studies for the Piano Advancing to a High Degree of Development," with explanatory text in English and German. These new songs: H. de Fontenailles, "In the Garden," and "The Magic Glass"; "The Sleep of the Child Jesus," by F. A. Gevaert, arranged as a song by Carl Engel; Henri Busser, three melodies, words by Anatole France, op. 49, Ames Obscures, Le Desir, Venus Etoile du Soir—all these songs with French and English words, and for high and medium voices. Five songs by Hans Hermann (German and English words), Forget Me Not, Lullaby, Just as Often as I Please, They Loved and They Sighed, Evening Prayer, words by Dehmel, Carmen, Sylva, Hein, Jurbrowski, high and medium voices. Five songs by Benjamin Whelpley, op. 17: Wanderer's Night Song (Goethe), Winter Song (Hoelty), 'Tis Spring-time on the Eastern Hills (Whittier), Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal (Tennyson), I Arise from Dreams of Thee (Shelley). Also a new edition of the charming "Improving Songs for Anxious Children," by John and Rue Carpenter.

Oliver Ditson Company: J. B. Weckerlin, Bergerettes, Romances and Songs of the 18th Century, with introduction and English text by Frederick H. Martens. Mr. Martens's notes are helpful to just appreciation of these charming melodies, and the volume is published in an attractive form. Solos for Christian Science services selected by Helen Allen Hunt, soloist of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston. The songs are by Mendelssohn, Gounod, Abt, Bennett, Secchi, Sullivan, Stainer, Frey, Fisher, Schnecker and others, and some were written especially for this service. Mrs. Hunt says in a short preface that her intention was to furnish appropriate solos for the subjects of the lesson-sermons used in the Christian Science Sunday services.

Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston has published in a handsome volume the full score of George W. Chadwick's "Aphrodite," a symphonic fantasie for orchestra.

Hervieu and Lady Gregory We have received from B. W. Huebsch, New York, "The Labyrinth" ("Le Dedale"), a play by Paul Hervieu, translated by Barrett H. Clark and Lander Mac Clintock. Mr. Clark writes

excel[illegible] preface a[illegible] a [illegible]iographer. The play w[illegible] [illegible] years ago. "The characters become involved in an almost inextricable tangle, resulting from the conflict of the Roman Catholic attitude toward divorce and the French law, this being brought about by the second marriages of a man and a woman who have been divorced. The man's second wife dies. He is brought together with his first wife through the illness of their child and succeeds in reawakening her early love for him. Having been unfaithful to her second husband, her conscience forbids her to return to him, while the laws under which they live make it impossible for her to secure a divorce and remarry her first husband." Hervieu solves the problem by having the two husbands struggle on the edge of a precipice. They both fall to their death and the mother bears her child toward the house, "where he in his turn, will grow into manhood and work out his destiny." Mr. Clark, who has acted and been a stage manager, draws a comparison between Hervieu and Brieux. "The greatest living exponents of the 'theses' play." "As an artist, because of his distinctive style and more fastidious sense of form, Hervieu must be conceded as superior to Brieux, but Brieux is more brutally powerful, more personal and acrimonious. Brieux is, on the whole, logical, but there are times when his logic is ill-advised and one-sided, but Hervieu, by reason of his artistic reticence, is always just. Brieux is of the people. Hervieu is a little above."

"Our Irish Theatre: A Chapter of Autobiography," by Lady Gregory, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Lady Gregory tells of the theatre in the making, the blessing of the generations, play writing, the fight in Dublin over "The Playboy," and an account of the vicissitudes of the play in America, the fight of the Abbey Theatre with the Castle, and there is an exceedingly interesting chapter on Synge. There is a carefully prepared list of plays produced by the Abbey Theatre company and its predecessors, with dates of first performances. There are also in the appendix many extracts from newspapers concerning "Blanco Posnet" and plays by Synge and others. Lady Gregory writes with an imperturbable good nature, a delicious sense of humor, and a poetic charm. Even Mr. George Moore's account of his adventures in Dublin and elsewhere as a dramatist interested in the Irish movement does not irritate her. In fact, she says little about him, and it may irritate Mr. Moore. She admits that she never quite understood the meaning of the "Celtic movement" to which she was said to belong. "When I was asked about it, I used to say it was a movement meant to persuade the Scotch to begin buying our books, while we continued not to buy theirs." One of the guarantors of the theatre was Sir Frederic Burton, the painter, who did not like Mitchell when he first saw him, and would not read his "Gaol Journal" because "his skin was blotched and he had ginger-colored hair." He yearned to see "a bird so rare as an honest Nationalist." He admired Yeats's poetry so much that he would not meet him. The only poets that had not disappointed him were William Morris and Rossetti. "Swinburne was excitable; Tennyson was grumpy and posing, Browning was charming as a friend, but not fulfilling my idea of what a poet should be." But he finally consented to meet Yeats in the flesh and was not displeased. When Lady Gregory first saw Synge on the north island of Aram she was jealous of not being alone there among the fishers and seaweed gatherers. They did not then speak, but some time afterward she invited him to visit her. She said of him in a letter: "One never has to rearrange one's mind to talk to him." He was simple, frank, sincere, too good a listener. He once confessed that a somewhat warlike English lady in the house was "civilization in its most violent form," and he also said that a certain English actress (not Mrs. Campbell) had turned Yeats's "Deirdre" into "The Second Mrs. Conchubar." "When awakened from the anaesthetic after one of those hopeless operations, the first words that could be understood were 'those damned English can't even swear without vulgarity.'" At Coole he spent much time wandering in the woods and gave up wearing black clothes, thinking they were not in harmony with nature. He put down his income at £40 a year and a new suit when he was too shabby. It appears that at first he planned the opening act of "The Playboy" in the ploughed field where the quarrel between Christy and his father took place; but when he thought of the stage he could not see any possible side wings for that "wide, windy corner of high distant hills." The week's rioting in Dublin over the play helped to break down his health. This poem by him was in the press when he died:

> With Fifteen-ninety or Sixteen-sixteen
> We end Cervantes, Marot, Nashe or Green;
> Then Sixteen-thirteen till two score and nine
> Is Crashaw's niche, that honey-lipped divine.
> And so, when all my little work is done
> They'll say I came in Eighteen-seventy-one,
> And died in Dublin. What year will they write
> For my poor passage to the stall of Night?

It was in the early morning that Synge said to the nurse in the hospital, "It's no use fighting death any longer," and he turned over and died. There's a little [illegible] on [illegible], where Lady Gregory [illegible] Massachusetts, a [illegible] at the house of a Yale pro[illegible] old nurse knew the [illegible] of the Glen" as a [illegible]

[illegible] "The chapter [illegible] 'Playboy' in America" is a humorous account of a disgraceful episode in the history of the theatre in America; an episode to be classed with the Forrest-Macready riot in New York.

Morals and "The Fugitive"

A playgoer in London writes about Mr. Galsworthy's "The Fugitive":

"It will, no doubt, be said that Mr. Galsworthy advocates nothing — that he simply describes the feelings and actions of certain people in certain circumstances. The play, however, is so written as to invite sympathy for Malise and Clare, and a direct appeal on behalf of the former is made by Mrs. Miler when she describes how, being unable to afford the luxury of claret and tobacco in addition to the luxury of adultery, he has, as such a man would have done, resorted to drugs. Malise appears to me as contemptible a creature as the imagination can picture. A brainless egoist, his sole object is to injure those who respect established conventions. Regardless of the resultant misery, he induces Clare to cut herself adrift from her husband and friends. He does not even attempt to help her to obtain a livelihood; and, within five minutes of listening to her brother's appeal on her behalf, and on behalf of her old father, he accepts her invitation to accomplish her ruin. And, as she trips into his bedroom, he storms at the meanness of her husband in having him watched!

"As to Clare, she is surely the embodiment of selfishness. She will live her own life, and the wretchedness she brings on all her belongings moves her not at all. She hears of her brother's appeal on behalf of her father, not only unmoved, but with resentment, and she is so 'fine' that, rather than burden her father with the cost of keeping her, she is willing to bring upon him and her mother and sisters the misery and disgrace of her loss of honor.

"She cannot accept without giving, and prefers to barter her body rather than be under an obligation. What a code of life! I have always thought it was the small-souled being who could not accept help. If those who are fortunate enough to help cannot do so without degrading the helped, life will become hardly worth living. Is the idea of honor, duty, consideration for others really a thing of the past, or are the Clares and Malises exceptional? Let us trust the latter is the case.

"I take a further exception to 'The Fugitive' as an acting play. I am no Puritan, and have no desire that authors should unduly consider 'the young person,' but I think a great many intelligent men would hesitate to put not only their daughters, but their wives and sisters, whatever their ages, to the pain of witnessing in a mixed audience such a scene as the final one in this play. Its painfulness does not seem to me justified by anything the play teaches. There was no necessity for Clare to cast herself upon the world. She could have lived with her family, if not in luxury, without grinding poverty. She defied all those who cared for her, and deliberately 'rode for a fall.' The result was inevitable."

Mr. Walbrook added this comment:

"This is an eloquent letter, and with much of the writer's judgment of Clare and Malise there will no doubt be a good deal of agreement. And, for all we know, the author also may be in entire agreement. His work, as the writer says, is that of a painter, not that of an advocate. And what is the function of the critic on such a work? A very important part of it was happily put in the Times a week or two ago in a review of a book, in the course of which the writer used these admirable words:

> It is not the business of a critic to pass moral judgments on the persons in a novel (or play). His business is to ask himself how far the actions of those persons are plausible and consistent with their characters as portrayed by the author. (Times literary supplement, Sept. 18.)

"Here again there is room for two opinions. Many will say that it is the business of a critic to pass moral judgments on the characters of a work of literary art. It is certainly within his legitimate province to do so should he feel so disposed or regard it as his duty to do so. His moral judgment may be mistaken—is, indeed, quite likely to be; but so long as it is sincere he is justified in pronouncing it. But there is only one way of deciding whether the author has done his work correctly as a delineator of character, and that way is laid down in the passage just quoted. All that sort of criticism which abuses an author because a certain character is 'bad' is the most useless sort of criticism in the interests of art."

Miss Eleanor Spencer in Sunday Concert with Mme. Rappold, Soprano.

SYMPHONY HALL—Mme. Marie Rappold, soprano; Miss Eleanor Spencer, pianist; William Janaushek, accompanist. Program:

I.
Arabesque.......................Schumann
Novelette.......................Schumann
Miss Spencer.

II.
Clarchen's Lied.................Schubert
Es blinkt der Thau.............Rubinstein
Waldeinsamkeit.....................Reger
Zueignung........................Strauss
Mme. Rappold.

III.
Variations Serieuses..........Mendelssohn
Miss Spencer.

IV.
Chere Nuit........................Bachelet
Als die alte Mutter.................Dvorak
In quelle trine morbide............Puccini
Vissi d' arte......................Puccini
Mme. Rappold.

V.
Waldesrauschen.......................Liszt
Soiree de Vienne............Schubert-Liszt
Miss Spencer.

VI.
Jean.................................Spross
Two Roses..........................Gilberte
Early Morning...................Graham Peel
Oft have I seen the Swift Swallows
Dell' Acqua
Mme. Rappold.

Miss Spencer took the place originally allotted to Emilio De Gogorza, baritone. The illness of Mr. De Gogorza had made the change necessary. It was Miss Spencer's first appearance in Boston. A native of Chicago, a pupil of William Mason, Leschetitsky and Bauer, she was said to have played with great success in Europe and in New York city.

This is easily believed. Yesterday she made a very favorable impression upon an audience that was disposed to be critical. The two Schumann pieces, with which she opened the program, were sharply contrasted. The "Arabesque" was given with appropriate lightness and delicacy of touch. The "Novelette" was played with vigor, but without violence. The "Variations Serieuses" were effectively played; but Miss Spencer's greatest triumph came in her closing numbers, after playing which she was favored with two recalls. She is young and decidedly attractive.

Mme. Rappold is rightly described as a dramatic soprano. Dramatic power can be used with effect in concert as well as in opera. Mme. Rappold's style is strikingly different from that of Mme Gadski, who sang here recently.

One can easily picture her in parts calling for the exhibition of strong emotion, anger or indignation. Her performance of yesterday was spirited. Of the technical excellence of her work it is unnecessary to speak, but, listening to her, one felt the pleasure and satisfaction that any piece of good workmanship will give. The English songs, as usual, stirred most applause. The last piece on the program, "Oft Have I Seen the Swift Swallows," was sung with extraordinary brilliancy, and a recall number was listened to with keen delight. There was a fair-sized audience.

MARY GARDEN IN CONCERT

Her Appearance Feature of Program at Opera House.

Miss Mary Garden in her only concert appearance in this city this season was the feature of the Sunday night concert at the Boston Opera House last evening. Miss Garden had an exceptionally fine opportunity to display her voice. She was recalled again and again and sang a number of extra songs. The other soloists were Miss Cara Sapin, J. Jou-Jerville and Alban Grand. The duet from "Samson et Dalila" by Miss Sapin and Mr. Grand was well received. The full orchestra played the overture to "Oberon" and the Marche Hongroise from "The Damnation of Faust" very effectively. The accompanist was Walter Straram.

We gladly make room this morning for correspondents. May their number increase, although they should ask questions that would have baffled Solomon and also Balkis, Queen of Sheba. In spite of the copybooks, it is always easy to say "No" or "I don't know."

The Last Sheet.

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I puffed up the stairs to your office, bringing an imperfect Bailey's Dictionary that contained a definition of sheets, which you afterwards published. I supposed it would throw light upon the meaning of "Three sheets in the wind," but no. Letters are yet appearing from bewildered mariners whose descriptive navigation has a pastoral touch of buttercups and milk, rather than the proper heroic one of rum, onions and bilge.

The definition was, in part: "Also those planks under water which come along the ship's run and are closed into the sternpost." A ship on an even keel would keep her sheets under water, but as she was heeled (to port) by wind she would expose her (starboard) sheets to that same wind. The harder it blew the further over she would pitch and the more sheets would she show to the wind: a fair simile for an enthusiast with a slant.

It is consistent with the "a sheet or so in the wind" quotation from Dana, and answers "J. M. C.'s" question.

Dec. 11. BALTIMORE.

"Puffed up the stairs" is a rhetorical flourish. There are two passenger elevators in The Herald building. Practical and inspected elevators, and they were in running order on the day "Baltimore" honored us with his visit.

"Macs" and Middle Names.

As the World Wags:

"Frank de W. Granger" is the heading of an obituary notice in today's Herald. Please read that heading aloud and then tell the rest of us how you pronounced what stands for the middle name. Similar abbreviations of similar middle names are not infrequently met with in print, as "Gen. Alexander McD. McCook," for "Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook." While on this subject of middle names beginning with "Mc," please explain on what principle it is that names beginning with "Mc" are in the Philadelphia Directory listed before those beginning with "Mac." In Webster's New International Dictionary words beginning with "Mac" (or "mac") and "Mc" are listed together.

Are the words "discomfort" and "discomfiture" synonymous with each other? I notice that they are often so used.

Boston, Dec. 11. INQUIRER.

We pronounce "de W." as it is spelled. Why not? There is, unconsciously perhaps, a slight accent on the "W." Should a man be obliged to spell out his name in full? When Ezra B. Jones was scrambling for a living he was known in the street and at home as Ezra B. Jones, or E. B. Jones, or "that fellow Jones." Now that he is rich and his eldest daughter was almost admitted into the sacred Sewing Circle, he signs himself E. Boanerges Jones.

We cannot explain the processes of thought that led the compiler of the Philadelphia Directory to list certain proper names as you say he does. We have trouble enough here in Boston. Possibly the Philadelphian indulges immoderately in pepper-pot and scrapple.

"Discomfort" and "discomfiture" are not synonymous terms.—Ed.

An Old Street Cry.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent's recent allusion to the street sale of hot corn in New York city brings to my mind one of the few street cries that was really musical and was very much in use in New York as far back as 1840 to '45 on summer evenings, for I do not remember hearing it at all in the daytime. It could be heard plainly at quite a distance as the city was more quiet in those days. Thinking that it might be of interest I enclose a copy of the little melody, though I doubt if many of your readers will remember hearing it.

The time referred to was when the omnibus that went the farthest uptown was marked "Union Square," all of the territory above 16th street being practically open country.

I cannot recall the words of the song to which your article refers, but I do remember hearing it on the Boston Museum stage in 1854, or '55, in the day of William Warren, Annie Cruise, Mrs. Vincent, J. H. Ring and others that made up the Museum company in those days.

The "Prima Donna" Waltz, to which the "Hot Corn" words were sung, was introduced by Jullien's Orchestra in 18[illegible], and the tune was used for nearly everything. I remember one newspaper story of a church choir that used it to a hymn, of which I can recall but one line, the last one of the verse:

> "So earthly shadows flit."

and it was served up to the last strain of the waltz in this way:

> So earthly shadows flit—flit—flit.
> So earthly shadows flit.

HAMILTON.

The "Hot Corn" cry, as "Hamilton" notes it, is in G major, 4-4 time. The cry is "Hot corn, hot corn; here's your nice hot corn, all hot." The notes are as follows: A (half note) on second space, B and A (quarter notes), G whole note.

Dec 16 1913

The Earnest Student of Sociology was greatly interested in the performance of "Aida" last Friday night. He had observed that in the performances of this opera last season and the seasons before the Egyptian priests were shaven and shorn. Lo, and behold on Friday the majority wore dotty chin beards after the manner of vaudeville "Dutch comedians," although a few sported "siders" or a full beard. In the old days when Plancon took the part of Ramfis he and the minor priests had majestic beards of glossy black. How was it in the Egyptian period chosen by the librettist? [illegible]ologists have told us that the priests were closely shaven. Such questions [illegible] that opera is [illegible]

... is ... ... merely ... ... of costumes, vocal skill and Miss Mary Carter.

Quack, Quack.

As the World Wags:

Is not the story of canard, meaning an empty tale, mediæval? Canard means ... ducks quack, tell empty tales. ... has a ... about the year ... (Welzard) ... the empty tale ... by a quacking duck.

Dec. ... J. CELERY.

Doubles.

As the World Wags:

As ... of the resentment manifested by the ordinary mortal when told that he physically resembles another, there is the case of Mr. Doe and Mr. Roe of the Porphyry.

"Beg pardon, aren't you Mr. Doe?" inquired an accosting stranger.

"No, thank God!" shouted Roe.

OBADIAH WILLIAMS.

Brookline, Dec. 13.

Pa-tent or Pat-ent.

As the World Wags:

I want you to agree with me and not with Webster that the only correct pronunciation of the word "patent" is pa-tent, and not pat-ent. The Latin root of the word shows, I think, that I am right. While Webster gives an option in the premises, he gives preference to pat-ent.

In infringement or interference suits of letters-patent much trouble would be avoided were the word pronounced as I approve, because in connection with patents of mechanical and other devices there are always exhibits of models or patterns; and in all such suits there is usually much confusion in the use of the two words pat-ent and pattern.

I advise you to step into a court where a law suit is in progress (for the establishment perhaps of priority in invention) and listen for a while. I guarantee that you will often hear this question asked by counsel of either side, of a witness who is giving testimony: "Did you say pattern or pat-ent?"

Why not simplify, as much as possible, the English language and make it easier to speak, to learn and to understand, rather than to distort it, or graft idiosyncrasies upon it, as is now the fashion to do? TERTIUS.

Boston, Dec. 11.

Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary (1791) gives only 'pat-ent.' Murray's New English (Oxford) Dictionary prefers pa-tent, and there is this note: "For the analogy of pronunciation compare 'latent,' 'parent'; 'pat-ent' prevails in the United States. In official use in England branches 1 (as in "letters patent") and 2 (open to view, clear, obvious) are sometimes differentiated as 'pat-ent' and 'pa-tent.'"

When we wish to be taken seriously we say "pa-tent," but with an effort. In loose, unbuttoned conversation we slip back to the immoral "pat-ent."—Ed.

Finis.

As the World Wags:

The discussion about "three sheets" seems to have developed into a "goat-getting" contest, and, as I value mine, I decline to trade it for the doctor's, which seems to be in my possession. I want to assure him, however, that I doubt if he has a "finishing" word for me, because I should surely have a "come back."

The discussion seems as fruitless as one on the way to make Johnny-cake, which I listened to in one ship at every meal for nearly six months.

One who has never "spliced the main brace," however, would certainly not have learned about "three sheets in the wind" from experience, and I congratulate the doctor.

This letter is not for publication, as you have closed the controversy, but is written in the spirit in which one makes marginal notes in library books—just to get it off one's chest. CONCORD.

Boston, Dec. 13.

Back to the Old Nights.

Ferdinand Dugue, a French playwright, born in 1816, was killed by a street car last week. He was active mentally and physically when he thus fell a victim to civilization. We mention him here because he was the author of a fine old melodrama, "Les Pirates de la Savane," in which that beautiful and brilliant woman, Adah Isaacs Menken, captivated all Paris. When the play was revived in 1888, Barbey d'Aurevilley wrote an amusing review in which he paid a fantastic tribute to Menken. "We have had to replace Miss Menken, who died on the day of this revival, with another Miss, Miss Sarah Dowe, who did not shrink from doubling this page of Lara, this Mazeppa of 16 years, this charming boy of an equestrian girl whose fate should have been to die from some daring act of a horsewoman. Miss Sarah Dowe has played the dumb part of Leo, all in pantomime with ... gesticulation and arms like paper ...ves. The poor girl ... ... over her forehead a la Menken. She wished to copy the coiffure that gave an adorably roguish air to Miss Menken, the boy-girl! And with her face this imprudence killed her. She has not even been Miss Menken's spectre, the ghost of her whom the horse of Death bore away on his back at that very moment, with her last charm of a cut flower. Ah, Miss Menken is, indeed, dead, wholly dead! And without her "Les Pirates de la Savane" have nothing more to do but to die."

DALILA LIVES IN D'ALVAREZ

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance this season of Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Dalila	Mme. D'Alvarez
Samson	Mr. Fontana
La Grand Pretre	Mr. Danges
Abimelech	Mr. Mardones
Un Vieillard Hebreu	Mr. Ludikar
Un Messager Philistin	Mr. Deru
Premier Philistin	Mr. Giaccone
Deuxieme Philistin	Mr. Grand

Some years ago Saint-Saens astonished all those who did not know his bantering spirit in criticism and controversial discussion, who were in the habit of taking him seriously, not being able to see him as an ironist, when he said that oratorios of Gounod would outlive his operas. Saint-Saens himself has always had a weakness for oratorio. Now in his old age—for he cannot stop writing—he brought out his "Promised Land" before the British public which has long been hardened to this form of musical entertainment. This oratorio is said to be as dry and barren as the desert in which the Hebrews wandered. "The Deluge" is known chiefly by the orchestral excerpt played in concerts. It may yet be said that Saint-Saens's one oratorio is the opera "Samson et Delila."

This reproach is often made against "Samson et Dalila" as an opera. The music, however, gains greatly by the use of stage settings, costumes and the dramatic action, whereas "Elijah" in operatic form is wholly undramatic and, as a stage play boresome. Even the first act of "Samson et Dalila," which is chiefly in oratorio form, is impressive as a spectacle, and when the chief singers have dramatic ability the scenes themselves are dramatic.

The performance last night was uncommonly interesting. We have not seen one of this opera that was so generally excellent. It is true that Mr. Danges has not recovered the full use of his voice, and it is unfortunate that he consented to sing as a stranger until he was in condition; but he displayed an intelligence more than that which is the result of routine experience and he sang with fervor in spite of physical disability. It is also true that the temple did not fall. The two columns gave way, but there was not the disaster expected and awaited. This disappointment was of minor importance, though the Philistines triumphed over the righteous represented by Samson and Mr Urban.

What Mme. d'Alvarez, Mr. Fontana, other leading singers and the chorus and orchestra did was of vital importance, and in their achievement was this excellence to which we have referred. Mme. d'Alvarez again showed herself an accomplished actress, as well as a singer with an uncommonly beautiful voice, admirably used to express the various emotions, sensuous and dramatic.

In the first scene of seduction—for Samson lost his head, if not his hair, as soon as he saw Dalila descending the steps of the temple—she fascinated by facial play rather than by gesture and bodily contortions suggestive of the Oriental dancer. Nor did she make the mistake committed by some of attempting to dance in the Oriental fashion. With her voice she wooed him; with her eyes she enslaved the Hebrew conqueror. In the second act she was the cunning courtesan, the servant of Dagon, patriotic in her hate and revenge. In her rage she rose to a tragic height; in amorous entreaty she was irresistible. The old Hebrew himself, who with his wise saws is thrown overboard after the first act, would have forgotten sage precepts and forbidding examples, nor would he have feared the thunderstorm. The hackneyed air as sung by her with infinite variety of expression was once more fresh and sensuous.

Mr. Fontana's impersonation of Samson was most effective. To begin with he looked the part, and his strength was not merely outward, as that of the cannon-ball tosser, but the actor conveyed subtley the idea of uncommon strength. He sang with fanatical fervor; with the intensity of a man knowing his vigor, fearing the spell of the woman of Sorck, remembering his vow, but unable to resist the spell. And with what simple pathos he uttered the lament in the prison! In song and action his impersonation was complete.

Mr. Mardones was unusually effective as Abimelech, stiff-necked in his pride. His voice had the color of despotic ... ... Equally good ... ... the Old Hebrew, a small part ... by this admirable actor.

The chorus, which has an important duty, was sonorous and expressive, and Mr. Caplet conducted with musical intelligence and fine taste.

HAROLD HENRY

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Harold Henry gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall and then played for the first time in this city. There was a small audience. The program was as follows:

Bach-Busoni, Prelude and Fugue, D minor; Rameau-Godowsky, Rigaudon; Scarlatti-Godowsky, Concert-Allegro; Brahms, Intermezzo op. 118, No. 1, Intermezzo, op. 116, No. 4; Chopin, Barcarolle, Scherzo in C sharp minor; MacDowell, Keltic Sonata; Ravel, La Vallee des Cloches; Cyril Scott, Etude op. 64, No. 2; Alkan, Le Vent; Liszt, Sonnet de Petrarca, No. 123; Wagner-Liszt, Isoldens Liebestod.

Mr. Henry, it is said, after study in this country and in Europe, returned to the West, where he has given concerts with success, according to the circular that heralded his approach. He has evidently studied diligently and acquired a certain amount of mechanical proficiency, so that he has arrived at a stage where he can with profit concentrate his attention on nuances of expression and enlarge his range of interpretation. In the second Intermezzo on the program he caught the poetic spirit and there were illuminative moments in the Barcarolle, which as a whole is at present beyond his interpretative grasp. As a rule his performance was matter-of-fact, and the hearer was free to consider his own engagements of the week, the annual problems of Christmas, the Mexican revolution and the present condition of the Mona Lisa.

The battle horse which Mr. Henry chose for his first display of mechanism was Busoni's transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue in D minor for the organ, and Mr. Henry rode fast and hard. The original composition shows the influence of Buxtehuda and the fugue was probably only a show piece in Bach's own time. August Haupt used to say to his pupils, "It is good for pedal practice, but the fugue itself is not worth much." In this transcription and in the two that followed Mr. Henry was simply a pianist of respectable ability. We believe that in time he will be more interesting even in pieces of this nature. Yesterday neither Rameau nor Scarlatti had an old-world grace and charm.

MISS SURATT AT B. F. KEITH'S

Valeska Suratt, famed for her striking costumes, headlines this week's bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre in a sketch entitled "Black Crepe and Diamonds." It is just the sort of sketch that the name would indicate, and affords opportunity for the appearance of Miss Suratt in a variety of exquisite gowns. The sketch is the work of George Baldwin, who himself plays an important part in the cast and is the partner of Miss Suratt in nearly all her work, especially in the dancing numbers. While Miss Suratt was off the stage making her changes, Mr. Higgins and Miss Higgins gave an excellent presentation of some of the modern dances.

One of the biggest successes presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre for some time was scored by Walter DeLeon and "Muggins" Davis in a new act entitled "Song Hits from the Campus." And they were hits, every one of them. Mr. DeLeon was especially good and his imitation of the method of proposing in various parts of the world—as well as at Hough's Neck—brought down the house. Munroe Hopkins and Lola Axtell, back in Boston for the first time in three years, have a travesty in "Travelling" that was intensely amusing. It was the story of the fellow and girl and the Pullman sleeper, with the many mix-ups resulting from the two getting into other berths than their own.

Roach & McCurdy, who helped to make "Way Down East" the success it was in their roles of Hi Holler and Seth Dewberry, have one of those pastoral sketches entitled "The Prune Centre Cut-Ups." Roach is the typical farmer's son, and McCurdy, with a queer little beard and a funny, squeaky little voice, is the father. Fisher & Green as "The Partners" take off an up-to-date New York wholesale house dealing in ladies' gowns. Dolly Connolly, dainty comedienne, with Percy Wenrich as her partner, sang a number of Mr. Wenrich's own compositions, including such favorites as "Rainbow," "Silver Bell," "Moonlight Bay," "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" and others, each of which was enthusiastically applauded.

The rest of the bill includes Les Jardys troupe of sensational balancers, fresh from France, the Musical Gordon Highlanders and Wentworth & Vesta with their dog Teddy, a clever little animal that is always good for a laugh.

Castle Square Theatre—"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," a comedy in three acts by Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe.

Capt. Courtenay	Donald Meek
Maj. O'Gallagher	William P. Carleton
Sergt. Tanner	Fred ... Orm...
Herr von Mozer	Al R...
Mr. Hibbletson	George L...st
Priv. Docherty	Robert Capr...
Angela Brightwell	Doris Olss...
Mrs. O'Gallagher	Mabel Col...
Miss Romney	Augusta Gill
Euphemia Schwartz	Florence Shi...le
Matilda Jones	Anne Faystone
Millicent Loveridge	Sylvia Cushman
Clara Loveridge	Hulda Andrew
Emma	Beatrice Loring

SHUBERT THEATRE—First Boston presentation of the Winter Garden production, "The Passing Show of 1913," a musical entertainment in two acts and seven scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Jean Schwartz and Al. W. Brown; ballet music by Melville Ellis.

The principals in the performance cover a wide range of parts. There is necessarily duplication. Those who assumed the principal roles in the innumerable sketches were:

Artie Mehlinger, Henry Norman, Johnny Johnston, Laura Hamilton, Charles De Haven, Freddie Nice, John C. Thomas, Grace Kimball, May Boley, Louise Bates, Mollie King, Charles King, George Le Maire, Frank Conroy, Leslie Powers, George Ford, George Whiting and Swan Wood.

Dec 17 1913

We have looked over the treatises on etiquette from "De Civilitate Morum," by Erasmus, to the amiable volume of Mrs. Sherwood, from Antoine de Courtin's "Nouveauto Traite de la civilite qui se pratique en France parmi les honnetes gens," to the latest edition of "Don't," and we nowhere find a chapter or even a page on behavior in concert halls. We have written to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, but in vain. The storekeeper in Clamport says that Mr. Johnson left the village last October, and he'd like to know Mr. Johnson's whereabouts, for "there's a little bill owin'" and he would like the money. Alas, poor Johnson! Did not the great Doctor of your name write: "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed"? We take the more charitable view. Not for a moment would we suspect the Earnest and Distinguished Sociologist of being a bilk. Absent-minded he may be; extravagant, perhaps; but on sundry occasions having borrowed small sums of money from us, he has been punctilious, though often slow, in payment.

In Symphony Hall.

All this is as an introduction to a reasonable complaint that has come to The Herald from a subscriber to the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We quote from a letter dated Dec. 15:

"I have been asked by several people to write and ask you if you could publish something in your columns that would draw attention to, and help abolish, a custom which has grown up at the Symphony rehearsals and is getting to be a real nuisance: that of ladies putting their hats on during the performance of the last number on the program. It is getting to be more than a joke. Last week, before Strauss's prelude had fairly begun, a lady started to put her hat on; others followed suit, and before the thing was half over, fully half the audience behind the middle cross aisle had or were putting their hats on. The abuse is much worse behind than in front of the middle cross aisle. I have every sympathy with suburbanites, being one myself, but I think those who must complete their toilet before the last piece is over should leave before the piece comes on. When you add to the rustle of hat-adjusting, ladies leaving the hall during the performance (although they are particularly requested not to do so), you get a condition where it is impossible to listen in any place to the music."

Our correspondent's complaint is well grounded, but the thoughtlessness of many Boston women at concerts has been the subject of comment for a dozen years. We say "thoughtlessness," not wishing to be discourteous. For "thoughtlessness" one might read, "a total disregard for the comfort of others."—Ed.

Shockingly Personal.

As the World Wags:

"Baltimore" must have been puffing some when he found authority for calling any part of a ship's sides, sheets. When a ship is heeling to either side she is said to have a list—to port, or starboard, as it may be—and to designate the amount, the term, "streak" is used, meaning the lines, or seams, between the planks. "Buttercups and milk" is good. So is not "rum, onions and bilge," by which, I presume, he means bilgewater. So "Bait more," dear sir, after you get your haying done, come again next time, use the elevator and save your wind.

Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

"Bilge": the foulness which collects

...the bilge ... they. To breathe ... the air with taint of bilge and co... undefiled." So, also, Emerson. "Nobody likes to be suffocated with bilge, mephitis, and stewing oil. Guess again, Doctor.—Ed.

Pertinent Remarks.

As the World Wags:

I thought Jean Baptist greased his dog's "tail viz tar."

"Baltimore's" explanation of "three sheets in the wind" is correct and ought to settle the controversy, but it won't.

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Boston, Dec. 15.

Ultra-Modern Dances.

As the World Wags:

On my way to town this morning I was startled to read in The Herald in an article entitled "Who's Who Among Women" the statement that the woman having charge of the Girls' Athletic League in the public school system of New York returns from Europe with a new dance "up her sleeve."

For the love of Terpsichore, isn't it possible to check the modern tendency in dancing? When I was young girls didn't carry dances up their sleeves. This must go the tango "several better"—and then some." If this sort of dance is coming, something must be done to hold things up.

JOHN ALGER.

Dec. 15.

Scribe and Tumble.

As the World Wags:

Can any one of your readers explain the meaning of "by scribe and tumble," a phrase I heard last summer on Cape Cod? A villager said a flower-bed had been laid out "as regular as if it had been figured by scribe and tumble." An old inhabitant told me that when he was a boy a tumble was the name of some sort of a carpenter's tool, and he thought the phrase came from an old method of framing a roof, a method displaced by the use of the carpenter's square. I have searched the dialect dictionaries, but I find no answer.

COTTAGER.

Boston, Dec. 14.

"Pass Under the Rod."

"A. B. T." has sent to The Herald a newspaper clipping that she has had for 25 years: the little poem entitled "Pass Under the Rod."

> I saw a young bride in her beauty and pride
> Bedecked in her snowy array,
> And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek
> And the future looked blooming and gay.
> And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
> At the shrine of idolatrous love,
> And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
> By the chain which her tenderness wove.

Our correspondent writes: "Yes, it has been arranged as a song, though I never heard but one person sing it. She was a mezzo-soprano, long since translated. To have heard her once render the song is the memory of a lifetime." The name of the author is not given in the clipping, and the question asked some days ago still remains unanswered.

"A Reader" of East Canterbury, N. H., writes that the song may be found in "The Village Organist," published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati, in the Seventies.

Recital by American String Organization Given in Steinert Hall.

The American string quartet, Miss Gertrude Marshall, first violin; Miss Ruth Stickney, second violin; Miss Adeline Packard, viola; Mrs. Susan Lord Brandegee, violoncello, gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall. Huyman Buitekan, pianist, was the assisting artist.

The program was as follows: Schumann, Quartet, op. 41, No. 1; Mozart, concerto for violin and viola with piano; Franck, two movements from Quartet in D major.

The playing of the quartet gave much pleasure to a large and warmly appreciative audience. Throughout the evening there was a display of excellent musicianship, an agreeable quality of tone, precision and unity. Schumann's music was played in romantic mood, and when occasion required, with brilliance, while the adagio was particularly effective.

Misses Marshall and Packard gave an interesting performance of Mozart's concerto, the cadenzas of which were supplied by Ch. M. Loeffler. Mr. Buitekan played the piano part with taste.

D... 1913

'THAIS' AT OPERA HOUSE AGAIN

Massenet's "Thais" was repeated last night at the Boston Opera House. Mr. Marcoux took the part of Athanael. The cast in other respects was that of last Saturday afternoon and Mr. Strony again conducted.

Mr. Marcoux's Athanael excited admiration a year ago and the impersonation was again strikingly dramatic and without extravagance. The psychology of the part, to use a pet phrase of Victor Maurel, is thoroughly understood by this accomplished artist, who knows that even in the beginning the sensuous charm of the Alexandrian moved the monk to his pious labor of conversion. And in his impersonation Mr. Marcoux is nearer to the wretched hero of Anatole France than to the conventional operatic figure with the Messianic face and the melodramatic exit from the quiet desert home, where at night he had disturbing visions.

> Procul recedant somnia
> Et noctium phantasmata
> Hostemque nostrum comprime
> Ne polluantur corpora.

Athanael is one of Mr. Marcoux's most effective performances and the music favors his voice.

Miss Garden was, as ever, interesting, even when she conceived the part in a manner that admits of discussion, and there were many moments when her delivery of the phrase laid bare the soul of Thais.

But how far this opera of Monsieur Massenet is from the amiable scepticism and the lambent irony of Anatole France! The irony in which the book is steeped cannot be reproduced in music, and one of the finest scenes of the romance, that in which the philosophers converse at the banquet of Nicias, has necessarily no place in the libretto.

And how far it all is from the naive narrative in "The Golden Legend," which begins: "Thaisis, as it is read in Vitas Patrum, was a common woman, and of so great beauty that many followed her, and sold all their substance, that they came unto the utmost poverty."

MISS HARRISON GIVES RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall and then played in Boston for the first time. George Falkenstein was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Strauss, Sonata for 'cello and piano, op. 6; Bach, Suite, G major; Boccherini, Adagio, Allegro from Sonata in A major; G. Fauré, Elegie; Harty, Papillons.

When Richard Strauss, over 20 years ago, played his 'cello sonata in Leipsic, he wrote to Ritter that playing a piece in which he no longer believed before an audience and with the utmost seriousness, struck him as indescribably comical. Nevertheless this sonata is still effective, in spite of certain romantic themes which recall Weber and his immediate followers in romanticism. There is a hint at the later Strauss of the tone-poems in the upward swing of the 'cello in the opening Allegro. The middle movement has a solemn classic beauty, a beauty enhanced yesterday by the art of Miss Harrison. In the Finale we find again Weberian romanticism by the side of Straussian harmonic progressions. It is not always well for a composer to sniff disdainfully at his early works. They often contain a freshness of ideas and show a sincerity that are not so much in evidence after he has won his reputation.

The program was of a dignified nature and arranged with a view to avoid the almost inevitable monotony of a 'cello recital. The music of Boccherini is always welcome.

Miss Harrison was known in this country by reputation before she visited us. She was not merely an infant prodigy—there are whole nurseries of these unfortunate beings—but at an early age she astonished by the maturity of her expression. She is a well-rounded artist, with a tone of exquisite beauty, delightful in passages demanding delicacy of treatment, commanding in measures that admit of virile expression. Her technic puts her in the first rank, but the manner in which this technic is employed is still more admirable. There is a fascinating elegance in her performance; there is also a modesty that at once establishes sympathetic relationship with the audience.

Miss Harrison, assisted by Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 15.

Prof. Eric Doolittle, an astronomer of Pennsylvania, in answer to an enquiring and anxious clergyman, said that life on this earth would come to an end in about 15,000,000 years. This reminds us of a story told by the late Sir Robert Ball of an incident when he was lecturing. "Speaking of the sun's heat, he remarked that in the course of 70,000,000 years it would be exhausted, and then our earth would become a dead planet. A man rose in great agitation. 'Excuse me,' he cried, 'but how many years did you say it would be before this awful catastrophe?' 'Seventy millions,' replied Sir Robert. 'Thank heaven!' gasped the man, mopping his forehead. 'What a fright I got! I thought he said only seven millions!' ".

The choir will now sing two verses of Thomas Jordan's "Carcless Gallant," which aroused the enthusiasm of Messrs. Swinburne and Henley.

> Let us sing and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,
> With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
> The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
> All treasure's uncertain,
> Then down with your dust.
> In frolicks dispose your pounds, shillings and pence,
> For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.
>
> Your most beautiful bit, who hath all eyes upon her,
> That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour,
> Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendeur
> That none but the stars
> Are thought fit to attend her,
> Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sense,
> Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

People Worth Knowing

Mr. Samuel Boyse worked only when his clothes were in pawn. When he was almost perishing with hunger, some money was produced to purchase him a dinner. He got a bit of roast beef, but could not eat it without catchup; and he laid out the last half-guinea he possessed in truffles and mushrooms, eating them in bed, too, for want of clothes, or even a shirt to sit up in. In 1740, this poet of "Albon's Triumph" and "The Deity" was confined to a bed which had no sheets; there to procure food he wrote; his posture sitting up in bed, his only covering a blanket, in which a hole was made to admit of the employment of his arm.

Barbey d'Aurevilly described the distinguishing qualities of Prince von Kaunitz as utter callousness, majestic frivolity, ferocious egotism. In order that his hair might show exactly the right shade of color, be used to walk through a suite of rooms lined on both sides by valets equipped with powder puffs, which they dabbed on his head as he passed by.

The sisters of Brillat-Savarin each nearly attained 100 years. They lived in a country house belonging to their brother, who used it only in September and October, and for 10 months they remained in bed. When he left they would say: "Goodby, Anthelme, till next year. We are going to bed." One of them at the age of 99 died as she was finishing dinner, and her last words were: "Hurry up with the dessert."

Short Surnames

It is said that Miss Eda Ek of Brockton has the shortest name in this country. In Normandy there is a marquis d'O, and a cafe in Paris was kept some years ago by Mme. Therese O. When her son was called on for military service he swore that he could not write. He was ordered to make a cross on the papers. A journalist in search of copy suggested that O is as easy to write as X.

An Answer Desired

Who wrote these lines:

> Their lumpy souls have telescopic eyes,
> That see the smallest speck of distant pain;
> While at their feet a sea of agonies,
> Unseen, unheard, unheeded runs in vain.

Moore Burlesqued

As the World Wags:

Reading in Mr. Winter's "Wallet of Time" his sterling and well deserved tribute to the ability and versatility of John Brougham as an author-actor as well as his most lovable qualities, I fail to find in the record of his plays or adaptations that rollicking burlesque of "Lalla Rookh." (Perhaps I am mistaken as to the authorship.) I often recall the enjoyment afforded by the production in '59 or '60 at the Old Howard with W. J. Florence as King of the Fire Worshippers; and his charming wife (a sister of Barney Williams) as Lalla Rookh. I think it was Setchell or Lennox that had to ride to the footlights on a donkey's back. Possibly, as I have said, I am mistaken as to authorship, and one of our old theatregoers can set me right.

WILLIAM E. PAYSON.

Boston, Dec. 15.

Christmas Cards

To F. B.: It is said that the Christmas card was invented by W. C. T. Dobson, R. A. In December, 1844, he wished to send a Christmas greeting to a friend and he made a little sketch depicting a family party round the Christmas mahogany tree raising glasses to the health of absent friends. On each side of the sketch was a smaller one picturing a benevolent deed and underneath were the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." The recipient was so pleased that the next year Mr. Dobson designed another card and sent lithographed copies to many friends. Other artists followed his example. At last a printer saw there was money in the business, and soon there were Christmas cards in shop windows by the hundred.

There should be an exercise of tact in sending Christmas cards. Some irritate, or seem ironical.

A Fatal Slip

The Vetchernie Vremya of St. Petersburg does not approve Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Great Catherine." Its London correspondent sent on a bitter criticism of the play and the performance. One of the chief points made is that Mr. Shaw calls Catherine "nasha malenkaya russkaya mat," our little Russian mother, instead of "nasha russkaya matushka," our Russian little mother. It will be readily seen that this slip is enough to destroy the whole effect of the play.

White vs Black

Apropos of a recent discussion concerning the heavyweight championship, Mr. J. G. Bohun Lynch in "The Complete Amateur Boxer," just published by Methuen & Co. in London, says that the question of white versus black is the most perplexing that was ever faced by well-wishers of the sport. "The black man," he points out, "is often a very fine boxer, but, as is pretty generally known, he is far less sensitive about the head and jaw than the white man, and can take, almost without knowing it, a blow which would knock out the toughest and most seasoned white pugilist." The author's opinion concerning meetings between white and black pugilists may be gathered from the following remarks: "There are good black boxers—reasonable men, with a sense of proportion, a sense of the fitness of things—good sportsmen with clear heads; Peter Jackson was one, but they are not sufficiently numerous to warrant mixed fighting."

Useful Journals

A newspaper is often put to base uses. Mr. Fabra thinks well of it as a preserver of clothes against moths. There are some who use it as a chest protector. George Augustus Sala spoke of a newspaper published at Deccan, India. It was lithographed every morning on squares of white cotton cloth. After a man had read it he could employ it as a pocket handkerchief. After that the cloth was sent to a washerwoman who returned it to the publisher for another issue.

Dec 19, 1913

MAGGIE TEYTE'S SONG RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maggie Teyte, assisted by Mr. Kurt Schindler, pianist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Debussy, Je tremble en Voyant ton Visage, Les Ingenus, Femmes de Paris; Hue, Tete de Femme est legere; Chabrier, Villanelle des-petits Canards; Zandonai, Ultima Rosa, Serenata; Carpenter, Les Silhouettes; Schindler, Mariau; Roussel, A un jeune Gentilhomme; Stravinsky, La Rosee Sur...; Moussorgsky, La Pie bavarde; H. Wolf, Und Willst du deinen Liebsten, Mein Liebster ist so klein; Szymanowsky, Der Einsiedel; Bleichmann, Der Kosende Wind.

Nearly all of these songs were unfamiliar to concert-goers. Among the most attractive were Debussy's setting of Verlaine's poem, "Les Ingenus"; Chabrier's Villanelle, Zandonai's Serenata, Moussorgsky's song, which was redemanded; the first of the songs of Wolf, and Bleichmann's sensuous music. Mr. Schindler's setting of George Meredith's verses has character. The opening and the ending of Stravinsky's mystic song have an impressive beauty, but too much of the music is painfully manufactured, and this can be said of Szymanowsky's song.

Yet in some of the selections not just named Miss Teyte was singularly effective. Her reading of "Il n'est bon bec que de Paris," foolishly translated in the program book "Parisian Dames Must Bear the Palm," was charged with the impudent spirit of Villon, and with what genius did Debussy conceive the musical phrase for this line! In Hue's music to Klingsor's verses, Miss Teyte gave a wonderful interpretation of

> Et des amoureux sous la croisee;
> Vent des baisers d'or et des baisers.

She was gay without flippancy in the Villanelle, the Chinese ode of Roussel and in the delightful song of Moussorgsky, when the gypsy declares that she is a singer who can tell fortunes.

It was hard to realize that the Miss Teyte of yesterday was the Miss Teyte that gave a recital in costume earlier in the season, when she was apparently ill at ease, when she sang with an undeviating monotony of expression. Yesterday her voice was fresh, her control of it was absolute. Her diction was a delight throughout the concert.

Few opera singers, few that devote themselves to Lieder, have the intelligence displayed by Miss Teyte in the interpretation of various sentiments and emotions. Her mastery of detail did not appear painstaking. She was as one improvising the verses and the music. The lines of Verlaine beginning "Le soir tombait" are known for their beauty, for the quality that the French call "troublant." The manner in which Miss Teyte brought before the inner eye of the hearer ... "equivocal" an-

CECILIA SINGS YULETIDE MUSIC

The Cecilia Society, with an orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the first of three concerts last evening at Symphony Hall. Arthur Mees conducted. The solo singers were Mrs Marie Sundelius, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; William Wheeler, tenor; Reinold Werrenrath, bass. John P. Marshall was the organist. The program consisted of "Noel," a Christmas pastoral, by George W. Chadwick, and Florent Schmitt's setting of the 46th Psalm.

Mr Chadwick's "Noel" was performed by this society for the first time. It had its first public performance in Norfolk, Ct., June 2, 1909, under the direction of the composer. The work commands admiration for its skilful workmanship and part writing. It is intended to express the spiritual and symbolic beauty of the Christmas season, which, to the composer, is said to be the most sublime expression of maternity.

Mr Chadwick has chosen 12 numbers from Latin, French, Italian, Portuguese, German and English poems, most of which are of mediaeval origin. The work is necessarily contemplative in mood. There are moments of religious ecstasy and secular rejoicing. The first number is from Milton's "Nativity." Others include a Latin lullaby of the 13th century by an unknown author, and a poem by Paul Gerhardt, a religious poet of the German Reformation. Perhaps the most effective of the settings are those of No. 4, "Parvum Quando Cerno Deum," a chorus for women's voices; No. 6, "Praise Him, O Ye Heaven of Heavens," chorus; and No. 8, "Hark! a voice from Yonder Manger," soprano solo. The work begins with an orchestral prelude and closes with a choral and fugue.

The solo parts were taken by experienced singers. Mrs. Sundelius sang with exquisite beauty of tone, breadth, tenderness and understanding. Mr. Werrenrath has been heard to better advantage. The chorus is well known for its tonal quality and technical ability. The performance was warmly applauded by a friendly audience, and Mr. Chadwick was obliged to bow his acknowledgment from his seat.

Schmitt's psalm was an ambitious undertaking for the society. It was said to be its first performance in America. Written for soprano solo, chorus, organ and orchestra, it is scored with excessive liberality. Last evening its strength appeared to be in the instrumentation, which is varied, ingenious and dramatic. Numbered 46 in Roman Catholic Bibles, the psalm is the 47th in the Protestant and Hebrew Psalters. The composer has been successful in his treatment of the words. It is a triumphant outpouring of praise. There is a noisy, sharply rhythmed opening, which is submitted to exhaustive treatment. This changes to a lyric episode of great beauty, when Mrs. Sundelius again gave pleasure by her art. There is an exultant close. As a whole the piece is garish, showy, bizarre.

The next concert will be on Thursday evening, Feb. 19.

And Joab saide to Amasa art thou in health, my brother? And Joab tooke Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kisse him. But Amasa tooke no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand. So he smote him therewith in the fifth rib.

A Foreign Custom.

As the World Wags:

In Monday's issue you restrict questions to such matters as would have baffled Solomon. This confounds simple-minded inquirers after truth. Perhaps, however, you will devote Fridays, say, to the fool questions of the helplessly ignorant. As the fount of all wisdom, please comment sagaciously on the following matter.

It is noted in the press that "G. B. S." was embarrassed when Anatole France greeted him with kisses on both cheeks. Waiving the question whether we ought not to be overjoyed that anything or anybody could embarrass "G. B. S.," we are consumed with conjecture as to whether, now that he is messing himself up with Christianity, he turned the other cheek. Did he? Would he have been embarrassed if Anatole had been born a girl?

Many years ago John Fiske read a paper—oh, those readings of papers!—at Mrs. Sargent's on Chestnut street. Ole Bull was there and was so pleased with the reading of the paper that he rose, pressed through the camp-chair seated throng, waving back his white mane, seized Fiske with hooks of steel and pressed upon his fair round cheeks two enthusiastic [illegible]. Those fat cheeks blushed so furiously that his red whiskers turned almost white by contrast. We all trembled, but we smole. Had this Ethiopian custom already in those days spread northward to Scandinavia or had Ole, in his nomad life as a virtuoso, caught the infection while traveling in southern Europe?

With terror I have watched for the growth of the custom in this country, but have never seen another similar aggravated assault. Do you think it is coming? Sovereigns, the fashion setters, are said to practise kissing one another—more especially in public. Is there likelihood of its being introduced at White House receptions with the sovereign voters? Will it be reserved for Democrats? Will woman suffrage make any difference? Did Mr. Herkimer Johnson ever kiss Bill Bryan—and with what results psychological and septic? If Mr. Johnson believes that masculine osculatory exchanges are to come in fashion can he not, as an adept in dark and mysterious retreats, recommend to me a remote cave safe for hiding?

ANTISEPTIC.

White River Junction, Vt., Dec. 16.

Tons and Tunes.

As the World Wags:

Browsing recently in that delightful work, The History of "Plimoth Plantation," by the late William Bradford, Governor thereof, I find a curious word, and, of course, come to you for light.

The Governor, speaking of the ship Anne, says that she was "a fine new vessell of about 44 tune." Elsewhere he mentions "a small ship of some 60 tune." Is this anything more than an orthographic idiosyncrasy?

The Governor's spelling is much like that of the late A. Ward. Witness the following:

On the voyage over, "in a mighty storme, a lustie young man (called John Howland) was, with a seele of ye shipe throwne into ye sea; but it pleased God yt he caught hold of ye top-saile halliards * * * and held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was hald up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke and other meanes got into ye shipe againe." W. Do WAMPUM.

Boston, Dec. 16.

"Tune" is here a variant of "ton." "Ton" in its origin is the same word as "tun," and originally the unit "a ton" was the space occupied by a tun cask of wine. Other old spellings of "ton" were tonne, toun, toonne, tunne, tunn.—Ed.

For the Nursery.

As the World Wags:

Being three sheets in the wind, I enclose a final spasm:

Doctor Crockett lost his pocket,
Bellamy has found it;
Not much value in it, but—
Lots of Ego round it.

M. GOOSE.

Boston, Dec. 17.

Jean Baptiste.

As the World Wags:

Even as the hart to the water brooks, so do thirsty souls trying to recall echoes of the past turn to As the World Wags for solace.

Your reference to Jean Baptiste in today's issue recalls pleasant memories of earlier days. Albeit my recollection differs slightly from yours. In mine Jean Baptiste did not grease his own dog's nose, but his neighbor's.

Oh! Jean Ba'tiste pourquoi,
Oh! Jean Ba'tiste pourquoi,
Oh! Jean Ba'tiste pourquoi,
You greased my little dog's nose wit' tar.

To which Jean Baptiste replies:

I greased his nose wit' tar,
I greased his nose wit' tar,
I greased his nose wit' tar,
Becose he worried ma petit' white chat.

XENES.

Chestnut Hill, Dec. 16.

Logical Pronunciation.

As the World Wags:

"Tertius" is triply right about patent, with the "a" as in fate; likewise when he asks for a pronunciation according to derivation, other things being equal. It is not a matter of authority, for English is a much muddled language, shifting, growing, the slang of today being the best usage of tomorrow. It has no accepted best style, so that it is much easier to have an individual style than in German or French.

The patent of Americans ("a" as in cat) is a mere habit. Analogous is his progress, with the "o" as in dog. Why not protest with the same "o"? Progress is composed of the particle "pro" and the root of a Latin word beginning with the letter "g." Hence a long "o." Not only that but the long "o" is finer to the ear, being broader and rounder, and thus better for the high-pitched American voice. Very long ago I deliberately based my pronunciation of English upon derivation and sound. I say pa-tent and pro-gress not because they are English, but because they sound better, and because the derivation demands it. On the other hand I never say again (with the sound as in [illegible]) but as in get (though the English [illegible] use the former), because the original old-English word was agen, the "a" coming in by false analogy in later times. Witness the Agenbite of Inwit.

Unfortunately the average American is so shy of appearing in the slightest degree affected that he prefers using slovenly English rather than make an effort to improve his speech. He may admit that either and neither, with the sound of "y" in try, are better because they sound fuller and because those words are always accented words, and "y" is rounder and fuller than long "e"—but he will never change from the "e" to the "y"!

UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW.

Boston, Dec. 16.

Gayle continued -

tumnal evening and suggested "the specious words just murmured" put the most prosaic a-dreaming. And much might be said about the inimitable art with which she interpreted the frank or subtle meaning of a poet, how she was now light-hearted, playful, childlike, or nobly eloquent, as in the opening of Stravinsky's song, or intensely intimate, as in the song of Wolf, with its ecstasy of sex.

She sang other songs than those on the program, among them Debussy's "La Chevelure," one of the most beautiful things in lyric music, and she sang it as though she were for the time the woman imagined by Pierre Louys.

Mr. Schindler was the fitting accompanist for such a singer and such a program.

Dec 20 1914

Orchestra Performs Pieces by Rachmaninoff, Mozart and Mendelssohn.

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 2.....Rachmaninoff
Concerto for flute and harp..........Mozart
Overture "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage"..........Mendelssohn

Rachmaninoff's Symphony was played for the fourth time within three years and a half, and it thus has had better fortune than the majority of modern works played at these concerts once and then put aside, or brought out only after a long interval. When this symphony was first heard it made an immediate impression, and one so favorable that the composer might have been disturbed. The music was then performed in a flamboyant manner, and the display of speed and force in the performance excited the nerves of the audience.

With each repetition the diffuseness is more and more apparent and the over-elaboration in treatment does harm to the musical thought. To dismiss a work as too long is not searching criticism, but a work may be so fascinating by charm of material and ingenuity of workmanship that the length is not observed.

Rachmaninoff thought leisurely and wrote with exasperating attention to detail. What is the line in "Measure for Measure"? "This will last out a night in Russia, when nights are longest there." The introduction does not give the hearer the idea that it is an introduction; he begins to regard it as a movement in itself. The chief themes in the four movements do not have great distinction, broad and sweeping as they are. When they are most effective they remind one of Tschaikowsky, and there are mannerisms of that composer in the detail, in the orchestral dress of certain harmonic progressions, in the unwillingness to dismiss a phrase and the giving it to one group of instruments after another. Much of this music is purely decorative, music that Glazounoff might make—since he is now a creature of routine—music that has pomp and glitter, but no true vitality.

When this symphony is played today the Scherzo seems the most spontaneous movement. This does not speak well of a symphony as a work of art. The Adagio has fine moments, but it is intolerably spun out. The performance yesterday brought out in clearest light all that is best in the music, and there was greater admiration aroused for leader and orchestra than for the symphony itself.

Mozart wrote his concerto for flute and harp, two instruments that he held in abomination, for the Duke de Guines and his daughter. The father was a famous flute player; the daughter, according to Mozart's description, was a "magnificent" harpist. She took lessons of Mozart in composition. He soon found her stupid and lazy, but he was in bad humor that spring, and hardly anything pleased him in Paris. The duke was shabby in paying for lessons, and when the autumn came he had not paid for the concerto. Mozart's letters to his father about his relations with this noble family are more entertaining than the concerto, which has been played here at Symphony concerts and with piano instead of orchestra in chamber concerts. Two movements are sometimes performed, and two are enough. Even when the flutist and the harpist are as skilled virtuosos as Mr. Marquarre and Mr. Holy. For a few minutes the combination of instruments is charming and soothing, and there is a delightful old-world flavor; but such pleasure quickly palls.

When we hear the overtures to "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fingal's Cave" and portions of the "First Walpurgis Night," we then know how narrowly Mendelssohn escaped being a great composer. If he had not been so carefully reared, flattered from his youth up! If he had not developed into a prig! If he had not been uniformly prospcrous!

TETRAZZINI IN 'TRAVIATA'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Violetta Valery	Mme. Tetrazzini
Flora Bervoix	Miss Heyman
Annina	Miss Phillips
Alfredo Germont	Mr. Tanlongo
Giorgio Germont	Mr. Ancona
Gastone	Mr. Giaccone
Baron Douphol	Mr. Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny	Mr. Sampieri
Dr. Grenvil	Mr. Sillich
Giuseppe	Mr. Ghidini

Mme. Tetrazzini sang here for the first time this season. She was in excellent vocal condition and she sang with more emotional fervor than is expected from a mistress of coloratura in Italian opera. She probably appreciates the fact that "La Traviata" is a lyric drama and Verdi's music in the second and fourth acts is melodically dramatic.

Hearing this opera again, one remembers the bitter remark of Buelow to Mascagni flushed with his triumph: "Your successor will be Verdi, your predecessor." Puccini, with all his orchestra of thunder and guns, except in the last act of "Boheme," has never approached Verdi in the art of being appropriately and intensely dramatic in pure melody.

Mr. Tanlongo has a light but eminently agreeable voice, and he evidently has had very little experience on the stage. He sang in an honest, straightforward manner, except when he once or twice mistook sobbing for a convincing expression of emotion. Mr. Ancona has a dignified Germont the elder. He acted after the approved condition of the "pere noble," but he was not vocally so well disposed as on previous occasions this season.

We are indebted to S. E. Page, Atkinson, N. H., "M. U. L." of Boston, "E. J. P.," "H. K. S." of Greenfield, and others for information about the author and composer of the song, "Pass Under the Rod." The author of the verses is Mrs. Dana. The music is by Mrs. Sue Ingersoll Scott. We are indebted to Oliver Ditson Company for a copy of the song, published by the John Church Company, and first copyrighted in 1862.

From Dr. Crockett.

As the World Wags:

Please ask Dr. Crockett: "What are the stern sheets?"

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Boston, Dec. 17.

We'll ask the question when we see him. Meanwhile he contributes these sketches:

As the World Wags:

Seventy years ago coming February next I looked out on the frozen waters of Boston harbor from the deck of a ship my father commanded. One vast field of ice extending to Boston Light. On this ice field were tents, restaurants, single, two, four, six and eight-horse sleighs, ice boats and skaters innumerable. A perfect gala day, and opposite where I stood, Commercial wharf, a gang of men were working, cutting ice to make a channel for the steamer to pass to the open ocean. Commercial street was then the water line and boats came up to the custom house steps, a row of steps extending to or near the entire front of the building. How many are there now living who saw the same?

In Washington, June 6, 53 years ago. A fire on the avenue nearly opposite the old Willard's. Men from the Ellsworth Zouaves swarming up the front of the building, one on shoulder of another, up, up, up, to the top windows, giving the local firemen a surprise in fire fighting. They were known as New York fire zouaves. Who shared this sight with the writer?

On Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., June 18, 1861. Camp of the 17th New York. A man dressed in the thick army jacket of the time lashed to an inch and a half-thick plank 10 inches wide on legs of about six feet. Legs tied together above the ankle, hands tied behind him. Temperature above a hundred. Who saw the man taken from the horse at late afternoon dead; tortured to death for disobedience of orders? Who shared this sight with the writer?

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston, Dec. 17.

"Knots Per Hour."

As the World Wags:

It is distressing, to say the least, to read time and time again, not only in hastily written newspaper items, but in

...azine ... and even in reference ... that the speed of such and such ... at "is 15 knots per hour."

Now, I was always taught that the ...rd "knot," used in the nautical sense, ...ans a rate of speed and not a degree ...distance. Its exact meaning is "nau...al miles per hour." The sentence ...uld be written: "The boat makes 15 ...ots" and not "15 knots per hour," ...h is only another way of saying "15 ...utical miles per hour per hour" and is ...etition. Why is it that we so often ... this word incorrectly used?

...oston, Dec. 16. J. S. A.

"J. S. A." holds the right view, if one ... always to speak by the card; but con...ting our old and tried friend the Ox...rd Dictionary we find this statement ...der "knot": "Hence loosely used as ...equivalent to 'nautical mile' in such ...ses as '20 knots an hour.'" And we ...sh to think of it, this phrase has been used not only by lubberly newspa...per men, wretched landsmen, but by sailors, as Anson, Cook and Marryat. There are newspaper men who would object to "J. S. A.'s" "per hour."—Ed.

Burns, or Another?

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly call the attention of Capt Crokett et al. to the condition of the immortal Bunsby: "Capt. Cuttle looking, candle in hand, at Bunsby more attentively perceived that he was three sheets in the wind, or, in plain words, drunk."

Did Bobby Burns write the following lines?

> O lassie are you wakin' yet
> To let your true love in?
> My hands and feet are froze to death,
> My body is like a lump of lead,
> And at your door I will drop dead
> If you don't let me in.
>
> O laddie I am wakin' yet,
> But I can't let you in.
> Daddie he is fast asleep,
> Mama has the keys to keep,
> The kitchen door would loudly cheep
> If I should let you in.

J. D. K.

For Grammarians.

As the World Wags:

An educator, a proofreader and an editor, each in answers to my question, said that he would use "women teachers" and "...en teachers," "girl pupils" and "boy pupils" and "lady friends" and "gentlemen friends," giving as his reason "general acceptance." Another editor answered that these adjectives would take the number of the nouns they qualify, but the inconsistencies are allowed for euphony's sake. Is there any other explanation? J. A. D.

Boston, Dec 16.

We draw the line at "lady friends" ... "gentlemen friends." A man that talks about his "lady friends" will take the arm of one of them when he "escorts" ... home." "Gentlemen friends" are the ...us Apollos of the young women in ...urants and shops.—Ed.

A Carabao Bet.

As the World Wags:

A and B are both regular readers of The Herald. A bets B that The Herald editorially defends the Carabao banquet performance as quite harmless, and President Wilson's indignation over it as quite ridiculous. B. bets A that the editorial attitude of The Herald on this subject is exactly contrary to that above stated.

The World Wags has been agreed upon as umpire.

May we depend upon you to decide who wins?

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

Boston, Dec. 18.

It seems to us that A wins, if the reference is to the first of the two editorial articles published on this subject.

Fashion Note.

The top-hat is doing its best to sneak into fashion again, for it is expensive, uncomfortable and hideous and therefore beloved of the sellers of headgear. So I greet the man who stands at a corner in Croydon in a frock coat and a silk hat, holding a few boxes of matches for sale. The other men who pass are not in silk hats or frock coats. And the ...as with the match boxes should be greeted as the Helot who preaches the ...ty of the silk hat as a mark of wealth and culture and fashion.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Dec 21/14

'PAGLIACCI' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Pagliacci" was performed at the matinee for the first time this season. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda	Miss Nielsen
Canio	Mr. Ferrari-Fontana
Tonio	Mr. Ancona
Beppe	Mr. Giaccone
Silvio	Mr. Everett

Mr Fontana's impersonation of Canio was the most dramatic that has been seen in Boston since Fernanda de Lucia ...ed a great audience in Mechanics' ... and that was in March, 1891, ... Mr. Ancona took the part of ... and Sigrid Arnoldson that of Nedda. A fortunate man is Mr. A... ...ona to have ... in this ... two tenors of such histrionic power.

There are tenors—and Mr. Caruso is among them—to whom "Pagliacci" is only a noisy entrance on the donkey cart and a gigantic sob at the end of the first act; but Mr. Fontana does not rely solely upon the one set song, emotional and artistic as was his delivery of it. His impersonation was one of sustained power from beginning to end, without a touch of exaggeration, without consciousness of an audience. His facial expression and his tonal coloring during the scene with the two villagers should alone have provoked a storm of applause. Such exhibitions of operatic art are rare on any stage. Equally effective, though necessarily in a more violent vein, was the scene with Nedda after the flight of her lover. Irresistibly thrilling were the moments just before Canio saw all things red. Thus did a singer highly endowed by nature, a singer of uncommon intelligence and magnetic force raise brutal melodrama to the height of tragedy.

Mr. Ancona sang the Prologue eloquently and gave pronounced individuality to the part of Tonio, the amorous, malicious humpback. He was much more than a baritone in a clown's dress. By the way, how should the singer of the Prologue be clad? Many, as Mr. Ancona, wear the costume of the actor in the opera. We have seen a Tonio dressed as a broken-down vagabond mummer. Leoncavallo conducted "Pagliacci" in Los Angeles last month, and Mr. Montesanto, who took the part of Tonio, sang the Prologue at the matinee in conventional frock coat and trousers and at night in evening clothes, swallow-tail and gibus. Mr. Giaccone was a lively Beppe and Mr. Everett sang Silvio's music with much taste, but with a superfluity of gesture, with constant sawing of the air.

Miss Nielsen made her first appearance this season. The part of Nedda is not one of those most favorable to her. She was not wholly "in voice," but her action in the play within a play was more spirited than it has been in the past, and the sudden terror of Nedda when she realized the inevitable end was skilfully portrayed. Nedda is usually represented as a minnet-headed coquette. Only one woman, to our knowledge, Miss Geraldine Farrar, has shown us a girl of native coarseness, a reckless, sensual creature. Miss Farrar played the part in the manner of Mimi Aguglia in a Sicilian peasant drama.

The chorus was effective and Mr. Moranzoni conducted with spirit.

Mme. Pavlowa and her Russian ballet company, with the excellent Mr. Theodore Stier, conductor, then gave the ballet "Les Preludes" to Liszt's music, and performed the following dances: Polish Dance (ensemble); "La Nuit," Rubinstein (Mme. Pavlowa). Pastorale, Strauss waltz (Miss Plaskowleczska and Mr. Berge); Bow and Arrow Dance, Tschaikowsky (Mr Novikoff); Minuet, Paderewski (Miss Gashewska and Mr Zajlich; Gavotte, Linke (Mme Pavlowa and Mr. Berge). Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt (ensemble); Bacchanale, Glazounoff (Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Novikoff).

The large audience was again enthusiastic over the skilled and graceful dancers. The art of Mme Pavlowa and her associates was recently discussed in The Herald, when they appeared here early in the season and it has often been the subject of eulogy. It is enough to say that the Pastorale-Waltz, the Minuet, the Gavotte and the Bacchanale were enthusiastically applauded. The charming Gavotte was repeated, but Mr. Novikoff was not persuaded to repeat his bow and arrow dance. Again Mme. Pavlowa fascinated the spectator by her poetic spell, and her associates, whatever they danced, were worthy of her companionship.

"CAVALLERIA" AND PAVLOWA

Largest Saturday Night Audience of Season at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Schiavoni conducted.

Santuzza	Miss Amsden
Lola	Miss Rienskala
Mamma Lucia	Miss Heyman
Turiddu	Mr. Lafitte
Alfio	Mr. Fornari

An unusual Saturday night bill drew the largest Saturday night audience of the season last night. Supplementing a performance of "Cavalleria" that was of high merit was Mme. Pavlowa and her Russian ballet, a treat in itself.

Mr. Lafitte added distinction to the cast for the opera. His singing was done with fine spirit. Miss Amsden gave a Santuzza of high order and Miss Heyman's work was altogether acceptable. Mr. Schiavoni's conducting received special recognition from the audience. The dancers, who were also on the afternoon bill, showed no signs of fatigue after their double performance, although the program is exacting. Keen appreciation was shown for the excellence of their work.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Josef Hofmann talked freely with a reporter of the New York Times. What he said about afternoon and evening concerts might well excite discussion.

"Here the majority of your concerts, and certainly the large majority of the recitals, take place in the afternoon. In Europe it is exceptional ... give them in the afternoon. On my last European tour all I gave was one matinee out of 20 concerts. Here I give only one evening concert out of 20, reversing the proportion. The matinee concert cannot hope to create the same atmosphere as the evening. You cannot be devoting your whole attention to the music at 4:30 in the afternoon if you are going to be on time for tea with Mrs. Smith at 5. At a matinee every one wants to go somewhere else and there is no helpful feeling of leisure.

"If you go to an evening concert you are at liberty to stay resigned to the end, and then you go home to bed with the impressions made at the concert by the artist the last on your mind and the strongest. I work for a concrete sum of impressions. Barnum worked for the impression of the moment, and you could not tell what you had seen when it was all over. You have forgotten all about a matinee performance half an hour afterward.

"Herein the life of the people is again reflected. Another significant point is that at a matinee concert the men have no chance to attend, and the audience is almost entirely made up of women. Of course, I don't know whether the men would attend if they could, but it is not so abroad, where the men form an important part of the audience."

Some weeks ago a foreign singer announced his recital in Boston. It was postponed on account of his physical indisposition. There was another announcement. Shortly before the date appointed, the singer confessed that his nerves would not allow him to sing in the afternoon. He needed the stimulus of night. Again the concert was postponed, this time indefinitely. This singer gave a concert last week in New York. He sang at night. If the criticisms were fair, it really made little difference whether he sang at 7 A. M., 3 P. M. or 8:30 P. M., as far as the pleasure of the hearer was concerned.

Some Personal Notes

Plunket Greene introduced a new Irish song-cycle of Sir Charles Stanford in London on Dec. 4. Some of these lyrics found much favor.

Mme. Donalda took the part of Carmen for the first time in London, Nov. 29. "One cannot admit the truth of an impersonation which suggested that Merimee's gipsy girl was at heart an essentially refined person, who only practised her allurements and indulged a flirtatious disposition because such behavior was expected of her."

The music critic of the Daily Telegraph (London), hearing d'Ambrosio's violin concerto in B minor, asked exactly how many composers in recent years have written it. Nevertheless, he praised Frederic Fradkin, the Russian, as "head and shoulders above the rank and file of the violinists of today."

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Reinhold von Warlick: "This clever singer takes himself very seriously, and rightly, too, if only at the same time he could conceal the fact, so to speak, and give us interpretations less marked by the note of self-consciousness. As it is, there was an air of forced expression, and with no one of the 14 songs by the composers named (Kahn, Ramrath, O. R. Frank, R. Bergh) suggesting in the smallest degree anything else but pure manufacture, one came away feeling rather depressed."

Two streets in Munich have been named after Felix Mottl and Hermann Levi.

Eugen d'Albert is writing the music for an opera, "The Foreign Legion."

It is stated that there will be a Richard Strauss week in Vienna next November, when Strauss will bring out his new "Alpen" symphony.

Ysaye will edit a series of classic violin pieces and also his own compositions for the publishers, Schott Bros. He has been given by the King of Belgium the title of "Maitre de chapelle de la cour."

Mme. Duse is said to suffer intensely from neuralgia. At Viareggio she lives alone and sees no one.

The Princess Metternich has written scenarios for two ballets: the music of the first, "The Queen of Roses," is taken from Mendelssohn's works; that of the second, "Fires and Phantoms," from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The ballets will be produced in Vienna.

Felix Weingartner, disappointed in musical conditions at Hamburg, will not renew his contract with the opera house. It expires this season. His "Cain and Abel" will be produced next May at Darmstadt.

New Plays in Paris

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes of the new plays in Paris:

However real M. Edmond See's talent, it seems to be overwhelmed by the wealth of the intrigue in his latest play at Rejane's. "L'Irreguliere" is admirably written, but it lacks the strong dramatic sense that makes the great play and is necessary to the interesting one. Frankly, one is a little bored by the trials of the irregular companion, who after an interlude, becomes the wife of her lover, Guillaume Labbe. The poignancy of the previous situation resides in the man's desertion of his mistress for a new adventure. Its unsatisfactory nature leads him to his return to the old love. He is scarcely welcomed, for a younger admirer has taken his place in her affections.

But Marianne, the heroine of the play, has the supreme argument of a son, and yields to his interests when Guillaume proposes the regularisation of the union. Thereafter, humiliation for Marianne. For Guillaume is weak, and has not broken with the fascinating woman who was the cause of his desertion. And by means of this intrigue he rises in his profession. The husband gives him work in pleading his law cases. Evidently not a pretty story; but its compensations are the deftness of the author.

The association brings him no good. He is about to compromise himself hopelessly by signing a document, which would make him a partner in his patron's doubtful enterprises, but is saved by the devotion of Marianne, more mindful of his honor than he himself. The Nemesis of the irresolute pursues him. The denouement comes in separation. She departs, to find, perhaps, consolation from the engineer who really loves her, and he to return to the old liaison.

Notwithstanding its atmosphere of conjugal strife and deception, the play is moral in its tendency. Punishment falls upon folly, though it may be argued that the less culpable suffers the more. In spite of the occasional introduction of domestic storms and of situations that are meant to excite our anxious sympathy, the play lags wofully, and is not saved from dulness even by the efforts of Rejane and Dumeny, who play the leading roles.

Popular report says that the play has taken seven years to write. It suffers from over-ripeness. A play must well up from the springs of inspiration if it is to succeed. No patient building of literary bricks, with erudite mortar, will satisfy the modern craving for movement, for perpetual action, for situation on situation. The play is stifled by its virtue, though, evidently, this is not the characteristic of its personages.

Is it permissible to put a real and modern personage on the stage for the purpose of ridiculing him, particularly when that person is dead? I think it is, if the necessary wit is used. M. Lucien Gleize, one of the most talented of our younger dramatists, is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. His type which, though dead, yet lives in memory, is infinitely more sympathetic than the living personage. It is scarcely a secret that the dramatist has pilloried the defunct Chauchard, founder of the Louvre Magasins, in his amusing and spirited satire of a "nouveau riche" inordinately vain and yet inspired by a delicious and unconscious originality.

Pilar-Durand, the hero of the play, leaves funds for all sorts of purposes to advertise his name. One of them is to found a state on his own lines, the other is to dower education which shall produce a type similar with his own. These objects are aided, doubtless, by the fact that he forgets to reward, posthumously, the devoted cousin who has been his aid in life. But the omission does not prevent her from receiving a proposal from the dead man's secretary, no longer hindered by thoughts of her wealth. The play is well worked out and deserves the wide popularity that an English version should give it.

M. Pierre Wolff escapes the general exhaustion of the playwright. His comedies are fresh and vivid. It is a pleasure to see again his "Le Ruisseau"—charming study of a Monmartre girl—a rose floating upon a sullied stream. It is revived at the Porte St. Martin after having made its debut seven years ago at the Vaudeville. I thing the secret of Wolff's perennial charm is the strict moderation of his production. He has not written himself out.

Alas! It is only too clear that the theatre needs new gods in its Pantheon. The presiding deities begin to show the signs of age. In vain one invokes them for some brilliant exposition of the time. They are buried in convention, in a terribly entangling technique, which seem to prevent rising above the threadbare subjects of divorce and extra-matrimonial complications. One cannot see the wood for trees. Meanwhile the timber perishes. M. Prince is right. The French stage needs rejuvenation. We want fresh writers. Where are they to be found? Amongst literary women?

Rachel was a very great actress, but I am not sure that a play about her is a necessary concomitant of greatness. However, M. Gustave Grillet has written a piece with five tableaux on this subject, which is now being given at the Odeon. It is interesting and picturesque, but has no intrigue worth speaking about, for it is merely the life of Rachel. The same method has been adopted with Napoleon; but an actress—even "the genius of the theatre"—is scarcely on the same dramatic pedestal.

Rachel's life in a caravan, for her parents were gipsies; her debut on the tawdry stage of a little theatre and the discovery of her talent by Samson, the comedian of the day; her appearance at the Comedie, where she was the great star of the Second Republic, and the scene in which she declaimed the Marseillaise after ... ving learned the death of her lover ... officer in the

[illegible] ure, as in the [illegible] M. Gustave Grillet has [illegible] Rachel [illegible] month [illegible] Mil [illegible]

[illegible] with re- [illegible] it is not lacking [illegible] Mlle. Mosse, ex- [illegible] made up for the part, strove [illegible] the illusion of genius, and nearly succeeded. An unknown author and an unknown actress were honored by the presence at the "premiere" of M. [illegible] who sought, in this [illegible] no doubt to encourage the Second State Theatre.

A [illegible] revival is "La Marche Nuptiale" at the Comedie Francaise. It is one of Bataille's best. It has great [illegible] and importance, which are better revealed in the revival than at the original presentation 10 years ago. Grace de Plessans is the typical young girl, sentimental, inclined to religiosity. She is tempted by the humble devotion of her music-master, and believes she is in love with him. The sacrifice of social position involved seems to her meritorious.

Later comes the awakening; first, the destruction of her ideal on learning the true character of the man she proposes to marry; secondly, the consciousness that she really loves another. And her [illegible] in this double anguish, turn to suicide. Real tears flow each evening at the Comedie at Mme. Pierat's impersonation of Grace. It is very moving, and the actress has admirably rendered the complexities of the character. It was created originally by Mme. Bertha Bady.

A Mean Street

The chief character in the play by Antonia Williams called "The Street," produced by the Pioneer Players last night at the Little Theatre, was an old dame called Mrs. Martin, the widowed mother of two handsome young women, and one of the most talkative and exasperating idiots we have ever met across the footlights. When we say that one of her daughters, for the sake of keeping the home together, has "sold herself" to a scoundrelly landlord; that the other only escapes a similar fate by the skin of her teeth; that they both give their mother sufficiently plain hints as to these facts, and that she fails to understand them and simply goes on jabbering, enough has perhaps been told to convey the idea that the artistic creator of Mrs. Martin must at any rate stand acquitted of any slavish fidelity to ordinary human nature. In the end both girls found husbands, and the young man who had wooed and won the landlord's victim comforted her, after hearing her confession, with the assurance that "the body is nothing and the spirit all." Now and then too, the author showed a disposition to "take in" the audience for the sake of getting an "effect," as when the younger daughter, on her return from a visit to the landlord, behaved in so hysterical a fashion as to suggest the worst had happened, whereas she afterward became calmer and reassured us; and, again, when the elder daughter suddenly fell with a thud in the adjoining bedroom, and there was at once terrible alarm, until it transpired that she had merely fainted, apparently with no other object than to leave the parlor clear for a love-scene between the younger sister and her "young man." The audience received the play with applause; but our own feeling was that the actors had earned it rather than the author, particular Miss Hilda Moore and Miss Christine Silver as the daughters, and Miss Lilla Nordon as the amazing mother, though the author also was called and cheered.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 1.

New Musical Works

"Westward Ho!" an opera based on Charles Kingsley's novel, libretto by E. F. Benson, music by P. Napier Miles was produced in London at the Lyceum by the London Academy of Music on Dec. 4. The Pall Mall Gazette says that the story lends itself badly for the stage. In much of the opera Amyas is surrounded only by his own party and the role becomes lyrical rather than dramatic. "Hence it results that we find our attention chiefly centred on the epic features of the opera and this all the more as herein the composer has shown his greatest skill. Not so much in detailed characterization as in broad contrasts of effects does the appeal of the music lie."

Frank Tapp's symphony in E major, 'The Tempest,' was produced at Bath, Eng., the last week of November. A correspondent of the London Times wrote: 'The work is laid out on a large scale, the actual playing time being at least 70 minutes. There are the usual four movements. The first opens with a theme which might be described as the Prospero motif; and this theme plays an important part, not only in the first movement but throughout the work, just as in Shakespeare's play Prospero is the dominating force. The slow movement depicts the love scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In the Scherzo Ariel [illegible] his spiriting gently,' and Caliban is introduced in a sinister manner toward the end of the movement. The finale is a portrayal of Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda, and like the first movement is in sonata form; the coda of the finale is, however, of unusual proportions, and partakes of the nature of a new movement in the form of a dance, in which is welded together the thematic material of the whole work. The symphony, quite apart from its program, is attractive, and although the development sections and codas of the first and last movements seemed unduly prolonged, yet the work never became wearisome, and much of it improved on a second hearing. There is a wealth of orchestral device, effective modulation, and harmonization. Mr. Tapp is very happy in his endings, the final touch of the first movement being especially noteworthy; and there is much charming writing in the Scherzo."

New songs, a set of five, "The Magic Casement," by Mrs. Amy Woodforde-Finden, were introduced in London by Miss Carmen Hill on Dec. 2. After speaking of the composer as an intrepid traveller, and one eager to discover local color, a critic wrote: "Shorn of these external trappings, her music seems somewhat bare and unconvincing, and the new cycle has not quite the ear seducing qualities which made her earlier work so popular."

The London Choral Society brought out new works on Dec. 3. Charlton Speer's symphonic poem "King Arthur" quotes freely from the "Ring" and "Tristan." John Francis Barnett's cantata, "St. Agnes Eve," is "quite naturally Victorian." "It is nearly 50 years since its composer delighted country choral societies by giving them a musical setting of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' to sing, and now he has provided another cantata for the same class of performers, having the same standard of technic and the same musical tastes. We are not sure whether they still exist, but if they do they may be pleased with 'St. Agnes' Eve.'" Jervis-Read set music to Francis Thompson's "Dream Tryst" and Balfour Gardiner to Edward Carpenter's "April"; both employed the manner of a part song. The critic of the London Times evidently did not enjoy the evening.

An orchestral suite, "Gwenever," by Vincent Thomas, taken from his opera of the same name, was produced in London, Dec. 1. "The expression of a poetic and attractive personality may be clearly recognized and that of one who has his distinct position among our younger British composers."

Debussy's new "Boite a Joujoux," a ballet for children, has just been published by Durand & Co., Paris.

"The concert-givers feel that there is so much difficulty in listening to unfamiliar music with an already open mind that they are venturing on the experiment of withholding the names of the composers whose works are presented this evening, not with any idea of mystifying the listeners, but in order to give the music greater freedom to make its own appeal." The audience that attended the concert given in Manchester last night by Mme. Hope Squire and Mr. Frank Merrick, both accomplished pianists, found the unusual intimation above quoted printed in the program, and one wonders how the experiment—surely a new one—commended itself to them. We do not gather that any prizes were offered for the solution of the problems set by the concert-givers, who program consisted of two pianoforte duets and a concerto for that instrument, "with the orchestral accompaniment arranged for a second pianoforte." Let us confess to a genuine regret not to have been present at this novel and really exciting form of recital, the idea of which might well be followed in London to the infinite advantage of jaded concert-goers (including, of course, critics). It would be a golden opportunity for the latter, moreover, to prove their unfailing discernment, and a horrible example could be made of anybody who mistook, say, a work of Schonberg for one by Brahms. It must have been a thrilling night at Manchester, and in imagination one hears the explosive cries (following the close of each work performed) of "I told you so!"—Daily Telegraph.

The programme at Mr. John Powell's pianoforte recital on Tuesday in the Aeolian Hall contained a sonata of his own. "Sonate Psychologique" it is called; it is based, we are told, on the text "The wages of sin is death," and its four movements the given the labels "Struggle; Yielding; In the Clutches; and Thanatopsis." Mr. Powell is at liberty, of course, to find his titles where he likes; no amount of labelling can make the music either better or worse. In the present case he has set himself no new problem, but has simply written a very straightforward and obvious piece of work in the strict sonata form that may be met with anywhere in the composers of the last century. The music, too, belongs to that century in the sense that it might have been written any time after the arrival of Liszt upon the scene. The technical devices do not intrude, but they have been found useful in marking time in all four movements."—London Times, Nov. 27.

"G. B. S." in Russia and Germany

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times wrote on Nov. 28: "The Vetchernie Vremya publishes a scathing critique from its London correspondent on Mr. Bernard Shaw's 'Great Catherine.' 'Instead of a fine satire from the English professional satirist,' according to the Russian critic the play turns out to be a vulgar farce worthy of a booth at a fair rather than a West-end theatre, and the author deserves to be put into a cabinet of curios for his senseless production. A comparison of the correspondent's description of the play with that of your dramatic critic, although the latter was done too enthusiastic, suggests that possibly some of the constituent elements of this English satire were too esoteric for his comprehension, but he scores a heavy minor point against an artist who prides himself on his correctness of detail because Catherine is called 'nasha malenkaya russkaya mat,' our little Russian mother, instead of 'nasha russkaya matushka,' our Russian little-mother."

Mr. Shaw did not fare better in Berlin, according to the correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph: "Mr. Bernard Shaw has not had such good luck here with 'Androcles and the Lion,' produced at Prof. Reinhardt's Kammerspeil Theatre, as he recently had with 'Pygmalion.' In the press notices of the piece the expression 'pot-house tomfoolery' is the one which recurs most frequently. One critic declares that, though 'Androcles' is one of Mr. Shaw's shortest comedies, it is too long by half. Another accuses him of introducing 'crass banalities' into his dialogue, and wounding with his 'trivial views' all those 'who possess the smallest trace of ethical tact.' A third says that 'this time the ridiculous figure is Shaw himself, who, with all his feuilleton wit, stands before the problem of this supernatural idea like Dandy in dress clothes in front of Mont Blanc.' The well known critic, Max Osborne, writes: 'It is lemonade with only a small quantum of true humor and a painfully distilled essence of forced must-be-funniness.' Again, we read that 'the almost clownish jocularity of his roguish remarks is entirely devoid of a deeper idea,' and that 'the brilliant intellectual wit of the earlier art of Shaw is here completely lacking.' A typical complaint is that 'as a just punishment for the association of jest and sacred earnestness,' the contending elements lie beside one another in so unblended a state that irritation and disgust repel merriment.' One paper records that 'an otherwise so patient' habitue of the Kammerspiel Theatre ae Prince August Wilhelm left the house at the close of the second act."

Ibsen's "Wild Duck"

Mr. Granville Barker presented "The Wild Duck" at the St. James's Theatre, and, as usual, where a fine performance of an Ibsen play is concerned, all thoughts of its symbolism were for the moment swept away in admiration of the mastery of a supreme craftsman. Who in last night's excited audience cared twopence whether the dramatist was satirizing himself or anybody else through the mouths of George Werle and Dr. Relling? It was the drama that lived and moved, the subtle composition of such figures as the elder Werle, the hard old man of the world; Hialmar Ekdal, with his vanity, self-pity, self-deception, and that "great invention" of his, as real as "The Madonna of the Future," in Mr. Henry James's famous story; his wife, Gina, the kindly, humble, haunted woman; and the child Hedvig, with her passionate affection for the man she believes to be her father, her young mind working so restlessly along strange ways, and the blow between the eyes in the word "interloper" that drives her at last to her death. These are the living things in "The Wild Duck," for they are all intensely human, catching at the heart and mind of every thoughtful man and woman who sees them.

Despite an occasional slip of memory, every point in it "told." One of the difficulties of the piece is the way in which the author switches off, as it were, in a moment, from situations of the utmost poignancy to a light and, on the face of it, comic view of life. There were those present last night who perhaps thought this inartistic. At any rate, there were those who laughed. The laughter, however, of English audiences is one of the most amazing things London has to show. Foreigners stare aghast at it. There were people last night who giggled loudly when Gina referred to having bought a "sausage" in the course of the week; and, when, later, she recommended her husband, threatening her with his flight, to take with him "a warm pair of drawers," there was quite a loud guffaw. These sounds, of course, only came from the minority. It is a curiously superficial emotionalism which can giggle at such things.

However, as we have said, all was enthusiasm at the end, and the players, as well as the play, had kindled it. And first and foremost, must we pay our tribute to the quite remarkable performance of the part of Hedvig by a young actress, a Miss Gladys Wiles, whom, so far as we can remember, we had never seen or heard of before. In her first scene, with her mother, one could see the child thinking before she spoke; and every utterance had the right note of sincere feeling. In the later and more exacting scenes, notably that in the third act [illegible] scene, she rushed at [illegible] father who had repulsed her, in the long outburst of weeping and hysterical laughter in the fourth act, and in the brief passage of acting that precedes her final exit, where she creeps like a frightened animal into the attic to lay down her life for love—in all these she acted with an intensity of passion and a concentration of means that deeply moved the house. We have seen few more perfect impersonations than Miss Gladys Wiles's Hedvig, and we hope, for the sake of future audiences, that she will be able to keep it up to the level attained last night.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 2.

"Anna Karenina" on the Stage

Another version of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" was performed at the Ambassadors, London, Dec. 1. The Times published this review:

"The very difficulty of adapting 'Anna Karenina' for the stage must be an incitement to adventurous dramatists and Mr. Pollock has made a gallant attempt. He has written an emotional and a rather lachrymose play, but it is not the 'Anna Karenia' that we know. How should it be when Levin only appears for a moment in Act 1 and again for a moment in Act 2, and is never seen in his country home? The play tells about Anna Karenina's love for Alexis Vronsky, her confession to her husband, the abortive attempts at a divorce, and finally her jealousy, which ruins her life and Vronsky's and drives her to suicide. The last two acts give plenty of opportunities to Mme. Yavorska for emotional acting, but we noticed nothing in her performance that we had not seen before and nothing that could preserve our interest, for the actress's sake, in a character which had in itself become something worse than uninteresting. The genius never lived, we suspect, who could inspire us with any more exalted feeling than distaste for so poor a nature as this. Among the very many small characters, Mr. Norman Trevor walked manfully through the part of Alexis; Mr. Scott Craven tried now and then to impart some gaiety to Stiva Oblonsky; Mr. Herbert Bunston played excellently as the disagreeable Karenin, and Miss Mary Grey made something human and friendly of Dolly Oblonsky. There should be no difficulty in cutting the play down to a more manageable length than it reached last night."

Dec 22 1913

'MESSIAH' IN SYMPHONY HALL

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale" the attraction of George Friedrich Handel's great musical drama of the Nativity. The large audience that listened to the 128th performance of "The Messiah" by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall, last night, was just one evidence tho more of how far its music, despite age and the fact that it perpetuates many of the vices of old Italian opera, has entered into the religious consciousness of our race on both sides of the Atlantic. The opportunity of hearing the oratorio tonight had no appreciable effect on the attendance and the stately overture in E minor began to a house crowded in every part.

The choir of 400 voices showed the careful training to which Boston music lovers have become accustomed since the assumption of its leadership by Emil Mollenhauer, who again conducted. All the famous numbers were attacked with fire and discipline, not only the riotous "Hallelujah" and the "Amen" choruses, but the more difficult mezzoforte music of the florid "Unto us a child is born" and "All we, like sheep."

Of the soloists, Miss Grace Kerns, with a particularly sweet and plaintive soprano, was heard to greatest effect in "Come Unto Him," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and in the duet with Miss Adelaide Griggs for alto and soprano, "He Shall Feed His Flock." Of the male solo parts, the tenor was taken artistically, if not very colorfully by William W. Hicks, and the bass by George H. Downing. The skilful playing of the Boston Festival orchestra, especially in the beautiful "Pifferari" music of the first part, explained, if it did not justify, the constant and noisy applause with which Handel's grave masterpiece was interrupted throughout.

An incongruity that is ever fresh was tho cheery cornet a-piston accompaniment to the Resurrection aria at the close of the oratorio. One need not be a dry-as-dust antiquary to regret that in its modern arrangement something cannot be devised more nearly approaching the deep note of tbe trumpet of Handel's own day, of wood covered in leather, the sound of which must bave been sonorous and impressive in the extreme.

CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

Large Audience Greets Singers and There Are Many Recalls.

The fourth Sunday night concert at the Boston Opera House was given last evening. The program was as follows: Wagner, "Tannhauser" overture, orchestra; Meyerbeer, aria from "Huguenots," Mr. Mardones; Puccini, aria from "Madama Butterfly," Miss Nielsen; Rossini, Figaro's song from "Barber of Seville," Mr. Fornari; Verdi, aria from "Rigoletto," Miss Nielsen; Grieg, Peer Gynt suite, orchestra; Donizetti, duet from "Linda di Chamounix," Mr. Mardones and Mr. Fornari; songs, (a) Parker, "The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest," (b) Moore, "The Last Rose of Summer," (c) Leoni, "Leaves and the Wind," (d) Brewers, "Fairy Pipers," Miss Nielsen; Bizet, Toreador song from "Carmen," Mr. Mardones; Donizetti, sextet from "Lucia," Mmes. Nielsen and Heyman, Messrs. Tanlongo, Mardones, Fornari and Giaccone.

There was a large audience, which welcomed the singers and the familiar airs and recalls were many. Miss Nielsen won an ovation by her singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen" as an extra number. Messrs. George Hirst and Charles Strony conducted and Mr. Rimini was at the piano.

No wonder that the audience in the Royal Opera House of Berlin was disturbed last Thursday night when a man "who was stark naked burst into the stalls from a side entrance, climbed over the orchestra barrier and went through the motions of conducting the orchestra." It was disturbed because the costume of the gifted conductor was incongruous. The opera then performing was "Lohengrin"; not a celebrated act of "Thais," or "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Short Names.

As the World Wags:

If brevity of name is under discussion, Aab, a gentleman of the Siamese persuasion, and a Harvard graduate, class of 1913, should not be overlooked.

Boston, Dec. 18. T. T. B.

The Real News.

A Berlin news agency, the Press Express, sends out a circular in which it deplores the inaccuracy or the insufficiency of information furnished foreign newspapers by their own correspondents in Berlin. "Why do they (the correspondents) bring so often inexact or, at least, falsely seen matters?" Great Hevings! Is it possible that the foreign news of importance that we read on week days and Sundays is not accurate? That Mrs. Montague Beaurcgard did not give a brilliant dinner in honor of a wandering Russian duke? That Miss Evelina Twostars of Topeka is not hailed by Prof. Schweitzerkorl as the successor to Adelina Patti? That Mrs. Tryphena Fisher Benedict is not the bosom friend and the inseparable companion of the Queen of Italy? If the Press-Express forwarded this information we could twirl thumbs in confidence and say to our neighbors: "Gosh! Did you read that story about Mrs. Whackdoodle at the Berlin Court?" For, the Press-Express says: "Our bureau, which is directed by first-class redactors, experimented and proved by a long praxis, seconded by practical contributors of a great capacity, has found at the remedy and the enthousiastical esteem from everywhere proves us that we do right."

At the Table.

Dietetic specialists now order for patients wishing to lose flesh plenty of potatoes, but without butter, and no bread, at dinner. It is not easy for some to deny themselves bread at the chief meal. They are in the habit of nibbling at it in a delicate form the moment they sit down, before they have recovered from the shock of having a boresome neighbor. They eat bread between the courses while they rest in moody silence or are meditating an original jest to be sprung after the champagne has gone round and the company begins to be tolerant. Bread is thus a stop-gap, a filler, and the paunch rejoices. Mr. Thomas Walker complained bitterly in one of his admirable articles on the art of dining that guests at London houses were never provided with enough bread; they were too often obliged to ask for it.

A letter written by Nelson to Lady Hamilton was sold at auction recently in London, and in it he sent his best regards to Beckford, the author of "Vathek," which showed that he was not seriously offended by a curious incident at the dinner Beckford gave him. For some reason or other, bread was then very scarce, and the wealthiest did not have it on the dinner table. Nelson, not knowing this, asked for some bread, and the footman told him it was not served, whereupon Nelson took a shilling out of his pocket and told the servant to buy a loaf. "It seems hard that, having fought for my bread, it should be refused me by any of my countrymen."

We should like to see the rules of dining in Walker's "Original" bound in a volume with Thackeray's essays on food and drink, as the "Memorials of Gormandizing," and an article, "Table Aesthetics," by Charles Astor Bristed, contributed to the Knickerbocker Magazine for March, 1848. There might be a few pages added—the description of the stew that warmed the heart of Mr. Codlin; a dinner that cheered Dumas's Chicot; the supper at the Whalers' tavern, where Ishmael saw steaks harpooned before he joined Capt. Ahab in his mad quest of Moby Dick.

Note this passage in Bristed's Essay: "The sweet punch which the English always drink with turtle soup is terribly out of place; and so is, between you and me, reader, the Roman punch introduced at our dinners before the game; at least, if you intend to eat any game after it. It may do for the women, who are not always able to appreciate venison and canvasbacks." Bristed might have added that game should never be eaten after a roast. Alas, all this is simply a discussion without practice. Oatmeal gruel, a little ryo bread and apple sauce not too sweet are before us while we talk of truffles, terrapin and other dishes that few would eat if they were as common and cheap as peanuts.

The Demon Salt.

We are also now informed that salt in seasoning dishes is ruinous to body and injurious to the soul. Has not some Battle Creek physician thundered against it? But as long ago as 1851, one Dr. Arthur Howard wrote a book entitled: "Salt, the Forbidden Fruit or Food. The Whole Mystery Now Revealed. Its Hurtful Effects on Man (Chiefly Woman) and on Animals, Showing It to be the Chief Cause of Diseases." The book went into a third edition.

The Man of the Day.

On Dec. 22, 1817, there died Thomas Clark, the miser of Dundee. "A dose of castor oil that had been prescribed for him he would not allow to be sent for; but in its place swallowed a piece of soap, which, he said, would equally answer the purpose and at much less cost."

Strakes and Sheets.

As the World Wags:

Dr. Crockett's definition of "streaks" as the seams between the planks of a ship is incorrect. Streaks, generally spelled "strakes," are the planks themselves; for example, the garboard strake, the plank lying next the keel itself.

"Baltimore's" attempt to explain "three sheets" is ingenious, but also incorrect. "In," in nautical phraseology, when used in relation to the wind, is interpreted as meaning in the direction from which the wind blows, facing into the wind. "Three sheets in the wind" would mean, therefore, if viewed from the nautical standpoint, that the ship was listing in the direction from which the wind was blowing, leaning right into the wind's eye, in fact, which disposes of Baltimore's explanation.

Viewed from the strictly nautical standpoint, the phrase has no excuse for existence. It is meaningless, the invention of some landlubber when himself "half-seas-over," and consequently "all at sea" when it came to the right handling of maritime terms. The phrase is as drunken as the state it is supposed to signify. Hence the futility of the explanations proffered, since they are all attempts to explain the unexplainable.

E. W. ATTIE.

Roxbury, Dec. 18.

Strake: "Continuous line of planking or plates from stem to stern of a ship.

"Garboard (strake): First range of planks laid on ship's bottom next keel; corresponding plates in iron ship."—Ed.

Dec 23 1913

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short, black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"Skeouhegan, Maine!" he replied. "Kin I sell you a razor-strop?"

Place-Names.

As the World Wags:

The romance of place-names is one of the special appeals of European travel for the American seeker after the picturesque, and it is a commonplace of conversation to remark that this new country of which I am an unworthy naturalized citizen is lacking in background. Now, I can't see that at all. The longer I live in Brooklyn, the more it seems to me that there is a great deal of exoticism in the U. S. A., only your writers don't make the most of it.

To me, at least, nothing is more delightful than to sit me down of a cool evening, with plenty of smoking tobacco on the table beside me, and sometimes even a long tumbler, and, of course, a good book to read. My favorite just now is a volume broche entitled: "Postal Guide." Without that work, how would I ever have learned that there is a town in Pennsylvania named "Eighty-Four"? There was such a town, at least, only a few years since. By inquiry I learn that the name of the place used to be "Fifty-Six." I learn, moreover that the inhabitants wanted, a year ago last fall, to change the name a second time to "Nineteen-Twelve." What a strange love of figures! Yet it is all understandable if only one studies into it. It seems that this community is exceptionally Democratic—though everybody knows Pennsylvania in general to be a thoroughly Republican-Progressive state. And the various figures by which the place has or now calls itself indicate years in which the Democrats have won notable elections. Brave little town in Pennsylvania! My "Postal Guide" indicates that there are other villages in that great state which have a sense of poetry in their make-up. Take the village of Skiddoo, for instance. I doubt whether there is any other Skiddoo postoffice in the whole world. Also, I warrant the people of Skiddoo know how to speed the parting guest.

It is true that my adopted fellow-countrymen have bad habits where the language of my own ancestors is concerned. An intimato knowledge of French pronunciation and orthography is not, I fear, a part of the general equipment in the middle states, which were explored and preached to by missionaries who wore the black robe. For instance, there is a stream in the Mississippi valley which the French called "Beaucoup d'Eau," but which is commonly named nowadays Buck-and-Doe river. As a student of comparative etymology, I sometimes wonder whether the so-called "buck-and-wing" dance that I used to see on your so interesting stage is not a vulgarization of the old French gavotte, the "Beaucoup de Vin." . . . Certainly the Bois Brule of the French coureurs has become dreadfully Anglicized as Bob Burley's Bottoms. The country of the Ozarks is interesting to me, both on their own account and because of the change in their appellation. You know the ancient phrase, aux Montaignes du Bois d'Arc, "to the mountains of the Bow woods"? Of this phrase only pieces of the latter part have been conserved: Aux Arc—hence, "Ozark." It is a curious ellision—as curious as the work of your old-time glaciers that made the map.

And one last word. Every summer I am enchanted to visit the holiday land which you call in Maine "Mount Desert." This is the island which the Sieur de Champlain saw from his deck and christened l'Isle des Monts desert. But why do so many Yanquois insist upon pronouncing the really beautiful island as if it had been named after some sweet or pudding—quite as if there were two s's in the word "Desert"? I look to you, dear World-Wag, for enlightenment.

RENE LAIDLAW, Bachellier-es-Arts.

Brooklyn, Dec. 20.

From Holy Writ.

Only a few weeks ago the Daily Chronicle claimed that no other country possessed so many Scripture place-names as England. Are there not as many or more in the United States? The Chronicle stated that Jericho figures six times on the ordnance maps, Paradise five times, and Nineveh, Mount Zion, Mount Ararat and Mount Ephraim three times each. In Bedfordshire there is a Cavalry Wood, and in Dorsetshire a Jordan Hill. Hampshire has a Land of Nod, Cambridgeshire a Noah's Ark, and Worcestershire a Moab's Wash Pot. Other Scriptural place-names in England are Hebron, Joppa, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Gideon and Herod.

Well, there are six villages named Jericho in the United States, and there is a Jericho Centre. We are shy on Paradise, but there are five Ninevehs, and Nineveh Junction is not included. There are 10 Mount Zions, two Mount Ephrainis, five villages named Calvary, 12 Jordans. There is a Noah in Tennesee and there's a Moab in Utah. We have Hebrons to burn, 18 at least, besides Hebron Station and Hebronville. There are four Joppas, 12 Bethlehems, 8 Jerusalems. And how about 11 Canaans, besides East Canaan, Canaan Street, Canaan Valley, Canaanville and Canaan Four Corners? We should "blush to mention" '27 Bethels and Bethel Academy, Bethel Corners, Bethel Hill, Bethel Springs, Bethel Station. Then there are 7 Bethesdas and five Siloams, besides two Siloam Springs. Let the Eagle scream!

A Property Casket.

As the World Wags:

Could you not persuade the stage manager of the Boston Opera House to add a few small, ornate caskets and boxes to his collection in the property room? For several years the one clumsy possession done in gilt oyster shells has served for Isolde's medicine chest and Faust's trinket box. It has glared as a table decoration in "La Gioconda," "Manon," "Thais," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Don Giovanni," "La Traviata" and "Rigoletto," and this season arrives with the cold insolence of habit. I also enjoyed (last season) seeing Minnie's cabin clock.

JOAN HALSEY.

Jamaica Plain, Dec. 21.

Old Friends.

We saw in the catalogue of a London book seller that a "complete" set of Capt. Mayne Reid's stories, 34 volumes, clean as new, could be had for £2 5s. This was indeed a bargain. We were tempted to send an order at once and secure the set for a bright-eyed, manly little fellow; but if the order had been filled, we should surely have kept the books for winter reading to the neglect of lucrative work. Was the set complete? "The Quadroon," "The Scalp Hunters," "The Rifle Rangers," "The White Chief," "Bruin," "The Boy Tar" and other old favorites were there, but we missed "The Cliff-Climbers" and "Lost Lenore," and the little treatise on croquet should have been added. Then there was the question of price. Times are hard, Arabella; and $11 or $12, with the duty to be paid, for the books were not of the first edition, seemed to us a large sum. A set of Mrs. Muehlbach's novels was offered, and we were not tempted; yet these novels were once in fashion. Some condemned them on the ground of licentiousness; others thought they learned history by reading them. The foot notes were often comic in their sericousness. Thus the sentence: "The king was in the garden playing on his flute" would be annotated: "This is a historical fact. L. M."

EDVINA MAKES FLORIA NOBLE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca	Mme. Edvina
Mario Cavaradossi	Mr. Laffitte
Barone Scarpia	Mr. Marcoux
Cesare Angelotti	Mr. Sampieri
Il Sacrestano	Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Puicini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Tortorici
Un Pastore	Miss Gauthier

Mme. Edvina's impersonation of Floria Tosca is clearer and more definite than it was last season. Her singing is more authoritative; her acting has more vitality and significance. She evidently realizes that Floria was high-bred even in her love and hatred.

We have recently seen a Floria who in the first act romped and skipped about like a soubrette and showed her undying affection for Cavaradossi by continually pawing him. Such a Floria would never have reflected mournfully on the emptiness of art while Baron Scarpia was sugaring his coffee.

"Tosca" is a raw-head and bloody-bones melodrama, a vile libretto, deliberately sensational, with the ides of physical cruelty to rasp the nerves of the audience. The music is stage music written to emphasize the horror of the play that led M. Jules Lemaitre, in a famous article, to dub Sardou the Caligula of the drama.

Occasionally a woman comes upon the stage and excites sympathy for the singing puppet. She gives her character. She lets us see a woman naturally jealous, but willing to sacrifice her honor for the one whose fidelity she had doubted. Floria then has dignity. She is not kittenish in the church scene; in the second act she is an avenger, not merely a creature of murderous impulse. Thus Floria is ennobled and the artificial melodrama is for the moment real.

This was apparently Mme. Edvina's conception of the character. It was creditable to her intelligence and it was finely carried out. The music was admirably sung. There was a variety of expression. There was quiet intensity when too many merely scream. When emotion was o'ermastering the voice was full, resonant, always musical.

Mme. Edvina's facial play was eloquent and gesture suited the phrase and the situation. There was a refreshing absence of the impotent restlessness that some mistake for acting; there was the repose that is not merely a breathing spell while the actress is saying to herself: "What shall I do next?"

Mr. Marcoux fortunately is not a slave to routine. His impersonation of Scarpia was in certain matters of detail more impressive even than it was a few weeks ago. It was more subtle, not more violent, nor was the hypocrisy of the man so roughly depicted. There are Scarpias who disturb Floria's composure by roaring at her. The low malignant tone, the confidential suggestion of the torture in the side chamber, the whispered threat and hideous declaration of lust—these are more irresistibly dramatic than all the scowls of a howling villain. The Scarpia of the drama, when the part is played by a Frenchman, has eternal courtesy and polish. His spies do not tremble when he look at them, and not for the world w he take one of them by the thro

The great public, however, lik melodrama piping-hot. It like Floria climbing all over the r the church; it demands Scarpia, ferocious vocally Madame Ternina were t fullness of her glory m her unemotional, yea, c

Mr. Laffitte took the dossi for the first time a useful, honest singe imagination, a ped minor parts were

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TR[illegible]ONT THEATRE—First Boston presentation of "The Red Canary," a musical play in two acts. Music by Harold Orlob, lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, book by Alexander Johnstone and William Le Baron. The principals of the cast:

Lois ....Carrie Reynolds
[illegible] ....Joseph Dillon
[illegible]e'd Sneed..............................Phil Ryley
[illegible] Kirk ....Julia Ralph
[illegible]tave [illegible]et ....John Hendricks
[illegible] De Treville............................David Reese
[illegible]e Turner............................Nita Allen
[illegible] ....Lina Abarbanell
[illegible]ter C[illegible]john ....T. Roy Barnes
[illegible] P[illegible]pe............................Eugene Redding

"The Red Canary," with Lina Abarbanell, was heard at the Tremont last evening. There was a fair-sized audience that seemed to enjoy the performance. The piece itself offers a new idea, yet the play, as the story is unfolded, is punctured with many incongruous interpretations—some strained in their efforts to secure a place. But the book is not without its entertaining passages. There are many lines that sparkle, and there is an abundance of smart repartee. The music is often catchy and there is a melodic line and a refrain here and there that linger. Mr. August Kleinecke, who conducted, found excellent results with his musicians, though there was at times evidence of a heavy hand.

This musical play is founded on the [illegible] idea. The varying tones all take their place as the evening wears on. M. Donnet, the proprietor of a scarf shop, is an esthetic. He sees nothing but color tones and his seeming objective is the color that suggests love. Jane an American buyer, visits his shop after a very pleasant taxicab mix-up with Hunter Upjohn, an American. The latter seeks her and finds her at Donnet's, where she is pestered with the attention of the Baron De Treville, who has amused himself with Lois, one of Donnet's saleslades, and would now cast her aside.

Then there is the wealthy Archibald Speed, who would marry his eccentric ward, Trixie, to Hunter. There is again the love affair of Donnet and Jane's mother to add to the complexities, each affair in turn susceptible to the color idea. The blue canary, which is immersed in the crucible by Hunter, emerges red. It is seized by Jane and released and there is despair all around. But the color of love, of course, finally prevails, and there is the usual conclusion.

But the performance had many exquisite moments as when Miss Abarbanell had the stage. This vivacious little firefly had not alone her voice to commend her. Her dancing was a delight to the eye in its rythm and grace. It was easily accomplished with no suggestion of laboriousness. Her singing was always a pleasure, there was a warmth and virility in her tones and the upper notes were firm and taken with ease.

One of the chief delights of the evening was the American of T. Roy Barnes. For here was a comedian that offered something new—something not easily dissociated from himself. Breezy and plausible, he is authoritative in his every move.

Nita Allen was seen as the eccentric Trixie. This was a cleverly conceived part, both in make-up and performance. She was always the comedienne in a most difficult role. The remainder of the cast gave excellent accounts of themselves.

In a word, the acting was superior to the show itself.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market," a new musical play in three acts by M. Brody and F. Martos. Music by Victor Jacobi. Lyrics by Arthur Anderson and Adrian Ross. First performance in Boston.

Edward Fleetwood..........Donald Brian
Senator Abe K. Gilroy....George T. Meech
Bald-Faced Saudy..............Guy Nichols
Captain on the "Mariposa,"
............Ernest Torrence
Lord Hurlingham..........Percival Knight
Blinker..................Arthur Reynolds
Mariposa Gilroy..............May de Sousa
A Middy.....................Cissie Sewell
Emma.......................Moya Mannering

"The Marriage Market" was first produced in Budapest two years ago. It has since been played in Vienna, London, New York and in Russia with success. The adaptation for the English stage was made by Miss Gladys Unger.

The plot is based upon the revival in California of an old Spanish custom of holding a marriage market where young women are put up at auction and sold to cowboys and ranchers. Formerly the auctions were merely an excuse for revelry, but an enterprising sheriff decides that they shall in future be legal.

Mariposa Gilroy, her friend Kitty Kent and her maid Emma come to the market in search of adventure. They are respectively wedded to Tulare Teddy, [illegible] Hurlingham and Blinker, Hurlingham's valet. The three brides run away, [illegible], when they discover that the [illegible] are binding.

[illegible] Tulare Teddy is disguised [illegible]n Senator Gilroy's yacht. [illegible] bride, but there is a scene [illegible]missed. In act three the [illegible] happily united at the [illegible] San Francisco.

The plot is not above the average to be met with in such pieces, but the dialogue is unusually crisp and well turned.

Last evening the features were Mr. Brian's performance, Mr. Jacobi's music and Mr. Knight's fooling.

The music is eminently tuneful. It has decided character, charm and novelty. There are agreeable solos, piquant concerted numbers and well made ensembles. Throughout there is rhythmic variety and the hand of an experienced musician is shown in the writing for voices and orchestra, a musician with an instinct for the stage.

The opening chorus of Cowboys, the haunting waltz, "The One I Love," seen in the first act by Mr. Brian and Miss de Sousa, "Oh How Near and Yet How Far," "June is in the Air," "Honeymoon" are among the numbers conspicuous for their beauty.

Mr. Brian's art has broadened. He is no longer merely a dancer of uncommon skill. He acted the part of Teddy with consistency, he used his voice adroitly and with effectiveness, while his disguises as cowboy and sailor became him. The grace and distinction of his dancing are always a pleasure, and he gave an exhibition of the intricacies of the modern dances with enviable buoyancy, ease and flexibility.

The chief comedian, Mr. Knight, was also in the vein. Lord Hurlingham is a fat part. He made the most of it and delivered the salacious lines allotted to him with evident relish and to the delight of the audience.

Miss De Sousa played Mariposa with archness and incessant vivacity. Her voice, brilliant and sonorous in quality, was often heard to advantage.

Miss McComas chiefly distinguished herself by two whistling numbers, which were rapturously applauded, and a certain nimbleness in dancing. Miss Mannering as Emma was becomingly pert. Blinker, the comic valet, was played with unctuous drollery by Arthur Reynolds. The minor characters were well taken. The chorus was effective in song and dance. The piece was attractively mounted.

An audience of good size was warm in its expressions of approval.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

A typical Christmas bill so arranged as to be especially interesting to the children, for whom a Christmas tree and a real Santa Claus are provided at each matinee performance, is being presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The Christmas pantomime, "The Night Before Christmas," is the last item upon the bill, and yesterday afternoon every little boy and girl in the audience was invited to step upon the stage and receive from Santa Claus a Christmas remembrance. Hundreds accepted, and each little girl was the recipient of a large doll, while the little boys were given imported mechanical toys.

In addition to the Christmas burlesque, as a special attraction for the little folk, is Mme. Mary's burlesque circus with its musical dogs, its amusing bull fight, the unrideable mule and a lot of trick dogs that do everything but talk. Jesse Lasky's Clownland Company also made a big hit with the children, as well as with the older ones. It is a study in black and white, with a company of 16 in all, headed by Ceballos and Desmond, extremely agile and graceful dancers, their "whirlwind waltz" being the best of their several numbers. As a finale the company presents "New Year's Eve in Clownland," during which the members of the company come down from the stage into the aisles and mingle with the audience, much to the delight of the children.

The big hit of the week's bill, however, is Chris Richards, an eccentric English chapple, who has never before visited B F. Keith's. As an exponent of eccentric dancing Richards is about the best ever seen in Boston, and he was recalled again and again. The Farner Girls—a stately brunette and a little blonde—were also excellent. The little blonde in one of her songs portrayed the man who has dined well rather than wisely. It was an extremely good bit of character work. Then, in addition, Juggling DeLisle did everything conceivable with hats, never once missing a trick, and getting them upon his head from all angles and in all ways. Jennings and Wilson, gentlemen of color, present an assortment of their own songs, some considerably better than others. Hilda Hawthorne and her "Johnnie" gave her familiar ventriloquist act; Leroy, Wilson and Tom in bumping the bumps are good, while Fredericka Slemons and Company present their comedy, "Liz."

HANDEL AND HAYDN

The Handel and Haydn Society gave the second performance of "The Messiah" in Symphony Hall last night. The solo singers were Mmes. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert and Christine Miller, William H. Pagdin and William Hinshaw. The performance gave pleasure to a very large audience.

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Gentlemen, we have with us this evening an author known not only throughout the United States but in England, and even in France and Germany, through translations that faintly reproduce his wit and humor. He has been called the Charles Lamb of Massachusetts; but he has a breadth of vision that poor Lamb lacked. He is without the prejudices that marred the work of Hazlitt; he has—no doubt inherited from his ancestors—a religious faith that Anatole France would be the happier for entertaining. But why should I detain you, when he is with us? Allow me, gentlemen, to introduce to you Mr. Ephraim J. Bilkens, poet, novelist, essayist, lover of his fellow-man. (Enthusiastic cheering as all rise.)

Mistaken Gregariousness.

As the World Wags:

It is a pity that the Carabaos should suffer severe official reprimand for their fun at the expense of their civil superiors, but surely an indictment will lie against them for the inexcusable sin of dullness. One now and then has a suspicion that society is an organization to promote mutual boredom, and there is a justifiable belief that table knives are dull because, were they sharp, they might be used by bored commensals upon each others' throats. One reads the newspaper reports of what passes for fun at public dinners with thankful heart at having escaped the infliction. It must require a plentiful supply of alcoholic stimulant to make a Gridiron dinner or a Clover Club dinner or a Carabao Wallow endurable. What leaks out as to the fun at such places is insufferably amateurish, parochial, inept, suited perhaps to the taste of those wits whose coruscations are recorded in the reports of debates in Congress with the interpolated (Laughter), (Great laughter), (Applause from both sides). Does anybody ever say aught really worth hearing at a public dinner? I remember one of the dullest and dryest affairs of the sort here in Boston that it was ever my misfortune to sit through. The diners, several hundred in number, were mostly business men, and there was not a single speaker without ease and fluency, but the effect of the whole thing was inexpressibly depressing and the water was not even cool. Why do we go to such affairs or to any sort of public or semi-public dinner unless to hear a really great man, when we can sit with a few congenial friends, or command the wits of all time in our own libraries by a blazing hearth, not without such liquid refreshment as heightens appreciation and quickens apprehension?

AMATOR FOCI.

Chestnut Hill, Dec. 22.

Some Questions.

As the World Wags:

What is the meaning of the word "carree"? It is used in the first sentence of an editorial article, "Old Masters While You Wait," in The Herald of Dec. 19.

Is it good form to call children "kids"?

In what persons and numbers is the defective verb "quoth" used? Is it used in the third person of the plural number?

When an adjective precedes and modifies the first of two or more nouns connected by "and" expressed or understood, does it also modify the nouns which follow the first one? For example, does "an exhibition of large dogs and cats" mean an exhibition of large dogs and large cats, or an exhibition of cats (without regard to size) and large dogs?

Can "one" properly stand for an antecedent in the plural number, and be joined to a plural verb, as in the following quotation: "Such a course deceives alike the shareholders and the public. The one are apt," etc. "The one means the shareholders mentioned in the preceding sentence. GRAMMARIAN.

Boston, Dec. 22.

Some Answers.

The "Salon Carre" (final "e" with an acute accent) is a room in the Louvre. Famous pictures, chiefly Italian, are hung there, and the Mona Lisa was chief among them.

The dictionaries tell us that "kid" for a child, especially a young child, was originally low slang, but is of late frequent in familiar speech. Massenger used the term in one of his plays (1599), and a century later D'Urfey wrote:

At her back a kid that cry'd
Still as she pinch'd it, fast was ty'd.

In sporting or criminal circles "kid" is a term of admiration for an expert young pugilist or thief. The white servants bound by indentures to work for four or five years in the American colonies were called "kids." Hence probably the verb "kidnap."

"Quoth," the past tense of "quethe," is used with substantives or pronouns of the first and third persons to indicate that the words of a speaker are being repeated. The verb is always placed before the subject. There was an old form, "quethen" or "quothen," for the third person plural. We find a quotation (1581): "The fire (quoth we) hath heat and light." We are unable to find any instance of "quoth they" employed by a modern writer of good standing.

The English language as used by the best writers is as loose as ashes. Nine out of ten would say "large dogs and cats," meaning large dogs and large cats. Perhaps Goold [illegible] "[illegible] Grammar of Grammars" h[illegible] something to say on this subject; but why be so beastly particular? We know a man who insists that the word "madhouse" is nonsense, because a house cannot be mad.

Here are two instances. Woodcocke (1606): "The women were accounted nothing inferior to the men. For as the one founded the empires," etc. Gracian translated (1685): "Some die because they feel, and others live because they feel not. So that the one are fools because they die not of feeling, and the others because they die of it." "When 'the one' and 'the other' refer severally to two things previously named, they are by some taken as equivalent to 'the former' and 'the latter,' by others as 'the latter and 'the former.' The first of these appears to be the earlier and natural use." We quote from the Oxford Dictionary.—Ed.

Self-Appreciation.

A comedy, "The Night Hawk," was produced in London on Dec. 6. The hero is an amiable duffer. "Some people," he says, "are always asking, if we live under Socialism, who would do the scavenging. I know. It would be me." Who is not at once drawn toward the maker of this confession? The man that does not occasionally say to himself in the night watches: "What an ass I am!" is unfit for the table of the Muses or the favor of a goddess.

The Whole World Kin.

The fight between M. Charpentier and Mr. Bombadier Wells in which the latter was knocked out in 32 seconds aroused in Mr. Filson Young a deep fit of meditation: "Many morals and lessons have been drawn by experts from this encounter and the attention it awakened; I am content to perceive in it a reminder that, in spite of everything, a fight between two men with their fists, whether enveloped in gloves or not, remains on the whole the form of competition in which the human race is most deeply interested."

Christmas Pottage.

"Amongst the customs observed on Christmas eve, the Venetians eat a kind of pottage which they call 'torta de lasagne,' composed of oil, onions, paste, parsley, pine nuts, raisins, currants and candied orange peel."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Miss Pocahontas," a musical extravaganza in two acts; by R. A. Barnet and Robert M. Baker; music by Daniel J. Sullivan. The principals of the cast: T. R.

Capt. John Smith.........William P. Carleton
Pow-hat-an........................Donald Meek
Soan-ga-ta-ha.................Francis Williams
Freckled-Thunder-Cloud......Frederic Ormonde
John Rolfe......................Carney Christie
The Mighty Medicine-man........George Ernst
Pocahontas.....................Miss Doris Olsson
Jane.......................Miss Florence Shirley

This "musical extravaganza," or more appropriately, burlesque, was originally written by Bostonians for the Cadets some few years ago. The long lapse in its presentation, however, is in no sense an indication of its inferiority, for we have heard many musical comedies recently in this city that suffer in many respects in comparison. While in the main the original production is repeated, there are many innovations that bring it up to the present day, and we recognize the colloquialisms and speech of the hour.

The performance last night took the complexion of a gala event. While the Christmastide prevented a large audience, there was the holiday expectancy and an abundance of enthusiasm.

Mr. Sullivan's music is especially in line for a word of commendation. His constancy and clearly defined relationship to the Indian theme was always evident, and we now hear the lingering refrains of "In a Jewelled Grotto," "In a Dory," and the interpolated "Katie Carney."

The story of "Miss Posahontas" is the affair of the daughter of Powhatan and John Smith. Pocahontas is the affianced bride of Soangataha. The appearance of John Smith, John Rolfe and the palefaces awake new thoughts in the mind of the Indian maid, and the wigwam of Soangataha is not so alluring.

"By poetic license" the final scene in Act 2 transplants the personnel of the company to an easily recognizable city street of the present day, and the story finds its conclusion in Pocahontas acquiring city ways and giving her hand to John Rolfe. Many would have been more pleased had John Smith been the lucky man.

In a company of this kind, usually given to an entirely different class of work, many are interested to know how they interpret a musical show. But let it be said, that despite the usual shortcomings and inevitable hitches of a first performance, their work is to be highly commended. Their numbers, while lacking in sustained song, were always honestly and sincerely given.

Miss Doris Olsson appeared as Pocahontas, and was the Indian maid to fire the heart of such a brave as Soangataha. She played with true simplicity and the awakening of her vanity as she took in hand a mirror for the first time was an eloquent bit of acting.

Mr. Carleton was a heroic John Smith in speech and carriage. His "bolero" was too good to be thus so short

Mr Meek e[...] t[...]n after the manne[...] in L[...]ce's "Corsair." There w[...] e f[...]n e of "Galway sluggers" an[...] [...]nnel brogue. He was at times fu[...]y, [...]ut he lacked song.

The stubborn Ind an of Frederic Ormonde was a flesh and blood character, [...] we have met just such a redman.

Let us speak of the perfect girlishness of Miss Sh'rley, of the ludicrous burlesque of Miss Colcord, and finally a word for Joseph Marr and his musicianly colleagues who had their part in the success of Mr. Craig's annual Christmas play.

Dec 25 1913

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The cast:

Lord Enrico Ashton	Rodolfo Fornari
Lucia	Luisa Tetrazzini
Sir Edgardo Di Ravenswood	Vincenzo Tanlongo
Lord Arturo Bucklow	Ernesto Giaccone
Lord Arturo Bucklow	Ernesto Giaccone
Alisa	Hertha Heyman
Normanno	Lorenzo Fusco

T. R.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" was repeated at the Boston Opera House last evening. It was the first appearance of Luisa Tetrazzini in the role of Lucia this season. There was an audience of fair size, and there was much enthusiasm, the audience at the conclusion of the sextet and the mad scene being especially demonstrative.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted and his reading was generally excellent, though there was evidence of a turbulent orchestration here and there, notably in the first act, as when Alisa has her say. It will be remembered that Lucia carries a heavy heart; that the companionship of Alisa is consoling. Thus we would hear the confidences of this companionship.

The performance of Miss Tetrazzini was an engrossing study, and this accomplished artist of coloratura has seldom been heard to better advantage. The brilliance of her tones in the upper register, their clarity and freedom, and her ease and matter-of-fact demeanor in sustained song gave unbounded pleasure.

Vincenzo Tanlengo appeared as Edgardo. We would prefer a more assertive lover—even a more boisterous blade. His voice is lacking in robustness, and in his duets with Tetrazzini it was at times scarcely audible.

Mr. Mardones was the Raimondo, and the sonority and richness of this splendid basso were always a pleasure.

The ensembles were particularly brilliant and there was an evident cohesiveness and spontaneity that was genuinely effective.

As this is the day of peace on earth, good will toward men, we take a peculiar pleasure in allowing Dr. Crockett, Mr. William Bellamy and Mr. Edwin W. Ottle to have their final say concerning strakes, sheets, knots and other matters of seamanship. And first we'll hear from Mr. Ottle:

"Ottle," Not "Attie."

As the World Wags:

I should like to express my thanks for seeing my letter in print. I was afraid, at the time I sent it in, that the subject had been already closed.

I noticed, by the way, that there was a typographical mistake in my name. It was printed "Attle." It should be "Ottle"—E. W. Ottle, in full. I don't want to try to dodge anything that may be coming my way, you know, after my statements in regard to "three sheets in the wind"!

EDWIN W. OTTIE.

Roxbury, Dec. 22.

Rather Harsh.

As the World Wags:

If ever man writ him down a lubber, he is E. W. Ottle.

A ship leaning away from the wind exposes to the wind sheets that would be under water if the ship were on an even keel.

I should hate to see this discussion closed with a stupid misstatement. * * *

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Boston, Dec. 22.

Good Old Doctor!

As the World Wags:

E. W. Ottle—a new one on the job. That means new blunders. I do not question the correctness of "strakes" meaning "planks," but the term strakes list, or head, has reference to the line between the planks (or strakes) If you wished to measure the plank as to width you would measure from side to side. That is what a sailor does when he says. "She (the ship) has three strakes list to starboard," meaning she is heeling to starboard from an even keel, to the third line of planking. I never heard the course of a ship spoken of as being three sheets or two sheets or one sheet from the wind. "Leaning right to the wind's eye" gets me. It is sailor talk to say a ship is sailing close hauled, one or more points free, with wind abeam, with wind on the quarter, and dead before it. Close hauled is the point of sailing as near the wind as will give all sail a full. Beating to windward is sailing close hauled. All sheets are hauled flat aft, or taut, and tacks are hauled taut forward.

As long [...] a [...] your [...] are writing dictionary and pa[...] writing from the poets, there will be no chance for a sailor.

I fail to see why "J. S. A." should feel so distressed over knots. When I was a Jack Tar we used an hour glass and log line, a glass called hour glass if it took an hour for sand to run from end to end. I think we used a minute glass. The log line had knots tucked through the strand of the line. These knots were made of different colored cloth. The term "knots," or "so many knots," had reference to the number of knots passing off from the reel while the sand was running through the glass. Knots are used on a lead line for soundings, although a pole was used on flat-boats on the Mississippi. On board ship the man throwing the lead had a song accompaniment. The flat-boat sailor had it like this: "No sound, no ground, no bottom to be found, with a long pitch-pine-pole-and-a-half."

May it please Mr. William Bellamy! the after end of a ship was called the stern-sheets, meaning any part of the ship aft the forepart of the quarter-deck. So called from it being the location of main sheets, main topsail sheets and so on; top-gallant-sail, royal and sky-sail sheets, and also the spanker sheets.

Now I would like to know when the gentlemen who have been enlightening us on the subject went to sea: "Concord," "Baltimore," Bellamy and others. There are no sailors now.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Discursive.

If we are not mistaken, it was "Concord" that began this long-winded controversy. It would be a gracious act on his part to give a dinner to his seamates where all these weighty matters could be discussed at length. "This is the meal equally set." And let it be a meal at which no one will give a living exhibition of "Three Sheets in the Wind." Some of our readers have written asking whether Dr. Crockett is a real person. They intimate that the name is only an editorial mask. This is flattering to us—although we met a subscriber last night who said that the doctor was a bore—and it does Dr. Crockett gross injustice. He is indeed alive and he writes his letters with his own hand. A modest man, he has only hinted at adventures in his life. We wonder if he has ever visited Surinam. The name fascinates even a land lubber. Some years ago on the Cape there was a postmaster—he is dead now, rest his soul!—who used to tell of coasting and deep sea sailing while we were awaiting Captain Burseley with the mail. Often did we hear him begin: "When I was once at Surinam," but what he said or did there was not revealed. There was always an interruption. A customer asked for a bottle of patent medicine or for a plug of tobacco, or the stage came. Perhaps Dr. Crockett knows the mysteries of that remote, wild place.

Cavendish.

A plug of tobacco! The King of England recently visited the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and a London journalist, not having the fear of a juke before his eyes, suggested that George might pay his host a pretty compliment by calling for a pipeful of Cavendish. "It was Sir William Cavendish, a seaman of the Elizabethan era and forebear of the present duke, who first moistened tobacco with molasses and pressed it into hard cakes to be cut at pleasure." Fortunately the Duke of Devonshire is not sensitive on this subject. He told with gusto how he had been asked whether the Cavendish Association was formed to promote consumption of home-grown tobacco. Yet Sir Francis Doyle in 1879 lamented the existence of people who cannot understand a joke. "I was dining the other day at the Duke of Devonshire's, when the conversation turned upon the oddity of American names. 'Fancy such a name as Birdseye!' remarked some one at table. 'Birdseye,' I said. 'is surely as good as Cavendish any day.' Not a creature smiled. They all thought I meant to insult them."

Was the London journalist correct in his statement? The word "Cavendish" does not appear in tobacco circulars before 1839, and in 1844 some one on a committee in the House of Commons said that Cavendish was reckoned by the excise under the general denomination of Roll. "I suppose the name is taken from the name of the maker in America. I know of no other reason for the name."

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Another volume of the Everyman Encyclopaedia (Mac to Oil) has been published, and again there is disappointment. Turn to "Nesselrode." There is not a word about the pudding named after him; whether the inventor was the count, his chief cook or another; what the constituents are; what the date of the invention. There is Laurence Oliphant. Not a word about his strange experiences near Lake Erie; no note of his being the first, according to report, that introduced cigarette-smoking into England. Let us look at "Menelik II.," Emperor of Abyssinia. Who would know from reading the biographical sketch that Menelik boasted of his descent from the Queen of Sheba? We say "boasted," for again there is a report that he is dead. This report has been for some time a yearly one. "Mumbo Jumbo" is not admitted. Under "Mannheim" there is no reference to the German ejaculation, "Herr Gott aus Mannheim!" Under "Minnesota" there is no allusion to the state wishing to repudiate its debts, the lawsuits brought against and the final compromise. Truly, an Encyclopaedia of unessentials!

"My Learned Sister."

What is the etiquette in American courts where women are admitted to practice? "My learned sister" is frequently heard, it is said, in the courts of Victoria. English barristers usually employ the expression "My learned friend," which would apply, either used in good faith or ironically, to women and to men. In "Pickwick" "brother" was the customary term, but now we are told "brother" is reserved in England for judges referring to judges.

Unrecognized Importance.

Was it not Alexander Smith who wrote an essay on the importance of a man to himself? By the way, we are glad to see the announcement of a new edition of "Dreamthorp," a collection of most amiable essays. Among them "Christmas" is one of the best, in spite of a curious sentimentalism, due no doubt to Smith's failing health. "I look out on the brilliant heaven, and see a milky way of powdery splendor wandering through it, and clusters and knots of stars and planets shining serenely in the blue frosty spaces; and the armed apparition of Orion, his spear pointing away into immeasurable space, gleaming overhead; and the familiar constellation of the Plough dipping down into the west; and I think when I go in again that there is one Christmas the less between me and my grave." Lucky essayist! There were no electric lights when he wrote this and he could see the stars.

There was another side to Smith. "If a man could hear all that his fellows say of him—that he is stupid, that he is henpecked, that he will be in the Gazette in a week, that his brain is softening, that he has said all his best things—and if he could believe that these pleasant things are true, he would be in his grave before the month was out. Happily no man does hear these things, and if he did, they would only provoke inextinguishable wrath or inextinguishable laughter. A man receives the shocks of life on the buffer of his vanity."

Yet there are things hard to bear. We are often told of Whistler's rude retorts, but here is an instance where he came out second; at least his answer is not recorded. He went into a "pub" at Bournemouth and talked gaily with the landlord. The latter, thinking him to be a personage, pumped him, until Whistler asked: "Who do you think I am?" "Well, I can't exactly say, sir; but I should fancy you was from the 'alls.'"

Far finer was the indifference of a barmaid toward Swinburne, as he sat morning after morning in a "pub," having walked across Putney Common. He was reading the "Pink 'Un," when a worshipper coming in recognized him and was shocked. "I suppose," said the worshipper to the girl, "you know that is Swinburne, the great poet." "Yes. I've heard so. But he isn't much good to us—he only drinks beer."

Fare for Yesterday.

On Christmas eve we saw a boar's head brought to the table with pomp and ceremony, but it was only the semblance of the Christmas dish. To the taste it was head cheese. What man yesterday, even in England, had the courage to serve heron, crane, crow, stork, cormorant or bittern? Yet they were once in favor. Was any table in the city graced yesterday by a peacock?

Variant or Original.

As the World Wags.

My version of "Jean Baptiste" is as follows:

Oh, Jean Baptiste pourquoi!
Oh, Jean Baptiste pourquoi!
Oh, Jean Baptiste what for yoi grease
My leetle dog's nose wit' tar?

I grease his nose wit' tar,
I grease his nose wit' tar,
I grease his nose wit' tar, begar!
Because he have one grand catar-rh!

Portland, Me. M. L. B. W.

Curious Newspapers.

Thieves in Russia had for a time their trade newspaper, the Bostatska Gazeta, published in Moscow in 1908. It appeared weekly for about three months. Accounts were given of the latest burglaries and swindles, with notes showing the mistakes that led to detection. There were also instructive articles concerning the technic of crime.

Some years ago there was a newspaper in Cincinnati that was practically a Social Register of the under world with addresses of men and women and delectable news and gossip about their doings. We never saw a copy of this newspaper, but dwellers in that city have quoted extracts from various issues that lead us to deplore the absence of a file in the Boston Public Library.

At Eberswalde in Prussia the General Anzeiger is published. The owner on two days in the week prints his news matter on only one side of the paper, so that the journal can be used for wrapping up provisions without dangerous results from printer's ink. The newspaper is then twice as large as on the other days, so the reader has no reason to complain.

Woman Militant.

"A dance symbolical of the fighting spirit of modern womanhood" figured in the program at Miss Annie Spong's delightful dancing entertainment at the Court Theatre last night. Strange to say, neither bombs nor torches, nor even hammers and brickbats, figured among the stage properties. The lady carried only a shield, the emblem surely of defence, rather than defiance.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dec 26 1913

"Under Cover" Is Thrilling Melodrama Built Around Secret Service.

BY PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Under Cover," a melodrama in four acts by Lawrence Haile. Produced by Selwyn & Co.

James Duncan	Wm. J. Kane
Harry Gibbs	Earlo Mitchell
Daniel Taylor	De Witt Jennings
Peter	George Stevens
Ethel Cartwright	Lily Cahill
Sarah Peabody	Mildred Morris
Amy Cartwright	Georgia Olp
Michael Harrington	Wilfred Draycott
Nora Rutledge	Lola Fisher
Alice Harrington	Lucile Watson
Monty Vaughan	Ralph Morgan
Steven Denby	William Courtenay
Lambert	Pickering Brown

"Under Cover" is a preposterous but entertaining play. Seeing it, one gains curious information concerning the inner workings of the custom house in New York, the secret service of the United States and an association to protect householders from burglars. Light is also shed on the social life of wealthy New Yorkers at their summer homes on Long Island. It will be seen that "Under Cover" is of sociological interest.

In the first act we observe manners and operations in an office of the custom house. Miss Amy Cartwright has complained of a robbery of jewels at her house, though why she and her sister Ethel should visit this office and be put through the third degree is not wholly clear. It is enough to say that Amy tells her sister when they are alone that she herself pawned the jewels to obtain money from the Burglars' Insurance Company. A pitiless dictagraph takes the confession, and to save Amy, sister Ethel agrees to be at the beck and call of the secret service, represented by Daniel Taylor, a man with an abrupt manner and peremptory voice. Mrs. Harrington and Steven Denby are returning from Europe, and one of them is suspected of an attempt to smuggle a pearl necklace worth \$200,000 or \$250,000—we forget the precise valuation. The suspected are not searched on landing. They go to the Harringtons' summer home.

Miss Ethel Cartwright, an old friend, is visiting the Harringtons. She had met Denby in Paris and the two were drawn toward each other. Week-end visits at the Harringtons are delightful. The hostess likes to leave the men alone because her husband can then hear new "purple" stories and tell them to her—a touching proof of marital confidence. Harrington is a two-handed drinker and his wife loudly asserts that instead of being the vice-president of the Burglars Insurance Company he should have been a barkeeper. The company, with the exception of Miss Ethel, after indulging in sparkling conversation led by the Harringtons, leave the room for the purpose of allowing Mr. Taylor to come in and remind the girl of her duty. Some one in the house is the smuggler. Denby is undoubtedly the man. Miss Ethel must obtain the necklace. If she does not, poor little Amy will sleep the next night in the tombs. (Later Auburn is named; still later Atlanta.)

This necklace is now in a tobacco pouch, and again is in a pocket. Miss Ethel goes into Derby's room and does not find it. She again enters about 2:30 A. M. in a charming negligee and is caught by Denby. Then follows what "Oncle" Sarcey called a "scene a faire." Denby locks the doors and there she will remain. Unless she names the man hounding him her reputation will be gone for ever. At last she tells him about her little sister. Taylor comes in through a window with a revolver Somewhere toward the end of this act Ethel and Steve are seen locked in a passionate embrace.

We shall not spoil the pleasure of theatregoers by telling them what be[...] comes of the necklace or who St[...] really is. The melodrama is of t[...] tective order and is piping hot [...] are thrills in each act, and the [...] ment is wholly unexpected. [...] lous Harrington supplies the [...] comedy, and to his wife a[...] ledge are given lines th[...] tist no doubt fondly be[...] ering in their sati[...] of high life.

[illegible] United States officials, [illegible] compelled to wonder at the [illegible] noble self-sacrifice of [illegible] in the secret service [illegible] signed by the President's [illegible]

[illegible] he whispered that little [illegible] not go to jail.

The [illegible] drama was acted last night in a [illegible] manner and to the evident enjoyment of the audience. There were many curtain calls.

Mr. Courtenay played the part of Denny, under suspicion, in [illegible] imperturbable fashion, with an ease that was authoritative, and with a sufficiently romantic touch when he had to do with [illegible]. Miss Cahill gave life and reason to the heroine and played admirably except, perhaps, in Denny's chamber, where she, for a time, was unnecessarily violent in her appeal for mercy. She has an engaging personality and indisputable talent. Miss Watson was incisive in reading her lines and the admiration of her husband was not unaccountable. Mr. J[illegible] was aggressively forcible as T[illegible]r. The other members of the company were adequate, nor was the occasional awkwardness in gesture of Miss Fisher displeasing to the eye.

Dec 27 1913

Ravel's Poetic "Mother Goose" Music Played Here for the First Time.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, was held in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Sylvain Noack, second concert master of the orchestra, was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Haensel and Gretel"..Humperdinck
"My Mother Goose," five children's pieces..........Ravel
Watchman's song, fantasy on Danish folk songs..........Juon
Concerto for violin..........Mendelssohn
Overture to "Rob Roy"..........Berlioz

The compositions by Ravel and Juon were played for the first time in Boston. The suite by Ravel was composed originally for piano (four hands) and first performed in 1910 by two children. Afterward a ballet was made out of the pieces and produced at Paris about two years ago. The orchestral suite, however, was made from the piano pieces.

The music is of a delightfully fantastical nature. The titles of the movements are Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty; Hop o' My Thumb; Laideronnette, Empress of the Pagodes; The Conversations of Beauty and the Beast; The Fairy Garden. There are mottoes taken from Perrault and other writers of fairy tales, for in France Mother Goose tells fairy tales and does not confine herself to nursery rhymes.

Ravel's music is of the most delicate texture, lace-work, with exquisite thoughts orchestrated as for the little orchestra of ivory instruments imagined by Jules Laforgue. Although to the eye the structure of the score is simple, the performance demands the utmost skill on the part of the players and the finest taste of an imaginative conductor. It would be hard to say which of the five movements is the most beautiful in fancy. The Pavane has a subtle, melancholy charm. "Hop o' My Thumb" is curiously rhythmed and strangely effective by means of orchestration. "Laideronnette" in the movement of a march is delightful and with the movement that follows, in the time of a slow waltz, and with a solo for the double bassoon representing the Beast, will no doubt have the most immediate popularity. In the ballet the Apotheosis was the Fairy Garden, and this movement, too, is most poetic. In this music there is pronounced individuality as well as a most refined fancy. Ravel here shows himself as something more than an acolyte in the temple of Debussy. The performance, which had been indefatigably rehearsed, was a triumph for the orchestra. Dr. Muck is to be thanked heartily for introducing this singularly beautiful composition, so appropriate to Christmas-tide.

Juon's fantasy on Danish folk songs is at least eight years old and of a very different character. This Russian composer has been thoroughly Germanized and in this composition he shows himself faithful, plodding as a workman in a German manufactory of Kapellmeister music. His themes are a tune played by a clock in Copenhagen and two folk songs. The tunes are not of special interest and they are laboriously treated in what is known as "the correct manner." The instrumentation is not distinguished by its brilliance.

Mr. Noack played Mendelssohn's concerto in a happy vein, with [illegible] clarity, smoothness, accur[illegible] taste. It was an honest and [illegible]rmance and the hearty ap[illegible] well deserved.

[illegible]'s Prelude to the Ginger[illegible] was played with [illegible] proportion. The over[illegible] first performed a little [illegible]

[illegible]ioned in [illegible] yet [illegible] and then there [illegible] the apparition of [illegible] Genius. There are hints at the greater works of the master and not only in the theme that was soon afterwards used in the "Harold in Italy" symphony.

"SAMSON ET DALILA" AGAIN

Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila" was repeated last night at the Boston Opera House with the same cast as a week ago last Monday. The singing of Mme. D'Alvarez and Mr. Fontana was keenly appreciated, these two artists seeming designed for their roles. H. K.

It is a pleasure and a novelty to see a tenor whose physique fails to be ludicrous as the terror of the Philistines, especially when vocally the singer is equal to the role.

M. Anatole France said some fine things during his visit in London and fine things were said about him; witness this extract from an editorial article in the London Times: "Those secrets which he tells, sometimes with an air of mischievous delight, are secrets that he could only have learnt from his own heart. He is on the side of the angels even when he seems to doubt their existence, and he is against the beast in us even when he seems to stroke it affectionately." Undoubtedly the most noteworthy saying inspired by his visit was the little letter from Thomas Hardy, who was unable to be at the dinner in honor of the visitor. Here is an extract from it:

"In these days, when the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art, and to be assuming a structureless conglomerate character, it is a privilege that we should have come into our midst a writer who is faithful to the principles that make for permanence, who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force of reserves, and the emphasis of understatement, even in his lighter works."

"The emphasis of understatement"!

Ignorant Rejoicing.

Travellers tell strange tales. We met yesterday a singularly well informed man who narrated as under oath and on the witness stand the "true" story of the "Mona Lisa." The original in the Louvre was ruined by an accident that befell some one who had received permission to reproduce the painting. Fortunately, the government had in its possession a marvellous copy made on a wooden panel, and this panel, substituted for the original, was the portrait that was stolen, and, now found, is honored above the greatest among the living. Looking us straight in the face with his clear blue eyes, the traveller added: "If you have any reason to doubt my word, ask any prominent painter or picture dealer in Paris or London." Why were these things hid? Why should the rejoicing be allowed?

Widely Known.

Our valued contributor, Dr. W. E. Crockett, writes—his letter is dated Dec. 25: "This morning's installment of the 3 sheets circus certainly made me laugh. That some one, even many, should think Dr. Crockett a bore is not surprising, but that there is any one in the U. S. A. who thinks Dr. Crockett is not real is actually funny. I have been before the public for so many years and am so widely known makes it seem strange to hear there is even one man who has been left outside the knowledge that I am. I wish to say to you, any article I send you which tells of incidents of the war or of the past in civil life, contains facts of my own experience. If you show that my little stories are interesting by printing them, I will show that I have had a varied life."

But the doctor does not say whether he has ever visited Surinam?

A Hero of the Sea.

As the World Wags:

Having had a relative, an old sea dog, who for many years was captain of a well-known clipper ship sailing between New York and Liverpool, I have naturally taken a deep interest in the communication of your nautical correspondents regarding the derivation of "three sheets in the wind," and similar terms. As a rule, it takes a seaman of the Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., persuasion to elucidate such matter, for the reason that your genuine tar is apt to be shy and uncommunicative, except when with his messmates. May I add that it has surprised me that no one has referred to that mine of sailor lore, by James Jeffrey Roche, entitled: "A Sailor's Yarn."

'Twas the good ship Gyascutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee, and the capstan free,
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
[illegible] mate in the mizzen hatch
While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does the good ship head, tonight?
How heads our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!"

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom.
Bend a studding-sail on the martingale,
To give her weather room."

The storm was so furious, and the sea ran so nigh, that the vessel sprung aleak; whereupon the noble second mate, taking the anchor on his back, dove overboard and struck out for the nearest land, where he made the mud-hook fast and warped the ship ashore.

'Twon't much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And suth'in to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate was me.

Hull, Dec. 22. J. W.

More Questions.

As the World Wags:

While we are on the subject, who can locate or define the following without the aid of a dictionary? Limber-streak. Orlop-deck. Jumper-stay. Jackass brig.

Brookline, Dec. 26. KAT BOTE.

Good Men and True.

As the World Wags:

In however ill repute Bostonians may generally be held, it should be a matter of pride to them that the people of Massachusetts do not consider them to be of so little capacity as to be unfit to serve as jurymen, the "revised laws of Massachusetts" specifically stating that "No juror shall be disqualified by reason of being an inhabitant of the city of Boston." SUBURBANITE.

Boston, Dec. 26.

Dec 28 1913

Miss Riegelman Makes First Appearance Here in Humperdinck's Opera.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Matinee: "Haensel und Gretel." Mr. Lyford conducted.

Peter..........Mr. Ludikar
Gertrud..........Miss Robeson
Haensel..........Mme. Swartz
Gretel..........Miss Riegelman
Die Hexe..........Miss Robeson
Sandmaennchen..........Miss Gauthier
Taumaennchen..........Miss Choiseul

Miss Riegelman, a member of the Chicago Opera Company, sang here for the first time. In Chicago, we are informed, Humperdinck's opera is performed in English. The visitor sang yesterday in German for the first time since she left a German opera house. Her performance was more interesting dramatically than vocally, for she was evidently singing against a cold, and, as the composer had scored thickly and the conductor had little consideration for the singers, Miss Riegelman was often seen and not heard. Yet it can be said that her voice is naturally a light and agreeable one and she gave proofs of sound training.

She looked like a child, and before Miss Fisher gave her delightful impersonation of Gretel we had been accustomed to mature persons masquerading. Miss Riegelman romped and sprawled and danced and kicked up her heels after the traditional manner of children. At times the note was somewhat forced, and we missed the demureness of the good sister that characterized Miss Fisher's performance. The Gretel of yesterday was constantly a romp.

Mme. Swartz's Haensel needs no praise at this late day. We have seen more fearsome witches than Miss Robeson's, whose Gertrud was well conceived. As the Witch she, too, was drowned in orchestral billows before she was shoved into the oven. Miss Choiseul sang prettily the air of Dewman.

Mr. Ludikar is an accomplished actor, but since the first performance of this opera in Boston, when Mr. Jacques Bars essayed to sing in English at the Hollis Street Theatre, we have seen only one wholly satisfactory Peter, and that was when Mr. Otto Goritz visited us. Peter's music is hardly suited to Mr. Ludikar's voice, and he, too, was a victim of boisterous accompaniment.

The lighting of the stage was at times curious and ineffective. Often when there was no excuse for a dim light, the countenances of the youngsters were not clearly seen, and any facial play was missed.

A large audience, and in it were many children, laughed and applauded.

The first act of Delibes's ballet, "Coppelia," followed the performance of the opera. Mr. Anthony Dubois conducted.

Coppelia..........Dolores Galli
Frantz..........Paule Bos
La Poupee..........Ina Caldwell
Coppelius..........Giuseppe Cecchetti
Le Bourgmestre..........Attilio Pulcini

NEW SINGERS IN "TROVATORE"

Mme. Frease-Green and Mr. Oppezzo Heard with Opera Co. for First Time

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Schiavoni conducted. The cast:

Il Conte di Luna..........Mr. B[illegible]
Leonora..........Mme. Frease-Green
Azucena..........Mme. D'Alvarez
Manrico..........Mr. Oppezzo
Ferrando..........Mr. Wronski
Ines..........Miss Heyman
Ruiz..........Mr. Giaccone

Two singers made their first appearance as members of the Boston Opera Company last evening, Mme. Rachael Frease-Green and Giuseppe Oppezzo. To Mme. Frease-Green the part of Leonora was given on account of the sudden illness of Miss Amsden. The performance, however, was chiefly notable for the superb singing of Mme. D'Alvarez, who was heard for the first time at a Saturday evening opera. She rather overshadowed the others.

Mr. Oppezzo, who has not been seen here since he sang at the Majestic as a member of the San Carlo Company, made an excellent impression, particularly when he was not in competition with the powerful D'Alvarez lungs. Mme. Fraese-Green received a warm welcome on her first Boston appearance. She has sung in America with the Chicago company, although most of her career has been in German opera houses. Her performance was an adequate one, and the good impression of the first act was strengthened as the opera developed. The other singers contributed to a well balanced cast.

A charming holiday gift for children of all ages is "La Boite a Joujoux," a ballet for children by Andre Helle, music by Claude Debussy, his latest work. Messrs. Durand et Fils of Paris publish it in a most artistic form. There is this prefatory note: "This story occured in a box of playthings, for such boxes are in reality little towns in which the playthings live like human beings. The dolls dance, and a soldier sees one of them and falls in love with her; but the doll had already given her heart to a lazy, frivolous and quarrelsome Punchinello." The chief characters are the policeman, the sailor, the negro, Harlequin, Pierrot, the captain, the drummer, the English soldier, the general of the Punchinellos, the shepherd, the shepherdess. There are four scenes: "The Magazine of Playthings," "The Field of Battle," "The Sheepfold for Sale," and "After Fortune Has Been Made."

Debussy's Prelude portrays the sleep of the box. And then the composer gives free reins to fancy. There is the "Pas d'elephant," in which use is made of an old Hindu song still used in taming elephants. "It is built on the scale of '5 o'clock in the morning' and is necessarily in 5-4." Harlequin's Dance follows. The English soldier marches in. Other characters appear, each with appropriate music. There is a delicious little waltz, so simple, as far as the notes are concerned, that a humble pianist can play it. The full-page illustrations are delightfully humorous—witness those of the terrible battle fought near the two Nuremberg Noah's Ark trees, that of the procession of animals passing the sheep-fold and the Doll buying two geese. Debussy is in gay mood throughout, and his genius is displayed in these amusing trifles. He proves that a composer can be fantastically descriptive, humorous and imaginative in expression by a poetic use of apparently simple material.

Messrs. Durand et Fils have also published these pieces that should interest pianists: Gabriel Faure's 10th Barcarolle and 11th Nocturne (op. 104, Nos. 1 and 2), and a set of pieces, Prelude, Lude, Interlude and Postlude, by Laurent Ceillier, a pupil of Roger-Ducasse. There are also two songs, Le Manoir and Lied du Soir for voice and orchestra or piano by Guy Ropartz.

Memories of Marie Roze Clara Louise Kellogg in her memoirs speaks rather unkindly of Mme. Marie Roze, who is pleasantly remembered by many of us as an artist and a woman. When her son's opera, "Joan of Arc," was brought out in London last month, she left Paris to assist him in the final rehearsals at Covent Garden. Raymond was in Boston in 1909-10 as one of the stage managers of the Boston Opera House, and even then he was full of this opera.

Mme. Roze was persuaded to talk with a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette.

The reporter first recalled her triumphs in London as a very popular prima donna "who sang leading roles at Her Majesty's, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was the original Manon in England in Massenet's 'Manon.' Her greatest success was as Carmen, and those who saw her in the part are not likely to forget her famous interpretation of it."

Her last public appearance in London was in 1903, when she took part in a concert given by one of her pupils. Since 1890 she has settled in Paris, where she directs an academy of operatic training. Time has treated her very kindly, for she has retained her beauty and charm.

"I have come over specially from Paris for 'Joan of Arc'," said Mme. Rose, "for this is the greatest event in my son's life.

"I attend all the rehearsals and am greatly interested. I must not say much about my son, for that would not be becoming, but I may say I am proud of

[illegible] has worked [illegible] years to [illegible] his object. He has struggled very [illegible], with no one to help him until [illegible]. All his life he has been a great enthusiast, when he was a boy of 6 he could sit at the piano and improvise most beautifully, forgetting everything—[illegible] in his music.

"Art has made great progress in England, and has reached a high level; and yet England is the only place where there is no national opera. Is not that great pity?

"Do I think English a suitable language to sing in? Yes, certainly. Why not? I have sung much in it myself, and the pupils in my school of singing are all learning it. The singer should know it thoroughly, and then it is not difficult.

"Yes, I have sung in opera in this house, but I did not make my debut here; I made it in 'Faust' at Drury Lane. I am particularly interested in my son's production of 'Carmen,' because it is my favorite role, and I have sung it nearly a thousand times. I think Mr. Klein's new translation is splendid, so faithful in every way to the French original; poor Henry Hersee is dead, so I cannot hurt him by saying so.

"Is it true that I have just received a war medal? Yes, quite true. When the Franco-German war broke out I left the opera and helped to do my share in nursing the sick and wounded. The minister of war has only lately decided to give medals, and he has presented me with mine. When the pupils in my school heard about it they gave me a gold miniature replica of the bronze medal set in diamonds, which I value very much.

"Queen Victoria was exceedingly kind and gracious to me. I had the honor of singing twice before her. The first time was at Osborne. I was asked to send a program beforehand, on which the Queen would mark the items she wished me to sing, and to bring my own accompanist. This I did, and on the evening I sang the scena and aria from 'Der Freischuetz,' a great favorite of the Queen's; 'It Was a Dream,' by Cowen, and 'Doux reve de ma vie' and another French song. The Queen was most charming to me. She spoke to me in French and told me she had that day been singing herself in a trio from 'Elijah' with the Princess Beatrice and another lady. She gave me a bracelet as a souvenir.

"I sang to her again in 1885 at Balmoral, and was asked to put my name in her majesty's birthday book.

"When Bizet wrote 'Carmen' he wanted me to create the part. They came to me about it, but I was very young at that time and did not think it would suit me! This shows how often one is mistaken in one's ideas of a part. I sang it in America for the first time in English. My impression of it is according to Merimee's book. He writes exactly how Carmen ought to be dressed on every occasion, and I used to keep to his description, as regards the Moorish dresses. Nowadays they do not dress her like that, but in a more modern style. I always think one ought to follow the writer's and composer's ideas as much as possible.

"One night when I was singing 'Carmen' at Drury Lane, the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) sent a message to me to ask me to go round to the Royal box, and to keep on my Carmen costume which I wore in act 3, as the children very much wished to see my dress. One of the children was the present King George."

[illegible] has pleasant recollections of [illegible] through the streets of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin by students who unharnessed themselves to her carriage.

"In Glasgow they took me home by torchlight, and I remember the director of the opera getting his mustache burned and being very cross about it! I had to sing songs such as "Comin' Thro' the Rye,' out of the window at 1 o'clock in the morning.

"After a performance of 'Lohengrin,' the Glasgow students presented me with a pearl locket. They also gave me a college cap to wear with my doctor of music robes.

"Years ago, when I was in Liverpool, they came to tell me that a man who had always been very anxious to hear me sing was dying and wanted me to come and sing to him. Of course I went and I shall never forget the sad occasion. He was quite young, about 30, and was lying in bed hopelessly ill. I sang him 'The Last Rose of Summer' and 'Home, Sweet Home' and other ballads. The doctor who attended him wrote to me after his death and thanked me for singing, but it made me very, very sad."

Amiable if trifling gossip!

Some Personal Notes

Arthur Hadley, formerly of the Boston Symphony orchestra and now first 'cellist of the San Francisco orchestra, which his brother Henry conducts, gave a concert with Clarence Whitehill, baritone, in San Francisco Dec. 9. Mr. Redfern Mason, critic of the Examiner, wrote a notice highly commendatory of the 'cellist's art, and other critics were equally complimentary. Mr. Henry Hadley's piano quintet was performed at a concert of American compositions given by the San Francisco Musical Club.

The death of Stanley Houghton, the author of "Hindle Wakes" and other plays, is a severe loss to the world of playgoers. He was only 32 years old when he died at Manchester, where his father is in the cotton broking business. Young Houghton, after he left the grammar school, joined his father and belonged to a group of young men connected with the cotton exchange, "who used to dispatch their business as quickly as possible and devote the rest of their day to the more serious work of studying and discussing the drama." They all wrote plays and many of them were dramatic critics. Houghton attacked savagely a London actor-manager who became his friend and supporter. His first play, "The Dear Departed," a one-act piece, was brought out in 1908 and was playing this month at the Criterion Theatre, London. The London Times said of this dramatist: "Courage, observation and humor were the distinctive features of Mr. Houghton's work. He kept for the most part to the Lancanshire characters, whom he had known from childhood and had studied with a shrewd and affectionate eye. A naturalist in his method, he gave his plays fire and force by his eager championship of the young generation against the old, of the plain fact against the inherited idea, by his love of freedom and the scorn of any cowardly convention. Undoubtedly there was a spark of genius in him." Last summer in Italy he underwent an operation for appendicitis. He returned home, where meningitis attacked him when he was weak. Not one of his plays, by the way, is listed in the British Museum's Reading Room Catalogue.

Mr. Maurice Bourgeois in his elaborate study of John M. Synge and the Irish Theatre discusses Synge's "essential gloominess." "No wonder that his picture of his fellow-countrymen should be so pessimistic, since he is treating of old Ireland in its decadence, not of young Ireland in its sanguine expectations." Nor was Synge influenced by "French decadence". "Other writers existed for him only as part of his own being—only in so far as they reinforced his personal tendencies or made clearer the vision wherein he was absorbed. His self-feeling was most intense. To quote from Mr. Yeats's diary: 'He had that egotism of the man of genius which Nietzsche compares with the egotism of the woman with child.'"

Mr. Ernest Schelling gave a piano recital in London Dec. 9, when he played some pieces that disquieted the critics. We quote from the Pall Mall Gazette: "A novelty in the scheme was a group of pieces entitled 'Goyescas' (Los Majos enamorados), by Enrique Granados. These were inspired by the work of the Spanish court painter Goya, who with the Duchess of Alba, disguised as a 'Majo' and 'Maja,' a son and daughter of the people, studied the Madrid populace. But Senor Granados can give us but a dull account of what 'the enamoured natives' saw. Shallow music decked out with trivial musical-box tinkles, and prolonged to an interminable length, is what chiefly characterizes the four movements. The third one, 'El Fandango de Candil,' aims at being quaint with a peculiarly ugly phrase that recurs to the point of exasperation, while the trills of the nightingale in the fourth section have no organic connection with the music in which they are embedded. Truly an unrefreshing composition."

Wilhelm Ganz has published his memoirs (John Murray, London). He quotes a letter from "Nellie Armstrong," better known to the world as Mme. Melba. "When Mme. Melba came to England from her native Australia in 1886 she brought with her a letter of introduction to Mr. Ganz. This resulted in Mr. Ganz making every effort, at Mme. Melba's request, to obtain for her an engagement with the Carl Rosa company. Unfortunately, Rosa did not put in an appearance or keep the appointment, so Mme. Melba went off to Paris to study with Mme. Marchesi. Later, on returning to London, she wrote to Mr. Ganz the letter referred to above, in which she asks: 'Have you heard of any possible engagements? I am so anxious to get on; I hope you will put in a good word for me whenever you can. Were there any notices in the papers of either entertainment?'" It appears that the great Titiens had a bad temper. When Mapleson, under whose auspices Titiens was then singing, realized this, and found it a somewhat expensive amusement, he caused to be substituted for a valuable series of china vases 18 pennyworth of cheap china, which was placed upon the mantel piece and shelves in case of emergency! How Titiens was ultimately cured of the habit, Mr. Ganz relates: "She was sitting at supper after a concert in a provincial town, when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to hand, a soda water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at the table, with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window, and nearly killed a casual passer-by. This, said Titiens, gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her failing." We are told that when Grisi, Mario, Lablache were in their prime they received in London only 15 or 20 guineas for singing at a "musical party." A singer now receives 300, 400 or even 500 guineas. We quote from a review of Ganz's Memoirs, published in the Daily Telegraph of Dec. 13:

The London Times early this month advised Mischa Elman to play in a small hall on account of his small tone. It also said that Mr. Elman lacks breadth of style. "Not in the sense that there is any narrowness of outlook, but that a certain loving care of detail draws his attention away from the work as a whole. There are many players and singers who from an inability of this kind to look beyond the needs of the moment will be ranked all their lives among the good, or the very good, but not among the great artists. They think, not unnaturally, that what has cost them most trouble to play will give most pleasure to hear; and they are prone to present their mastery of the difficulties as most worth the audience's acceptance. Whereas experience shows that it is those moments when he is not triumphing over particular difficulties or is mastering them without any sense of triumph that the player can best express himself and his author. To sink details and insist on fundamentals Mr. Elman will learn—nowhere better than among the various audiences he will soon meet abroad. Meanwhile, there is much that is extraordinarily fine in his playing. Some of it could be minutely described, some could only be hinted at; it is all contained in the word 'life'."

Nor was the London Times wholly pleased with Miss Elena Gerhardt on Dec. 9. "The voice in the louder passages showed signs of wear, and the effort to conceal this now and then by excessive tremolo was not worthy of imitation by any inferior singer. Fraulein Gerhardt's strong point has always been her pronunciation, and one wondered, therefore, what was happening last night. It is reasonable to suppose that the final consonants of such words as 'Herz' and 'entrueckt' are better if not audible; but do such sounds as 'Hahlige' and 'Kaeunige' fairly represent 'holy' and 'King'?"

"La Femme Seule" in London

"Femme Seule," translated into English by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, was produced at the Coronet Theatre, London, Dec. 8. Is not the following review that was published in the London Times rather insular?

"M. Brieux's play reminds one of those plays written to exhibit a various collection of scenery which the management have in stock, and called by some such title as 'Round the World in 80 Days.' This one might be called 'Round the Woman Question in 2½ Hours.' The author seems to have looked up all the disabilities, real or imaginary, under which women labor in our modern society, and to have determined that his heroine shall endure them all. Incidentally, if there are a few he cannot get in on his heroine's back, he gets them in through conversations. The great thing is, by hook or by crook, to get them all in. That is what, of course, is bound to happen when your author is a propagandist in the first place and only in the second place an artist. He keeps his eye on the 'cause,' and his play has to follow, anyhow, helter-skelter, whithersoever the 'cause' leads. Years ago a great Italian critic said a true thing about these plays: 'To write a thesis play you must begin by forgetting all about your thesis.' What he meant was: soak yourself in the 'cause' by all means, get it into your bones and into your blood, but don't keep your eye deliberately on it at the moment when your imagination, your invention, your play-writing faculty should be having free play. Otherwise your play will be apt to come out not a picture but a diagram; and that is what has happened to 'La Femme Seule.' Therese, suddenly made penniless, and resolved to seek her own living, is confronted with all the difficulties and is required to argue all the possible arguments of the situation. The first elderly paternal gentleman she meets serves up to her the old advice about marrying money, and she has to return his service with the old remark about a wife without love being merely a 'kept woman' plus a ceremony. The first elderly maternal gentlewoman she meets lectures her on the impropriety of a single woman living alone. Neither elderly gentleman nor gentlewoman, you feel, has any reality; they are simply there to give out the commonplaces which Therese is triumphantly to refute.

"So it is in Therese's first place, the office of the Feminist organ, La Femme Libre. The several women journalists there employed are there not as human beings, but as gramophones to give out more aspects of the woman question: the 'sweating' of women by women's newspaper proprietors, their only alternative of a husband (or a lover), the pathos of old maids who would have liked to be mothers and so forth. Of course the newspaper editor makes love to Therese—that is what editors are for in most French plays—and of course she has to repulse him with general observations on the viciousness of that horrid animal man. By the way, this precious editor talks of Therese 'having a down' on him; nature had surely intended him for a sporting journal. One of the ladies of his staff when told that a friend has good news for her answers gayly, 'What is it? Are all the men dead?'—a jest which convulsed the audience last night with laughter. After that the most popular joke was any allusion to woman 'staying at home'; it never failed to bring down the house.

"Poor Therese. Having failed with journalism, she took to bookbinding. That was because M. Brieux had got down in his list the item: Hostility of workmen to female labor. So Therese headed a workwomen's union, which accepted a lower wage rate than the men's union, and thereupon the unions fell to fighting. Incidentally you saw how much more selfish and brutal the workmen were than the women—how they took the chairs and made the women stand, how they fought with stools, while the women used only scissors. Alas! the employer (a man, and therefore an abject weakling) had to give in to the men's union and to sack their bete noir, poor Therese. She was left on her way back to Paris—where she will doubtless have many more adventures and arguments as the heroine of the next cause which M. Brieux may be moved to expound. We had forgot to mention that Therese had a lover (of course in the respectable sense of the word); but he was a poor silly boy, with no will of his own, and, what was worse, with a wealthy father, so that poor Therese couldn't marry him lest she might be accused of interested motives. So there was an end of the love affair, which troubled you not at all, because it was obviously no love affair, but only another facet of the woman question.

"Therese was Miss Lena Ashwell, buxom, and quite jolly in her innumerable opportunities for triumphing over men, or scorning men, or suffering picturesquely at the hands of men. Miss Nancy Price, as a lady editor, wore ravishing gowns and looked as distinguished as a duchess. Miss Suzanne Sheldon distinguished herself as the lady who would have rejoiced to hear that all men were dead, and Miss Sarah Brooke, as another lady who preferred a well-to-do lover to virtuous starvation, resigned herself to that fate with an air of most cheerful martyrdom. Naturally, the men in the cast call for no mention. They also were martyrs, martyrs to the great woman's cause which demanded that they should be either brutes or nincompoops; and they evidently felt their position acutely. The Coronet was overflowing last night with an audience chiefly composed of ladies, who applauded every item of the play with frantic delight. Q. E. F."

Dec 29 1913

THIBAUD AND BAUER HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Jacques Thibaud, violinist, and Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Franck, sonata for violin and piano (Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer); Bach, Sarabande, Gigue and Chaconne (Mr. Thibaud); Schumann, Faschingsschwank (Mr. Bauer); Beethoven, sonata in A for violin and piano, "Kreutzer" (Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer).

Mr. Thibaud gave the finest and the noblest performance of Bach's Chaconne within our memory, nor do we forget the names and deeds of Joachim, Sarasate, Wilhelmj, Ysaye, and other masters of the violin.

When Mr. Thibaud visited Boston 19 years ago last month the beauty of his tone, his exquisite taste, the purity of his style and a peculiar elegance, were the characteristics of his playing. He was then 23 years old. Today he retains these characteristics, but he has gained in breadth and in emotional expression. The program of his first concert included the sonata of Cesar Franck, and Mr. Benoist was the pianist. Yesterday Mr. Thibaud was fortunate in having Mr. Bauer as a colleague,, Mr. Bauer who excels in the interpretation of music by Schumann and Franck.

We have heard many performances of this beautiful sonata since it was first played here by Messrs. Ysaye and Lachaume. Perhaps the worst by reason of its ruinous tempi, its deplorable misconception of the composer's intentions, and the generally unmusical interpretation, was that by Messrs. Hess and Pugno, and in the audience sat M. Vincent d'Indy, the disciple of Franck, blushing at the sight of his fellow-countrymen assisting in the perpetration of an atrocious crime. Yesterday this music of Franck was played incomparably, with the full art of commanding virtuosos, but in the lovely spirit peculiar to the composer and the sonata, a sonata unique in the literature of chamber music. The lyric pages and the pages of declamation were interpreted for once with a beauty that was constant, untainted by the slightest touch of se[illegible] glorification. The smallest de[illegible] seemed significant as thus playe[illegible] there was the continuity of e[illegible] that knit the movements toge[illegible] the gentle opening song to [illegible] canon of the finale. The [illegible]renity peculiar to Fran[illegible] of a pure soul apart f[illegible] its gross interests, se[illegible]

[illegible] te[illegible] [illegible] in its pity and co[illegible].

And yet [illegible] was the performance of this sonata and the other compositions. Mr. Thibaud's reading of Bach's Chaconne stood out in bold relief. As played by some of the greatest, the Chaconne is often ineffective or [illegible]. Played by respectable, honest violinists of the second class, it is only a [illegible] task, the labored accomplishment of which is intolerable to the hearers. Mr. Thibaud used this music as a means for displaying varied tonal beauty. There are violinists that, in their effort to show that Bach was after all a human being, s[illegible]ar some of the variations. Mr. Thibaud's performance was virile even in its tenderness. It was always musical, never course. Chords that played by others are pale or rasping, and accepted by those who have taught from frequent performances that these chords are necessarily unmusical, yesterday had the perfect beauty of true strength. Not for a moment did the attention of the audience waver. There was not once the restless anticipation of a refreshing oasis after a dreary sandy stretch. The interpretation was also distinguished by classic simplicity and nobility.

It is a rare pleasure to hear a concert of such a nature. The artists in their choice of a program did not pander to Sunday idlers content if their ears are tickled and their feet are rhythmically excited; yet the music filled the souls of even the indifferent with thoughts of beauty, so intimate was the interpretation, so compelling was the enchantment.

OPERA HOUSE CONCERT

Miss Scotney and Mme. Androva in Place of Carolina White.

Miss Evelyn Scotney, coloratura soprano, and Mme. Androva, dramatic soprano of the Boston Opera Company, appeared at the fifth Sunday evening operatic concert at the Boston Opera House last evening in place of Carolina White, who is ill in Chicago. Miss Scotney sang the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" in place of the "Aida" duet with Mr. Oppezzo.

The concert began with "Coronation March" from "Le Prophete" by the full orchestra, conducted by Amaldo Schisvoni. Mr Oppezzo sang "Celeste Aida," and Miss Scotney gave the aria "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise." She responded to two encores, "Si Mes Vers," by Hahn, and "The Swing," by Lehman. Her next number, the "Mad Scene" from Lucia, was enthusiastically received. Mr. Mardones sang "The Calf of Gold," from "Faust."

After the intermission, the orchestra, conducted by Horace Britt, played and then repeated the intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna." Miss Scotney sang a group—"Annie Laurie," "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town" and "Suwanee River." Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto, sang a group—"My Laddie," "Slumber Boat" and "The Lass with the Delicate Air," and received a beautiful bouquet. Mr. Mardones gave the aria, "Ecco il Mondo," from "Mefistofele." The final number was the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore," by Mme. Androva and Mr. Oppezzo.

All the singers responded freely to encore calls.

Miss Adelaide M. Brance, when she was not allowed to go to the funeral of Melvin H. Couch at Monticello, N. Y., exclaimed, "I am the chief mourner," and she begged to go, although she was weak and there was a snow storm.

In Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Poems and Other Verses" are these lines:

She.

At His Funeral.

They bear him to his resting place—
In slow procession sweeping by;
I f[illegible] at a stranger's space;
His kindred they, his sweetheart I.
Unchanged my gown of garish dye,
Though sable-sad is their attire;
But they s and round with griefless eye,
Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

The Historic Hall.

A Cambridge correspondent writes: "I have an inquiry from England as to the origin and meaning of the phrase 'Faneuil Hall is full tonight.' I used to know, but have forgotten. Can you enlighten me?"

We have gained the information from a Bostonian who was seated on the stage in Faneuil Hall at a political meeting, or Democratic rally, when the late William Dorsheimer, then Lieutenant-Governor of New York, arose. Wishing to make a deep impression, he began: "Faneuil Hall is full tonight." There was a long pause, broken by a voice from the gallery. "And so is Mike Doherty." Mr. Doherty was on the platform at the time. Our informant thinks that this historical event occurred in the latter half of the seventies.

A Risk in Wax.

[illegible]ffigy in wax of Mr. George B[illegible]r[illegible]w is to be added to Mme. Tus[illegible] [illegible]lection in London. It is said [illegible] in this glorification and [illegible] Wax figures, however, [illegible]re the presentments of [illegible], are not always re[illegible] [illegible]aw well acquainted with the works of Artemus Ward." In the hall of the Mr. Ward showed his wax in Utica, N. Y. A big, burly fellow walked up to the cage containing wax figures of the Lord's Last Supper, seized Judas Iscariot by the feet, dragged him out on the ground and then began to pound him. Mr. Ward protested:

"Sez he, 'What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?' and he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

"Sez I, 'You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle.'

"Sez he, 'That's all very well fur you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!' with which obversashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree."

Note and Comment.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your statement, in answer to "Grammarian," that you can find no instance of the use, "by a modern writer of good standing," of "quoth" in the third person and plural number, allow me to say that such a use of "quoth" ("quoth the resolutions") is to be found in the final paragraph of an editorial article entitled "Hillsboro County Republican Club" in The Herald of Dec. 14. I presume, however, that a mere newspaper editor would not be classed as a "writer of good standing," as you mean the expression to be understood, so my citation of that use of "quoth" by The Herald is not made in a spirit of adverse criticism of your statement, but as a mere annotation upon it.

You say that, as used by nine persons out of 10, the expression "large dogs and cats" would mean large dogs and large cats. Per contra, in the expression "high crimes and misdemeanors" (used in section 4 of article 2 of the Constitution of the United States) the adjective "high" must, I suppose, be construed as limiting only the first of the two nouns "crimes" and "misdemeanors."

To the list of instances which you cite of the use of "one" to represent a plural antecedent you might have added, from the Bible, "The one preach Christ of contention," which is to be found the 16th verse of the first chapter of Philippians. OCCASIONAL.

P. S.—Upon looking again at The Herald's above mentioned use of "quoth," I am inclined to think that it is intended as the present tense, and, if so, it is an erroneous use of it, for "quoth" is the past tense of a verb of which the present tense has become obsolete, and of which that tense had a different form from "quoth."

Dec. 24.

Three Monkeys.

Purchasers of "the three monkeys group" for household decoration when asked by visitors if the group has any esoteric significance are usually at a loss, and simply answer: "I don't know, I am sure. I picked it up in a Japanese shop." We read a few days ago an explanation. This group is said to be a behest of the Confucian morality illustrated by Japanese symbols. The wise man enjoined deafness, dumbness and blindness to evil. The word for monkey is "saru," and "zaru" is a negative adjective affixed to verbs. The sayings are Mi-zaru (look not), kika-zaru (listen not) and Iwa-zaru (speak not). All of this may be true or, having a trusting nature, we may have been imposed upon.

Lost Pictures.

Apropos of the recovering of the Monna Lisa, lists have been drawn up by patient and grubbing journalists in search of "copy," naming famous pictures that have disappeared as far as the great world is concerned. In 1694 Leonardo da Vinci's Leda was hanging in the Palace of Fontainebleau and was officially catalogued. "That was the last seen or heard of it." Plimer's little portrait of Baron Dimsdale, taken from the National Gallery, London, in 1904; two Reynolds, valued at $50,000 apiece, which disappeared from the Townsend Collection in the same year; and a Franz Hals, priced at $50,000, and stolen from the Antwerp Museum in 1705, have not been heard of since the time they were borne from home.

Why We Grow Fat.

"The average man," he said, "gets the idea that he is putting on flesh when he goes to his tailor and sees his own figure reflected several times in the glasses of the fitting-room. The tailor, being out to flatter, assures the man that he is not any bigger than he was this time last year, and then directs his attention to his reflection in the glass straight in front of him. "Now," added my friend, "if you always look at yourself in the glass in that way—straight in front of you—you will not notice any difference in your size That is the way the average man does look at himself in the glass, and that is why the average middle-aged man gets to be stout without knowing it. If a man stood sideways in front of the glass once a week he wouldn't get fat, because the slightest difference in the size of his waistcoat would be at once noticeable." It may be so. At any rate, I am sure that a bulky, lumpy figure is not a good one from the tailor's point of view.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dec 30 1913

'LITTLE WOMEN' AT MAJESTIC

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Little Women," a dramatization in four acts by Marian de Forest, assisted by Jessie Bonstelle, of Louisa M. Alcott's story. First produced at the Tech Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1912. Production by William A. Brady.

Mr. March	Lynn Hammond
Mrs. March	Gertrude Berkeley
Meg	Margaret Prussing
Jo	Marie Pavey
Beth	Madeline Moore
Amy	Beverly West
Aunt March	Mrs. E. A. Eberle
Mr. Lawrence	Carson Davenport
Laurie	Robert Adams
Prof. Bhaer	Carl Sauerman
John Brook	Henry Hall
Hannah Mullett	Julia Varney

This play has a sentimental interest for those who recollect with affection Miss Alcott's story. To any one unacquainted with this story, let us say, an intelligent visiting foreigner, or a man from another planet, the play would seem episodic, long-winded, mildly humorous, and often merely amiable twaddle.

No doubt the great majority of the spectators last night—and the audience was a large one—had read "Little Women," and were curious to see Jo and her sisters, Laurie and the German professor, in the flesh. They were eager to find resemblances or to discover errors in the impersonations. There are probably disputes this morning at breakfast tables. "Did you think that Miss Pavey really looked like Jo?" "I suppose Mr. March was intended for the philosopher Alcott. Now, when I heard him lecture he was——" and so forth, and so on. For to many Miss Alcott's characters lived and moved and had their being, and the task of the actors and actresses was, first of all, to answer the expectation of the audience as to the faces and figures and manner of speech.

This audience was undeniably more than satisfied; it was highly pleased. It laughed heartily even when the jokes were of a peculiarly family nature, apparently not intended for outsiders; it was very quiet after the announcement that Beth was dead; it applauded "Dixie" when the band played it, and it arose and stood as soon as it heard the "Star Spangled Banner." It was a New England evening with Concord characters and with the professor "made in Germany."

In the first act there is a rehearsal of a blood-and-thunder play. Mrs. March journeys to Washington, D. C. to nurse her soldier husband. Jo sacrifices her hair to raise money for the journey. In the second act there is love-affair of John and Meg. Twins arrive in the third, a robin sings outside, and Beth goes behind the scenes to die. This act is intolerably spun out. These three acts pass in the sitting room of the Concord dwelling-house which is in the main a faithful representation of a comfortable New England room, but in the March home were the books shelved so high that they could not be brought down with a broom? We saw no practical stepladder.

The last act represents the Apple Orchard, and it is a pretty scene. Laurie and Amy, and the Professor and Jo, have their innings.

The play was agreeably acted. Miss Pavey deftly indicated the transformation of Jo's character. In the opening scenes she was impetuous, hot-tempered, careless of her personal appearance, determined to be an old maid. Suffering and experience tamed her, and as soon as she met the Professor she ceased to rail at love. The impersonation was carefully composed and finely realized. It may be said that the other characters were adequately portrayed. No doubt Mr. March justified the contemptuous remarks of Aunt March, who was played with humor and force by Mrs. Eberle, and Mr. Hammond was exasperatingly amiable and helpless.

Mr. Adams succeeded in preventing Laurie from becoming boresome, but his voice was hardly that of a New Englander. Mr. Davenport floated in and out as the benevolent Mr. Lawrence, an elderly gentleman that might have told improving anecdotes to Sandford and Merton. Miss Prussing was a pretty Meg and Miss West was sufficiently foolish as Amy. Miss Moore smiled the sweet, sad smile of Beth and spoke her sentimental lines with the appropriate tones of the prize girl in Sunday school announcing her departure to classmates and superintendent. We were disappointed in the German Professor. He was too smug in appearance. We have always fancied him as having a beard in which the fowls of the air could build their nests, with a shock of hair that would stand on end when he was especially perplexed by the intricacies of the English language.

The play is a picture of the home life of the March family and its friends. Jo, d[illegible]ted at the sight of John and Meg spooning, exclaimed "Mush." This word might be applied to much of the dialogue. Is this the fault of the dramatist, or would the word occur to us re-reading Miss Alcott's book after many years?

PARK THEATRE—May Robson in "The Clever Woman," a new comedy in three acts by James Forbes. First performance in Boston.

Holt	Edith Conrad
Matthew Lamson	Burr Caruth
Junior	Paul Decker
Emily Lamson	May Robson
Charlotte Avery	Kathryn Clarendon
Rev. Bunthorpe Barrett	Phil Bishop
Mary Lawrence	Ann Macdonald
Florence	Geraldine Griffith
A Constable	John Rowe

The comedy depends entirely upon Miss Robson's humor, which is indisputable; on her authoritative presentation, on her comic force that is direct and unmistakable.

Mr Forbes' plot is slim and weak. Matthew Lamson, a western financier, has become a power in Wall street. He is socially ambitious. His wife, a woman of nobility and common sense, battles with hotel life in New York, the exigencies of an experienced maid aghast at the ways of the suddenly rich, and her own inability to live up to her husband's recently acquired standards. Mr. Lamson wishes his son to make a brilliant match, but the young man loves his father's stenographer, and, with his mother's assistance, marries her.

The play is Miss Robson and Miss Robson is the play. Her methods are familiar, and again they were effective. The spectator is never obliged to meet her half way. She makes all the advances. The laughter that follows is immediate and hearty. Her transformation in the first act, after conforming to the rigid ideals of her maid, was amusing and complete. Her tireless energy, her facial play, her many light touches of the skilled comedian, excited amusement and admiration, while her sincerity made the sentimental episodes, which recur at regular intervals throughout the play, endurable and not merely moments of hysteria.

The piece as a whole was well cast. Mr. Caruth played Matthew Lamson with force and dignity. Mr. Decker was youthfully impetuous as his son, Junior. Miss Macdonald was becomingly demure as Mary Lawrence, the stenographer, a model of irreproachable behavior. Miss Clarendon's impersonation of the prospective bride chosen by Mr. Lamson for his son was effective. Mr. Bishop and Miss Griffith were amusing in minor characters.

An audience of good size was appreciative.

MISS GORDON AT B. F. KEITH'S

A rattling good bill is being presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, with Miss Eleanor Gordon and her company in a condensation of "Sham" having the headline place upon the program. Miss Gordon, always an immense favorite with Boston audiences, has the principal role, that of Katherine Van Riper, and as usual was extremely good. One of the other members of the company is LeRoy Clemens, an old Rock Ridge school boy, who has already made a name for himself upon the stage.

An act, entirely out of the ordinary run of vaudeville turns, is "Artist's Children," introducing a company of four in some very difficult acrobatic and head-balancing work. Two of the four are wee bits of humanity, clever as dancers and daring in their acrobatic work. The four performers, who have already achieved great distinction in Europe, were recalled again and again.

Charlie Case, the man who talks about his father, is part and parcel of this week's bill. Case is carrying much the same line of talk that years ago first made him a big favorite at B. F. Keith's and he is as popular now as ever. His song about "The Little Miss of Seven and Her Red Merino Dress" made people laugh until they cried, and the same was true of many of the tales he told of his paternal ancestor and of other members of the family for that matter.

Lewis and Dody, like Charlie Case, have always received an enthusiastic welcome here. They are a Hebrew team, requiring little make-up to play their part. Dody's song "Look at Dat Hat" brought down the house. The Chadwick Trio with Miss Ida May Chadwick as the star presents a rural farce entitled "For Sale—Wiggins Farm." Miss Chadwick as Ebenezer Wiggins, the daughter of up-state farm and in love, of course with the city boarder, who turns out to be married, is the best of a good company.

James and Diamond, a brand new team, have a good sketch, "Niftynonsense," that created much fun. The other numbers include Sprague and McNeece, entertainers on rollers; Harry B. Lester in songs and impersonations, and the Great Alpine Troupe, originators of the double wire.

Opera House—V... 'R...
Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The

...a Di Mantova	Mr. Giorgini
...etto	Mr. Ancona
...fucile	Mr. Mardones
Monterone	Mr. Sampier
...llo	Mr. Pulcini
...a	Mr. Giaccone
...e Di Ceprano	Mr. Serpellon
Paggio	Miss Phillips
...a	Mme. Tetrazzini
...vanna	Miss Heyman
...dalena	Miss Leveroni
...tessa Ceprano	Miss Heliane

The performance of "Rigoletto" at the ...ston Opera House last night was noteworthy for the reappearance after several years of Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Ancona in the roles of Gilda and Rigoletto and the first appearance in this city of Aristodemo Giorgini, a tenor who has been singing with the Chicago Opera Company.

It was at the Boston Theatre some years ago that Mme Tetrazzini last sang the role of Gilda in Boston. She was then a member of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company. Mr. Renaud was the Rigoletto and Constantino the Duke.

Mme. Tetrazzini was in good voice last night and deserved the generous applause she received. The years that have passed since she sang in this opera in Boston have seen many take the role, some admirably, but for purely vocal achievement Mme. Tetrazzini gave as great delight last night as any audience could wish.

Mr. Ancona last appeared as the hunchback at the Mechanics' building with Melba, and his re-appearance last night gave rise to regret that he has not been heard oftener. His singing, taken solely from a vocal standpoint, has often been surpassed, but from a dramatic view, his performance was of first rank. In moments of passion and pathos he rose to heights and his voice well portrayed his feelings. His is an excellent Rigoletto.

Mr. Giorgini has a voice of considerable power, which, however, seems somewhat lacking in quality. He showed improvement in the later scenes of the opera. His habit of obviously singing to the audience detracted from any ability he possesses as an actor. As it was his first appearance here and he was plainly desirous of pleasing, he should do better in his next performance.

Mr. Mardones as Sparafucile was good, while Miss Leveroni's acting and singing of Maddalena leave nothing to be desired.

Be shy of breastpins; plain, well-ironed white,
With small pearl buttons—two of them in sight—
Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

Fashion Notes.

We read with pleasure, and, we hope, with profit, a column headed "Men's Fashions," published in the Pall Mall Gazette. It appears that there are careful dressers in London who carry out the "plain and simple" idea in the matter of cuff links, waistcoat buttons, shirt studs. The sleeve buttons, they say, must be of plain gold and very small; there must be no gold or gilt on the waistcoat buttons; the shirt studs must be as small as possible. The oracle of the Pall Mall does not insist on these extremes. "Enamel links can be in good taste, and though, perhaps, the buttons of one's white waistcoat are better when ornamented with platinum than when any part of them is gold, some buttons with gilt or gold in them are not bad." He decrees that studs should not be too small, and he recommends plain gold tops, preferably round, or plain pearl studs. "A safe rule in this connection is to avoid colored stones, but I have seen some beautiful exceptions to that rule." Does he refer to moss agate? We remember the time when this stone was the rage, and every self-respecting brakeman on the Connecticut River railroad sported at least one moss agate ring. This period followed immediately the years of hair jewelry, when a select man flaunted a watchchain made from the hair of Aunt ...y set with gold and women decorated themselves with ear-rings, brooches and bracelets made from the hair of esteemed relations.

The Chainless Watch.

The oracle is dumb concerning the number of shirt studs. Dr. Holmes, as seen above, preferred two, and Mr. Herkimer Johnson, we remember, after consultation of his notes for vol. IX. of his colossal work, as yet unpublished, came to the conclusion that three were ostentatious, demanding a too great display of shirt front, nor could he abide one stud, especially when it was a diamond.

Should a watch chain be worn with dinner jacket or evening suit? Some wear the watch in a trousers pocket and put their reliance in a fob with a bunch of seals or a single ornament. Others wear a delicate chain of gold, gun metal or platinum and spread it from waistcoat left pocket to the right. Something in our simple heart has told us that this is wrong. And now the oracle confirms our inward monitor. "A gold watch chain does not do with evening clothes, and a good safe rule is: Carry your watch without a chain when you are wearing evening clothes. The average smart man has a horror of being overdressed at any time, but especially so in the evening. It is so easy to make a mistake in this direction. A waistcoat that allows an enormous expanse of shirt front to be visible, a stud that is a shade too large, a watch chain, and—the thing is done." Yes, the man is lost, socially damned for ever, a pariah, a leper, thrust out from the Assemblies into the black darkness of night. Yet there are men who could carry a silver turnip with a leather string and be magnificent and courted.

Glorious Exceptions.

The Pall Mall oracle apparently recognizes this fact. "Some men break the unwritten laws regarding what jewellery a man ought not to wear and can still contrive to be correctly clad, but such men are generally the very men who observe these laws. I know one old-fashioned man who still persists in wearing his necktie drawn through a large gold ring. Perhaps all his friends have got so used to the ring that they scarcely notice it; any other man would seem to be horribly badly dressed if be wore such a tie."

Singers at Sea.

The friends of Mme. Nordica were reassured when they read that the steamer Tasman would probably be rescued in safety from the rock in the gulf of Papua, yet singers have had tragic adventures sailing from port to port. In 1812 a Signor Guriglia induced young persons of both sexes to accompany him on an operatic excursion. He coaxed them to board a vessel which took them to Jamaica, and there he sold them as slaves. It was on this story that Byron based his amusing description of the opera singers on their way with Don Juan to a slave mart.

The prima donna, though a little old,
And haggard with a dissipated life,
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
Has some good notes; and then the tenor's wife,
With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
Last Carnival she made a deal of strife
By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow,
But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
An ass was practising recitative.

Forbidden Books.

It was Signor Raucocanti that thus characterized his co-mates to Don Juan. His description recalls the old story about a church quartet: A church quartet is made up of three bad singers and one good one. The good one is the one with whom you happen to talk.

Is "Don Juan" read today? When we were boys we read it by stealth, as we read a book by the ingenious John Cleland, partly because we had been informed that it was a corrupting work, partly because we knew that we should be flogged if we were caught with it. But what one of us appreciated the wit, the satire, the bitter philosophy? Now that we have reached the age when we could thoroughly enjoy "Don Juan" we have no time to read. It might seem to some ironical if we should say that we hope to read Byron's poem in a better world.

Parents were inconsistent in those days. "Tom Jones" and Smollett's novels were looked on with disfavor, but Sterne, Montaigne, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Shakespeare's poems, certain volumes of Swedenborg, "Moll Flanders," Michelet's "L'Amour," were on the shelves, free to us, and chapters from the Old Testament were read aloud at family prayers, chapters from Ezekiel and "The Song of Solomon," that provoked youthful curiosity. Young girls were not allowed to read "Jane Eyre," and we remember a good man sighing and shaking his head when he surprised a woman of at least 25 years devouring George Sand's "Indiana," and "in French!"

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For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, 'George, some brandy and water!"

Rather Belated.

We have received many letters within the last week concerning nautical matters of which we are wholly ignorant. "Fore-clew-garnet afoul the Shearpole" writes: "'A ship leaning' is not a good nautical term. * * * Who ever on this green earth or on the deep blue sea heard a sailor, from the captain down through the whole ship's company, even to the doctor, as the cook is called, call streak 'strake'?"

One of those letters is meaty, and it contains answers to questions asked a few days ago by "Kat Bote."

Mr. Ottie Returns.

As the World Wags:

The situation in regard to "three sheets" strongly reminds one of the celebrated 'Hunting of the Snark,' the Bellman requested the helmsman t...

"Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard,"

and

"The bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes!"

With due respect to Dr. Crockett, and to the fact that, like Othello, he can doubtless speak

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe—"

(in Surinam, perhaps?) he is himself taking a considerable poetical license in terming the after-part of a large full-rigged vessel the "stern-sheets." The use of this term is confined exclusively to small undecked craft, such as ships' boats, where the term "stern-sheets" denotes the space, within-board, between the aftermost thwart and the coxswain's box, or stern, and the "fore-sheets," or "head-sheets" similarly defines the space forward between the foremast thwart and the stem-post.

Sinners in Definition

Very naturally, for a landsman, the editor of "Bailey's Dictionary" probably fell into some confusion regarding these terms, which accounts for the misleading definition. He sins in good company, however. President Emeritus Eliot, otherwise noted for the purity of his English, makes use of the odious phrase "cast anchor," which occurs, I believe, in an inscription composed by him to the Pilgrim Fathers. As Joseph Conrad remarks, on the use of this phrase, one might just as well say "flung anchor," "shied anchor," or "threw anchor," as to say, "cast anchor."

Jumper and Orlop

In regard to the terms given by Kat-Bote, the jumper, or triatic stay, is the stay running, in two-masted schooners, from the mainmasthead to the foremasthead. In ships the jumper-stay is the rope attached to the outer end of the whiskers to keep them from canting upward.

The limber-streak, or limber-strake, is the first and lowest plank of the ceiling, or interior sheathing of a ship, the limber-strake lying next the keelson, with an open space between, running fore and aft the ship, to permit of inspection of the limbers.

The orlop is the lowest deck in the ship, being very often a temporary decking laid on the orlop-beams, or hold-beams. The word orlop is a contraction of the Dutch overlop, or overloop, dock or covering, and originally meant the deck itself. Sir Henry Maynwaring, in his Sea-mens Dictionary (1644), after having named the first, second and third deck, and the spardeck, remarks. "Also these decks are called by the name of orlops, as the use to say, the first or second orlop." In one of these old seaworthies I remember meeting with the phrase, "the nether orlop," or lowermost deck.

All About Brigs

Jack-ass brig, or jack-ass rig, is the name given a three-masted schooner which carries a square topsail and topgallantsail on the foremast.

The word brig, by the way, is a shortening of "brigantine," which has a pretty history behind it. The word seems originally to have come from low Latin "brigantinus," meaning a light-armed foot soldier, or irregular partisan. In Italian this became brigante, and passed into old French as brigan, still with the same meaning. As these foot soldiers generally wore, instead of a cuirass, a corselet of leather or padded canvas, covered on the outside with iron scales or rings of iron, overlapping like the scales of a fish, this form of protective armor came, from its wearer, to be known as brigandine, or brigantine. The horse and foot archers and the militia wearing this form of armor were, in the times of Louis XI. of France, known as brigandiniers. Naturally such a regular troop made a custom of pillage and acts of violence. From this comes "brigand," and also "brigandage," as we understand these terms. On the sea coast these irregular partisans carried on their harryings, and made their escapes from retribution in small, light fast galleys, which, precisely as the armor they wore, came to be known as brigandines or brigantines. The word gradually spread in seafaring use, and in the time of William Falconer (1789) meant any small, presumably light and fast, two-masted craft. Later times have given the terms brigantine and brig more definite limits, the former term now meaning a two-masted vessel, square-rigged on the foremast, and fore-and-aft rigged on the mainmast, while the latter term is applied to a two-masted vessel square-rigged on both masts. The true brig was formerly known as a snow.

Roxbury, Dec. 27. E. W. OTTIE.

With the Dictionaries

Yet Capt. Berry, a brave and capable English sailor, wrote in 1798: "Hauling the braces, etc., preparatory to our casting anchor." In Tindale's translation of "Acts" we are told that they "cast 1111 ancres out of the sterne" (1526), and the phrase is found in English as far back as 1300.

Orlop. "The orlop was not usually reckoned in nomenclature as a 'deck'; when a ship had two complete floors these were called orlop and deck; when three floors, they were orlop, lower and upper deck; when four floors, orlop, lower, middle and upper deck. But sometimes 'orlop' is found in the general sense of 'deck,' and applied in the plural to both (or all) the decks present at the time." Let us consult Capt. Smith's "Seaman's Grammer" (1627): "When they are planked up to the orlop they make the ships Howle. The first orlop is the first floore to support the plankes doth cover the Howle. The third Decke or Orlop, or the third Decke which is neuer called by the name of Orlop, and yet They are all but Decks." Besant and Rice in "By Cilia's Arbor": "To roam about in the dim silences of the lower deck, the twilight of the orlop." The Dutch "overloop" is derived from the verb "overloopen," to run over. "Overloop" means simply a covering.

"Snow" and "brig" are differentiated by some writers. Young's "Nautical Dictionary" (1846): "A brig bends her boom-sail (or trysail) to the mainmast, while a snow bends it to a trysail mast; in other respects these two vessels are alike." The snow was formerly employed as a warship.

The word "brigantine" comes from the Italian "brigantino" which, in turn, was derived from the mediaeval Latin "brigantinus" (found about 1400). In its original sense it perhaps meant "skirmishing vessel." Old Cotgrave defines the French "brigandine": "A fashion of (ancient) armor, consisting of many jointed and skale-like-plates, very pliant unto, and easie for the body; some, less properly, confound it with haulbergon, a coat or shirt of mayle."

Jan 1 1914

SING 'CONTES D'HOFFMANN'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Contes d'Hoffmann." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Olympia	Mme. Scotney
Guiletta	Miss Amsden
Antonio	Mme. Edvina
Stella	Miss Sharlow
Niklausse	Miss Leveroni
Une Voix	Miss Sapin
Hoffmann	Mr. Laffitte
Lindorf, Coppelius, Dapertutto, Miracle	Mr. Danges
Andres, Cochenille, Pitichinaccio, Frantz	Mr. Pini-Corsi
Spalanzani	Mr. Giaccone
Nathanael	Mr. Jou Jerville
Crespel	Mr. Wronski
Luther	Mr. Sillich
Hermann	Mr. Graud
Schlemil	Mr. Everett

Although there have been more brilliantly romantic performances in Boston and at this opera house than the one last evening, Offenbach's fascinating music and the fantastical beauty of the scenery worked a spell.

Mme. Scotney was appropriately wooden as Olympia, and she sang capitally, with the exception of moments of false intonation in the waltz scene. Miss Amsden was a voluptuously handsome Giulietta and she sang and acted with more warmth and abandon than in the performance of last season. The part of Antonia is peculiarly suited to Mme. Edvina as actress and singer. She was the dreamy, enamored, melancholy maiden, virginal, yet a woman of unconscious passion. Miss Leveroni made much of the part of Niklausse; she bore herself like a gallant fellow, sang with a definite purpose, and withal was not too prominent.

But in spite of these excellent impersonations the element of romantic mystery, the fantastical flavor, the wildly sinister tragedy of the last act—these were lacking.

Mr. Laffitte is an honest, painstaking singer, but, as Hoffmann, he was wanting in dash and elegance. This Hoffmann would never have sat late in Luther's cellar. When the chimes were heard at midnight, he would have been thinking of dressing gown and slippers and a basin of arrowroot gruel, not of wine, women and song. Mr. Danges has apparently not recovered the use of his voice. The grip still has its clutch on him. Vocally indisposed, he still might have created a shudder by his acting, but he was respectably conventional and without force. His Dr. Miracle might have been a regular practitioner with a degree from the H... vard Medical School and a comfor... appointed office in Beacon or M... street.

Nor were some of the ... taken so effectively as th... season. The chorus did ...

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[illegible] Herald has received the following [illegible] letter

[illegible]peraestheasia of the Astragulus

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] recently been observed that [illegible]areous protoplasm of [illegible] diapson inclines to [illegible]ar prognosis. If, how-[illegible] the d[illegible]nt sepaloids propa-[illegible]tic mezotypes in an [illegible]er, the instantaneity [illegible] will be remarkably [illegible] This peculiarity is espe-[illegible] in connection with the [illegible]hthyosaurus, but may be [illegible] all the dietetic paraplegia. [illegible] the cryptogamia are affected [illegible] the synchromism of the [illegible]tions is especially marked. [illegible] has been made that pos-[illegible] redundant disintegrations of [illegible] structure of the batrachoidal [illegible] be occasioned by the reac-[illegible] the intercalations of the [illegible]on and the percussions of [illegible] tried.

[illegible] retr[illegible]ns of the septicoemial [illegible] have unfortunately so far pre-[illegible]ted any careful examination of the [illegible]lamia, but it is believed that it [illegible] found that the lacerations of [illegible]ry labials are occasioned by [illegible] of the clinometric diatase [illegible] to contact with the latitudin-[illegible]saurus, this phenomenon be-[illegible] invariably accompanied by the char-[illegible] orientation of the peripatetic [illegible]brag[illegible] PIGROGROMITUS.

[illegible], Dec. 29.

Dead to Humor

[illegible] World Wags:

I [illegible] agree with your Chestnut [illegible]dent, "Amator Foci," as to [illegible] inanity of the attempts at [illegible]aiged in at the banquets of [illegible] Carabao and Gridiron clubs. Even [illegible]ugh, incredible as it would seem in [illegible] absence of clear proof to the con-[illegible]ry, there are specimens of the genus [illegible] who can delight in such shatter-[illegible]ined drivel, I don't see why the news-[illegible]ers should inflict the disgusting stuff [illegible] their readers. The idea that the [illegible]wspapers should pay out good money [illegible] have such tommyrot telegraphed to them! In the words of Cicero, O tem-pora! With the newspapers already [illegible]eking with such low-down humor (?) "The Doings of the Dingbat Family," [illegible] Doinge of the Van Loon Family," "'S Matter, Pop?" "The Remarkable Dis-coverks of Thomas Edison, Jr.," et id genus omne, it is to be regretted that they should descend to even lower depths of asininity by opening their columns to the post-prandial outputs of the banquets of the Carabao and Gridiron clubs. Let dolts delight in such exhibitions of their idiocy if they must, but, for heaven's sake, let the rest of us be saved from [illegible]ing [illegible]ed to see them chronicled in the [illegible] press. DISGUSTED.

Dec. 24.

The Herald publishes this letter, although it in no way approves the sentiment. We enjoy Mr. Fox's cartoons, and not only because they are published in this newspaper. "'S Matter, Pop" often takes us back to the days of childhood, and we know several fathers who might sit daily for "Pop." We admire greatly the fancy of Mr. Maurice Ket-[illegible]n.

A Pickwick Dinner

The Dickensian dinner of the Atlantic Union was held a fortnight ago at the George and Vulture in London, and as the tavern was associated with Mr. Pickwick and his friends, a dinner was provided such as the immortal might have sat down to early in the last century. And here is the bill of fare:

Oysters.
Oxtail, Macaron[illegible].
Chops, Steaks, Cutlets.
Kidneys and Sausages.
Potatoes, Artichokes, Cauliflowers.
Plum Puddings, Mince Pies.
Devonshire Junket.
Toasted Cheese.
Coffee and Punch (served in Dickens's punch-bowl).

Punch! Was there a wheelbarrow waiting for each guest? And how many at the table could answer the examination paper on "Pickwick" drawn up by Calverley in 1857 at Cambridge when the first prize was taken by Walter Besant and the second by Prof. Skeat? Questions 19 and 21 were particularly pertinent. 19: State the component parts of dog's noee. 21: How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? And is any exception recorded?

Jan 2 '1[illegible]

Our correspondents begin the year with renewed vigor. We welcome the newcomers, as long as they do not write about "three sheets in the wind," [illegible]reaks and strakes, and all sorts of [illegible]s, sails, ropes. Dr. W. E. Crockett, [illegible]defatigable, sends a long letter in [illegible] says: "What I have written [illegible]om experience as a sailor, [illegible]n, a poet, or a shipbuild-[illegible]r who has to do with [illegible]g and sailing of a [illegible] "Let go your [illegible] used to [illegible] enough when I was a sailor. [illegible] just what you said. 'Let it [illegible]!' It usually got there." And now let us throw open the gate to the thron[illegible] eager to discuss Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

"Maggs"

As the World Wags:

On June 15, 1756, Samuel Cooke (who had graduated in 1735 and later became a clergyman) was chosen college butler by the corporation of Harvard College. There are extant in his handwriting two inventories. One, taken late in 1736, was "An Inventory of Utensills belonging to ye Kitchin of Harvd College." The other, taken Jan. 4, 1737, I give in full:

The Buttery Utensils are
6 Barrels
3 Maggs
6 Beakers
7 Candlesticks
2 Muggs

What were "maggs"? If my memory is good, about a year ago some one wrote you that a "pair of magiels" were given to some one in the last century as a wedding present, and that a discussion ensued as to what "maglets" were. But memory is a treacherous thing, and in any case I do not recall whether a definite conclusion wae reached. ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, Dec. 29, 1913.

Good Language

As the World Wags:

It strikes me that good language is that which good speakers and writers use, and that judged by such etandards, "cast anchor" is acceptable. See Acts XXVII., 30.

I think it was Mr. Richard Grant White who said "the man doce not exist who can safely ridicule another's English," and the more I read and write the more I find myself in sympathy with him. I have often thought a very pretty little essay might be written on the ambiguity of the English tongue—starting perhaps with the story of the young man who told a girl he could marry any one he pleased. "I suppose so," was the answer, "but whom do you please?" and ending with the heading in this morning's Herald, "Mr. Woods at the Bar."

It seems to me that to call the phrase, "cast anchor," odious is to show a singular lack of tolerance even if it does not place one on a par with the inebriated gentleman who could see but ono meaning in the eign over a plumber's shop

Cast Iron Sinks

and after staring at it in amazement a few moments remarked, "Well, who said it didn't?" H. B. H.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1913.

Seasonable

The Daily Chronicle has been investigating the origin of Christmas pudding. It finds a French traveller in 1658 describing the pudding as a "detestable compound." "Christmae pie" is mentioned earlier and the Chronicle thinks it was composed of much the same ingredients. And the Chronicle publishes thie improving anecdote:

Sir John Lade and the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.") once laid a wager for £1000 who should produce a man to eat the most at one sitting. The Duke could not attend the contest, but his representative wrote: "I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie." What muet they have eaten!

The Hard Cider Campaign

As the World Wags:

Now that you have got the poem of "Jean-Baptiste" straight, I wonder if you are interested in one of the anthems that made the Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-too campaign a thing of music? The title of this notable example of macaronic verse is

CE MEME VIEUX COON.

Ce meme vieux coon n'est pas quite mort,
Il n'est pas seulement napping;
Je pense, myself, unless j'ai tort,
Cette chose est yet to happen.

En dix-huit forty-four, je sais,
Vous'll hear des curious noises;
He'll whet ces dents against some Clay,
Et scaro des Loco-Bois-es!

You know que quand il est awake,
Et quand il scratch ces clawses,
Les Locos dans leurs souliers shake,
Et, sheepish, hang leurs jaws-es.

Ce meme vieux coon, je ne sais pas why,
Le mischief's come across him,
Il fait believe he's going to dic,
Quand seulement playing possum.

Mais wait till nous le want encore,
Nous'll stir him with une pole;
He'll bite as mauvais as before—
Nous pulled him de son hole!

Here is the opportunity for eome erudite contributor, or for the editor of the Tower of Ivory himself, to explain all about this retiring "vieux coon." Is he the "nigger in the woodpile"?

New York, Dec. 30. W. B. B.

Many Men, Many Minds

It will be remembered that Artemus Ward's Uncle Wilyim, "an' uncle by marriage only, who is a low cuss, and filled his coat pocket with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast" given him by Artemus [illegible] gyman is [illegible] the father's new overcoat. "When my father, on discoverin it, go[illegible] in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idea of first-class humor'" The caricaturists named above might make this answer to "Disgusted."

Men differ curiously in their views of humor. Some find John Phoenix dull and Artemus Ward vulgar, Artemus "the delicious," as Charles Reade called him, Artemus, whose death was mourned in stately verse by an English poet in the grave Spectator. An English woman, uncommonly intelligent, a novelist who once was talked about for at least a month, told us that she could see nothing in Mark Twain, but could not read a page of a comedy by Ben Jonson without laughing loudly, as loudly as the women in the Thousand Nights and a Night, who, hearing some fantastic tale or seeing some grotesque or cruel deed fell on their backs in ecstacy of mirth. Jones goce to see Mr. Frank Daniels whenever that comedian comes to town. Robinson, who thinks that Mr. Daniels is about as funny as a railway accident, guffaws the moment Mr. De Wolf Hopper appears on the stage. And there you are, as that eminent humorist, Mr. Henry James, pute it.

Jan 3 1914

Franck's Great Symphony in D Minor, Once Despised, Is Produced Gloriously.

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Ruth Deyo was the pianist. The program was as followe:

Symphony in D minor..............Franck
Piano concerto in F minor, with strings, J. S. Bach
Serenade in D major, "Haffner".....Mozart

Mr. Paur as conductor of this orchestra wae urged to bring out the symphony of Cesar Franck, but he answered that the music of Franck did not interest him. He probably knew the symphony only from the score. Not that he was prejudiced against modern music, for he was an enthusiastic admirer of Chabrier and Richard Strauss. When Mr. Gericke had the courage to produce the symphony in 1899 the music excited hot discussion. Some thought it morbid; some complained of its "ugliness"; others found it dull. One of the subscribers to the concerts from the beginning objected to the symphony on the ground that it was "immoral" and asked plaintively if something could not be done to prevent the performance of such "French" works. Nevertheless there was another performance that year; there were two in 1905, one in 1910, one in 1911, and when a benefit concert was arranged for Mr. Gericke the symphony was this once despised one by Franck.

Yesterday the performance, a glorious one, was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Gericke's reading in past years was conspicuous for clarity and sense of proportion, and the performances were euphonious; but never did this music seem so profoundly emotional, so nobly eloquent, as it did yesterday. To dilate upon the masterly structure of the work or to point out strikingly pathetic or sublime pages would be a tardy and ridiculous discovery. This music of Franck is now acknowledged to be one of the greatest works in symphonic literature. There is a breadth of treatment, a contrapuntal skill, an incomparable development of the cyclic principle, that alone would give it high rank; but the musical thoughts themselves, the expression of emotion, the tender and ineffable beauty of the "song" themes, the outpourings of heroic faith—these make the symphony unique.

Bach's concerto was played for the first time at these concerts, and probably for the first time in Boston, if not in this country. It is undoubtedly a transcription of a violin concerto, which, with other works of Bach, was lost, and it may have been written for performance at a concert of the Telemann Society in Leipsic, of which Bach wae conductor, or for home enjoyment. (The indefatigable Bach, when he was not composing music, was playing or listening.)

This concerto is more a chamber-work than a piece for a great hall. The piano part often euggests a part for violin and is more suited to the genius of that instrument. Only in the eecond movement is there opportunity for judging the acquirements and the musical disposition of a pianist, and this opportunity is slight and fleeting. Much of the time in the first movement and in the finale the pianist's part goes with that of the first violins. This second movement, a Largo, has a quiet, contemplative beauty. It is music that is subjective, intimate. Miss Deyo, an American, who has played with success in Berlin, Leipsic and London, and this season with the Symphony Orchestra in out-of-town concerts, has a truly musical nature. In the Largo she desplayed an agreeable touch and fine taste; in the other movements there wae the necessary rhythmic feeling. As she will soon give a recital and play composi-[illegible] but shou[illegible] qual-ties, a more definite criticism may be deferred till then.

Six of the eight movemente of the Serenade composed by Mozart for the wedding festivities of Elisabeth Haffner of Salzburg were performed. The greatest number of movements previously played here was five. Is the theory advanced by Messrs. Wyzewa and de Seint-Foix that Mozart swelled the Serenade by interpolating three movements of a little violin concerto, written a few days before, well-founded? They at least furnish variety. Flesh and blood in these days could hardly endure the whole Serenade, yet some yesterday wero disappointed to find the "Minuetto Galante" with the exquisite trio omitted.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Jan. 16-17 will be as follows: Brickner, Symphony, D-minor, No. 9 (unfinished); Brahms, piano concerto No. 1, D-minor (Harold Bauer, pianist).

EDVINA'S FIRST TIME CIO-CIO-SAN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

	Mme. Edvina
Madama Butterfly	Miss Leveroni
Suzuki	Miss Heliauc
Kate Pinkerton	Mr. Tanlongo
B. F. Pinkerton	Mr. Blanchart
Sharpless	Mr. Pini-Corsi
Goro	Mr. Pulcini
Il Priucipe Ysmadori	Mr. Sillich
Lo Zio Bonzo	Mr. Tortorici
Yakuside	Mr. Neumarker
Il Commissario Imperiale	Mr. Fusco
L'Ufficiale del Registro	Miss Mandell
La Madre	Miss Rieger
La Zia	Miss Mussini
La Cugina	

Mme. Edvina took the part of Cio-Cio-San for the firet time in Boston, and, as we are informed, for the first time on any stage. She wisely sang the music as a lyric and not a dramatic soprano, and she gained her musically dramatic effects by a skilful use of her voice rather than by any attempt at vocal power. Thus was she generally pleasing and in her own way effective.

As the part is not familiar to her—the voice of the prompter was frequently heard—she at times sang too deliberately, and as she was also often too deliberate in action, the scenes dragged. This was especially true of the first act, which for once seemed long drawn-out and tiresome. The other singers were not vivacious. Mr. Tanlongo, who has had little or no experience on the stage, was not a spirited Pinkerton, nor did the whiskey consumed by him and the American consul to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner" quicken his musical speech or enliven his action. Mr. Blanchart, an experienced and well-graced actor, was, for once, not wholly at ease in the opening scene. Mr. Pini-Corsi took the place of the restless Mr. Giaccone, was a subdued Goro, although in the second act he gave the part a definitely malicious and tricky character. Even the chorus was rather lethargic.

Mme. Edvina is an operatic singer of much more than ordinary intelligence. She acts with a preconceived purpose, not at random and sporadically. But has she not misconceived the character of the heroine in this instance? As she impersonated her, Cio-Cio-San was a sophisticated young person. We missed the child-like simplicity, the naivete that should heighten the tragedy. We missed this in her scenes with Pinkerton, and later in her reception of Yamadori. Perhaps the word "maidenly" cannot strictly be used in connection with this "petite femme," but like some of her sisters in cities of the Occident, she was at heart girlish; girlish in the frankness of her expression, in her trustfulness, in her fits of temper. No doubt Mme. Edvina will later get beneath the skin of this part. Her performance is not now experimental, but we believe it to be based on a mistaken conception. She was a charming picture; she often eang delightfully. She will probably in time be a more pathetic figure, one to excite sympathy instead of cool approbation.

Mr. Tanlongo has a light and pretty voice, but he is not yet the man for such a part as Pinkerton, nor is he at present prepared for appearance at a subscription performance.

Smelling is an "outward sense, which apprehends by the nostrils drawing in air"; and of all the rest it is the weakest sense in men. The organ in the nose, or two small hollow pieces of flesh a little above it; the medium the air to men, as water to fish; the object, smell, arising from a mixed body resolved, which, whether it be a quality, fume, vapor, or exhalation, I will not now dispute, or of their differences, and how they are caused.

Nasus Furiosus.

As the World Wags:

With Americans of the near future, not the daily bath, which some doctors now tell us is a vain and perilous indulgence, good neither for cleanliness nor health, will be the shibboleth of the truly civilized, but the ventilated closet. How well I remember from the days of a youth now remote, the odor of the roller-towel in the kitchen of our next door neighbors, the excellent Dix-

on. Then I did not suspect it, but now I merely know, that the odor of that roller-towel was merely the family smell of the Dixons. Each family has its own, known to the dogs of the household if not to the human members or their friends. You catch a whiff of the family smell in the most elegant cloak closets, and I own to a fastidious distaste for mingling my garments indiscriminately with those even of the most respectable. The cloak closets of my friends recall to mind Falstaff's soliloquy upon his discomfort in the buck-basket. There should be no cloak closet without free access of sun and air, and none should be so small as to necessitate a doubling on the pegs. The cloak closet of the day irresistibly reminds one of the extremely thin veneer of civilization overlaying our native barbarism.

NASUS FASTIDIOSUS.

Boston, Jan. 1.

Osphresiological Reading.

The Herald some time ago commented on the theory that certain great cities in Europe have each a peculiar, characteristic smell, by which an inhabitant of the air aloft, but within smelling distance, could identify them. Balzac's description of the boarding-house odors is known to all, and the olfactory sense plays such an important part in Zola's novels that an ingenious Frenchman, one Leopold Bernard, wrote a book entitled "Les Odeurs dans les romans de Zola" (Montpellier, 1889). Dr. Albert Hagen's learned treatise on "Osphresiologie" (Charlottenburg, 1901) may be known to some, in which the learned man of Breslau publishes a curious anthology culled from ancient and modern authors. But in no one of these works, not even in the mass of notes collected by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, do we find an allusion to the mephitic, pestilential cloak closet. Is our correspondent too fastidious, pernickety, squeamish; or has he been unfortunate in his acquaintances and friends? If he cannot change the latter and gain a new assortment, why can he not put on a glass mask before entering the closet, after the example of ancient chemists compounding some strange poison for a lady's glove or fan, for an Italian cavalier's sword hilt or helmet? The cloak closet should have free "access of sun and air." Granted; but few houses have been built with special regard to the immediate deodorization of overcoats, wet umbrellas and gum-shoes.

Of Sweet Savor.

There are families, as well as individuals, who have an agreeable odor, nor does this come from scented soap and bought perfumes. Plutarch, speaking of Alexander the Great, says in the brave version of Sir Thomas North: "I remember I red also in the commentaries of Aristoxenus that his skin had a marvelous good savor, and that his breath was very swete, insomuch that his body had so swete a smell of it selfe, that all the apparell he wore next unto his body tooke thereof a passing delightfull savor, as if it had beno perfumed. And the cause hereof peradventure might be, the very temperature and constitution of his body, which was hot and burning like fire. Tor Theophrastus is of opinion, that the sweete savor commeth by meanes of the heate that dryeth up the moisture of the bodie. By which reason also it appeareth that the drie and hot countries pearched with heate of the sunne are those that deliver unto us the best spices: because that the sunne drieth up the moyature of the outward parts, as a matter of corruption."

And read what Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, gallant knight, wit, courtier, sceptic, mystic, adventurer, the brother of the saintly poet of "The Temple," had to say of himself in that curious autobiography to be put on the shelf with Casanova, Ben Franklin, Cellini and Rousseau:

"It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats and other garments I wear next my body are sweet, beyond what either can easily be believed, or hath been observed in any else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others, before I used to take tobacco, which towards my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time."

When Satan in old New England days tempted the godly, he finally disappeared leaving a strong smell of sulphur. When the righteous man died, the "painful preacher of the word of God," he left a sweet savor behind him.

O "Nasus Fastidiosus" acquaint thyself with families of good odor!

With Celia.

We have known cloak closets that breathe forth health, vigor, grace, beauty to visitors of normal minds, not wretched "renifleurs." The actress in Goncourt's "Faustin" found the air of the fencing room not distasteful. Far more unpleasant is the smell of moth balls or naphtha, or any preparation that deliberately makes for what is traditionally known as household cleanliness. Even outer garments may be as enchanted as the rosy wreath sent by the poet to his Celia. How many baritones have we not heard making the declaration:

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

Jan 4 1914

MISS TEYTE IN 'LA BOHEME'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Matinee: Puccini's "La Boheme." Mme. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo.....Mr. Laffitte
Marcello.....Mr. Ancona
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcin
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Benoit } Alcindoro }.....Luigi Tavecchia
Mimi.....Miss Teyte
Musetta.....Mme. Beriza
Parpignol.....Mr. Fusco
Sergente Dei Doganieri.....Mr. Tortorici

Although Miss Maggie Teyte joined the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company in the fall of 1911; although she had then sung in European opera houses for four years with success, it was not until yesterday afternoon that she appeared here in opera. Many knowing of the praise awarded her when she took the part of Melisande at the Opera Comique in 1908 hoped that she would be heard here in Debussy's opera.

Youthful parts, as Zerlina, Melisande, Antonia, Cherubino, Cinderella, are peculiarly suited to her, for she is young in years, and her face, figure and voice are those of youth. Her musical brains are those of a mature and experienced musician. This has been shown here by her diction in recitals. She sings the music of Debussy as Mr. George Copeland plays it. Yesterday in an Italian opera she proved herself a mistress of the long and expressive melodic line.

The opera in which she sang is youthful in its freshness, the spontaneity of high spirits, the honesty of its pathos. Here Puccini is emotional and at the same time simple. With "Tosca" he began to be sophisticated; in "Madama Butterfly" he had his stronger eye on the public; in "The Girl of the Golden West" he wrote frankly for the box office, and, perhaps fearing that his own vein was exhausted, dug into that of Debussy and less modern Frenchmen. In "Boheme" he is honest toward himself. What he wrote he had experienced, felt.

The chief charm of the opera and that of Miss Teyte's Mimi are the same: simplicity in the expression of emotion. Walt Whitman said that the "art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity; nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness." So it is in an operatic impersonation. The composition of the part may be carefully, anxiously studied, but the expression must be absolutely simple; not the semblance of simplicity that the French call "simplesse."

How effective, yet how simple, was Miss Teyte's treatment of the meeting with Rodolfo! There was no coming to the footlights that she might be seen to faint. There was no meeting Rodolfo's advances half way, as though she had for some time been planning to descend on the romantic young man. No simpering; no airs of a prima donna masquerading as a grisette. The costume was the humble one of the period; the bearing was that of the grisette described by Murger and sung by Beranger and Dr. Holmes. The quiet grace of her exit with Rodolfo was music in itself.

The second act—the poorest of the four, for here Puccini writes for a joyous street crowd and a noisy supper party, as for the finale of an act in tragic opera—is Musetta's. We have seen Mimis who endeavored to out-Musetta Musetta in reckless frivolity. This Mimi was rightly in the background, but the audience saw her, happy, trustful.

Nor after the heart-breaking pathos of the third act was the death scene an anti-climax. There was, on the contrary, a long crescendo that was not marred by any moment of mawkishness, or by evident enjoyment in the luxury of woe. There was no attempt to give Mimi the heroic proportions of a dramatic queen. The little grisette died as she had lived and loved; the girl of a ballad, not an epic.

And Miss Teyte's voice was the voice of Mimi in the expression of her hope and her joy, her sorrow and her broken heart. It was more than the limpid and schooled voice of a singularly shrewd-minded singer; it was the voice of Puccini's Mimi.

Mme. Beriza sang here for the first time in opera. She was a vivacious Musetta, whose pertness and petulance were within the frame of comedy, and did not fall into farce. She dressed the part with rare taste and acted with an artistic intelligence that prevented her from appearing a vulgar romp. Concerning her qualities as a singer, we prefer to speak when we have heard her in a role that makes more taxing demands. As Musetta, her voice was light and not always firmly controlled.

Mr. Laffitte has been heard here before as Rodolfo. He sang effectively in the third act and acted with more than his ordinary power in the last scene. The other supporting singers were only passable in their respective roles.

NEW SINGER IN "AIDA"

Mme. Androva Makes Favorable Impression in Title Role.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

The king.....Mr. Sampieri
Amneris.....Mme. Dalvarez
Aida.....Mme. Androva
Radames.....Mr. Oppezzo
Ramfis.....Mr. Wronsky
Amonasro.....Mr. Blanchart
A messenger.....Mr. Fusco
A priestess.....Miss Sharlow

Mme. Androva, who made her debut with the Boston Opera Company last night as Aida, is remembered as the Miss Ada Chambers who made several trips as the soloist with Sousa's band. She came originally from Ohio, studied in New York and became successful as a church singer in New Jersey. She is one of the young women toward whose musical education the late Charles H. Bond lent a helping hand. Although her previous experience has been mostly confined to concert work, she showed a commendable degree of intelligence in her role last evening. The audience was generous in its appreciation.

The attraction for one of the largest Saturday evening audiences of the season, however, was Mme. Dalvarez, whose Amneris throbbed with life under her powerful voice. Mme. Dalvarez rather overshadows the performance. Mr. Oppezzo as Radames increased the good opinion he created at his debut last week.

Today is a day of concerts. The many admirers of Mr. Kreisler will flock this afternoon to Symphony Hall, where the program offers more substantial entertainment than some of the programs at his recitals of the past, in which there was disproportionate attention paid to little pieces of the 18th century.

There are two orchestral concerts this afternoon of peculiar interest. The Boston Philharmonic Society will give its first concert. The members are connected with theatres in the city, and have for some time met to play good music for their own enjoyment. They are professionals, not amateurs. It is pleasant to see the title "Philharmonic" revived. The last use, we believe, was by an orchestra, led by Mr. Listemann, whose concerts were given in the Tremont Theatre. The other orchestra, the People's, is made up of young players who are studying in the Boston Music Settlement School, which is doing excellent work, sociological, through the appeal to musical instincts.

Tonight Mr. Amato, the famous baritone of the Metropolitan, will sing in concert at the Boston Opera House.

The Kneisels on Tuesday night will revive Vincent d'Indy's remarkable string quartet, which they were the first to bring out in this country. Mr. d'Indy heard the Kneisels play this work when he visited the United States, and he was loud in praise of the performance.

Later in the week come Mme. Julia Culp, the accomplished Lieder singer, with a program, including some unfamiliar songs of classic writers, and Mischa Elman, the violinist, with a substantial program. It was announced that he would begin his concert with Beethoven's concerto. This erroneous statement came from New York. For "concerto" read "sonata."

Leland Hall, who will play piano pieces at the Apollo Club concert Tuesday night, gave a recital here some years ago.

Lovers of patriotic songs will hear them in plenty at the Tremont Temple concert on Thursday night.

Players and Musicians

It is said that Felix Weingartner will now make his home in Vienna, but will spend much time at Budapest where he and his wife have engagements to fill at the Opera House. It is also said that he has been invited to return to the Berlin Royal Opera House as conductor, but this rumor is hardly credible.

Maurice Renaud has been singing in "Thais" at the Paris opera with a young singer named Bugg, Mlle. Bugg.

Nijinski, the famous Russian dancer, purposes to have a company of which he will be the director.

E. M. Delaborde, the celebrated pianist and teacher died in Paris last month. He was almost 74 years old and he had been a professor at the Paris Conservatory since June, 1873. He taught until the last week of his life. For several months he was carried to his class at the Conservatory in an arm chair, and when he was too weak for transportation, his class met at his home. A pupil of Alkan, he gave concerts in Germany as in France, but the war brought him home in 1870. As a composer, he published little, but he wrote an overture, "Attila"; an opera, "La Reine dort," some songs, piano pieces, and cadenzas for concertos of Bach and Beethoven.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck has been playing Ygraine in her husband's "Mort de Tintagiles," at Paris. An admirer wrote: "She is rather the interpreter than the fervent priestess of the most tender and tragic of poets, * * * She has incarnated Grief."

This reminds us that "La Mort de Tintagiles" was performed in London on Dec. 17, and the audience was fascinated. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Never has the part of Ygraine been acted in London with anything approaching the tenderness and the tragic power with which it was charged last night by Miss Lillah McCarthy. Never have we seen the part of the boy so beautifully presented as by the child actress, Miss Odette Goimbault, who gave what, in the case of one of such tender years, can only be called a marvellous performance. To feel a shiver cross the cheek at a child's look of alarm or cry of terror is not a very common experience in the theatre. It happened to many last night, and more than once." And the Pall Mall Gazette said editorially:

"Of the many 'thrills' which the theatre can create, the 'creepy' one is by no means the least pleasing, and Maeterlinck's 'Death of Tintagiles' appears to have had this effect last night. Yet, in these sophisticated days it might easily be said that the last thing a play could do with an audience was to frighten it. Who, nowadays, believes in haunted castles, demon queens, and groups of murderers melodramatically muttering on their way to the deed of darkness? So say we all, slapping our chests the while. But put before us such a play as that seen at the St. James last night, and let it be well acted, and even a stockbroker will confess to a certain disquietude. The appeal is, of course, to the child in us all."

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has been giving concerts in Germany. Her symphony in E minor was played under Theodore Spierings's direction at Leipsic, Nov. 22, and at Hamburg, Dec. 2. She played her piano concerto in C sharp minor at these concerts, and on Dec. 18 at a concert in Berlin.

A "Sinfonia Espansiva" by Carl Nielsen, a Danish composer, has been played in Berlin. Is it more "expansive" than the symphonies of Mahler?

Miss Susan Metcalfe of New York, who is known here to concertgoers, has been singing Lieder in Berlin with success and Marguerite Sylva was praised as Massenet's Manon at the Royal Opera House.

Franz Kullak, a famous piano teacher and writer on musical subjects, known to many American students in Berlin, died Dec. 9 at Wilmersdorf. A son of the still more famous Theodor Kullak, he was nearly 70 years old.

Miss Lucy Gates of Salt Lake City, a grand-daughter of Brigham Young, if we are not mistaken, the coloratura soprano of the Cassel Opera House, was highly praised recently in Glasgow for her singing of Mozart's music. She sang here at a concert given by the boy violinist "Florizel," now known as Reuter.

Raymond Roze purposes to take his opera "Joan of Arc" to some towns in the French provinces prior to the performance in Paris.

Wolf-Ferrari has, according to report, completed another opera, "Hor[illegible]," with a story about the adventures of a garter in the Italian colony of Paris.

Mme. Sylvia Gratama, who gave a concert in London last month, is "a dramatic soprano with some experience of operatic work in America to her credit." Where in America?

There is a class at the Chicago Musical College where students are taught how to become music critics. It would be interesting to know the methods adopted. But no matter. For evidently the pupils are on the right road to achieving distinction in that particular walk in life. Mr. Edward Moore, their teacher, asked them recently to write their impressions of a certain "soulful" composition. "Whenever I hear it," wrote one girl pupil, "I feel like putting my head on some one's shoulder." To which the professor appended the comment: "Concert seats next to yours are bound to be at a premium when you become a critic." Possibly the lady has attractions. In which case, why on earth should she want to be a critic?—Daily Telegraph (London).

It would be difficult to get a more popular lecturer than the present professor of music, Sir Frederick Bridge, who has held the post nearly a quarter of a century. But some of Sir Frederick's predecessors were not always so competent as music professors. There is the classic case of Prof. Griffin, whose influential friend got him elected 150 years ago, not because he was a musician—he was almost ignorant of the elements of music—but because he was the most excellent barber to be found in the city of London.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Some time before Stanley Houghton was taken sick, he asked his friend Ernest Mayer to contradict the foolish statements that he had made £100,000 out of "Hindle Wakes." Now that his friend is dead, Mr. Mayer contradicts the statement that he made only a few hundred pounds and lived in Paris in abject poverty. "As his business representative, I am in a position to state that those who estimated his fees at £50,000 and those who calculated them at no more than £500 as equally wrong. If the former divide their calculations by ten and the latter multiply theirs likewise, an approximate correct figure will be arrived at."

Titta Ruffo, Baritone

Titta Ruffo, the celebrated and high-priced baritone, will sing for the first time in Boston at a Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall Jan 11. Musical America of Dec 27 published an entertaining sketch of his life. It appears that Titta is the family name, "but as it is also a familiar surname in Italy," he turned his name about to avoid confusion. He was born at Pisa 35 years ago and as a boy was in his father's iron works at Milan. At the age of 14 he determined to study music. He was unfortunate at the Santa Cecilia Conservatory at Rome, and afterward studied with Cassini. His father had no voice for singing and was not interested in music. The mother had a fine voice. A brother, Ettore, teaches music in Milan and has composed an opera.

Mr. Ruffo's favorite role in opera is Hamlet. Next to that he prefers Rigoletto, and his natural gayety finds vent in "The Barber of Seville." He does not care for Escamillo. "Not very much; there is not enough for me to do. But I do like to sing it, because a great Spanish toreador once gave me such a beautiful bull fighter's costume." He was 20 years old when he first knew success. It was at Madrid as the Herald in "Lohengrin" when his unusual voice made a sensation. His favorite opera house as regards acoustics is the San Carlo at Naples.

In his father's iron works he attained considerable skill and developed his physique. "Of this skill, the tomb of Sadi-Carnot, late French President, bears token in the shape of a crown of iron and copper wrought by him. All the iron work on his Roman villa was designed by him, but now he sings, collects postage stamps, and is "an ardent student of Shakespeare." He has a wife and two children, "to whom he is devoted."

Music Halls and Latin Plays

Mr. Filson Young of London remarks: "It is a little amusing to see the Times solemnly deploring the fact that our music hall 'Revues' lack what it considers the sparkling wit of the Westminster play prologue and epilogue. I will not be betrayed into a definition of 'wit,' but I am afraid we should be in a rather gloomy condition if our entertainments could give us nothing better to laugh at than these laborious, if ingenious, scholastic puns. Even if we were all such good Latin scholars as we are assumed to be, humor which consists in plays on words is apt to pall. A pun is a pun, and nothing more; and the fact that it is in a dead language hardly makes it any the more sparkling. 'O Lar, cineres,' is nothing more than a 'hidden word,' and I have seen even parties of old ladies who were not thrown into convulsions of merriment by the parlor game of hidden words. Surely the humor which is mere verbal, scriptural, is inferior to that which goes below the written word and deals with ideas. At any rate, there is nothing which is so much a matter of fashion and period as the idea of what is funny, and the day of the pun is long ago. I must say that the theatre, whatever it may fail to do or be, does still faithfully provide matter for real laughter. Every age gets the humor it needs and deserves, and I for one am quite content with the fun of my own day."

Some Stage Notes

The Little English Theatre, founded in Paris by Philip Carr, will be opened next month with a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which will be followed by one of "Man and Superman."

On Dec. 15 "The Great Adventure," at the Kingsway Theatre, reached its 300th performance. "Fanny's First Play" was performed 624 times. It has not yet arrived in Boston.

Mr. J. K. Jerome's new play, "Robina in Search of a Husband" (Vaudeville Theatre, London, Dec. 16), tells of Robina, "a minx with a fortune, who changed names and clothes for a week with Kate, the inn chambermaid, just to test the affection of Lord Rathbone, who had followed her to the inn, as she guessed, with matrimonial intent. But she guessed wrong." Kate the chambermaid was his wife, whom he had left at the church door. He became enamored of the supposed Robina. "It is a little play of rather mild, wholly harmless and frankly artificial fun."

Sir Herbert Tree, who was 60 years old on Dec. 17, asked to give a message on his birthday to an expectant public, said: "Only that I have achieved the golden silence of 60." He has acquired a number of new plays: Among them an "important" semi-classical drama dealing with a great world subject, an early Victorian play, a Persian play and a dramatization of H. de Vere Stacpoole's romance, "The Blue Lagoon."

... produced at the Court ... Dec. 15, are described ... Holbrook as "The artis- ... Queer Mother"

in the one-act play, "The Mark of Cain," by Warren Killingworth, a mother "who seemed to be an idiot of the cruel kind, expressed a great deal of religious wrath at her son (apparently her only child) having been acquitted of a charge of murder, and a great deal of satisfaction when he was suddenly struck dead by lightning." In the second, "The Fixed Idea," in three acts, by D. C. F. Harding—"we were shown the idiot of the smiling kind, trying to get her only daughter's engagement broken off, apparently in a spirit of sheer mischief, and refusing to sanction the departure of a good-for-little son from England, home and beauty for a promising position which had been offered him in the Malay states. There are, of course, such mothers, though let us hope that it has not been the luck of many of us to be their sons or their daughters; but it is a little tedious spending three hours in their company in a playhouse."

An amusing story is going the rounds. An actor was approached by a manager to play a part in a new piece, which was to be given a month's rehearsing. "Will you pay for the rehearsals?" asked the actor, who had heard something about the play. "No," replied the manager, "but I will give you a contract for the run of the piece." The actor answered: "I would rather you gave me a contract for the rehearsals, and you could 'throw in' the run!" As things turned out, it is said, such a contract as the actor asked for would have been a good deal more remunerative than the one he actually signed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sarah Bernhardt's New Play

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette (Dec. 17) writes about Mme. Bernhardt's great triumph in Paris.

"Assuredly in the new play at her own theatre, the great artiste shows the supreme quality of her gifts as tragedienne. Never has she been more admirably poignant, more intrinsically true in her rendering of grief and suffering than in this touching figure of a woman whose son is accused of murder, is tried and executed.

"Jacques Dore is 20 years of age. He is the idol of his mother, a stationer in a small town in France. He has a secret passion for a young woman, a neighbor, who is in need of money. He tries to borrow it. He approaches his mother. 'A thousand francs!' The sum 's impossible, especially for such an object, for her intuition divines the truth. Jacques is vexed and bounces out of the house.

"The next tableau—for the play is written in seven tableaux, not in the ordinary acts—shows us a grocer's shop, a particularly realistic picture with the 'va et vient' of the customers. They gossip about the murder that has been committed of an old inhabitant. Then Jeanne Dore enters and learns the dreadful news.

"Instantly her manner betrays her troubled mind. She reasons, visibly: A murder last night of an old man, who was her son's godfather! Her fears are only too true. Jacques is the murderer. He had gone to ask for money, and, being refused, had 'seen red' and slain his relative. This confession she drew later from him in a tearful scene in the shop.

"He had not stolen. 'Take my money in the little drawer—800 francs—mount your bicycle and fly to Paris, joining the train at a distant station. * * * ' That was her counsel given in the fever of the moment, her mother's heart rendering her almost an accomplice.

"But he dallied on the way, and was captured by the police. He wanted to say 'Good-by' to the girl on whose behalf he had been led to crime. This we learn in the court scene. He is sentenced, notwithstanding the pathetic pleading of his mother, noble in her sadness and her sable suit—anticipatory sign of the verdict.

"Swiftly we are transported to a railway station. The mother waits for the arrival of the executioner. There is an argument with the girl for whom the son has suffered all. 'You are wearing flowers in your hat,' the poor distracted mother says, marvelling at such callous detachment. And then the prison; a heart-rending 'Good-by' across the bars. He, in his last hours, does not recognize the mother, whose face recalls the pictures of tortured saints. He thinks it is his mistress who is giving him the supreme adieu. 'He will die the happier in the thought,' reflects the mother, all bitterness removed in the overwhelming flood of grief.

"The light relief in this gloomy story, so contrary to the gay spirit of M. Tristan Bernard's other plays, emerges only in the court scene in the unconscious humor of the witnesses. This one would advertise his wares, that one would tell of conversations with neighbors, and the rest.

"The dramatist has well observed the world about him. And occasionally there are flashes of philosophy. 'The savages begin, the civilised continue,' says an old jailbird, discussing murder and its consequences.

"M. Tristan Bernard has adopted a new style. Each tableau lasts but a few minutes. The action is quickened until it becomes almost breathless. Before one is accustomed to one picture, another is substituted. If at times disconcerting, it has also its advantages. Counsel in the court are 'left speaking.' Stripped of unessentials, the story gains in vividness what it loses in atmosphere and grace.

"Yet it proceeds evenly and even serenely in its rapid course. Mr. Bernard is a master of synthesis, and then what an interpreter he has in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt! The son is played by M. Raymond Bernard 'fils,' and the result is richness and freshness that gives pathetic eloquence to the part.

"On the whole, the experiment is eminently successful; but one fears that, in less expert hands, such processes—which, notwithstanding their apparent simplicity, represent a real refinement—will become unrelieved melodrama, a mere police case. But the transition, as M. Bernard understands it, has been done with delicacy and tact."

Concert and Opera

Richard Strauss's "Deutscher Motette" (16 voice parts), unaccompanied, for mixed chorus and four solo voices, has been produced in Berlin at a Strauss Evening of the Royal Opera Chorus. The work was completed at Garmisch, June 22, 1913. The words are by Rueckert. It is said that the score looks as though it were written for orchestra, not voices. The task allotted the singers is "impossible." The chorus basses are obliged to sing a fifth lower than Sarastro at his lowest and the solo soprano must take C sharp above the staff suddenly and piano. "Why treat human voices as wood-wind instruments? General and painful false intonation is the natural result." Yet this critic, Mr. Pisling, admits that there are some beautiful moments in the composition.

Strauss's "Festival Prelude," played at a concert by the Tonkuenstler orchestra in Vienna, made a more favorable impression than at the first performance. Strauss, it appears, took a faster tempo, faster than he has indicated in the score, and the music gained thereby.

Wolf-Ferrari's new opera, "L'Amore Medico," based on Moliere's "L'Amour Medicin," met with brilliant success when it was produced at Dresden on Dec. 5. The music is said to be full of wit and color, also lyrically charming. Enrico Golisciani wrote the Italian libretto, and Richard Batka turned it into German. Schuch conducted. Several numbers were repeated, and a "remarkable" quartet was enthusiastically encored.

Jan 5 - 14

CONCERT FOR WAGE EARNERS

By PHILIP HALE.

The People's Orchestra (Jacques Hoffmann, conductor) of the Boston Music School Settlement gave the first of a series of concerts for wage earners and students yesterday afternoon at the Huntington Avenue Theatre. Edwin Grasse, the blind violinist and composer, of New York, assisted. George Falkenstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Cimarosa, Overture to "Matrimonio Segreto"; Jahrnfeld, Berceuse; German, Morris Dance from "Henry VIII."; Bruch, Concerto in G minor No. 1 for violin; Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Grasse, Im Ruderboot, Wellenspiel, Polonaise, No. 2; Beethoven, Overture "Egmont."

According to the program this orchestra is now composed as follows: 17 first violins with Joseph Gewirtz concert master; 17 second violins, three violas, five 'cellos, one double bass, three flutes, five clarinets, one oboe, one bassoon, five cornets, two horns, two trombones and a set of kettle drums. There are 10 young women among the strings. The players are of various races and of all callings. We are informed that some are only 15 years old, but the average age is about 22 years. A few of the players are now working their way through Harvard University.

This orchestra is open "to wage earners and students of musical ability who wish to obtain orchestral practice and recreation." Dues are 10 cents for each rehearsal. Players of wood-wind and brass instruments are especially needed. Applications should be sent to the secretary of the orchestra, Max Bornstein, 110 Salem street, Boston.

In Cimarosa's overture, the young players showed a precision and a spirit, also an appreciation of contrasts, that reflected credit on themselves and on their leader, Mr. Hoffmann. The same may be said with regard to the performance of the pieces by Jahrnfeld and German. In the former, Mr. Gewirtz, who played the solo part, had a pleasing tone and he showed sound training.

The advisability of giving this orchestra at present as difficult a task as Bruch's concerto may well be questioned. It is true that there was on this occasion opportunity for only slight rehearsal, but it is one thing to play a comparatively simple composition and another to accompany a soloist in a modern concerto. Mr. Grasse, who has played with success in Europe and New York and has marked talent, was necessarily somewhat handicapped.

Concerts ... and April 6. They should excite interest for civic as well as musical reasons. There is no doubting the zeal, the enthusiasm of these players. Among them is possibly a future virtuoso or composer. This, however, is not so important as is the dissemination of musical knowledge, or the development of musical taste. Home life is thus encouraged, and boys whose evenings might otherwise be dull are kept from the amusements of the street and of resorts where time, to say the least, is foolishly spent.

AMATO AT SUNDAY CONCERT

Singing of Baritone Received with Much Enthusiasm.

Pasquale Amato, a baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, carried off the honors at the sixth of the series of Sunday evening concerts at the Boston Opera House last evening, and responded to five encores. Other soloists were Miss Myrna Sharlow, soprano, and Alfredo Ramella, tenor. Mme Lydia Rienskaja, contralto, and Alban Grand, baritone, also sang in the quartet from "Rigoletto," with Miss Sharlow and Mr. Ramella.

The program was made rather heavy by the preponderance of masculine singing, as Miss Sharlow, the only feminine soloist of the evening, had but two of the seven numbers.

After a pleasing performance of the overture from "La Dame de Pique" by the Boston Opera Company orchestra, conducted by Arnaldo Schiavoni, which responded to an encore, Mr. Ramella sang most acceptably the aria "E Lucean le Stelle" from "Tosca." Miss Sharlow followed in the Jewel Song from "Faust," which she sang in a very gratifying manner, and was encored. Mr. Amato first gave the prologue from "Pagliacci," and cheers mingled with plaudits that followed. The quartet from "Rigoletto" followed.

Conducted by Edouard Tournon, the orchestra gave the Meditation from "Thais" and repeated the number before the audience was satisfied. Mr. Amato gave the cavatina from "The Barber of Saville," amusing his hearers by his interpretation of the comedy of this selection. He twice responded to encores. Mr. Ramella sang the aria "Una Furtiva Lacrima" from "Eliser D'Amore," with spirit and his encore number was one of the lighter selections in which he is always a favorite. Miss Sharlow sang a group of songs and an encore number and Mr. Amato closed the program with the aria "Eri Tu," from "Un Ballo en Mashera," and was again obliged to give an encore.

KREISLER AT SYMPHONY HALL

An audience that filled Symphony Hall with lines standing along the side walls on the main floor greeted Fritz Kreisler at his violin recital yesterday afternoon. Carl Lamson was accompanist. The program:

1—Sonata in D major........................Handel
Adagio and Fugue in G minor (for violin alone)................J. S. Bach
2—Concerto for violin in E minor, op 64.......Mendelssohn
3—Sarabande...........................Sulzer
Menuetto..............................Pugnani
Scherzo...............................Dittersdorf
La Precieuse..........................Couperin
Fugue.................................Tartini
4—Lied ohne Worte..........Mendelssohn-Kreisler
Canzonetta Indienne......................Dvorak
Tambourin Chinois......................Kreisler

The audience was surcharged with pent up expectancy before Kreisler appeared. It belonged to him even before he came to claim it. It became his absolute possession the moment he made his bow and waited serenely while the enthusiasm of the greeting spent itself. This greeting was of Kreisler's own kind, too. It was spontaneous, intense, incisive, whole-hearted, but not noisy or over-demonstrative. There was just enough of it.

The artist knit his hearers still closer to him with his first tones and he did not let them go till the final note of the last of his half-dozen or so extra numbers at the end of the recital had died away.

Kreisler riveted the people to him, made them artistically part of himself by his usual characteristics—sympathy, sincerity, simplicity and directness—the highest aids to the expression of art. It is the possession of these qualities in a superlative degree and the constant use of them, whether he plays the most complicated fugue or the simplest folk song, that gives this artist his immense and actually unique power.

He does much the same thing to the composers on his programs as he does to his audiences—takes possession of them, absorbs their music, and when he gives it forth, lo, it is as if he was playing his own composition hot from the crucible of his own imagination. One of the most exquisite of his numbers yesterday and one of the best received was the "Song Without Words" ascribed on the program to "Mendelssohn-Kreisler." Well, the same ascription, in a sense, might be made to every selection and each composer appear with "Kreisler" appended to his name.

It would be futile to attempt to differentiate in degrees of excellence the separate numbers played. Handel's so-

[illegible] of the adagio [illegible] [illegible] scherzetto [illegible] [illegible] expressed [illegible] tenderly [illegible] [illegible] without a [illegible] of sentimentality, was received [illegible] warmth.

The [illegible] concerto, in whose [illegible] may hear the song of the [illegible] stars, also roused great en-[illegible]. All the shorter pieces were [illegible] with delight, but perhaps special favor was shown to the "Song Without Words" and Dvorak's Indian music. Extra numbers, generously given for enthusiastic lingerers, ended with Dvorak's "Humoresque."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

First Performance by New Orchestra Greatly Enjoyed.

The first concert of the new orchestra of 61 men, the Boston Philharmonic Society was given at the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Gounod, "The Queen of [illegible]" Verdi. "Rigoletto" fantasie; [illegible], "Traeumerei" for string quartet; Liszt, "The Preludes"; Greenwald, "Chapel Chimes", Dvorak, Humoresque; Wagner, "Tannhaeuser" overture. Although this was the first public concert of the orchestra, which is entirely made up of players in the regular Boston theatre orchestras, it is not the first concert by the orchestra. The men have been playing for their own enjoyment all the fall and winter, and think that they are now ready for the series of concerts which opened auspiciously yesterday. Mr. Charles Frank, the orchestra's new conductor, [illegible] favorable impression. His men [illegible] smooth and spirited readings of [illegible] work.

[illegible] Bernice Endora Wright, mezzo-[illegible] sang Tschaikowsky's aria, "Farewell, Ye Hills," from "Jeanne d'Arc" and Dudley Buck's "When the Heart Is Young."

SUNDAY MUNICIPAL CONCERT

Experiment a Success Last Night and Will Be Repeated.

The first municipal Sunday night concert given at Franklin Union last night proved so successful that Prof Louis C. [illegible] announced that other Sunday night concerts undoubtedly would be given by the park and recreation department. About 1000 were present. It was an orchestral concert, under the direction of William Howard as conductor, with Harold S. Tripp, tenor, and [illegible] Hecker, violoncellist, as soloists. [illegible] Elson's lectures on the program numbers, which preceded the playing or [illegible] of them were no less popular than the interpretation. The orchestral selections included the overture to [illegible] and Mozart's Symphony in G minor. Mr. Tripp sang Walther's Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" and [illegible] "[illegible] For a Spring Day."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

In spite of our announcement that contributions concerning strakes, sheets and navigation were no longer welcome, we have received a dozen letters on nautical subjects. Dr. W. E. Crockett, reading in a Sunday newspaper of this city—not The Herald—the story of the Marie Celeste, was moved to say: "For a nautical expert to write that there was no time to 'belay the sails' is going some. Come again, captain, and tell us all about how to belay sails."

Mr. Charles H. Kilham of Beverly writes: "When the packet business between Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore was done by sailing vessels (small barques and brigs) there were some brigs that were square rigged on the foremast and had a long mainmast with two square sails on the topmast corresponding to the topgallant sail and royal of a full-rigged brig. These were called Jackass Brigs. I can only recall the name of one, the Abbot Lawrence. There were quite a number owned in Salem; paintings of them can be seen at the East India Marine Society's [illegible] room. There was also a vessel called a ketch, which was square rigged on the foremast and had a short mainmast, corresponding to the main and mizzen masts of a barque. One named Commerce used to bring "paddy" from Charleston or Savannah to the rice mill at Everett to be cleaned.

Mr. A. F. Bailey of Barre writes: 'Cast anchor' may be an 'odious phrase' to the modern nautical expert, but it has the authority of the Accepted Version of the New Testament: Acts 24, 30. President Eliot's inscription [illegible] not be misunderstood by the seafaring descendants of the Pilgrim [illegible], who knew their Bible. Would not they (the P. F. s) give the critic a quarter of an hour for his aud-

A Doubting Thomas.

We regret to say that one of our correspondents evidently doubts the accuracy of Dr. Crockett's recollections.

As the World Wags:

Referring to the Doctor's experiences, that of Boston harbor as a skating rink, for instance, why, Doctor, I've seen a field o' ice stretching from Kamchatka to the pole and a polar-bear nine thereon, playing ball with a baby walrus! Now for the Zouave stunt. I've seen 16 Fiji Islanders with nothing on but their skins pull each other up a greased 40-foot mainmast and then dive into Fiji bay and each one come up with a live mackerel between his teeth. Talk about your sailors! I wonder how these lubbers ever swabbed the deck of a square-rigger and felt the suds sizzle between their toes, while a half-plug o' "Virginny-black" tucked between the molars and the left cheek sent a rivulet of brown juice trickling down to the chin, and there gathered into drops which flopped off on to the bare hairy calf of the right leg and were quickly dried up with a swipe of the other heel, never a drop touching the deck. Have these lubbers ever been put in the brig for allowing a Java mongoose and a New Zealand parrokeet to settle an argument under the captain's bunk after he had been up 72 hours through an East Indian monsoon?

If all these silk-hat sailormen will roll down to the library and consult B. O. Nehead's little "Glossary of Nautical Slang," X. G. C. 00389. 22. 2.2 * * * published in Bombay, 1639, they will learn how Ptolemy the 82d on one of his voyages down the Nile originated "Three Sheets in the Wind." Speaking of Surinam, I saw there a talking oyster. Every time it opened its shell it said "Yap." Our captain claimed that this was caused by the oscillatory concentration of the intra muscular valves. Can the Doctor enlighten us on this definition? He probably understands anatomy better than navarchy. Toot! Toot! Cast off! NEBUCHADNEZZAR SNOOT.

Athol, Jan. 2.

Does Mr. Snoot clearly understand the meaning of "navarchy"? A navarch is the commander of a fleet, or an admiral, and navarchy means his office, or the period during which the office is exercised. In the 17th century "navarchy" was misused for "ship-building."—[Ed.

Why So Hot?

A few days ago "Amator Foci" objected to the publication in newspapers of reports concerning meetings of the Carabao and other clubs. "Disgusted," applauding him, inveighed against comic pictures, among them the cartoons of Mr. Fox. "M. A. R." of Dedham writes: "I have always admired The Herald's attitude toward cartoons which seemed to be 'not too much,' and I do not believe in too many of them, especially in the Sunday comic sections, which seem to be usually among the 'bad attempts,' but I should like to compliment The Herald on its cartoons by Mr. Fox. I have seen many of these cartoons and have had many a laugh over them. I have never seen anything about them that I should consider 'low-down humor.' "

But here is the letter of a man of wrath:

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent's "Amator Foci" and "Disgusted" ("Disgusting" would be better) have my sympathy, for to them there is nothing of gladness or delight in the world. They seem to belong to that class of superior beings who go to church every Sunday and spend their week days robbing blind beggars, and swindling others who can see, but are not clad in the armor of suspicion.

These creatures may be superior in intellect * * * but they lack the noblest trait there is—humanity. Spanking a helpless child, or poisoning a dog, would probably give them more pleasure than a game of golf. If I were His Satanic Majesty, I would immediately upon their arrival, condemn these correspondents of yours to the arduous task of copying a chapter from Mark Twain's works each day, a more horrible punishment for animals of their ilk I cannot conceive.

A human being devoid of a genial sense of humor is about as valuable as a militant suffragette or a check for a million dollars with "John D. Rockefeller" typewritten at the bottom.

Gladly would I wish these grouches a happy New Year, but it would be hopeless. H. J. LIVERMORE.

Boston, Jan. 1.

Mr. Livermore, do you really think that anyone who can not laugh at poor jokes is therefore inhuman? We happen to know "Amator Foci." He is a delightful, genial man, with a rich vein of true humor and a nice appreciation of wit. Reading the accounts of "humorous" proceedings at certain clubs, he was bored. So were we. Sitters at the feast, with several inches of alcohol in them, no doubt laughed uproariously, and beat their sides. And there are many "comic" pictures published in daily newspapers that are silly, coarse and stupid. They are pictures for "guffoons."

'TANTE' AT THE TREMONT

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Tante," a comedy in four acts, by C. Haddon Chambers, founded on the novel of the same name by Anne D. Sedgwick. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, on Oct. 22, 1913.

Madame Okraska ("Tante")	Ethel Barrymore
Gregory Jardine	Charles Cherry
Franz Lippheim	William Ingersoll
Claude Drew	E. Henry Edwards
Karen Woodruff	Eileen Van Biene
Mrs. Talcott	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Mrs. Forrester	Mabel Archdall
Miss Scrotton	Haidee Wright
Vickers	Frank McCoy
Maid	Francis Landy

It matters not whether the play follows closely the novel or departs from it in episodes or essential matters. Many no doubt read the novel. Some found it long-winded and tedious. Others talked volubly about it—for a week—and could not call today three of the characters by name. A comedy is a play, whether it be wholly invented by the dramatists or be a "dramatization," and as a play it is to be judged.

Mr. Chambers has written an entertaining comedy. His characters have more than the semblance of life. They do not exist merely for the sake of amusing lines or surprising situations. The dramatist has breathed into them the breath of life. They are men and women that might be met this afternoon in Boston as in London.

There is little action in this comedy, and thus some may be disappointed, for there are theatre-goers who yawn the moment they suspect that a play may be a study of character; but Mr. Chambers's dialogue is so full of shrewd reflections, satirical observations and genuine wit, that in this instance the yawning will turn to laughter.

Mme. Okraska is a pianist of international fame. She lives for art, and has the "artistic temperament." In other words she is intolerably vain, affected, selfish, heartless. She prates of the ideal and is contemptibly mean, malicious, cruel. She has her adorers; women who fawn on her because she is famous and it is the fashion to rave about her; men, because she is handsome and rich. Her adopted daughter, Karen, worships her. Tante dislikes the man who marries Karen, because he, a sturdy, practical honest Englishman, will not burn thick incense under her nostrils, because he will not join the herd of flatterers.

She succeeds in luring Karen away from Jardine. Courted by a foolish poet, one Drew, who is a chaser of chorus girls, as the gushing sour meddling, Miss Scrotton, declares, Tante surprises the poet stealing a kiss from Karen against her will. She turns on the young wife, accuses her of base ingratitude. The scales fall from Karen's eyes. She rushes, heart broken, from the house. She and her husband are reunited after Tante has begged her pardon and her love. The pardon was granted. The love could not return.

The story is here only sketched. The dramatist has painted the character with a wealth of detail. Tante is even more of an egoist than the pianist in "The Concert," and an egoist was defined by Charles Reade as a man who would burn down his neighbor's house to cook himself an egg.

Miss Barrymore gave a plausible impersonation as far as the eyes of the spectator were concerned. She was handsome, alert, ready in speech, and her quips and repartee had the air of spontaneity even when the dramatist had evidently labored a little in the presentation. But Miss Barrymore's characterization of the part was eminently superficial. The audience learned nothing of Tante's character from the actress. She was merely a radiant woman, well dressed, delivering amusing lines with too evident self-enjoyment.

She addressed these lines to the audience rather than to her sycophants and Jardine. The latter once spoke of Tante as "sinister." Sinister indeed she was; but not as Miss Barrymore depicted her. Tante was mean, treacherous, catlike, a self-deceiver withal. Who would have guessed it from seeing Miss Barrymore? Jardine's treatment of her seemed inexcusable; Karen's devotion, admirable, not pitiful.

There were a few flashes of dramatic intelligence and power in the last two acts. And then Miss Barrymore recalled the admirable actress in "Mid-Channel" and "The Twelve Pound Look," when in the midst of her crocodile tears she consoled herself by the thought that no woman could play the piano so well as she did. These moments did not atone for the general lack of true dramatic insight and power. For the most part Miss Barrymore was on good terms with her audience, and treated this baleful character lightly, with only few [illegible] faint attempts at characterization.

She is supported by an excellent company. Mr. Cherry was manly, humorous, and he had, to borrow a phrase from Thomas Hardy, the emphasis of under-statement. Mr. Edwards was a capital parlor poet, with an agreeable manner and fine voice. He avoided the exaggeration that would have turned Drew into a Bunthorne. Mr. Ingersoll made the German violinist a lovable person, and convinced the spectator that there are musicians who are simple and good, in spite of their talent and their fame.

Miss Van Biene was a charming Karen, a sympathetic figure, without mannerisms, sincere in her adoration, pathetic when disillusionized. Miss Haidee Wright gave a remarkably original impersonation of a malicious old maid. And what shall be said of Mrs. Whiffen, except that she was thoroughly delightful? Her chief scene with Tante aroused the heartiest applause of the evening, although the play as a whole was greatly enjoyed.

"The Years of Discretion" will come to the Tremont Theatre on Monday, Jan. 19.

'LA BOHEME' AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni, conductor. The cast:

Rodolfo	Mr. Martinelli
Marcello	Mr. Ancona
Schaunard	Mr. Pulcini
Colline	Mr. Mardones
Benoit } Alcindoro }	Mr. Tavecchia
Mimi	Miss Teyte
Musetta	Mr. Beriza
Parpignol	Mr. Fusco
Sergente	Mr. Tortorici

The performance of "La Boheme" last night was splendidly given. Miss Teyte is peculiarly fitted for the role of Mimi and her acting is ever true to the line. She was in excellent voice.

Miss Teyte's reappearance and the return of Giovanni Martinelli proved sufficient drawing power to practically fill the house and the excellence of the performance quite deserved the liberal plaudits.

It was Mr. Martinelli's first appearance in the role of Rodolfo here and but his second in this city, he singing in "Tosca" early in the season. He quite lived up to the mark he set then, for his voice is sweet and of remarkable virility. In addition he brings the spirit of youth to the role and acts with fervor.

The light scenes in the garret were spiritedly given, especially by Mr. Ancona.

MME. AGUGLIA AT HUB THEATRE

LEVITAN'S HUB THEATRE—Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company in "La Signora Dalle Camelie," a play in five acts by A. Dumas.

Margherita Gautier	M. Aguglia
Mme. D'Ouvernois	I. Angeloni
Olimpia	C. Zopetti
Nannetta	E. Dondini
Erminia	D. Cecchini
Armando Duval	G. Sterni
Duval, padre	P. Rosa
Gastone	C. Zoppetti
Salt Gaudens	O. Seragnoli
Varville	M. Patroni
Gustavo	L. Aguglia
Dottore	G. Cecchini

Mme. Aguglia made her first appearance in Boston at the Majestic Theatre, Jan. 11, 1909. She then appeared with the Sicilian Players in poignant dramas of Sicilian life. The players then spoke in the Sicilian dialect.

Last evening she was seen for the first time in Boston as Camille in an Italian version of Dumas's play.

Mme. Aguglia is a woman of uncommon dramatic ability. Her face is expressive, her eyes are eloquent. Her composition of the part was effective and interesting. She played with electrical vitality. At first a brilliant figure, careless, recklessly gay, she became tragic in despair and anguish. Yet, although there was dignity in her performance she lacked the distinction which characterized Marguerite, a distinction which disarmed the smug respectability of the elder Duval. In the first act, too, the actress failed to suggest the superb indifference of a "grande amoureuse." Nor would she have been recognized in Paris as a fashionable demi-mondaine.

Her impersonation was chiefly remarkable for its sincerity, its elemental forcefulness. This Marguerite was a light woman, unsatisfied and of ma[illegible] moods. Love came to her sudd[illegible] The youth and ardor of Arma[illegible] nated her. His devotion [illegible] a healing balm after te[illegible] of riotous living. [illegible]

gested vividly the immensity of the sacrifice. Her mental agony as well as her physical distress were realistically portrayed.

Mr. Sterni bore himself manfully and with grace as Armand, and in the fourth act displayed an intensity that was not merely hysterical.

Mr Rosa, as the elder Duval, was needlessly ironic and scathing at the beginning of his interview with Marguerite. Mme. Angeloni was vivacious as Mme. D'Ouvernois. Mme. Dondini was efficient in a small part, and other minor roles were acceptably taken. The settings were simple and unpretentious. A large audience was enthusiastic

The play this evening will be "Electra."

'DELPHINE' AT COLONIAL

COLONIAL THEATRE—First Boston presentation of "Oh! Oh! Delphine," a musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan, music by Ivan Caryll. Founded on the French farce, "Villa Primrose," by Georges Ferr and Marcel Guillemand. The principals of the cast:

Col. Pomponnet....................Frank Doane
Victor Jolibeau....................Scott Welsh
Alphonse Bouchotte...........Frank McIntyre
Delphine.........................Grace Edmond
Bimboula.......................Octavia Broske
Uncle Noel Jolibeau..........George A. Beane
Simone...........................Stella Hoban

"Oh! Oh! Delphine," is characterized as a musical comedy, though we prefer to classify it as a musical farce. It has been eagerly anticipated and the big audience at the Colonial last evening was in a mood of joyous expectancy; nor was it to be disappointed. The play is splendidly solid in construction—a piece of perfect workmanship—and there is an infinite and seemingly endless maze of complexities that are subtly contrived. Here is a musical piece at last that has a well connected story, a plot whose developments hold the attention and music that is agreeable.

The piece was played last night in a frivolous spirit. There was youth and vivacity everywhere and comedians we shall not soon forget. Like many of the French farces it is "loose" in theme; decidedly naughty, but never directly offensive. To be sure, there is a demonstration of the laxity of the French marriage laws and the dialogue deals airily and flippantly with the convenience of divorce and does not Simone boastfully screech:

"Have I not lived with Jolibeau two years!" In London the performance was greeted with cries of "Censor," but had the gentleman from the mayor's office been present last evening he would surely have smiled.

Victor Jolibeau is an artist; he would paint a Venus for all time, preferably one with a dimpled shoulder, after the manner of Botticelli. He has been divorced by Delphine, who has married Alphonse Bouchotte. In a state of pique he marries Simone, the divorced wife of Bouchotte. He arrives at the Hotel Beau Rivage with his six models. Coincidentally, his uncle, Noel, who would make Jolibeau his principal beneficiary, puts in an appearance and the previous arrival of Bouchotte with the former wife of Jolibeau increases the complications.

Uncle Noel is proud of Delphine and unaware of the divorce. Jolibeau is distracted at the thought of losing a fortune. Bouchotte is insanely jealous and carries a parrot that screams, "Oh! Oh! Delphine," when the flirtatious lady misbehaves. To save the inheritance of Jolibeau, Bouchotte tearfully and reluctantly consents that his wife appear as the spouse of Jolibeau and passes himself off as the husband of Bimboula, a woman of the harem. The arrival of Simone, the second wife of Jolibeau, adds to the complications, but Uncle Noel is satisfied of the love of Jolibeau for Delphine, there is a fresh will, the picture is painted from the shoulder of the woman of the harem and Delphine returns to Jolibeau and Simone to Bouchotte.

The music of the piece is light as we should expect, and there is a fine regard for the Gallic flavor that does not lapse during the entire evening. Mr. Frederick Solomon, who conducted, appropriately subordinated his reading, and it was always a pleasure to hear a voice without even musical distraction. In fact, the pitch of the entire performance is to be commended, and the distinct enunciation was a real pleasure.

But the "Venus Waltz" in the last act is not to be compared with "The Pink Lady Waltz" only as a well attempted imitation. It has its charm and languorous swing, to be sure, but it is impossible to divorce it from its predecessor, so startling is the similarity in vein and rhythm. We expect, however, to hear it vociferously applauded in the ballrooms during the days ahead. It made a hit with the audience, as did "Allah Be Good to Me," "On P-p-p-poor Bouchotte," "The Maxim Girl" and "Everything's at Home Except Your Wife."

Frank McIntyre appeared as Bouchotte the of the adipose tissue and the gait of an important floorwalker. He was a direct contradiction of Mr. Arbuckle's qualification of a fat man. He is delightfully unctuous, has a style peculiarly his own, and is singularly endowed by nature with the physical attributes of a comedian.

The Col. Pomponnet of Frank Doane was a delightful caricature of the French soldier. He used his office with scandalous authority, and to him a pair of pretty eyes were forever his objective. He sang well and was funny in a refined way.

Scott Welsh was the Victor Jolibeau. He has a pleasing tenor voice, yet his range is limited and his attempts in the upper register were pathetic, as his duet with the Bimboula.

Grace Edmond as Delphine and Stella Hoban as Simone were appropriately catish in their jealousies, and both played with the proper vivacity. Miss Edmond's voice was often metallic and shrill.

Octavia Broske was the voluptuous siren of the harem. She has an agreeable voice which she uses easily and with fine effect.

But let us not forget the chorus! As pretty a collection as one could wish, with the unmistakable charm of youth. And the artists' models—as if from the chisel of Praxiteles! Sumptuous in every detail, a show unusual in merit, it should be with us for some time.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a comedy in three acts, dramatized by Anne Crawford Flexner from the stories of Alice Hegan Rice.

Mr. Stubbins.........................Donald Meek
Mr. Bob...................William P. Carleton
Mr. Wiggs....................Frederic Ormonde
Billy Wiggs......................Carney Christie
Mr. Hunkerdunkus Jones.........George Ernst
Tommy..................Cecelia Deutschman
Lovey Mary...........................Doris Olsson
Miss Lucy........................Florence Shirley
Mrs. Wiggs........................Mabel Colcord
Mis' Hazy............................Augusta Gill
Mrs. Eichorn......................Anne Faystone

Certain stories cry aloud for dramatization. The two or three stories, upon which the play is founded, are scarcely of this sort, nevertheless "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is a play with a record. The narrative is so familiar as hardly to need recapitulation. Again the spectator hears how Mrs. Wiggs, the optimistic, despite her own matrimonial misfortunes, brings together those two fond hearts, Miss Hazy, the not-too-bewitching spinster of 40, and Mr. Stebbins, in quest of a cooking partner who can pay the rent. But, as the play progresses, and the cooking turns out to be not as mother's, Mr. Stebbins drowns grief in liquids, and leaves town, not in the Pullman, to return just in time for his pension. Interwoven with this is the story of Lovey Mary, her little charge, Tommy, the love affair of Miss Lucy and the matrimonial difficulties of Mrs. Wiggs.

Needless to say, the play appeals through its droll episodes, the queer doings of its characters, hardly at all through its slight and ordinary plot. Moreover, on more than one occasion, the comedy crossed into farce, or the farce ascended into comedy—that is, there was a mixture of genres. Again, the humor, never subtle or universal, was once, at any rate, pure horseplay, as when Mr. Stebbins, the unlovely, embraced his altogether too willing bride, veiled in borrowed lace curtains.

As to the locale of the play the spectators must remain in doubt. Twice the characters expressed themselves as "right glad" or "right sorry." This would indicate the South; on the other hand, credulity must be stretched like rubber to believe that Mrs. Eichorn, whose soul was saved, and Mis' Hazy, "sot in her ways," lived anywhere outside of New England.

The acting was uneven, with Miss Colcord, as Mrs. Wiggs, and Mr. Meek, as Stebbins, particularly pleasing. Miss Gill, too, was successful in playing an unattractive character for the full of its ungrateful unattractiveness. The comedy of the play was better acted than the pathos. Although the melting moments left the spectator puzzled at the tears, still the play pleased the audience. And this is a good, working test of success.

TELEPATHY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Two large audiences at B. F. Keith's Theatre, yesterday, were completely amazed and mystified as they witnessed Mercedes, a rather attractive appearing young man, in a wonderful demonstration of mental telepathy as he terms it. In his act he is assisted by Mlle. Stantone who, during the entire performance, is seated at a piano upon the stage, blindfolded by a band of gold ribbon. Mercedes himself steps from the stage into the aisles and as those in the audience ask him either in a whisper or by written note that some favorite musical selection be played, the pianist, after announcing the name of the selection called for, proceeds to play it. At each performance nearly 100 different compositions varying from Mendelssohn's Wedding March to the "International Rag" were asked for and Mlle. Stantone played them all, always provided Mercedes himself was familiar with the piece. The Herald man asked Mercedes that "You Made Me Love You" be played and Mlle. Stantone immediately struck up that air.

Every request accepted by Mercedes was played, but a few of the selections asked for were courteously passed over. In each case Mercedes explained it by saying that the young woman at the piano merely transferred the notes he had in mind. If Mercedes himself was not familiar with the selection requested, then Mlle. Stantone was powerless. No restrictions were placed upon the audience in its selections, the only condition for success being that Mercedes must know the tune. It was an extremely interesting demonstration, yet no more so than something along the same line presented by Mercedes at a luncheon given in his honor at the Press Club yesterday noon.

A tremendous success was made by Jack Wilson, rightly programed as the emperor of extemporaneous fun, assisted by Ada Lane and Jack Boyle. Their sketch is entitled "An Impromptu Revue," and it is exactly what the name implies. Wilson and his company come last upon the bill, and before their sketch is over each of the preceding numbers has been burlesqued. Wilson's take-off on Mercedes and his telepathy was the best of the many good things and kept the house in a roar. They were called back again and again; nor would the audience permit Mr. Wilson to finally leave the stage until he had made a little curtain speech.

Many other excellent acts are on this week's bill. Robert T. Haines, always a Boston favorite, has a powerful one-act sketch, "The Man in the Dark," with a supporting company of three, headed by Esther Van Eytinge. Ralph Lynn as Algy Sloman plays the leading role in "The Purple Lady," a musical comedy that introduces a chorus of attractive young women. Lily Long, an eccentric character comedian from across the water, was well received, and deserved the numerous encores accorded her. The Empire Comedy Four repeated successes of former appearances. Others on the bill were Samaroff and Sonia, Russian peasants; Bill Bailey, wizard of the banjo, and the three Shelvey boys in an athletic novelty.

Have you ever watched a maiden at breakfast? How little is she conscious that she is assisting at so stupendous an operation as the spiritualization of matter! She opens those carmine lips, "shaped for the perfect kiss," in goes the little fragment of ham, and in an hour or so'a time who knows into what wondrous thought of maiden first-love that erstwhile grovelling pig may have been exquisitely transmuted! For man (and woman) is the only animal that can take in pig and give out thought! And for the pig, has he not attained Nirvana, a dissolution into the world of illimitable thought?

Backward, Turn Backward!

As the World Wags:

Among my books is a bound volume of which the title page reads: "Today: A Boston Literary Journal. Edited by Charles Hale, January to June, 1852. Published by Redding & Co."

This Journal had but a short life. The editor, a brother of Edward Everett Hale, joining his father, Nathan Hale (nephew of the patriot of the same name) in 1853 in editing "The respectable Daily."

I occasionally take up this book and my eye will light upon something of interest therein.

In the number of Saturday, June 5, 1852, is a contribution signed "Lipus," entitled "A Walk About Boston Common." Its tone of quiet humor reminds one of the Autocrat. In one place he speaks of "a military company whose band as soon as they approached stopped, as they always do, the fine music we had heard in the distance, and set the drum and fife at work."

He speaks of the Smokers' circle in the Common and the little grove of Norwegian spruce trees on the "little will," both of which I distinctly remember. So do I also remember the appearance of the broken flagstaff on Flagstaff Hill where now stands the Soldiers' monument. "The great gale called 'The Minot's Ledge gale' from that most terrible result of its fury—the destruction of the lighthouse—blew down the flagstaff, and the city fathers in the slowness of their movements have not yet replaced it."

"Minot's was destroyed in April, 1851. Wednesday at 10 P. M. the light was seen from Cohasset and at 1 o'clock Thursday morning, the 17th, the bell was heard, and then, it is supposed, the tower was destroyed.

I well remember the appearance of the splintered stump of the flagstaff, also the ruined merry-go-round in the Public Garden, destroyed in the same gale, the horses on which I had ridden lying about in confusion, their broken legs sticking up in the air. The Public Garden in those days was not much more than a dumping ground enclosed by wood palings. Here Van Amburgh—immortalized in song for ubiquity, reckless daring and cheerfulness—used to pitch his tent and exhibit the first living giraffes ever brought to this continent, and the elephant Hannibal of tremendous renown. Where Arlington street runs now was then the shore of Back Bay, and by the way, in Back Bay were oyster beds staked off in the usual manner. I cannot help thinking that these stakes may have accounted for the recently discovered "archaeological remains" in the subway diggings under Copley square.

"Baize," Judge Holmes, Dr. Crockett, Louis Elson, Henry Cabot Lodge and thousands now living must remember those oyster beds, which belonged, I believe, to one of the original Atwoods whose place was the corner of Pleasant street and South Cedar (now Winchester.) * * *

On the Common in those days you could see the apple women sitting under the trees, smoking their clay pipes. The explanation of how the lustre was imparted to the fruit they sold was even more horrific than what was told of the women who down in Gotham on Park Row at that time dispensed hot corn on the cob; which (it was claimed) they had at home cooked in the wash boiler with their laundry.

On the Common, near Park street, there used to be a blind man selling confectionery and cinnamon cigars. A cigar that could be improved by the addition of oil of cinnamon must have been to start with a veritable Flora de Ropa or an El Rey de Hediondez.

At this corner we often saw a diminutive deformed man in a species of wheelchair. He used to wear a tall gray hat and appeared to be in prosperous circumstances. As Dr. Holmes lived just about opposite this point at that time, it may be that this individual suggested the little deformed man of the Breakfast Table. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Who Saw This?

As the World Wags:

Who saw this? Time: Just after the first Fredericksburg battle. The place: Falmouth, near Stoneman's Switch, Va. A regiment of infantry in line, arms stacked, had refused to obey the order, "Take arms!" had rebelled. Then came into the scene a battery of six guns and a regiment of infantry. The battery swings into position in front of the line of rebels, and the infantry in the rear of, and support of, the battery. An officer, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, rides to the front and left of the battery. He speaks, this man of fine form and commanding presence; none of his time more of the polished gentleman and the ideal soldier. Let's hear what he says. "My men, now is no time to inquire into the justice of your act. I am about to give you an order. If you fail to obey, my next order will be to this battery." Just one moment of the stillness of death. Then, in a clear, soul-felt voice, came the words: "Attention, battalion! Take arms!" and each man's hand went forward for his gun. And there was more than one tear falling down the cheek of the commander whom they loved.

I saw it.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

With One Arm.

The Daily Chronicle (London) thinks that Jack Johnson's boxing with a broken left arm is a feat of endurance to be compared with Tom Sayer's fight with J. C. Heenan, when his right arm was broken soon after the fight began. The Chronicle, of course, says that the result was a draw. No Englishman, even at this late day, will admit that Sayer's supporters broke into the ring, or that the "Benicia boy" was robbed of his victory. Even Thackeray in his roundabout paper on "Some Late Great Victories," speaking of "that little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and felling him, too, every now and then," concluded that it was "a most fortunate event for the brave Heenan, who has acted and written since the battle with a true warrior's courtesy and with a great deal of good logic, too, that the battle was a drawn one."

When Molineaux met Tom Cribb in 1811 and was beaten, he fought nearly three rounds with the disadvantage of a fractured jaw.

Jan 7 1914

And now for a song of the sea in which our contributors from "Concord" to "Kat Bote," not forgetting, of course, Dr. Crockett, should lift up glad voices. We have received the following letter from "An Old Sailor" of Hyannis.

As the World Wags:

By a close study of "As the World Wags," I note your great love of things of the sea, so I enclose copy of "Seafarers." 'Tis anonymous. If too bulky to print in the column A. W. W., you might pass it along to Dr. Crockett. I'm sure he'd appreciate the true music of it. What is the Boston Opera, about which you write * * * in comparison with such as this? C. H. ALLY.

... sure yo... ...s m...al poem is founded on fact, by saying ... you that the ladies mentioned were ...rsonally known to me?

Seafarers.

...nghaied in San Francisco,
...nd we fetched up in Bombay.
...y set us afloat in an old Leith hoat,
That steered like a stack o' hay.
...e sweltered in the tropics
When the pitch boiled on the deck.
We saved our hides, and little besides
From an ice-cold North Sea wreck.

We have drunk our rum in Portland,
We have threshed up Bering Strait.
We have toed the mark on a Yankee bark,
With a hard-case Down East mate.
We know the streets of Santos,
The loom of the lone Azores;
And we found our grub in a salt horse tub
Condemned from the navy stores.

We know the track of Auckland,
And the light on Holyhead.
We have crept close-hauled, while the leadsman called
The depths of the channel's bed.
We know the quays of Glasgow,
And the river at Saigon,
And have drunk our glass with a Chinese lass
In a house-boat at Canton.

They pay us off in London,
(It's, oh, for a spell ashore).
And again we ship for the southern trip,
In a week or hardly more.
It's "Goodby, Sally and Sue,"
For it's time to get afloat,
With an aching head and a straw-stuffed bed,
A knife and an oilskin coat.

Sing "Time to leave her, Johnnie,"
Sing "Bound for the Rio Grande,"
While the tug turns back, we follow her track,
For a long last look at land.
Then the purple disappears,
And only the blue is seen,
That will send our bones down to Davy Jones,
And our souls to Fiddlers' Green.

Strictly Personal.

As the World Wags:

I hardly expect you will publish this. I desire to make an apology for having contributed to your column. I assure you it was through a mistaken idea that it was intended to convey to the public useful imagination on subjects which the public in general were not conversant. After reading your issue of this date I am disposed to believe it a little beyond me. Such an article as appears over the signature of Nebuchadnezzar Snoot is neither wit, humor or intelligence. Simply the effusion of a buffoon who desires to be smart.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Yes, doctor, one purpose of this column is to supply miscellaneous information, to excite respect for the past and hope for the future, to encourage interest in art and literature, to promote peace and good will, but, above all, to raise the moral tone of the community and always to be loyal to the True, the Beautiful and the Ideal. For this reason we have welcomed your contributions Is it possible that you were annoyed by Mr. Snoot's letter? Do you not know that burlesque is the highest compliment? Aristophanes parodied Euripides. Edwin Booth, a grave and serious man, laughed heartily when he saw George L. Fox burlesquing his Hamlet.—Ed.

Goldsmith's Phrase.

As the World Wags:

In your column of a few days ago you spoke of "talking of Shakespeare and the musical glasses." My first acquaintance with this quotation was in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and I used frequently to come across it in English novels. What is the connection between Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and what are musical glasses, and when was the quotation first used?

EDGAR P. HOWARD.

Brockton, Jan. 3.

"The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses." This is the quotation in full. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was published in 1766, and the phrase, "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" probably originated with Goldsmith. That musical sounds could be produced from glass basins or drinking glasses by applying to them a wet finger, and that these glasses could be tuned so as to obtain concords from two at once, was known certainly as early as the middle of the 17th century. When Gluck was in London he played in a theatre, 1746, "a concerto on 26 drinking glasses tuned with spring water, accompanied with the whole band, being a new instrument of his own invention; upon which he performs whatever may be done on a violin or harpsichord." But before him an Irishman, Richard Pockrick, played the instrument in Dublin in 1743 and throughout England in 1744. This instrument became fashionable; hence Goldsmith's allusion to it, as a topic of polite conversation. There is no connection between Shakespeare and the musical glasses, any more than there would be between Maeterlinck, the Symphony orchestra and Miss Maggie Teyte if they were discussed at an afternoon tea. Benjamin Franklin greatly improved the musical glasses and then called the instrument the Armonica, though it was generally known as the Harmonica. There were celebrated harmonica virtuosos in Europe, and Mozart and Beethoven wrote little pieces for the instrument.

—Ed.

High-Sounding.

As the World Wags:

"Pigrogromitus," whose remarkable letter appeared in your column yesterday morning has begun the New Year well. For clarity of style as well as for a certain fitness of sound to sense (or nonsense) he can have but few rivals.

Yet at that, we can still reveal to him greater marvels; can point to summits which we fear will remain unscaled even by him. Let him open his Rabelais if he possess a copy, which we trust he does) and turn to Book II., chapters X., XI., XII. and XIII. and read therein of the case at law between two noble lords and of the monumental judgment which Pantagruel passed thereupon. After this nothing remains to be said.

"Cardinal Jean du Bellay was possessed of the same feeling; he admired Rabelais so much that he refused a learned individual of the day a seat at his table because he had not read The Book, for so Rabelais' singular narrative was called."

Thus the good cardinal. And the Great Original still remains unsurpassed.

Boston, Jan. 2. B. HARRIS.

KNEISELS PLAY D'INDY QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisal Quartet gave its third concert (29th season) last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, quartet in E major, op. 45; Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1.

It was natural that Mr. Kneisel, trained in Vienna, should have interested Bostonians in the chamber music of Brahms. To some it might seem surprising that in later years of the Quartet he should interest himself, his associates and the public in the music of the more modern French school, the music of Franck, d'Indy, Chausson, Debussy, Ravel. The Kneisels were the first to play here the quartet of Franck, and 13 years ago they acquainted their audience with the quartet of M. d'Indy played last night.

While the success of M. d'Indy's quartet when it was brought out in Paris was immediate and great, in Boston it perplexed even those who were most favorably disposed towards the modern French school. The music was then thought to be involved, crabbed, acid. A performance in 1905 gave new light.

The taste of a community may change greatly in a dozen years. We do not forget that the audiences in Berlin and Vienna are still singularly conservative, old fogyish; but Boston, a city that welcomed the music of Berlioz while he was alive and unappreciated in Paris, has a receptive mind, and, though sometimes slow in recognition, is willing to be persuaded and converted. The second performance of M. d'Indy's quartet revealed beauties that had formerly escaped attention. During the five years intervening the audience had become more accustomed to the idiom of the modern French.

The fine performance last night fully revealed the mastery of workmanship, the ingenuity in the development of the main idea. It would be wrong, however, to say that this music of M. d'Indy is purely cerebral. It is at times reserved, even austere, and the fineness of the melodic lines is sometimes thin and pale, from a desire to shun the obvious, the shrinking from anything that approaches the commonplace and the expected. But there are pages, as in the third movement, of emotional eloquence, passion that is above sensuous expression.

There is aristocratic treatment, even when the chief theme of the second movement and the leading motive of the finale suggest folk tunes of the composer's beloved Cevennes. This is not music for the easily pleased; it may be caviare to the general; but its technical worth and its nobility of thought cannot be questioned.

There is in it a disregard for the praise of the crowd, and an artistic pride, not arrogance, in workmanship, that remind one of Walter Savage Landor's attitude toward the world in his marmoreal prose and chiseled verse.

The concert gave great pleasure to an audience of good size. The fourth and last concert of the series will take place on Tuesday evening, March 17.

ITALIAN ACTORS GIVE 'ELETTRA'

LEVITAN'S HUB THEATRE—Mme Mimi Aguglia and her company in "Elettra," an Italian version of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's tragedy in one act.

Elettra	M. Aguglia
Crisotemide	C. Zoppetti
Clitennestra	L. Angelomi
Una Sovrintendente	A. Doodini
L'Ancella dello strascico	N. Gregolino
Orest	G. Sterni
Egisto	P. Rosa
Il Mentore d'Oreste	A. Migliari

Hofmannsthal's tragedy was performed for the first time in Boston last evening by the Italian tragedian and her company at the Hub Theatre. Richard Strauss's opera based on this version of the ... was given by the Manhattan Opera Company some five years ago when Mme. Mariette Mazarin, an admirable lyric tragedian, gave a memorable performance as the chief character. Euripides's "Electra" has been performed by the Coburn players in Harvard Yard.

Hofmannsthal has degraded the character of Electra. He depicts her as a loathsome creature, a pervert, consumed with a lust for revenge, obsessed with the tragedy of her house. Indeed, the play is a demoniacal expression of the great passion, revenge.

Played in accordance with the German author's directions, in one act, without interruptions, and with darkened stage, the piece chills the blood. The unbroken crescendo of horror, the long sustained emotional tensity becomes almost unbearable.

Last evening the most sensitive in the audience were enabled to maintain perfect composure. The piece was divided into scenes. Much of the effectiveness was thus lost, nor was the general impressiveness heightened by the inevitable intrusion of wholly inappropriate music. The stage directions were further disregarded as to scenery and lightning. Hofmannsthal's tragedy takes place in the inner courtyard of the palace, and in darkness. The Italian company's setting represented a sort of leafy arbor, with the traditional well at the left and a door of the palace on the right, while the stage was brilliantly lighted during the entire first scene. The atmosphere of sombreness and grim foreboding was lacking throughout.

Mme. Aguglia's impersonation was contortionistic, reptilian. She was malicious rather than sinister, nor was she in makeup the woman of Hofmannsthal's tragedy. Beyond her accustomed native intensity and a certain bodily significance her performance did not rise above the conventional. It was wholly lacking in subtlety.

Her company, too, failed to give efficient support. Mme. Zoppetti was a cheerful Chrysothemis, Mme. Angelomi as Clytemnistra was a much bedecked middle-aged lady, wholly incapable of crime, in evident distress at the upbraidings of her daughter, at times hysterical. Mr. Sterni was a youthful Orestes.

The evening began with an innocuous farce in one act performed with marked vivacity by minor members of the company.

An audience of fair size was loud in its expressions of approval.

The play this evening will be Sardou's "Fedora."

Jan 8 1914

The Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing "The New Standard Dictionary," points with pride to the fact that it now contains 450,000 words whereas in 1893 it contained only 300,000. At the same time it regrets that the verb to "hunger-strike" is missing.

Father Vavasseur said of du Cange's "Glossarium ad scriptores mediae et infimae latinitatis" when it began to appear: "For over sixty years I have endeavored not to use any of the words that he has carefully collected."

"Plunks."

"I. K." asks the origin of the word "plunks," a colloquial, familiar term for dollars. He wonders whether it has any association with the Plunkitt family. "I remember hearing the word before the civil war. It was in use after that historic event, certainly as late as the seventies in New York, where I was then living."

The word is still heard in Boston, although our "best people" prefer "bones," sometimes "cold bones." Strange to say, "plunks," or "plunkers," is not found in any slang dictionary of importance, though many less pleasing or foolish synonyms of "money" are treated with almost reverential consideration by compilers. We find no word in dialect forms that suggests an origin. Has the plunker in the game of marbles anything to do with it? The "nicker," sometimes called a "plunker," was a "pigger" that had been partly vitrified in the fire, and generally had one side burned to a darker hue than the other. Did not "plunks" originally refer to heavy coins rather than to bills? Here is one of those questions concerning derivation, which, like the precise nature of the Sirens' song or the name assumed by Achilles when he hid himself among women, is puzzling, "but not beyond all conjecture." Plunks! The word is significant, impressive. Hearing it we think of doubloons, moidores, pieces of eight; of ventripotent, auripotent, auriferous and vociferous persons, bank directors, bondholders, rentiers, shakers of pagoda trees.

Pleasing to the Ear.

Plunks, cold bones, long green, insect powder, mazooma (with its variant mazoomda): words as sweet to us as was the sound of Mesopotamia to the pious old lady in the pew; yet they are not in the list that fills over two pages in "Slang and Its Analogues," a list that begins "actual, ballast, beans, and ends with "wad, wedge, wherewith, yellowboys, yennoms." We learn again that £1,000,000 is a marigold, £100,000 a plum, £5000 a monkey and 2s 6d a coachwheel, five-pot piece, flatch, fore coach wheel, George, half-case, half dollar, half Oxford, half yenork, madza-caroon, or slat. Great is the English language! But listen to Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, the author of "British Synonymy; or an Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation" (Dublin, 1794): "Money, cash, cole, assets, ready rino, chink, corianders, form a string of hateful words—synonymous enough, or nearly so, in the vulgar and despicable dialect of coarse traders in the hour of merriment; but to be ever sedulously avoided by those who mean to be thought eminent for choice of phrase and elegance of conversation." She quotes Dr. Johnson as having said there was such a thing as "a city voice" different from that of persons who had from their youth inhabited the court end of the town. We know, Mrs. Piozzi, what Dr. Johnson said of you when you were weary of widowhood, although the brewer Thrale had left you not merely "a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Dr. Johnson may have sniffed at "ready rino," and snorted at "chink," but he surely would have smiled on "plunks" and "plunkers." There is something substantial and sturdy in the mere sound of the word.

Lovers of Animals.

Sir Alfred E. Pease in "The Book of the Lion," published recently by John Murray, London, admires the vitality of the lion: "I have put into a lion at from 60 to 20 yards' range, six 10-bore bullets, solid soft lead and hollow point, two 500 solid soft lead bullets and two 2.56 bluff-point Mannlicher bullets before he would lie down, and finished him finally, after one of my gun-bearers had loosed off one or more Snider bullets into his body, with a shot in the neck." Would that the lion had got one claw on Sir Alfred, to test the Englishman's vitality!

We read that the Duchess of Bedford is an "enthusiastic zoologist." She proves her enthusiasm by being a "good game shot." Her record is 3427 head in a single season. "She is equally good at driven grouse, wild duck, pheasants or partridges, and has brought down 29 duck with 56 shot, and has accounted for 200 pheasants and 115 partridges on two separate days." And this is to be a "zoologist." Her Grace, the Duchess! A gentle, compassionate soul.

Anecdote for the Day.

A dispute between two "lidies" this week furnished me with a new piece of food-slang. Said one to the other, "tell ye wot you are. You're a 'apenny slice and 'ave ye done with your pot please?" The "'apenny slice" explains itself. "'Ave you done with your pot, please?" it seems, is the formula of the impecunious one who waits until others have finished their tea or beer and then collects the "swipes."

More Feminine.

We should prefer the company of the noble dame that wrote to Mr. Arthur G. M. Heslerige, the editor of a new edition of Debrett's Peerage:

"Lady ——— would be obliged if her age is left out of the new edition, as she is supposed to be of youthful appearance, very young for her years, and her life is made a misery because the secret of her age is published."

The English sneer at Mr. Bryan for drinking pineapple juice, although they themselves for years regarded the pineapple or pine as they often called the fruit, a great luxury. In 1746 Horace Walpole gave a guinea for two pineapples. A liqueur was made in England from the pineapple. Here is a recipe of 1818: "Three glasses of pine and one of curacoa." Personally we should like to hear of Mr. Bryan taking occasionally, just before the consideration of an important state document, a snifter of pineapple rum. Is there any to be had in Boston, and does it come in a case bottle? We saw some sage cheese in the market not long ago, excellent with doughnuts.

Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company presented an Italian version of Sardou's "Fedora" at the Hub Theatre last evening, ~~followed by "Nemmeno un Bacio," a farce in one act by Roberto Bracco.~~

Sardou's drama was written in 1882 for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, then in desperate financial straits, who desired a grateful role in a piece which would not require an expensive production.

Mme. Aguglia's Fedora did not efface memories of Mme. Bernhardt's performance or that of Mme. Duse. She was for the most part mannered, convulsive, hysterical. She was conscious of her clothes and the distressing incidents in the first act failed to hold her individual attention, for she rearranged her ornaments between spells of weeping.

Mr. Sterni as Loris Ipantoff was equally unconvincing, spasmodic and tremulous. He appeared as a melancholy youth, rather than a full-grown man whose life had been touched with tragedy.

Mme. Zoppetti was seen to advantage as the Countess Soukareff. She played in an appropriately light vein. The smaller parts were acceptably taken.

A good-sized audience, largely composed of Mme. Aguglia's compatriots, applauded heartily.

The plays this evening will be O... Wilde's "Salome" and "Il Gua..."

"SAMSON ET DALILA" GIVEN

Saint-Saens's Opera Repeated—Repertory for Next Week.

[illegible]t-Saens's "Samson et Dalila" was [illegible]med again last night at the Bos[illegible] Opera House with the excellent [illegible] that has been so warmly praised—[illegible] d'Alvarez and Messrs. Fontana, [illegible]ngee, Mardones and Ludikar. Mr. [illegible] conducted. The opera gains [illegible]ly in the estimation of the pub[illegible] and it would be hard to imagine [illegible]ner production or more capable [illegible]tists than Mme. d'Alvarez and Mr. [illegible]na as the temptress and the [illegible]

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Neither are Purple, Chains of Gold, Garlands and Crowns The Ensignes of War, but wounded breasts and bodies, deformed with scarrs. An exercise which is never perform'd but with the ruine and mischief of many, the destruction of Good Manners, Laws and Piety, diametrically at Enmity with Christ, with Happiness, with Peace, with Charity, with Innocency and Patience. The Rewards thereof are Glory got by the Effusion of humane Blood, Enlargement of Dominion, out of a greedy desire of Rule and Possession, obtained with the Damnation of many Souls.

At Stoneman's Switch.

As the World Wags:

In an article in The Herald of the 5th inst., Dr. W. E. Crockett writes under the heading, "Who Saw This?" giving a rather incorrect statement regarding the action of a regiment stationed at Stoneman's Switch, near Falmouth, Va., on the 27th of April, 1863. The incident of which he writes was as follows: The 14th New York regiment, whose term of two years' service would expire in a few days, and expected to be mustered out and return to New York, was informed that, by Gen. Hooker's orders, they would be kept in service through the campaign, which was about to commence. The men were naturally very much disappointed and angry at the injustice of Hooker's decision, and refused to fall into line, as ordered. Gen. Charles Griffin, under orders of Gen. Hooker, who was then in command of the 1st division, 5th Army Corps, ordered a regiment and a battery into position and gave the men 15 minutes to get into line; if not, they would be fired upon. The men were in line before the time had expired, and the regiment was not discharged until the close of the Chancellorsville campaign. The 14th New York was one of the best regiments in the Army of the Potomac; it had fought in all of the battles under Gen. McClellan and charged across the "bloody plain" at Fredericksburg. Its term of service would have expired in a few days and was entitled to receive generous treatment from the government. It had served in Gen. Griffin's brigade and, knowing his love for his men, I can well imagine his reluctance to give the order.

Gen. Sickles never served in the 5th corps and he had no connection with this affair.

Many of the men declared they would not fight if ordered, and it is very doubtful if they would have carried out their threats, but, in conversation with the lieutenant-colonel and major of the regiment, I found that they were much troubled—that with the feeling among the men they were fearful that the regiment would be disgraced if they were ordered into battle.

Col. James McQuade, the colonel of the 14th, was then in command of the brigade, and when we were in the front he kept his regiment in reserve for a few days; but my regiment, the 32d Massachusetts, had been constantly in the front line, and he told me it ought to be relieved and that he would send the 14th New York to take our place. Having some fears as to what the 14th would do if attacked, I told him, if it was just as well, I would prefer to remain where we were, as my command had not had its share of fighting, it being a comparatively new organization, and I noticed he appeared very much pleased at the suggestion.

LUTHER STEPHENSON.
Late 32d Mass. Regiment.

Illusions of Youth.

As the World Wags:

I have noticed recently a good deal of talk in the opera columns of The Herald about indecent dressing by women, the objection being mainly, as I get it, to the slit or split skirt. What's it all about? Is it that the calf of the female is per se less decent than that of the male? Or is it less moral to exhibit a knee than a shoulder blade? Or are women not supposed, like the Queen of Spain, to have legs? It is kind of deep stuff, as it seems to me.

I remember years ago when I was a small boy growing up in a sleepy New England village, that a resplendent gentleman appeared in our midst wearing a silk hat. He also sported a waistcoated vest and a huge gold watch chain and was, I am inclined to think, a gambler or something. The silker was the first I had ever seen and I gathered the impression that it was designed to conceal a deformity. I thought a man's head was cylindrical, filling the lid. In our simple little world hats usually filled their hats apparently. So too I had for a brief [illegible]tion that women filled [illegible] down to the ground. I reckon I must have got that from the make up of certain wooden females in a Noah's Ark outfit.

There were, as I remember, bustles in those days or a few days later, horrible things draped with yards and yards and pounds of unnecessary cloth. How infinitely more sensible and healthful and decent the light, tight skirt, split though it be from top to bottom. If our women have legs for heaven's sake give them a chance to use them before the fashions change again, and make no foolish talk of indecency.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, Jan. 6.

Our Reform Candidates.

As the World Wags:

Neither candidate for the mayoralty has yet promised to take the tang out of tango as one of his reform measures in case of his election. Is it feminophobia that is at the bottom of this?

ACHILLES LORAINE.
Boston, Jan. 7.

With the Classics.

As the World Wags:

I went into a bookshop yesterday and asked a clerk if he had a copy of the orations of Demosthenes. "Sure," said he; "which one do you want? "De Amicitia" or "De Senectute?"

ABOLINO ELDRIDGE.
Boston, Jan. 8.

Trouble Enough.

As the World Wage:

Overheard in the car: "Yes, sir, it was a very profitable business. I never knew how much the old gentleman made out of it, but he parted his name in the middle, not to mention building a house big enough to make him miserable, with grounds that bothered him to death."

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.
Chestnut Hill, Jan. 8.

WILDE'S 'SALOME' BARRED AT HUB

Mme. Aguglia and Her Company Substitute "Nemmeno Un Bacio."

The performance of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which was to have been given by Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company of Italian players at the Hub Theatre last evening, did not take place owing to an order from Mayor Fitzgerald, ever vigilant in the discharge of his duties.

"Nemmeno un Bacio," ("Not Even a Kiss"), a play in four acts by Roberto Bracco, was substituted.

Nannetta d'Altuna, a vivacious and attractive young woman, pays a visit to her aunt, Mme. Carmeleti. She meets her cousin, Enrico, a diffident youth, who is encouraged by his mother to enter the priesthood. She also meets Conradi Liberti, an elderly man with a spotted past, cynical, witty, ingratiating. Nannetta teases the boy out of his shyness, but is fascinated by Conradi.

Seeing her infatuation, and himself strongly attracted to the young woman, the older man leaves the house. He is generous, he knows his nature too well to permit her to sacrifice her youth. He is too old to change.

He will not even kiss Nannetta. She learns that he once loved her aunt, that Enrico is his son.

The boy has seen Conradi leave Nannetta's room after their final interview. He insults Conradi and his cousin. She realizes his love for her, but she has promised not to reveal the secret of his parentage.

She leaves the house forever. Hereafter she will be a wanderer. In the last act she sees Enrico for the last time. He is happy with new friends. Conradi is dead. She tells Enrico that after her death he will receive a letter which will make all clear.

Mme Agulla's impersonation of Nannetta was moving and admirably composed. It was in every respect finer than her work on the three preceding evenings. Her comedy in the first act was enchanting and there was a steady crescendo of emotional expression through the tempestuous second and third acts to the dignity and sweetness of the last. Her face was at all times eloquent. She acted with tragic sincerity.

It were easy to imagine a more fascinating Conradi Liberti than Mr. Dondini. Yet he suggested the man's character, his momentary flash of nobility, and was quietly effective.

Mme. Angeloni, as Clotilde Cormeleti, was voluble. Mr. Sterni was excellent as Enrico, while Mme. Zoppetti was piquant as Claudine Ramler.

A large audience was warmly appreciative.

JAN 10 1914

MME. CULP'S FIRST RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Julia Culp gave her first recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, which was filled with an enthusiastic audience. The admirable Conrad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Schubert, Heimliches Lieben, Des Fischers Liebesglueck, Die Forelle, Nacht und Traeume; Brahms, Muss es eine Trennung geben? Meerfahrt, Sonntag, Heimkehr, Der Schmied; Four old English songs: Drink to me Only, Early one Morning, I've been Roaming, Away, Away; Loewe, Der Asra, Die Zufriedenen, Maegchenwuensche, Abenstunde, O suesse Mutter.

There were unfamiliar songs on the program. Three of Schubert's are seldom sung here, and the same may be said of three by Brahms, nor are three by Loewe often heard. "Dor Asra" has been sung here before, in fact Mme. Culp sang it last February. Rubinstein's setting is known to all, and for the most part it has a wilder and more exotic flavor, though the answer of the Slave in Loewe's ballad is finely imagined and as sung by Mme. Culp was thrillingly dramatic.

Some day we hope to hear Stecherbatcheff's "Asra." The songs of this Russian are unaccountably neglected by concert singers anxious about their programs.

"I've Been Roaming" can hardly be called an "old English song." It was composed by Charles E. Horn, a popular English composer of operas, who lived for some years in this country. His oratorio, "The Remission of Sin," was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1836. This society took part in a concert given by him in 1828, and in 1847 chose him conductor, but he did not fill the office long, for he died here in 1849.

"Early One Morning" and "Away, Away," were hardly worth Mme. Culp's attention. Only the art of the singer made them tolerable and to be endured. Conspicuous among the less familiar songs by Schubert were "Heimliches Lieben" and "Nacht und Traeume," while Brahms's "Meerfahrt" gave the singer opportunity for a remarkable display of imaginative force.

Mme. Culp's voice was fresh and full and perfectly controlled. For sheer tonal beauty in the medium register this voice is unsurpassed. The extreme upper tones had more body than they had last year; more body and more color, so that the voice yesterday was a wondrous organ for interpretation, and the art of the singer, technical and aesthetic, was a thing to rejoice over in gratitude and admiration.

The interpretations were more than intelligent, for there is an intelligence that leaves the hearer cold, so that he may say of a singer exerting it what Beau Brummell said when he was asked to look at a sunset:

"Yes, he does it very well."

It has been said of Mme. Culp that her songs were so carefully prepared that when she came to sing them the previous labor was too apparent. This criticism seemed unfounded yesterday, although as before her singing was not wholly without mannerisms. There was the ending of final cadences in an "inaudible pianissimo." The effect was at first indisputable, but repetition at last took away delight in the vocal mastery.

It would be ungracious to insist on this, for never was the singer's art revealed here so completely. There was an emotional quality that some have been disposed to deny her, asserting that the finish in the interpretation had put sentiment in the back ground. Yesterday, if ever, Mme. Culp caught the spirit of each song and disclosed it to the hearers. Such singing as that shown in "Nacht und Traeume" and "Meerfahrt" is seldom heard here; nor will the warmth with which "Sonntag" was sung be soon forgotten, nor the lightness and fleetness of "Maedchenwuensche" and "O Suesse Mutter" and the melancholy of "Abendstunde."

Mr. Bos's accompaniments were wholly worthy of the singer.

OPERA NOTES

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was performed last night at the Boston Opera House to the great enjoyment of an enthusiastic audience. The chief parts were taken by Mmes. Edvina, whose impersonation of Mariella steadily gains in authority; Mme. d'Alvarez, who makes much of the small part of Carmela; Mr. Fontana, an admirable Gennaro, and Mr. Marcoux, who took the part of Rafaele for the first time this season. Mr. Marcoux's conception of the swaggerer is an interesting one and he carries it out in a picturesque and effective manner. Whatever may be thought of the subject of the opera, or of Wolf-Ferrari's music—and the greater part of it is common or of an operetta nature—the stage production is in every way entertaining. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Mme. Tetrazzini this afternoon will [illegible]

It has be[illegible] that [illegible] two Ge[illegible]mans discuss an academic question, one of them at least should he tied securely to his chair. Mark the philosophic calm, the sweet reasonabiness of the disputants that honor us and enlighten the community by contributing to this column.

Some days ago "Amator Foci" protested against the publication in the newspapers of "comic" proceedings at the dinners of certain clubs. Soon afterwards "Disgusted" shouted a loud "Amen!" and inveighed agsinst the comic pictures in newspapers. He made no exception. All are to him as the abomination of desolation. Thereupon Mr. H. J. Livermore answered the two objectors and hinted darkly at their commission of all sorts of misdemeanors, crimes, sins, because they could not laugh when he laughed.

It is with a peculiar pleasure that we publish this morning letters from "Amator Foci" and Mr. Livermore, breathing out peace, good will. "Disgusted" is apparently still in his tent after the manner of the disgruntled Achilles. Yes, we are proud of our contributors and some day hope to give them a sumbustuous dinner at the expense of the owners of The Herald. Some day, some day!

From the Hearthstone

As the World Wags:

Your defence of those who care not for the fun of the Carabao kind is so handsome that I have no excuse for aught in reply to the warmth of Mr. Livermore. Let me assure him, however, that, so far from spanking my children, I permit them to pluck my beard unrebuked; that I have never poisoned a dog, though my own and one belonging to a neighbor now and then distract me with their barking; that I have been to church thrice in 30 years, and that I have robbed a blind beggar only twice in my life, and in each case when I was very hard up and knew from personal observation that the mendicants were doing handsomely.

Mr. Livermore is right; it is human sympathy that enables us to appreciate true humor. Indeed, I prefer Punch to our own comic weeklies just because they sparkle, if at all, intellectually, while Punch is true to human frailty. By the way, is it not true that the nearer fun approaches the practical joke, the less it appeals to those who enjoy the subtler forms of humor? I never knew a practical joker who possessed any other kind of creative humor, and the most serious and at the same time most brilliantly witty man it was ever my good fortune to be associated with, a man whose mingled wit and wisdom kept many a company laughing till the small hours, had an utter loathing for the variety stage as exemplified a good many years ago in the beery atmosphere of Koster & Bial's.

Boston, Jan. 7. AMATOR FOCI.

The Handsome Thing

As the World Wags:

For my peevishness I am willing to submit to a little spanking; but why ask me if I "really think" what I never said I thought?

As to the quality of the substance which Mr. "Disgusted" objected to, I am generally in agreement with him; but I do not consider the printing of such substance as a personal affront. There are very few smiles in the daily papers for a human man having intellect and humor. But are the poor "buffoons" to be deprived of their meagre joy for that reason?

Mr. "Disgusted" apparently wasted some time reading a lot of trash which was rot to him, and he then lost his temper because his curiosity had gotten the better of his judgment. I got real "peeved" because I thought he was unfair and that his ideal was inconsistent with his manner of utterance. I frankly admit that I slopped over, and I should feel honored if you and your readers would accept my apology.

I must, however, have afforded some sport to those who enjoy seeing "the engineer hoist with his own petar," and I may possibly have driven a few poor sinners to the Bible for the purpose of finding out what somebody once said about a mote and a beam. I shall try to be good after this and only sail into the column when the weather is calm.

May I add a word to Dr. Crockett? I was once guilty of trying to poke a little fun at him myself, and now that I see from his letter of today that his feelings have been hurt by the utterances of another reprobate, I desire to say that we are only in fun. Come again, Dr. Crockett; we enjoy your reminiscences and after what you have seen and experienced your skin ought to be impervious to the feeble darts hurled at you by flippant inferiors.

Boston, Jan. 7. H. J. LIVERMORE.

"Authorized"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Bailey on Jan. 5th referred to the "Accepted Version"; this for "A. V." is matched by "Reversed Version" for "R. V."; perhaps, however, Mr. Bailey means to speak by the card, for the claim on the title page of the 1611 version, that it was authorized, seems to have been pure assumption.

CHARLES EDWARD AAB[illegible]
Boston, Jan. 7.

The translators in their dedication

e "Most [illegible] a [illegible] e P[illegible] [illegible]es hy the grace of [illegible]d, Ki[illegible] of [Gr]eat Britaine, Franc[illegible] Ireland," [sai]d: "For when you[r] [Hi]ghness had [on]ce out of deepe j[u]dg[m]ent apprehended how convenient it was, That [ou]t of the Originall sacred tongues, together with comparing of the labours, [bot]h in our owne and other forreigne [la]nguages, of many worthy men who [we]nt before us, there should be one [mo]re exact Translation of the holy [Sc]riptures into the English tongue; [y]our Majestie did never desist to urge [a]nd to excite those to whom it was [c]ommended, that the worke might be [h]astened, and that The businesse might [b]e expedited in so decent a manner, [a]s a matter of such importance might [j]ustly require." Is this "pure assumption"?—Ed.

Jan. 11, 1914

MISCHA ELMAN VIOLIN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Mischa Elman gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He was assisted by Percy Kahn, pianist, and Homer Humphrey, organist. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Sonata for violin and piano, D [illegible]; Goldmark, Concerto op. 28; Vivaldi-Nachez, Concerto, G minor (with organ and piano); Chopin-Sarasate, Nocturne, E flat; Schumann-Auer, "Vogel als Prophet"; Gretry-Franko, Gavotte; Wieniawski, Polonaise, A major.

It was a pleasure to see young Mr. Elman, with his eyes thoughtfully resting on his notes, for the performance of Beethoven's sonata, and not rolling in fine frenzy for the admiration of the gaping. When he was a wonder-child he was praised for the maturity of his expression. As he neared man's estate his interpretation was too often and deliberately that of the infant phenomenon. We have always believed Mr. Elman to be a better musician than he has sometimes seemed. (The terms violinist or fiddler and musician are not necessarily synonymous.) No one disputes the prodigious talent with which Nature endowed Mr Elman. Even when his interpretations, with perversions, exaggerations and mannerisms ad captandum vulgus have grieved those who expected great things from him, his rich, luscious, beautiful tone and the facility and accuracy of his mechanism worked a spell so that faultfinding for the moment was turned to wonder.

In the sonata yesterday the musician as well as the accomplished virtuoso was at work and pleasure was unalloyed. The second movement gave not only sensuous pleasure, the interpretation was finely conceived. Throughout the performance of the sonata there was true musical spirit, and Mr Kahn is to be complimented on his reading of the piano part.

A concerto like Goldmark's without the orchestra is a tame thing. We then miss the pomp and ceremony of introduction, the ushering in of the soloist about to conquer; the orchestral fanfare congratulation that confirms the good opinion of an audience after a [b]rilliant presentation of thematic material or the section of development; we miss the reiteration in triumphal [spe]ech of the motive, that heard as [so]lo, moved or thrilled. There were [fin]e things in Mr. Elman's performance, [his] technical display was often dazzling. The purity of his flageolet tones, for instance, was remarkable. And there were moments of genuine sentiment, true emotion, as there were moments of sensational appeal and too [appar]ent desire to touch the hearer's [hea]rt. Not that Mr. Elman is necessarily insincere. He finds many that prefer [a] virtuoso who is not always master of himself, who lets tonal sentimentality run away with beauty or nobility of thought and forces tone to do this.

What possessed the excellent Auer to transcribe Schumann's prophesying bird for the violin? As the bird sings from the Pachmann's hand, his song is liquid and free and tender, like that of the hermit thrush heard by Whitman while the lilac held him with mastering odor. Played by any violinist, Miss Parlow, Mr. Elman, or violinists to come, there is only an ingenious imitation, the surprise of a mechanical toy.

A large audience was enthusiastic.

Tetrazzini Keeps Engagement Despite Serious Indisposition.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Lord Ashton	Mr. Fornari
Lucia	Mme Tetrazzini
Edgardo	Mr. Tanlongo
Lord Arturo	Mr. Giaccone
Raimondo	Mr Mardones
Alisa	Miss Heyman
Normanno	Mr [illegible]sco

The announcement was made from the stage yesterday afternoon that Mme. Tetrazzini had [illegible] in[disposed] and was then s[uffer]ing, but that she would sing rather than disappoint the audience. This audience was the largest but one of the season, and very many were unable to gain admission. Until 1 o'clock it was feared that Mme. Tetrazzini would not be physically able to appear, but her good nature, her wish to please the public, and the encouragement of the management gave her the necessary strength. It was evident as soon as she made her entrance that she had been ill and was singing with a brave effort, but her voice often had the customary charm, and there was much in the performance to delight her hearers. It is said that she will undoubtedly sing in concert tonight. It will be the last opportunity of hearing her this season.

Mme. Tetrazzini has been quoted as saying that she is heartily tired of the roles with which she has been identified here and in other cities of this country; that she wishes to sing in operas not so well known, or in parts that are not specifically coloratura. In this city as a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company in 1909 she appeared twice as Lucia, twice as Violetta, once as Gilda. In 1910 she took the parts of Lucia, Marie ("Daughter of the Regiment") and Violetta, three performances in all. At the Boston Opera House in the season of 1911-12 she was heard twice as Lucia, twice as Filina, once as Violetta and once as Rosina. During the season of 1912-13 she gave two performances of Lucia and two of Violetta. This season she has sung twice as Lucia, once as Violetta, and once as Gilda. In 22 performances in Boston she has sung in six operas, and out of the 22 performances nine were of Lucia.

Not that we do not appreciate the value of "Lucia di Lammermoor" when all the chief parts are taken by excellent artists; when there is a heroically romantic Edgardo; when there is a dashing and full-voiced Ashton; when the opera is not merely the plaything of a prima donna assisted by an accompanying flute and inexperienced or mediocre singers. The opera was composed for the tenor Duprez. For many years the interest of audiences was in the tenor, and the last act, not the scene with the mad lady of the village, was the eagerly awaited and crowning feature. "Lucia" was broadly planned in the stately manner of Italian grand opera of the first half of the 19th century. Nearly 80 years old, it still excites respect and admiration. It may yet crowd theatres when "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Jewels of the Madonna" are known only to the antiquarian.

"FAUST" IN EVENING

Mme. Beriza Makes a Very Satisfactory Marguerite.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Goumod's "Faust." Mr. Dubois conducted. The cast.

Faust	Mr. Lafitte
Mephistopheles	Mr. Wronsky
Valentine	Mr. Grand
Wagner	Mr. Everett
Marguerite	Mme. Beriza
Siebel	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Martha	Miss Leveroni

Mme. Beriza, who made her first appearance in Marguerite as a member of the Boston Opera Company at last evening's performance, took the part as if it were no exertion to her. She has certain physical advantages that are of great aid, as well as a voice of pleasing quality. It is easy to imagine her as the very person described in the original story. Perhaps her performance would have been a little better enjoyed if there had been more force in it. At all events, she will be welcomed at future performances. This is her first season here. Last year she was in Roumania.

Mr. Lafitte, as was to be expected, sang Faust with his usual painstaking skill. Miss Swartz-Morse swaggered very prettily as Siebel. Mr. Wronski gave a faithful Mephistopheles. The whole performance was well balanced and went with spirit.

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's "Goldoni; a Biography," is a very readable volume. It is also valuable to all students of the drama, if only for its account of "improvised comedy" in Italy, the "Commedia dell' Arte," and its copiously annotated catalogue of Goldoni's plays drawn up by Dr. F. C. L. van Steenderen. The publishers, Messrs. Duffield & Co. of New York, have clothed and adorned the volume handsomely. There is an excellent index, and there are illustrations from the paintings of Pietro and Alessandro Longhi, representing life in Venice "during the years of her decadence." There is of course a portrait of the dramatist. The only objection to the volume is that it is rather bulky, not light in the hand.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor writes of Goldoni with enthusiasm, as he wrote of Moliere. At times he is a little rhetorical. "When the argosies of Venice brought to her roadstead the wealth of the Orient, when the lioned banner of St. Mark floated above Cyprus and the Morea, Candia and the Cyclades—ay, even above the walls of Athens and Byzantium." "Lioned" is good, though it is not known to dull lexicographers. Why not "lionced" or "leonced," if we must hear of the lion? We are told that the Commedia dell' Arte was "a lusty child of Thalia that eventually smothered its puny sister, the Erudite Comedy." On page 154 we find that "literature became so turgid that its feeble heart could no longer give it blood; hence like a man with dropsy, it perished of its own distention and lay dead until Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri and Parini breathed between its cold lips the life that brought it to resurrection."

The comedies of Goldoni are little known in this country to playgoers, and we doubt if they are much read. Probably "La Locandiera" is the most familiar, and many of us remember Mme. Duse in it with pleasure. Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "Le Donne Curiose" has been applauded in New York, but it has not been performed in Boston, where the composer's vulgar "Jewels of the Madonna" is popular; yet "Le Donne Curiose" without the music is perhaps Goldoni's liveliest sketch of the bourgeoisie. A few of the comedies translated into English have been performed in Chicago, and New Haven by amateurs, also by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society and by a club at the University of Texas.

It is not necessary to be greatly interested in Goldoni for the enjoyment of this book. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor brings before us vividly a picture of Italian life in the playwright's period, and a curious life it was. He has naturally helped himself to Goldoni's delightful memoirs, which as yet have not been fully or adequately translated into English. They are memoirs that should be put on a shelf with the autobiographies of Cellini, Herbert of Cherbury, the graceless Casanova, the self-appreciative Leland and the omniscient Sala. The vagabond years of Goldoni were replete with adventures, meetings with romantic and prosaic swindlers; there were passionate oaths sworn to joyous girls, escapes from designing women, old and young.

There are many accounts of strolling companies in fiction, from the old French romances to Gautier's "Captain Fracasse," and only a few months ago Colette Willy told of the days and nights of a wandering vaudeville company in the French provinces; but is there a more amusing description in the picaresque manner than that given by Goldoni? Hear him tell why he did not marry Angelica: "She was the first person, I may say, whom I had ever loved. She aspired to be my wife, and would have been, if certain strange reflections, that were well founded, however, had not deterred me. Her elder sister had been a remarkable beauty, but after the birth of her first child, she became ugly. The younger had the same complexion, and the same characteristics. Hers was one of those delicate beauties the air injures, and the slightest weariness or pain impaired. Of this, I had had evident proof, the fatigue of our journey having changed her tremendously. I was young, and should my wife lose her bloom in a short time, I foresaw that this would be my despair. This was reasoning too much for a lover; but either from virtue, weakness, or inconstancy, I left Feltre without marrying her." And this is how he first saw Maria Nicoletta, who became his wife, "the good Nicoletta." It was at Genoa. "The manager and I lodged in a house adjoining the theatre, and I had noticed opposite my casement a young lady who appeared to me to be quite pretty, and whose acquaintance I was anxious to make. One day when she was alone in her window, I greeted her somewhat tenderly; whereupon she dipped me a courtesy, but disappeared immediately and did not show herself again." Thus he saw Nicoletta, "very fond of politeness and neatness, and the mortal enemy of pomp and ambition," as he assured her father after 21 years of wedded life. Or take the account of the journey from Rimini to Chioggia on what Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is pleased to call "the Thespian barque." There were actors and actresses, "a prompter, a stage carpenter, a property man, four maids, two wet nurses, children of all ages, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons and a lamb—it was a Noah's Ark. * * * The leading lady demanded soup. There was none; whereat she flew into a rage and was only pacified with all the difficulty in the world, by a cup of chocolate, she being the ugliest and the most exacting * * * We gambled, laughed, frolicked and played jokes till the dinner bell rang; then rushed to the table. Macaroni! We fell upon it and devoured three soup tureens full. Beef a la mode, cold mutton, a loin of veal, a dessert, and a first rate wine, ah, what a good dinner! There is no cheer like an appetite. We remained four hours at table, playing various instruments and singing a great deal. The soubrette sang divinely; I eyed her attentively and she aroused in me a strange sensation." There was always a soubrette in Goldoni's life.

The chapter on the Arcadian Academy includes a graphic description of the Venetian theatres, with every box a temple of Venus. Many of the occupants wore masks, and the women were even scantily dressed. The sitters in the pit were a disorderly and smelly rabble. We read of applauded dancers on the tight rope. Goldoni made up his mind to reform players as well as plays. One of the characters in "Il Teatro Comico," the first of a series to be presented on the Venetian stage, was made to say: "There are some actors who have the conceit to judge a comedy by their part. If it be short, they say that the comedy is poor. They would all like to play the leading role, since the actor rejoices and is glad when he hears laughter and handclapping." The manager says to a member of his company: "Don't you see that it isn't right to address the audience? When he is alone on the stage, an actor should pretend that no one hears or see him. * * * Guard especially against drawling and against declamation; speak naturally, as if you were talking; since comedy is an imitation of nature, everything that is done must be likely and probable."

In Rome the parterre was terrible. Wretched the singer that did not please. There were no guards, no police. "Catcalls, shouts, laughter, invectives, resound from all parts of the house." In Vienna the nobles in the theatre "spat at will from their boxes upon the plebeians in the pit below." Analyzing minutely the comedies of Goldoni, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor acquaints the reader with Italian life and manners, not as one lecturing in a museum but as a guide taking the stranger by the hand in a foreign city. In the chapter "Comedies of the Aristocracy," there is a careful study of cicisbeism, the strange legitimatized infidelity fashionable and expected even by the husband in the Venice of the 18th century. Goldoni was daring enough to say in a "satirically suave" manner that the practice was a disgrace to the city. "I had long regarded with astonishment those singular beings, called in Italy 'cicisbei,' who are martyrs to gallantry and slaves to the whims of the fair sex"; but in the score of comedies treating this subject, he often laid the scene in Spain or in cities where the hated Spaniard then ruled. His daring was not equal to that of Moliere, for Goldoni depicted the lesser nobility, not princes and dukes.

There are many pages—the volume contains 605 in all—concerning Goldoni's quarrels, his rivals and critics, among them Carlo Gozzi; "the most ribald and abusive," and a gentleman by birth.

In 1762 he left Venice for Paris to write plays for the Comedie Italienne, and he learned to love the city and her people. It was not easy for him to learn French taste and his first comedy was a dismal failure. He won success at last, but to do this "he resorted to the tricks of the improvised comedy he had fought so valiantly to banish from the Italian stage." "Any sacrifice was sweet," he declared, "any trouble bearable for the pleasure of remaining two years in Paris." Nor was he tempted by offers from Lisbon, Vienna and London. He became court instructor to teach Mme. Adelaide, a daughter of Louis XV., and he lodged at Versailles. Yet he received only 100 louis for the first year; and his protector, the Dauphin, died; and Mme. Adelaide discontinued her Italian lessons.

He felt poor and was poor, and when he went back to Paris in his 73d year he wished to enjoy Pantalone's skull cap and slippers by his own fireside. Louis XVI. gave him 6000 livres to pay his debts. He had another royal pupil, and a pension was awarded to him for life. "After my dinner I like neither to work nor walk; sometimes I go to the theatre, but more often I play cards until 9 in the evening. I return home before 10, take two or three chocolate comfits with a glass of water and wine which constitutes my entire supper. Until midnight I chat with my wife; in winter we sleep together maritally, in summer we occupy twin beds in the same room. I fall asleep quickly and pass the nights peacefully." He began writing his memoirs at the age of 77 and continued his work until he reached his 80th year. Mr. Howells has said: "I doubt if in the whole range of autobiography one can find anything of a cheerfuller sweetness." At last he declared that the only things of value left him were a stout stomach and a tender heart. His pension, as coming from the King, was suspended in 1792, and when Marie Joseph de Chenier moved in the National Convention, Feb. 7, 1793, that this pension be restored, Goldoni had been dead for 24hours and Louis XVI. had lost his head.

We have here spoken of Goldoni, the man, rather than the dramatist. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor discusses at length and with calm judgment the dramatist's work and influence. Besides the appendix to which we have referred there is a biographical chronology; also a bibliography. The two show again the indefatigable labor and the extensive scholarship of Dr. van Steenderen. This book is one of the most important contributions to dramatic literature f[or] many years.

Personal Notes and Matters

Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, who will sing next Thursday afternoon in Jordan Hall for the [illegible] Society of Brooklyn, is a son of George Werrenrath, a [illegible] tenor, well remembered by the [illegible] generation. The son studied with his father and later with teachers in New York. At the age of 17 he sang in a Brooklyn church choir. Six or seven years ago he began as a professional [illegible] singing at the Worcester festival. He is now favorably known throughout the United States and last summer he made a European tour with [illegible].

[illegible] von Possart is about to publish his memoirs. It is said they will contain interesting matter about Louis II., Wagner and the Munich theatres.

Nicolas Manskopf has an exhibition of souvenirs relating to the late Mme. Marchesi, the famous singing teacher, in his historical museum of music at Frankfort, where she was born.

Edouard Franchetti's "Essais de Critique Dramatique" (Paris, Figuiere & Co.) is highly praised by the reviewers. The essays were written for the Soleil and the Journal between May, 1912, and February, 1913. He has this advantage [illegible] really loves the theatre and goes there to find what is best in it. Unlike Lemaitre and Faguet, he has as much to say about the actors as about the plays themselves, and his "outlook is wider, his humanity is broader" than the views of Sarcey. M. Franchetti knows his Shakespeare, also his Bernard Shaw. Mr. Walbrook wrote: "One aspect in which the volume offers a rather startling comparison with anything of the kind which a London critic could issue as a dramatic history of the nine months in the British metropolis is the part which the classic French Theatre plays in the work. Corneille, Racine, Moliere—these great writers and their plays recur again and again, and always the criticism is as fresh, lively, and penetrating as any applied to the modern drama. Compare the opportunities of the London critics in this respect. How seldom are they asked to consider a Shakespearian revival! How seldomer still a revival of the work of Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherly and Congreve, Goldsmith and Sheridan! In Paris, the Comedie Francaise is continually revitalizing the classic French Theatre. Here, as has lately been admitted by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, London is almost entirely dependent in this important respect on the manager of a single theatre, His Majesty's."

It will be remembered that English people in India objected strongly to Miss Maud Allan going there to dance, on the ground that the natives, who put dancers in a low class, would have a false idea of English women. Before sailing Miss Allan freed her mind to a London reporter and concluded by saying: "In Africa there was much the same fuss made over my performances—before they were seen. But when the sweet Christian women out there, who had been petitioning authorities of all kinds and colors to have a fellow-creature condemned without a hearing, learned that I had weathered the storm and was being patronized by intellectual people they flocked round me—for free seats and 'benefit matinees' for the objects in which they were interested."

Mr. J. M. Glover in his latest book of [illegible] tells this story about H. J. Farnie who, by the way, was delightfully roasted by Emily Soldene in her memoirs: "Farnie's one admonition to each and every chorus girl on a first night: 'You look the prettiest girl on the stage tonight, but don't say so, or the others will be jealous,' and so he always had a sincere chorus performance on all his premieres." Here is a story about Sir Augustus Harris, otherwise known as Druryolanus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a very heavy and long pantomime,' said Augustus Harris one night to an impatient audience, what time he tried to excuse a long and dreary stage wait. 'Yer rite, guv'nor, it is,' was the quick Olympian rejoinder." But Mr. Glover is not always amiable. "In the United States they have no dramatists. They have 'producers,' or hack adapters, who resemble the Dion Boucicaults of our earlier days in this country; but a Pinero, a Barrie, or a Sims, Raleigh or Hamilton does not seem to be their lot." America, unhappy country, you have no Sims! Nor does Mr. Glover like ragtime: "It is really awful to think that, after two decades of Gilbert and Sullivan, we should have descended to the drama of the ragtime ragshop, or to fleshy displays which remind one more or less of the poses plastiques which in the olden days were shown in the darkness of the night in the neighborhood of the Haymarket to an audience recruited from the pot-house exodus of the district."

Concert Hall and Stage

Mme. Yvette Guilbert gave a curious entertainment in Paris last month. There was a divertissement, "La Matinee et la Veillee [illegible] on le Sabot Perdu," arranged by Le [illegible] and Larre. These songs of animals were sung: First an air from "The Creation", then Schubert's "Trout," Grieg's "Swan," Chabrier's "Little Ducks," Campra and Rameau's "Nightingale," Bruni's "Cuckoo," Hue's "White Donkey," Rollinat's "Serpent Charmer."

Gabriel Dupont's new "Poeme" for piano and strings was played last month by Maurice Dumesnil and the Zimmer quartet at Brussels. It is said to be original, dramatic, highly colored.

Singers should be interested in "Ida Isori and Her Art of Bel Canto," by Richard Batka, a study of the ancient aria. The German pamphlet has been translated into French by Paolo Litta.

A new instrument, an Albisiphon, a sort of bass flute, has been introduced in a concert in Berlin.

Sir Edward Elgar is to compose an anthem for the 260th festival of the Sons of Clergy to be sung in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in April.

"The True Ophelia: and Other Studies of Shakespeare's Women," by "An Actress," is published by Sidgwick and Jackson, London. The author discusses Ophelia, who should not shriek in the so-called "Mad Scene," Lady Capulet, Hamlet's mother, Lady Macbeth, Portia and Katherina. "This is a book we can warmly recommend to those who may be studying the characters analyzed with a view to impersonating them on either the professional or the amateur stage."

Is there any difference between the new repertory system and the old stock, "unless it lies in the fact that on the whole the Repertory Theatre produces more new plays than the old stock companies were ever asked to act in?"

Mr. William Poel, pleading for a People's Theatre in London, remarked: "The theatre manager in this country will tell you that he tries to give the public what it wants. He does nothing of the kind. The commercial system, the financial question, these things enter into the matter at every point. * * * The whole theatrical organization of the country itself is standing in the way of a People's Theatre in England. * * * The great difference between the German theatre and the English theatre is that you see no amateurish work abroad. You may not understand it all, but you cannot go to sleep."

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette tells solemnly the plot of "L'Ingenu" at the Theatre Michel, praises the "frank gaiety" of the authors, Charles Mere and Regis Gignoux, but there is not a word about Voltaire, whose romance "L'Ingenu" was closely followed.

Mr. Stanley Naylor is a bit of a Boswell in his book "Gaiety and George Grossmith" (Stanley Paul, London). We learn about the Gaiety Girl invited to supper. "She makes no bones as to her feelings towards you and your entertainment. 'Who else is going?' is the first question she asks before giving you a definite answer, and if, on being informed, she finds she doesn't like the company you keep, she very promptly says 'No, thanks.' At the same time, she is not nearly such an outlaw on points of social etiquette as she may at first seem. 'Do I kiss his foot or anything?' a little Gaiety lady was once heard anxiously to inquire of another as she was about to be introduced to a Greek prince."

Bishop and Music Halls

Mr. Filson Young was moved to write: "I shall watch with great interest the progress of the Bishop of London's campaign against the music halls.

"The Christian life is commonly presented as a warfare, a warefare against the devil and all his works. There are many—too many—things in our national life which might be included in that picturesque description, and fully occupy a chudch that was really militant; but is the London music hall one of them? I believe not. The bishop calls it 'low'; I would rather term it, even in its least refined manifestations, as 'broad.' And there is a great difference between 'broad' and 'low,' as a churchman must surely know. The chief business of the music hall is laughter, and laughter may quite wholesomely concern itself with a wide variety of subjects, from bishops themselves down to things which bishops are supposed not to think about.

"But one thing is always respected, and never ridiculed in the music-hall; and that is religion. The music-hall leaves it alone, rightly comprehending that amusement and religion have each their proper place in man's life, and that those places are different and apart. There are many quite improper things that are really very interesting and funny; and it is much better, much healthier and more natural to laugh at them than to be solemnly preoccupied with them. The clergy who have lost touch with millions of their fellow-men are not the best judges of what is wholesome or harmful in their amusements.

"It would be as absurd to try to evangelise the music-halls as it would be to suggest that church services should be made amusing."

The Invasion of the Cinema

Tristan Bernard of Paris, who has written amusing comedies and stories, is not unmindful of the invasion of the cinema. Talking with the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, he said. "I am sure that in three or four years the influence will be felt immensely. The reason is that, thanks to the film drama, the public has lost the habit of listening. It will no longer listen to long speeches and tirades. The methods of the dramatist must change in consequence.

"One must appeal to the eyes as well as the ears. An event in future must be expressed on the stage by a vision of the fact, not by merely talking about it. Other divisions must be employed than the customary three or five acts. The divisions must be less formal, giving great suppleness and range of expression. I should like to write plays of 20 tableaux, each of which would be quite short.

"My new play at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre has seven tableaux. The ideal, I think, is 20 tableaux with two entr'actes, as at the Chatelet. Here the spectacular drama is concerned, but the system could be applied to simpler plays. It necessitates of course more machinery, but not necessarily complicated effects. On the contrary, these effects can be quite simple. The lesson one learns from the cinema is rapidity. This can be scored by improved appliances, which would suppress long waits.

"Whilst it is not necessary to tie oneself to reality on the stage, one must give the illusion of truth. This is the objection to the use of curtains and other simple devices in the mounting of modern plays; it conveys no illusion. But the public is not very exigent, I think.

"The theatregoer has a keener appreciation of truth. It is fostered again by the cinema. Therefore, the drama, if it would struggle successfully with the film theatre, must contain plenty of episodes, and episodes of a gripping character."

M. Bernard said that if the stage would really compete on equal terms with the cinema, it must privide plenty of cheap places at f.4 or f.5 in large theatres. Personally, the quivering films thrown on the screen in a darkened hall fatigued him very much. The author's "remedy" recalls the Greek theatre, and particularly the Elizabethan theatre, with its brilliant succession of scenes.

News from Paris

Let us quote from Mr. Dawbarn's Paris letters:

"The old Palais-Royal, true to its tradition, has another success in 'Les Deux Canards.' This charming vaudeville will become as popular, perhaps, as 'Le Petit Cafe' and 'La President' (Who's the Lady?). Its author, M. Tristan Bernard (with M. Alfred Athis) does not seem to know what failure is. His vein is inexhaustible. His latest hero is a journalist—alas! we fear, of an exceptional kind, and wholly imagined by our great dramatist, from whom flow philosophy and observation and irony.

"The 'deux canards' are two electoral sheets. Le Phare defends the candidature of M. Begun in the provincial town, and, in the true Eatanswill manner, attacks La Torche, which sustains the interests of Baron de Saint-Amour. Nevertheless, the rivals have the same printer—M. Begun himself—and, what is even more piquant, the same 'staff,' in the person of the gentleman who cumulates all the functions. At the Phare he is known as Citizen Jellidon, and writes advanced Republicanism; at the Torche, he has become M. de Merillac, in discreet accord with his aristocratic surroundings.

"This double personality in the Press is not confined, it is whispered, to the stage, and in the Paris Fleet street are men who harness themselves to conflicting opinions. Their excuse, no doubt, is bread, or the lack of it, and the slight difference (particularly in France) between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But, in the play, the reason is more romantic. In the democratic atmosphere of the Lighthouse Citizen Jellidon finds favor with Mme. Begun, while his particle (in the rival newspaper) gives him standing as suitor to Mlle. de Saint-Amour.

"One can imagine the absurd adventures and mirthful situations evoked by Tristan Bernard in the circumstances. There is no writer more expert in this kind of fooling. Waves of laughter flow over the house. The most delightful complication results from this double personality. The Janus-like journalist challenges himself to a duel. Just when Jellidon is, presumably, about to kill De Merillac, a final explanation takes place and wedding bells save the bi-faced duellist.

"The first two acts are particularly gay; the third and last, containing the duel, unlooses the laughter that is so often heard in this home of farce. The play is more than funny; it sparkles with wit; the dialogue is clever, and behind the caricature is the real type. A true comedy of manners lurks behind the veil of tears—from laughter. The company acts with as much sincerity as fantasy in the real spirit of the play. It includes Mme. Cassive and M. Le Gallo—the best partnership imaginable.

"'Le Petit Sac,' at the Comedie-Royale, is also extremely amusing, but in a different way. It is thoroughly French and frisky, with the real Boulevardier touch, daring, but light as a feather. The lady's 'flirt' is introduced into the family. Her husband finds him extremely 'sympathique.' Did they not go to school together? For the life of him he cannot remember; but the other man has got the names right. They become fast friends. Obviously, 'rien a faire' with so confiding a husband, the lady must remain (as she is at heart) as honest as she is lively, and even the would-be adventurer is constrained by the open-heartedness of the 'victim' to be on his best behavior.

"But the good man is not quite as blind as his light-headed spouse had supposed. A coincidence arouses his suspicion. Another woman tells the story of the 'little sac'; how she lost it at the Louvre and how it had to be brought home by a nice young man. But when the nice young man proves to be the identical intruder * * * the fact is a little obvious.

"In possession of his secret of the theoretical infidelity of his wife and of the treachery of the interloper—even towards his 'flirt'—the husband plays off one against the other and succeeds in exasperating his wife to the point that she threatens to divorce him. But Paul reconquers Georgette in a delicious scene and seals the reunion with a kiss. Presumably there will be no more adventures at the Louvre, and thus even his lordship of Kensington might approve."

Plunket Greene on Diction

Mr. Plunket Greene, who visiting Boston on several occasions brought with him a manly voice and a trick of singing frequently "out of tune," has written a letter about opera in English and concerning diction:

Sooner or later English opera is bound to come; the length of its postponement is in the hands of the English singer. We shall never have English opera until he gives us opera in English, and to apply the word "English" to the polyglot jumble of hybrid vowels and shirked consonants which now pass muster for "singer's English" is a farce. Why should the operatic family circle be described as consisting of "horsebarnds," "woyves," and "cheeldrayn"? Why should otherwise wholly admirable performances be marred by the information that the "poor-a marn" suffers from "hawngar," or that a "little blarck marn" wore a "little blarck carp" upon his head? Small blame to the listener if he decides not to come again. The strain of trying to disentangle the dialogue, let alone the story, is too great for him, and if he goes instead next door to see a man hanged on the cinematograph, who can blame him for wishing to give his nerves a rest?

You cannot altogether blame the singer, either. The public has never publicly demanded anything better, and he himself has always been taught that speech and song were deadly enemies united only in their desire to undo him. His one consideration has always been to make as much tone as possible with the least inconvenience to himself, so he grudgingly uses his language simply as a vehicle of sound, and seriously asks his listeners to accept the resultan medley of vulgarisms and avoidances a the glorified language of his Bible—fo what is singing after all but speech i excelsis? And yet he complains that th public will not come to hear him! Mi ton must go, because the "sphere-bor harmonious sisters, voice and verse," are irreconcilable foes.

Sir, there never was such a cowardly libel. Speech is the singer's truest friend; he took it in almost with his mother's milk; his vocal organs have been trained to it from childhood; it is the finest therapeutic for the sick voice. It is the beginning and the end of th whole art—tone is but its handmaiden there is nothing in the whole of tha art comparable to the joy of word painting with tone for color and dic tion for brush. That purity of dictio and beauty of singing know no antag onism, those who were present at th recent performance of 'Falstaff,' by th Royal College of Music, will testify There at last they saw Cinderella in al her diamonds, and, I feel sure, deter mined she should never again be sen back to the kitchen.

There are two truths I should like t see printed in capitals on the walls o every singing-studio in England:

1. There is no physical reason, excep in the extreme high registers of th voice, why any word in song shoul sound different from the same word i speech.

2. No sung word, however beautif the voice, and however beautiful t tone, can in itself be beautiful if it different from the spoken word.

And this brings us to the most obvio truth of all—so obvious as to be laug able—that every country must have i own school of singing founded upon i own language.

One thing is certain—the Engl singer must work out his own salvati The public will not help him. His inte tia is the Englishman's highest drivi power nowadays from politics to sin ing. He will stand anything—but he w not come again.—I remain Sir, your etc.

Annunzio's New Play

The new play of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio's drama "Le Chevrefeuille," written in French, according to the author's now settled custom, was given on Sunday at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, in Paris. The reception given to the piece was marked chiefly by respectful and uncomprehending admiration. "Le Chevrefeuille" is often beautiful in detail, but in the mass vague and baffling, devoid of any real dramatic vigor; and in those places where the action momentarily becomes clear the story is far too closely reminiscent of Shakespeare and Aeschylus to be impressive.

"Le Chevrefeuille" is a castle, once owned by a M. de la Coldre, to which his wife returns one evening with her second husband, Pierre Dagon. The wife, Laurence, Dagon, is well received by two of her children; but the third, Aude (a very near relation of Hamlet and Electra), remains distant and reserved. Gradually from out a very cloudy second act the mystery of this strange household resolves. M. de la Coldre has been murdered; and Aude, who is nearly as clairvoyant as Cassandra, is convinced that Pierre Dagon is the murderer, and at the end of the act roundly accuses him of the crime. Dagon does not deny it, but haughtily refuses to justify himself. Nevertheless, some hours later, when once more confronted by Aude, he confesses that he killed de la Coldre at his own request, because he was mortally ill, and also because he was aware of the liaison between his wife and Dagon. Nevertheless, Aude is no less determined on vengeance, and plans to stab Dagon with the very dagger with which her father was killed. Her mother, Laurence Dagon, endeavors to dissuade her as soon as she discovers her daughter's intentions; but Aude suddenly reveals to her that Pierre Dagon is involved in an intrigue with the wife of ..., Aude's brother, and Laurence snatches the dagger from her daughter's hand and kills Dagon herself.

During the first two acts this not unfamiliar story is wrapped in almost impenetrable obscurity. The language is naturally full of magnificent phrases, which, having but little manifest connection with the action, have correspondingly little meaning. The plot is obviously a rifacimento, none too adroit, of "Agamemnon" and "Hamlet"; but, in spite of some very real beauties of detail, the theme is degraded by a purely melodramatic treatment. There seems little reason why the first two acts should be so mysterious, unless for the express purpose of baffling the audience, and the whole effect is wearisome. At one moment of the semi-heroic dialogue a character cries out, "We are all mad", and madness is perhaps a necessary postulate to explain the terrible confusion which follows. It is as though Signor d'Annunzio had conceived the idea of a blend between the classical, the Shakespearian, and the Norwegian drama. It was not a happy idea. "Le Chevrefeuille" may possibly be poetry of a high order; it is certainly not a good tragedy. Signor d'Annunzio has revealed his own idea of the play to the Figaro.

It is a veritable modern tragedy conceived with the ambition of bringing upon the stage a sister of the ancient Electra and a kind of Aegisthus, exalted to heroism by Diderot's audacious thought, "If you must be sublime in anything, be sublime in evil."

It was, however, only the Clytemnestra of the piece, Laurence Dagon, played magnificently by Mme. Berthe Bady, who took on the grandeur of a tragic character.—London Times, Dec. 17.

Mr. Dawbarn, apropos of the dress rehearsal of the play, wrote:

"Gabriele d'Annunzio has the gift of exciting the interest of the Parisians to an extraordinary degree. There is no foreigner, certainly, who can compare with him in the passionate curiosity he arouses. This springs from conflicting causes. The one is an ardent admiration (especially amongst women) for his singular talent; the other is the violent opposition his literary style inspires in some critics. But, for better or worse, the Italian author has established his domicile here, and is engaged in giving us works of his own sensuous and perfervid imagination. But, whether we hail him as a genius or as a literary disease, he is to be reckoned with. He has an intensity of conception and a palette of such color that his picture, even if it is Cubisme, merits examination. He has the supreme quality of being in himself which has belonged to all the great artisans—if, also, to the charlatans of the earth. One must admire, too, his courage and prodigious industry. The poet-novelist writes in French, and even in mediaeval French, and exhibits a knowledge of erudition which might be envied by a savant of the Sorbonne.

"The idea of this play was proposed to M. Hertz, one of the directors of the Porte St. Martin (the other being M. Jean Coquelin) in August last. Then D'Annunzio hastened back to Arcachon, where he passed the summer, and began to work. And pious admirers tell us that all his works are perpetrated in the autumn amid the falling leaves. There may be even symbolism in this, too, for ... D'Annunzio's first play was mediaeval in character and had the martyrdom of St. Sebastian as its subject. The saint was played by the Russian dancer, Ida Rubinstein, to the scandal of the church. In his second play, "Pisanelle," which was remarkable principally for its stage setting, Mlle. Ida Rubinstein again played the leading role—a beauty who turned topsy-turvy a classic isle, and wrought such damage that finally she was smothered beneath flowers—a poetic death beloved of D'Annunzio. But the critics scarcely covered the play with flowers. The thorns at least were uppermost."

Jan 12/1914

TITTA RUFFO DISAPPOINTS

By PHILIP HALE.

Titta Ruffo, baritone, assisted by Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano; William Morse Rummel, violinist, and Arthur Rosenstein, accompanist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Mr. Ruffo sang for the first time in Boston. His fame had been loudly trumpeted. He was heralded as "the sensational baritone." The price demanded for his services in opera was named with awe and wonder. He, of course, is not to be blamed as responsible for this puffery. The greater and more ingenious the reclame, the more curiosity is whetted. It is a fact that Mr. Ruffo has an international reputation as an operatic baritone; that he commands a very high salary; that in certain roles he has been applauded by the general public and by critics of acknowledged authority.

We have not had the privilege of hearing him in opera. As a member of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company he has sung in those cities, in New York, possibly in some other towns. We heard him yesterday as a concert singer, and were greatly disappointed.

He sang "Largo al Factotum," from "The Barber of Seville," the prologue to "Pagliacci," the Drinking Song from "Hamlet" and a number of songs. He was in good spirits; he smiled; he had an ingratiating manner. His youthful appearance, his bearing, and his remarkable voice at once won the favor of the large audience, and whatever he sang, no matter how he sang it, was enthusiastically applauded.

The voice itself is an extraordinary one, extraordinary in the power and brilliance of the upper register. The lower and middle tones are not of an uncommon quality; in fact some of them have little quality and are inclined to be throaty. It may be that Mr. Ruffo was, by nature, a tenor of limited compass, who wisely determined to be a high baritone. His upper range is, indeed, remarkable. The tones are at will trumpet-like or oily. They have imposing virility.

As a singer, or rather, as he sang yesterday, he cannot be justly praised. His attack was indecisive, sometimes slovenly. He often slid carelessly from one tone to another. In a melodic line he would change tonal quality without any rhetorical excuse. Nor was his interpretation of arias or songs distinguished by aesthetic intelligence. We have all heard the Prologue to "Pagliacci" sung with more finesse and with greater dramatic fervor by less famous baritones, we have all heard Figaro's Air sung with more humor, more dash and with greater variety of expression. As for the songs, they were of a popular nature and sung for the most part with undeviating, inexorable loudness.

The musical feature of the concert was the exquisite singing by Miss Florence Hinkle of "Vissi d'arte," from "Tosca," and "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise." Many remember her singing in the "Libera," from Verdi's "Requiem" at a concert of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, nearly two years ago, when she made a profound impression. There are few singers now before the public who have such absolute technic, such mastery of style. Nor is this an instance of mere mechanism, icily cold in its perfection. While the tones are of crystalline purity in themselves, often of ethereal beauty, they have emotional significance. Miss Hinkle fortunately has not yielded to the temptation of being "dramatic" at any cost. She is a lyric soprano; her lyricism satisfies the understanding and touches the heart.

Mr. Rummel, a son of the late Franz Rummel, widely known as a pianist of undeniable ability, played Kreisler's arrangement of Pugnani's Praeludium and Allegro and Couperin's Chanson Louis XIII. and Pavane; also Gabriel Fauré's Berceuse and Sarasate's Introduction and Tarantelle in an amiable manner.

Mme. Tetrazzini and Titta Ruffo will give a concert in Mechanic's building on Thursday evening, Feb. 5.

THRONG HEARS TETRAZZINI

Large Audience at Sunday Night Concert at Opera House.

Mme. Tetrazzini's appearance was the occasion for an exceptionally large audience that attended the concert at the Boston Opera House last night. Mme. Tetrazzini plainly showed that she was suffering from a severe cold.

She gave as her first number an aria from "Roberto Il Diavolo." Her second number consisted of selections in Italian, French and English. For a recall she sang "The Last Rose of Summer." Her last number was a Cavatina from "Il Pescatore Di Perle."

Miss Edna G. Peterson, pianist, who made her debut in Berlin two years ago, was heard in several selections.

Ramon Blanchart was suffering from a severe cold and Mr. Grand was substituted. Taddeo Wronski sang several Polish selections which were well received.

The full orchestra played. Following the intermission it played Saint-Saens's "Marche Heroique" and was loudly applauded.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Large Audience at Second One Given in St. James Theatre.

The second concert of the new Boston Philharmonic Society, Charles Frank, conductor, was given at the St. James's Theatre yesterday afternoon. The program included the "Funeral March" from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The men played with even more confidence than a week ago, and the result was an interesting musical afternoon. That there is a large public in Boston for these Sunday afternoon concerts at nominal prices was witnessed by the audience of yesterday. Other numbers on the program were Fantasia on Gounod's "Faust," Meyerbeer's Coronation march, Thomas's overture to "Mignon," Haydn's serenade for string quartet, Leoni's "Birth of Dawn," Luigini's "Ballet Egyptienne" and an American sketch "Dort unten im Suden" by Myddleton. The soloist was Raymond Allen Simonds, a Boston church singer, who sang "In Native Worth" from Haydn's "Creation."

Some humble poet once sang, in effect: Sweet are the songs that are sung, but the unsung songs are sweeter. So it often is with the letters addressed to us that are not published. They are not published because they are too long or are anonymous, or are too personal in their attack on cherished institutions, or bitter, malignant in reply to letters that have already been printed in this column.

For example: "Senex" has written in answer to Mr. Halliday Witherspoon's delightful defence, say rather eulogy, of the prevailing costumes for women, slit skirt and all. It appears that "Senex," now approaching his 76th year, is seriously disturbed by the sight of fair women; he shudders to think what a deplorable effect these graceful, sensible costumes may have on susceptible youth:

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

But in his righteous indignation he is franker than any revelation seen in Tremont street, and he thus reminds us of the Juvenal of the Sixth Satire. "Senex" is on the side of Dr. Hugh Cabot, not of the angels, terrestrial or celestial. And "Senex" is particularly displeased by a costume worn by some women that alternately reveals and conceals. This leads him to the achievement of a good line: "We know how much more effective as a beacon the alternating lighthouse commonly is than that of steady beam." We are afraid there is nothing left for "Senex" to do but to take his exercise after dark. Blinders by day would not wholly defend him from Satan's snares.

Then there is our esteemed contributor Mr. Nebuchednezzar Snoot of Athol. He wishes Dr. Crockett to know that on his table are "The Light of Asia," a Longfellow, a Byron, "a cherished Shakespeare actually dog-eared from thumbs." Also "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court"; that he is, therefore, not a "buffoon" as Dr. Crockett thought him, but a disciple of Mark Twain. And then Mr. Snoot gives a long account of a voyage to Guam with Capt. Lillydill of the spanking little bark Red P. E., which on every Christmas used to tie up at T wharf with her cargo of mackerel oil. There were Herm, the mate, the mongoose, the parrakeet, Andy the cook and Sunny the bosun. But why Capt. Lillydill put the whole crew and the mongoose and the parrakeet in the brig for 14 days, cannot now be told here.

Not the Same.

As the World Wags:

Thanks to Mr. Luther Stephenson. I heard at the time of the circumstance he writes. That of which I wrote is another affair. There is no reference in my story to the 14th New York or Gen. Griffin. My story accomplished its object; brought out another very interesting one. I think the matter he writes of was the only one of the kind during the war. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston, Jan. 9.

Mr. Wright's Quip.

As the World Wags:

Your revival of the memory of Charles Hale's bantling "Today" reminds me of a good thing said to have been said by Elizur Wright, after it bad perished and Charles had returned to his father's employ on the slow though eminently respectable Advertiser—that "Charles Hale has given up Today and gone back to day before yesterday." A. E. P.

Boston, Jan 8.

"Gringo."

As the World Wags:

While you are on the subject of nautical terms, if you are not already off it, what is a wangan"? Dr. Crockett will know, of course.

And what is the derivation of the Mexican word "gringo"? Nothing nautical about that of course, but does anybody know? MARINERO.

Jamaica Plain, Jan. 5.

We leave "wangan" to the nautical experts. "Gringo" is a term of contempt applied by Mexicans to Americans, and, as some say, to all English-speaking people, though we doubt this latter statement. The term originated, it is said, in the Mexican-American war, when the American soldiers "got into the habit of calling the simple Mexican soldiers whom they took prisoners, 'greenies,' to signify their ignorance of things in general, and of military tactics especially. The Mexicans retaliated by calling the Americans 'greenos,' and this word finally degenerated into 'gringos.'" We do not vouch for the truth of this. [Ed.]

Dickens a Spook.

As the World Wags:

The recent mock trial in London of Edwin Drood recalls the edition published by Merriam & Co., of Springfield in the Seventies. A printer, named Jameson, living in Vermont, finished the book under the guidance of the spirit of Dickens. Critics of the book noted the close resemblance to Dickens's style, but were not agreed as to the solution of the mystery. I have tried to find a copy in the bookstore but failed. Can you tell me where it can be found? J. D. K.

Boston, Jan. 9.

"Old Coblogicks"

As the World Wags:

In certain rural communities in New England, an obstinate, stubborn man is commonly referred to as being an "Old Coblogicks" (sic.) May not this expression have once been the "How now, chop-logic" of Juliet's father, Act. III.? There are also localities where the plural of "house" is often made by adding the letter "n" instead of "s," and "goodly" is used in place of "good," as "a goodly farm." It would seem that the history of these forms might afford an interesting field for remark.

HORACE C. CARTER.

Winter Hill, Jan. 6.

"Chop-logic" is a good, sound old English word for a contentious, sophistical arguer, and we have the adjective "choplogical," argumentative. Perhaps "coblogicks" is a corruption; we do not find the form in dialect dictionaries.

The plural "housen" was used by good writers in the 16th century and is still used dialectally in England and in some parts of the United States; Cape Cod, Connecticut, New Jersey, for instance. In Great Britain it does not seem to be used north of Yorkshire.

Jan 13 1914

'HOFFMANN' AT OPERA HOUSE

P.H.

The opera last night at the Boston Opera House was Offenbach's "Contes d' Hoffmann." The chief singers, with one exception, were those of the earlier performance this season: Mmes. Scotney, Amsden, Edvina and Leveroni, and Messrs. Laffitte and Wronski. Mr. Marcoux for the first time this season took the four parts that are personifications of Hoffmann's evil genius.

Some time ago M. Jean Marnold of the Mecure de France took occasion to write a bitter article against this charming opera, one of the most fantastical of stage works, an opera that E. T. A. Hoffmann himself would have loved. M. Marnold did not deign to criticise, he merely culled out extraordinary words and phrases of abuse. Yet this opera is eminently French in its grace, its lucidity, its elegance. Add to these characteristics in fine appreciation of the essential elements of Hoffmann as a writer of tales, the successful suggestion of the grotesque, the mysterious, the macabre.

There is nothing that we remember in opera to be compared with the scene in Crespel's house, so far as the impression of vague horror is concerned, except the entrance of the Statue in "Don Giovanni." and since there

of M[illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] it may be said that in this opera there are [illegible] and there are little [illegible] that Mozart would not have [illegible] to sign. The apparition of Dr. Miracle created a new shudder. Mr. [illegible] [illegible] are appropriately [illegible] and enhance the beauty and the mystery of the action and the music, so that in all respects the production is one of the most successful at the Opera House. Mme. Edvina is an ideal Antonia, Mme. Scotney a [illegible] woman as Olympia and sings the florid music as the doll might have sung, and Miss Amsden is a sumptuous Giulietta. Mr. Marcoux's invention in make-up and in business has here full opportunity, and his Dr. Miracle is [illegible] in accordance with the traditions and more impressive than it was last season. The performance was greatly enjoyed.

'ALL ABOARD' AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"All Aboard," a musical comedy panorama in two acts, book by Mark Swan, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz, music by E. Ray Goetz and Melvin Franklin. De Witt Coleman, musical director. Produced at Atlantic City May 27, 1913.

Jan Van Haan	Lew Fields
Nancy Lee	Kate Elinore
Captain of the ship	Lawrance D'Orsey
Marim Sinkavitch	Zoe Barnett
Dick	Carter DeHaven
Mary	Flora Parker-DeHaven
Hook	Nat Fields
Alice Brown	Claire Rochester
Hattie Whiteway	Kathryn Witchie
Mrs. Van Haan	Marcie Harris
Mr. Smooth	Stephen Maley
Mr. Ruff	Ralph Riggs
Mr. Scoot	Sam Williams

The features of this entertainment were Mr. Lew Fields, the acting of Miss Barnett, the burlesque, "When Women Rule," by Ned Joyce Heaney, introduced in the second act; the dancing of Mr. DeHaven and the dancing of Mr. Riggs and Miss Witchie. The singing of the principals was poor, the lyrics were, for the most part, inaudible; the music was inferior to that which is expected at shows of this species.

A Dutch sailor wishes to go home as a captain, that after an absence of 10 years he may show his wife he is not a good-for-nothing. The money that he has saved is taken from him by a bunco man, and as he sits bewailing his fate near an oriental flower he inhales its perfume and dreams a wonderful dream in which as a real captain he visits various countries and at last sees home. There are scenes on the pier, on the vessel, in Spain, among the Sierras, which he visits in an airship, in Holland and in China. And Jan also dreams of cubist art.

These scenes call for handsome costumes, stage effects, a striking tableau of statues, and all sorts of dances and chorus evolutions.

Mr. Fields was amusing in speech and by facial play, and in the scene where he realized that he had been swindled he acted well in a sentimental manner, with a commendable reserve and genuine force. He was very funny in the burlesque, "When Women Rule," a vision of women in politics 100 years hence.

The candidate for mayoress (Miss Barnett), chosen by Boss Mahoney (Miss Elinore) and betrothed to her son Cyril (Mr. De Haven), turns out to be a woman with a past. In her student days she had basely wronged and deserted Harold Hargreaves, and left him with a child to face the scorn of heartless men. Mr. Fields as Hargreaves took us back to the good old days of burlesque when George L. Fox played Hamlet, Richelieu and Macbeth. The burlesque was acted capitally by all the players. Even Miss Elinore, who was noisy, coarse, tiresome, offensive in other scenes of the show—the part was taken in New York by George Monroe—displayed real comic talent as the Boss.

Miss Barnett, excellent in the burlesque, was attractive and vivacious throughout. Mr. De Haven's dancing was commendable, otherwise he was ineffective. Mr. D'Orsay had little to do, but his familiar drawl was with him. We have already spoken of Mr. Rigge and Miss Witchie as dancers.

There are many dreary stretches in the comedy, relieved only by the appearance of well-shaped chorus girls and by the dances, costumes and stage settings, of which the most conspicuous for beauty was the scene in Holland. It is a pity that Mr. Fields does not have a comedy more worthy of his ability.

Nevertheless the test of an entertainment of this nature is whether the audience laughs. Last night it laughed [illegible], but the best thing put before it [illegible] burlesque, which did not meet [illegible] as much favor as the stale

[illegible] and [illegible] malapropisms, and loud and foolish behavior of Miss Elinore, who impersonated a character that we had thought was now only to be seen in the humbler variety theatres of small cities.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Mind the Paint Girl," a comedy in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero:

Capt. Nicholas Jeyes	William P. Carleton
Viscount Farncombe	John Craig
Lionel Roper	Walker Walker
Baron Von Rettenmayer	Frederic Ormonde
Sam De Castro	Al Roberts
Morris Cooling	Robert Capron
Vincent Bland	J. Morrill Morrison
Mrs. Upjohn	Miss Mabel Colcord
Gabrielle Kato	Miss Florence Shirley
Jimmy Birch	Miss Augusta Gill
Enid Moncrieff	Miss Cecil Florence
Lily Parradell	Miss Mary Young

How Lily Parradell, chief girl at the "Pandora," from humble origin worked her way up to the leading part in a West end theatre is a story already twice told. Still it was interesting once again to see Lily celebrating her birthday, to watch her as she, with altruism beyond her kind, sent a live lord about his business, then raged at the jealous captain, her fiance more or less, and, in the end, accepts the lord whom the captain offers up to her, most sacrificially.

The play, of course, is more important as a study of certain theatrical types than as an exposition of the heart affairs of Miss Parradell. To add that the Pandora Theatre of the play is, perhaps, the Gaiety of London, and that Carleton Smythe, the manager who "would think it ovre," may have some connection with the well known George Edwardes, is repetitious but probably true. Moreover, since this is so, the play, particularly the first two acts, is scarcely more than characterizing dialogue, in which mamma Upjohn, vulgar and good-hearted, Lily and her "hail fellow" associates, together with various hangers on of the Pandora, all more or less bloated and bald, are allowed to speak for themselves.

With the third act comes a bit of drama, but is it altogether convincing? Would a Gaiety girl refuse the lord, whom she loved, rage, one moment, at the man who had just slurred her mother, and, two minutes later, apologize and re-engage herself to him? It is easy to say what a Ziegfeld beauty would do under like conditions. Again, would one Londoner, in speaking to another, ever give utterance to the melodramatic query "Where is Your Sty?"

The acting was approximately true to the spirit of the play, each person, for the most part, intelligently interpreting his role. Yet over the whole company, with the exception of Mr. Craig, there was a rather noisy lack of restraint. Then again, was there not one conspicuous departure from the text as previously played, when, at the end of the third act, Mamma Upjohn comes in upon Lily, after the daughter's big moment of sacrifice, in all her cockney dishabille. This is anti-climax, none too agreeable, a cheap bid for a laugh. However, it was very much enjoyed.

Mr Carleton made a handsome and plausible Jeyes; Mr. Craig's acting was admirable for its well-bred restraint; Miss Colcord was convincing, although a bit noisy; Miss Young made a good-looking Lily and her acting was thoroughly enjoyed by her audience. In the last act, however, her interpretation of the despairing heroine seemed a bit shallow, peevish, rather than grieving, merely the ephemeral petulance that expends itself in thumping the sofa pillows. The performance this week is noteworthy because of Miss Young's return to the Castle Square after an absence of several months. A full house welcomed her and, after much applause, she made a dainty little speech which was well received. Next week the play is "Hamlet."

BERT WILLIAMS AT B.F. KEITH'S

Bert Williams, the celebrated comedian, entertained two large houses at B. F. Keith's theatre, heading a bill of more than unusual excellence. Mr. Williams, wearing the same make-up that first made him famous years ago—silk hat, white gloves and hosiery and shoes a bit the worse for wear—was applauded to the echo after each of his numerous selections of song and talk. His song about the slippery elm tree, the tree that marks the border line between himself and the grave, made the same big hit it has ever scored. In the pantomine poker game he was as clever as ever. But one of the best things he did was his pantomine tango that fairly brought down the house. He has never been more enthusiastically received in Boston than last night.

Another excellent act on this week's bill is Joseph Jefferson, presenting "Poor Old Jim," Mr. Jefferson being assisted in its presentation by Blanche Bender and company. Mr. Jefferson is, of course, Poor Old Jim, a dutiful husband when not frequenting the club from which he returns night after night in the same condition, always penitent, but of a penitence that never endures for 24 hours. Marie, his wife, and the family physician, who frequently has to be called in, by a clever ruse, succeed in making Jim believe he has died, although his ghost still lingers. Then, by the physician's miraculous cure, Jim is brought back again to life—and he never drinks again. It is all amusing and all well acted.

Eleanor Baldwin Cass, considered America's greatest woman fencer, presents an attractive act, aided by her own company of fencing girls, who really know the art of fencing. Another troupe, although of somewhat different nature, is the Great Balton Troupe of daring women aerialists in a series of sensational mid-air feats. Then there is the animal pantomime, contributed by Charles Prelle's miniature circus, in which is introduced the robbery of the Overland Mail. Cleo Gascoigne is a fascinating, sweet-voiced singer, recently from Paris. Stepp, Goodrich and King have a wit mirth-and-melody sketch in which a piano plays no small part. Vandinoff and Louio, lightning painters in oil, and Britt Wood, juvenile jester, here for the first time, complete the bill.

A letter from Spain contains news that will grieve the many friends of Mme. Marie Gay. Early in October her daughter Carmen, who, according to her mother's description, had a constitution stronger than steel, was taken with acute appendicitis and died within 30 hours. Within the month following this event Mme. Gay's second daughter, Ysabel, whose state of health had been disquieting for some months, was advised by the physicians to undergo an operation for an "intercostal tumor." They assured the mother that it would be a simple operation, not dangerous, but the girl died without recovering consciousness. The devotion of Mme. Gay to these daughters was well known. It was her intention to retire soon from the stage, that she might live with them. Her plans for them are now vain, but she hopes to find consolation in her art. She and Mr. Zenatello expect to return to the Boston Opera House about Feb. 23.

Raoul Pugno.

Raoul Pugno, the pianist, died at Moscow, Jan. 3, while making a concert tour in Russia. He first visited Boston with Mr. Ysaye in February, 1898. He was here again in October, 1902, when he played at a Symphony concert, and in November, 1905. He was a pianist of undoubted parts, and his playing was characterized by beauty of tone, except when he forced tone in a tempestuous composition, clarity—and this was always present—and uncommon mechanical facility which sometimes tempted him to excessive speed. An excellent musician, he composed operas, operettas, music for pantomimes and ballets, a concert piece for piano and orchestra, a piano sonata, songs and many piano pieces. As a teacher at the Paris Conservatory and in private, he was highly esteemed. It was remarked when he played here at a symphony concert that he had the notes of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasie before him. For many years he had suffered from fear of losing his memory on the stage, and the sight of the piano part on the rack reassured him, even though he might not turn a leaf. In the Journal of the Goncourts (Aug. 2, 1894) is this passage: "The musician Pugno, who dined here this evening, spoke eloquently concerning the little dramas that diversify the life of pianists. He declared that he had before each concert the anxious, sickly emotion that preceded his first concert, with the obsessing thought of possible hindrances to his performance—palpitation of the heart, nervous contraction of his forearm, heat of the hall which might make the keys sticky, a crack in the floor that might take in a leg of his chair, and thus he suffered to the final chord. The expenditure of emotion is so great that after the performance he is seized with stomachic cramps. But in his recitals in London, which lasted two hours, his chief preoccupation was the fear of losing his memory." Pugno was a jovial companion, broad-minded, interested in art, literature, politics, mankind in general. For some years he was mayor of the French village where he lived in the summer, and as mayor he was to the village as Beranger's king was to Yvetot. Of Italian origin, Pugno was born at Montrouge, Ile de France, in 1852, but his childhood was spent in Paris, where his father kept a little music shop.

"Amen" to Mr. Witherspoon.

As the World Wags:

I am aware of the risk in taking any of your regular correspondents seriously, nevertheless I rise to remark that I heartily agree with H. Witherspoon's sentiments on the question of woman's dress, expressed in Friday's Herald. May heaven forgive me if I am disrespectful, but they remind me of a bit of dialogue from Tillier's "My Uncle Benjamin," which I fear is not so well known as it should be nowadays.

" 'Is he drunk?' whispered my grandfather to his wife.

" 'What makes you think so?' answered the latter.

" 'Because he is talking sense.' "

Nothing is more reasonable than freedom in dress, but few things get on our nerves more in practice. "The customs of a thousand years ago are the sheet-anchor of the passing generation; and the maddest efforts of the most violent fanatics can move it only a hair-breadth."

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is not the only man who has suffered from a false anatomical impression gained in youth, and there can be little doubt that in this as in other matters, it is best to get correct views early. PETERKIN.

Boston, Jan. 10.

"You're a Cure."

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me the meaning of the word "cure" as applied by the little slum girl to the young nobleman in chapter 2 of De Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again"? I do not find the word in the Century Dictionary and have no dictionary of slang here. One sentence in this chapter is: "Her discrimination of him as a Cure, too, will show those who are familiar with the use of this term that she placed a low value on his reflectione." E. S. S.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 9.

"Cure" was a colloquial term in England for an eccentric person, fool, also funny fellow. The word is not to be found in slang dictionaries of the 18th century, and we do not know whether it is in common use today. In 1856 Punch published a poem entitled "What's a Cure?" Various uses of this word were described; for example:

The mud was thick, the crossing clean—
A well dressed man, genteel of mien—
Walked through the first (he may be poor)—
The sweeper muttered "he's a cure."

And at the end are these lines:

Punch doth the slangy world adjure
To state whence derivation "cure."

In the slang dictionary published by John Camden Hotten it is stated that "cure" is an abridgment of "curiosity." H-m-m!—Ed.

"Gringo" Again.

As the World Wags:

During my five years' stay in Mexico I asked many times for the derivation of the term "Gringo" and was always given the same explanation—it came to be given to all the English-speaking people from a song, "Green Grow the Rushes, O," used by sailors a great deal at one time and was first applied to the British sailors in some of the coast towns. PRESBITERO.

Melrose, Jan. 12.

This derivation has often been given and as often disputed.

MRS. LARZ ANDERSON PRODUCES HER PLAY

N. Y. Herald

"Everyboy" Well Received at Its Premiere in the Bijou Theatre, Boston.

Jan. 13 '14

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

BOSTON, Mass., Monday.—"Everyboy," a fairy play, written by Mrs. Larz Anderson, wife of one-time Ambassador to Japan and Minister to Belgium, was presented for the first time at B. F. Keith's Bijou Theatre this afternoon and to-night. Mrs. Anderson, who recently opened her home in Washington, wired that she could not come to Boston to-day, but that she and several of her friends will come here later in the week to see the play.

Many persons prominent in Boston's society saw the play, which was well received. In the cast were Miss Marjorie Fairbanks, Miss Marguerite Moseley, Miss Agnes Cave, Miss Geraldine McDowell and Miss Amy De Gozzaldi, who have appeared before in amateur productions.

The music for "Every Boy" was written by Mr. Carl Wilmore, a Boston newspaper man, and another newspaper man, Mr Paul Bliss, played the rôle of Book.

Jan 4 1914

If a man could hear all that his fellows say of him—that he is stupid, that he is henpecked, that he will be in the Gazette in a week, that his brain is softening, that he has said all his best things—and if he could believe that these pleasant things are true, he would be in his grave before the month was out. Happily no man does hear these things; and if he did, they would only provoke inextinguishable wrath or inextinguishable laughter. A man receives the shocks of life on the buffer of his vanity. Vanity acts as his second and bottle-holder in the world's prize ring, and it fights him well, bringing him smilingly up to time after the fiercest knock-down blows.

"Wangan" and a Story.

"Marinero" asked last Monday th[e] meaning of the word "wangan." W[e] have received letters in answer.

As the World Wags:

"Wangan" is the term usually appli[ed] in the lumber camps of Maine a[nd] Canada to the storehouse from whi[ch] the men draw their supplies of cloth[ing,] tobacco, etc. I supposed for a long t[ime] that it was an Indian word. It soun[ds] like it. But a couple of years ago I r[an] up with a sailorman named Higgin[s,] Ginger John—perhaps you remem[ber] that I wrote a yarn about him. G[inger] said that "wangan" is used aboard [ship] synonymously with "skipper's [illegible]" and "slop chest." I never did k[now]

he told the truth. It would be
ering to know where the word
nated and how it got from one
e to the other.

our explanation of gringo is probably
right one, or near right. I was in a
Mexican village six or seven years
in the state of Morelos, way out
he back of beyond, the jumping-off
e, and I ran across some confirm-
ry evidence. I was stopping in a
meson run by a widow and her
e sons. The family included an an-
t ancestor, one Don Felipe, Donna
ria's great-grandfather. The old
tleman was then 103 years old, and
t wasn't any guess either, the figures
g verified by the church records.
ell, one day Herminio, the oldest
took me into the family living
m to show some of the household
. On the wall I observed hanging
S. cavalry sabre, which turned out
be a relic of the Mexican war. Old
n Felipe was brought in and we had
story out of him. It seems that
e time along in the forties the fam-
had moved temporarily over into the
ighborhood of Oriziba and so came
touch with the American army of in-
sion. A sister of Felipe had a Yankee
weetheart who left the sabre behind.
lipe told of a song the soldiers sang,
hich he called the gringo song. He
id the men at their camp frolics would
metimes march around in a kind of
ng-a-round-a-rosy effect, I should
dge, chanting the song and pointing
the on-looking Mexes. Felipe gath-
ed that "gringo" was a term of ridi-
le or contempt. Isn't it probable that
e word was "greenie," as you suggest?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Jan. 12.

From the Indians.

s the World Wags:

Your correspondent "Marinero" may
interested in the enclosed note about
e derivation of "wangan." The word
used generally by the Algonquins with
eanings varying somewhat in the dif-
rent tribes, for instance, a river runs
to a narrow canon or "trap," and a
pid is produced. A portage has to be
ade around the "trap" and the portage
called "wa-nee-gen" (accent on the
cond syllable) or "wineegan" by the
jibway. T. J. E.

Boston, Jan. 12.

"Wanigan: A receptacle in which
small supplies or a reserve stock of
goods are kept, also a large chest in
which the lumbermen of Maine and
Minnesota keep their spare clothing,
pipes, tobacco, etc. Called also wongan-
box, and spelled wangun and wangan.
Second—A boat used on the rivers of
Maine for the transportation of the
entire personnel of a logging camp
along with the tools of the camp and
provisions for the trip. Third—A place
in a lumber camp where accounts are
kept and the men paid. 'Running the
wangan' is the act of taking a loaded
boat down a river, from station to sta-
tion, particularly in swiftly flowing
water. The word is from Abnaki wani-
gan 'trap'; literally, that into which any
object strays, wanders, or gets lost; a
receptacle for catching and holding
stray objects; from wan 'to wander,' 'go
astray,' 'get lost,' -igan, often in Abnaki
in the sense of 'trap.' Similarly, a lock-
er in a hunting phaeton is called a
'trap,' and this eventually gave its name
to the vehicle itself. W. R. G."

This quotation is from Handbook of
American Indians, bulletin 30 of the
bureau of American ethnology. Article,
"Wanigan."

Others In Authority.

We are obliged to Mr. Gideon M.
Mansfield of Boston and Mr. Jack M.
Barnard of Ashmont for their letters
about "Wangan." Mr. Barnard quotes
Henry Van Dyke writing about a trip
in Maine: "Load up with the bundles
and boxes, the blanket-roll, the clothes
bag, the provisions—all the stuff that is
known as 'duffel' in New York, and
'butins' in French Canada, and 'wangan'
in Maine."

"Trap."

At the beginning of the 19th century
gigs in England were on very high
wheels. The boot was lengthened be-
hind to hold a brace of dogs for sport-
ing purposes. The dogs were at first
placed in the boot in front, but later
an open latticed box was attached to
the back of the body of the conveyance
and provided with a trap door behind
for the admission of the dogs. This box
was found a convenient receptacle for
other things put through the trap-door,
which was soon known as the trap, and
the word trap was finally applied to
the conveyance itself, as "bus" is a cur-
tailment of omnibus and "cab" of cab-
riolet. This is George Augustus Sala's
explanation, and he knew a lot. Florac,
the delightful Frenchman in "The New-
comes," used to drive his Princess with
four horses. "He called his carriage his
trappe,' his 'dragon.'" But the word
"trap" was once a fast name among
swells for a conveyance of any kind.
For Florac strove to be more English
than the English.

Jan 15 1914

'LOUISE' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First performance this season of "Louise." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Louise.....Mme. Edvina
La Mere.....Mme. d'Alvarez
Irma.....Miss Sharlow
Julien.....Mr. Dalmores
Le Pere.....Mr. Marcoux

Although this opera is practically a zealous tract in favor of free love, Charpentier's finest and most emotional music is that in which he depicts the comfort and the happiness of humble domestic life. The music that follows the entrance of the workingman in the first act has genuine depth of feeling. With the exception of Louise's sensuous song in the third act, there is no love music in the whole opera that has warmth, much less passion. Not again until the last act are there pages that move and thrill, and those are given to the father lamenting the perversity of the headstrong daughter.

Last night the street scene before daybreak was restored. While it has little or nothing to do with the action, it has character, and it creates an atmosphere. It is symbolical, we are told, but Charpentier's symbolism is muddy, and we do not enter the opera house to guess riddles. The story of "Louise" is plain enough, human and tragic enough; nor is the subject exclusively Parisian. As the father in "Louise" puts his feet on a chair and smokes his pipe while the daughter reads the newspaper to him and sighs for the pleasures of Paris, so a father in a New England village may rock to and fro, or, on a cold night, put his feet in the oven of the cooking stove, while the Julien to his moody daughter is the fascinating commercial traveller who told her at the store tempting stories about the gay life in Boston and urged her not to waste her beauty among dull people.

As performed last night the opera was too long. The duet about Paris in the third act might well be omitted, for it is not among the composer's happiest conceptions, it is very cheap music, as is all that pertains to the Crowning of the Muse.

The performance was in many respects a brilliant one. Mr. Dalmores, who took the part of Julien when the opera was first produced here at the Boston Theatre, gave marked character to the part, and his impersonation was dramatically a striking one. His scene with Louise in the second act was especially effective, from the moment he was in waiting, till she left him after the close embrace. And this Julien was a man with a virile voice and personal force, not merely a walking gentleman who happened to be a tenor with deplorable sentiments put into his mouth by the librettist—composer.

Mme. Edvina's Louise was wholly admirable, in song and in action. The girl is less petulant than when she was portrayed last season. She is more womanly, more trustful, more exultant in her fancied liberty. The father may believe her headstrong, but in this instance it is the mother that throws her at Paris, not Paris that tears her from her home.

Mr. Marcoux's impersonation of the father is well known. It is now, perhaps, a little fuller in variety of expression, for this excellent actor does not allow himself to fall into routine. While he was not wholly "in voice," he sang with dramatic force and persuasive tenderness.

Mme. d'Alvarez is naturally not yet a mistress of her part, but she has the true conception, which she will undoubtedly work out.

Miss Sharlow sang Irma's song with taste and feeling and her voice was most agreeable. The minor parts were as a rule adequately taken, but Mr. Jou-Jerville's tremolo is unpleasant, and Mr. Lenkow was missed as the melancoly old man mourning his daughter.

MISS SPENCER'S PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Eleanor Spencer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows:

Bach-Liszt, organ Fantasie and Fugue in G minor; Brahms, Rhapsodies op. 79, No. 2, G minor, Intermezzi, op. 117, Nos. 1 and 2, Capriccio, op. 76, No. 2, B minor; Chopin, Sonata B minor, Etude, G flat major; Debussy, Reverie; Cyril Scott, Danse Negre; Scriabin, Etudes op 8, Nos. 1, 10, 12.

Miss Spencer, born in 1891 at Knowlesville, N. Y., appeared as an infant phenomenon when she was 9 years old. She studied afterward with Messrs. Mason, Bauer and Leschetitzki, according to report, and played in London about four years ago. She has also played in other European cities and in New York. She played in Boston for the first time the 14th of last month at a Sunday concert in Symphony Hall, when she was suddenly called upon to replace Mr. de Gogorza.

Miss Spencer has an agreeable touch and she does not force tone in stormy passages that might tempt her. Her technic was sufficient yesterday for the proper performance of the pieces chosen. When this is said, and it is added that she played with some musical understanding, what remains? Simply this, that she played amiably, in a matter of fact manner, without definite personality in the interpretation. Not that she was wholly unemotional, for in the slow movement of the sonata her lyricism was at times expressive.

Opinions might differ as to her phrasing of the subject in Bach's fugue. It was too broken. The phrase is in the nature of a violin phrase, to be played legato with the exception of the three notes that are inevitably staccato. Miss Spencer phrased this subject after the manner of Dr. Faisst, the shaggy Stuttgart organ pedagogue, who was never so happy as when breaking a flowing line of Bach into inconsequential bits. All would agree in this: That her use of the damper pedal in the Fantasie and Fugue and, in fact, throughout the concert, was excessive and sometimes ruinous to the clarity of the presentation.

The interpretation of Brahms's Rhapsody lacked the necessary fire and swing, the demonical energy, and with the exception of the slow movement, the performance of the sonata was colorless. Of the three Etudes by Scriabin the last was the most important. There was a small and friendly audience.

Now to the banquet we press,
Now for the eggs and the ham;
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam.
Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
And now for the gay Sally Lunn!

A Grateful Contributor.

As the World Wags:

What you say about being proud of your contributors and that you some day hope to give them a dinner at the expense of the owners of The Herald is noted with pleasure, and also with the joy that comes from eager anticipation. But, while waiting, why not have a Dutch treat? Dr. Crockett, with his charming affability and astonishing fluency picked up all over the world from China to Peru, as well as innumerable home ports, could preside, and begin by trolling that deep sea chanty: "Messmates, hear a farmer tell you all about a ship!" As a significant and worthy emblem of mutual affection and esteem, a stuffed dove should be suspended over the dining table. The banquet need not cost more than a quarter apiece, outside the phenomenally thirsty, and your contributors would thus be able to meet you, as well as one another, at a trifling expense. Of course dress "shutes" would be barred. Some delicate arrangement could be made to relieve from embarrassment any shy Bohemian who found it impossible to borrow the necessary quarter. Trusting the suggestion will meet with a speedy and a favorable reply, I remain, as ever, your obliged and delighted friend,

VALUED CONTRIBUTOR.

Boston, Jan. 10.

Sing Us a Song.

Mr. Charles-Edward Aab sends us a song he found among his clippings. It might be sung at this banquet by the members of the Naval Strategy Board: Dr. Crockett, "Concord," "Kat Bote," Mr. Ottie and the rest.

The chap to skip on an ocean trip
And the sort to leave behind,
With his driveling store of nautical lore,
In the garrulous, windy kind.

He can figure why, if you let him try—
And you needn't ask at that—
How one can tell from the captain's bell
The time and where you're at.

Both starboard, port, and a lot of that sort
Of junk you'd fain forget,
He always knows, and the way "she blows,"
And why the water's wet.

If you sight a speck from the hurricane deck,
No matter what be your view,
You'll find him there in a neighboring chair
And you've got to hear him through.

So you have to hark to the seadog's bark,
And you sing both small and low,
Till you learn by a look at the purser's book
He hails from Kokomo.

We hope to find suitable songs for the "Wangan" and "Gringo" contributors. We are indebted to Mr. H. L. Wheeler of Boston for a note suggesting again that "gringo" came from "Green grow the rushes," sung by American soldiers in Mexico. Another contributor writes: "Gringo: colloquial Spanish for 'unintelligible gibberish, applied to language'; Newman & Baretti's Spanish Dictionary, 7th ed., 1831." "Gringo" is not in the first edition of Baretti's Dictionary. Let us not forget that he was once tried for murder, and although great men testified in his behalf and he was described as a gentle soul of letters, he was acquitted.

Mr. Ottie Again.

As the World Wags:

Regarding the phrase "cast anchor," it should be remembered that the ships of the Apostles and the early English were very small, carrying anchors not much larger than those found on an ordinary 30 or 40 foot sloop of today. When they anchored, therefore, the anchor was picked up by one or two men, and actually thrown overboard. Originating in ancient times, and used in connection with ancient vessels, the phrase "Cast anchor" has accuracy, force and vividness, as it describes exactly what did happen when the mariners of Jonah's time came to an anchor.

Ever since the 15th century, however, on sea-going vessels of any size anchors have been of such a size and weight that they have been dropped and hove up by means of the rather elaborate apparatus of capstan or windlass, catheads (projecting timbers at the bows acting as cranes), and the tackle for catting and fishing. The Pilgrims' Mayflower certainly belonged to this class of vessel, the anchor being dropped from the cathead, or bow, not "cast," when she anchored.

Used as President-Emeritus Eliot used it, the phrase is inaccurate. It smacks of affectation as well, since the much simpler word "anchored" could just as well have been employed in its place.

Roxbury, Jan. 9. E. W. OTTIE.

Prima Donna.

As the World Wags:

Is it correct to use "prima donna" in reference to a male singer, as a critic for another Boston paper is in the habit of doing? In addition to its unusualness the expression strikes me as odd.

CRITICUS CRITICORUM.

Malden.

A male singer in these enlightened days is not a prima donna, if you speak by the card, but the Italian term is loosely used, to denote that the singer has the airs and graces of a prima donna, or the salary of a prima donna. Thus Mr. Jean de Reszke was often called a "prima donna tenor." Mr. Nikisch in foreign parts is sometimes described as a "prima donna conductor." The application of the term is not necessarily offensive. It may here be said that all the critics of music and the drama in Boston are fine fellows, judicious writers and in every respect an honor to their sex.

The Woes of a Fiddler.

We now quote from a circular about Mr. Mischa Elman, the rising young fiddler. The circular is published by his manager in New York. "The chosen few admitted to the green room, at the close of an Elman recital in one of the large cities, are invariably touched by the condition of the young artist after the trying ordeal of walking between the stage and the ante-room from 20 to 30 times, and playing anywhere from three to nine encores." Why does not the manager carry him on and off the stage? Has he no heart?

Jan 16, 1914

Miss Beatrice Harrison and Reinald Werrenrath, Baritone, at Jordan Hall.

Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, and Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall for the benefit of the Tau Beta Beta charity fund.

Miss Harrison played these pieces: Haydn, Piatti, Adagio et Minuetto, Glazounow, "Chant des Menestrel"; Schumann, Adagio, Cui, Orientale, Popper, Vito. Mr. Werrenrath sang these songs: Brahms, "O Wusst Ich Doch"; Grieg, Lauf der Welt"; La Forge, "Schlupfwinkle"; Hermann, "Auf Wach and posten"; F. Morris Class, "Why Does Azure Deck the Sky"; Deems Taylor, "Witch-Woman"; Lohr, "Little Grey Home in the West," "The Ringers."

Miss Harrison recently gave a recital in Boston. Her playing was then reviewed at length in The Boston Herald. Yesterday afternoon she again revealed herself an accomplished artist. She played the Adagio et Minuetto with old world stateliness and grace, while the other pieces were performed with equal breadth and beauty of tone and emotional significance.

Mr. Werrenrath, an admirable and finished singer, gave much pleasure by his performance of songs, which were in themselves individually interesting. His voice is well schooled. He sings with rare intelligence, perception, humor and true sentiment. The first four songs, widely differing in theme, were conspicuous evidences of his ability to reflect the composer's mood. Throughout the afternoon there were many memorable moments, as in "Schlupfwinkel" and the dramatic ending of Herm[illegible] song, when the singer showed [illegible] to be an interpreter of uncom[illegible] large audie[illegible] was in[illegible]

GALA OPERA PERFORMANCE

Boston City Club Night, with "Jewels of the Madonna" Given.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," in three acts. Mr Moranzoni conducted. The principals of the cast were:

Mr. Fontana
Mme. Dalvarez
Miss Amsden
Mr. Blanchart
Mr. Gilhooley
Mr. Pin Corsi
Mr. Puliemi
Miss Elvira Leveroni

A special performance of the "Jewels of the Madonna" was given at the Boston Opera House last evening. It was Boston City Club night and there was a large attendance and much enthusiasm. Many of the principal singers of last night have been heard in this popular opera many times already and their interpretations are now a matter of [illegible] record. It is an opera to excite the popular fancy, with its incessant motion its chattering throng and its brilliant colors.

Miss Amsden, Mme. Dalvarez, Mr. Fontana and Mr Blanchart were heard in the principal roles. Their interpretations were individually meritorious.

There are some men who have no individuality, just as there are some men who have too much. They are thin, vapid, inconclusive. They are important solely on account of their [illegible]. For them the census enumerator lives; they form majorities; they crowd voting booths; they make the money; they do the drudgery work of the world. In the aggregate, they form public opinion; but then, in every case, public opinion is the disseminated thoughts of some half a dozen men, who are in all probability sleeping quietly in their graves. Other men think dead men's ideas, just as the atmosphere retains the light and heat of the vanished sun. They are not light—they are twilight.

Kidd a "Kidder."

As the World Wags:

Can any of The Herald's many readers throw light upon the word "hexicography"? A careful and diligent search of the standard dictionaries, old and new, fails to reveal the word or to throw any light. I ran across it in a wonderfully interesting collection of memories of the old buccaneer days in the 16th and 17th centuries, but Dampier, Hangrove, Sharp and others fail to help me in tracing the word. I am unable to know the context in which it stood, as the memoirs have been returned to their owner, one Lampos Azaga (care of the Brazilian consulate in London, who values the wonderfully instructive and truly delightful records of these lawless pirates so highly that it was with reluctance he allowed them to go out of his sight, entrusting them to my guardianship for even the shortest time, stipulating that they were to be returned, as they had come, duly registered, thereby insuring them against possible loss. Any one interested in these romantic times will find these memoirs most delightful and instructive reading if, in his research, he be fortunate enough to run across a copy, for it is hard to find, and out of print. The author's name is not given, but Azaga disclaims all responsibility for their existence.

PIRATICUS KIDD.

"Hexicography" comes from the Greek words "hexis," meaning habit, and "cography," the act of slipping cogs. We also have "hexicology," a debased form of "hexiology," meaning the science that treats of the development and behavior of a living creature as affected by its environment; thue man in the Back Bay, Boston, is easily differentiated from man in Putney, Vt., or in Dead Man's Gulch. You will find the word in De Goozac's "History of the Lynn Pirates" (privately printed). We understand that there is a copy in the Museum at Salem.

Who Saw This?

As the World Wags:

Place, Belfast, Me. Time, fall of 1860 and during the winter. In front of the American House in a crowd of people was a young man, the writer. A distinguished looking gentleman on horseback rode up to the walk, dismounted and asked the young man to hold his horse. The rider hastened to the hotel entrance and disappeared within. Several moments elapsed when the gentleman appeared, walked to the young man's side, mounted his horse and without as much as a "thank you" rode away. Not, however, before the young man had given the horse a vigorous slap on the rump that came near landing the rider on the pavement. The rider was making a tour through the northern and New England states, estimating the arms, equipment and ammunition of the country. What a change in the history of the country it would have made had he been thrown from his horse and killed! The rider was secretary of war under President Pierce from 1853 to 1857, had been a celebrated soldier in the Mexican war and was after this circumstance President of the southern confederacy—Jefferson Davis.

Who saw it?

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

"Authorized Version."

As the World Wags:

Ignoring the false issue raised on Jan. 10, the main question seems sufficiently settled in the introduction by Prof. A. W. Pollard to "The Holy Bible, a Facsimile in a Reduced Size of the Authorized Version Published in the Year 1611," issued as a tercentenary memorial by the Oxford University Press in 1911: this says on page 31: "As is well known no authority has ever been discovered for the words 'Appointed to Be Read in Churches' which appear on the title-page of all editions, nor for the phrase, the 'Authorized Version,' by which the Bible is usually known." On page 32 is conclusion of a discussion as to authorization given previous Bibles and as to possible order-in-council, viz: "It seems, therefore, far from safe to postulate the existence of such an order in 1611. There is indeed negative evidence that there was no such order, for the word 'appointed' is considerably weaker than the 'authorized and appointed' which it replaced. By itself 'appointed' means little more than 'assigned' or 'provided,' and the words 'Appointed to be read in churches' literally expressed the facts that this Bible was printed by the King's printer was the approval of the King and the bishops for use in churches, and that no competing edition 'of the largest volume' was allowed to be published. Theorotically this justification by facts may have been insufficient; but when all the parties are agreed legal formalitics are often omitted."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston, Jan. 13.

ALMANAC HINT FOR CONCERTS

Bruckner's Symphony Chosen by Dr. Muck Suggests "About This Time."

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer was the pianist. The program was as follows: Bruckner's Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (unfinished), and Brahms's Concerto in D minor, No. 1, for the piano. The symphony had not been played here since November, 1907. Mr. Bauer, coming to this country for the first time in 1900, played for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston, and he then chose the concerto of Brahms, which had not then been heard here with the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Joseffy played the concerto here at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra eight years ago tomorrow.

Was it a happy or a Mephistophelian thought that induced Dr. Muck to couple the names of Bruckner and Brahms on a program? He did not select the concerto. Mr. Bauer has been playing it in the West. His devotion to it is only equalled by the memorable instance in the Micawber family; he will never forsake it. But Dr. Muck surely chose the symphony. The Farmers' Almanac for concert goers might read in January or February, "about this time expect Bruckner." In February, 1887, 1889,1910; in January, 1912, 1913; in December, 1901 and 1906, symphonies by Bruckner were played. Perhaps they are regarded as good substantial winter music.

Yesterday Bruckner and Brahms were closely associated. The Brucknerites, who in Boston, like the Conies of Holy Writ, are a feeble folk, hearing the concerto, might have said one to another: "Didn't I tell you? And they call Brahms great!" The Brahmsites, or Brahmins, dozing through the symphony, might have said: "And this man had his admirers in Vienna! And they dared to pit him against our St. Johannes. Now comes Mr. Bauer and we shall at last hear some music."

In spite of certain noble passages, the Ninth Symphony cannot be reckoned among Bruckner's greatest works. The first movement shows too often a curious deficiency in workmanship. From either a lack of fine taste in style or from an Olympian indifference, the composer frittered away the effect of a really grand thought by gingerbread ornamentation or inconsequential development. Then there are those irritating pauses, as though Bruckner, the organist, stopped in improvisation to shift the stops of an old-fashioned instrument, to make new combinations regardless of continuity in musical thought. These pauses excite anticipation, and, alas, too often lead to something trivial. The Scherzo is worked out with a firmer hand and has a more decided character. The close of the third movement is beautiful in its solemnity, and in this movement there are pages of lofty ideas, finely conceived and grandly expressed. Yet in the work as a whole the failings of Bruckner outweigh his virtues.

Mr. [illegible] impressive performance of the Concerto. He is one of the few truly musical pianists that visit us. Time has somewhat softened the austerities and the asperities of the work itself, and no one would today echo the complaints made against it when it was first played; that it was surcharged with dissonances. The first movement has a wild, demoniacal spirit in the beginning, but the wildness no longer dismays the hearer. It is a pity that the motto of the second movement in the manuscript score—"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"—was not retained in the published work, for it is singularly appropriate to the spirit of the music. Whether it were suggested by the death of Scrumann or not, this may be said today: the Rondo Finale does not seem in keeping with the movements that precede it.

The program of the concerts next week includes Debussy's Suite "Printemps," which will be played here for the first time; Tschaikowsky's violin concerto (Mr. Witek, violinist), and Liszt's symphonic poem "Hungaria," which will be played for the first time at these concerts.

MISS BORI IN PART OF MIMI

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo.....Mr. Constantino
Marcello.....Mr. Danges
Schaunard.....Mr. Puliemi
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Benoit } Alcindoro } .....Mr. Tavocchia
Mimi..... Miss Bori
Musetta.....Mme. Beriza
Parpignol.....Mr. Fusco
Sergente del Goganieri.....Mr. Tortorici

The performance was a very interesting one. Miss Bori is not a stranger here as Mimi, for she took the part twice last season. Within the last year her voice has grown without losing its beautiful quality, and her acting has gained in emotional depth and in authority. Her impersonation last night was pathetic and charming.

Mme. Beriza sang with more confidence than when she first took the part of Musetta and her pleasing voice was well controlled. She gives a certain distinction to the part that is a refresh- contrast to the manner in which it has been played by some. For with all her high spirits Musetta was not an aggressive soubrette in farce comedy.

Mr. Constantino's reappearance revived pleasant memories of performances by the San Carlo Company at the Park Theatre, when the opera was played with great spirit before the publisher set his face against the production. Last night Mr. Constantino was in better voice than earlier this season. He sang with much finesse, indeed he saved his voice somewhat during the first act, but in the third he sang with the old time tonal beauty. Mr. Danges gave a spirited performance of Marcello.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

This life is a hospital in which each sick person is possessed with the desire to change his bed. This one wishes to suffer near the stove, and that one believes he would be cured if he could only be by the window.

Important.

Discussing yesterday the word "hexicography," known chiefly to "Piraticus Kidd," we stated that "cography" meant "the art of slipping cogs." The linotype preferred "act" to "art."

In Wax.

There is an outcry in Berlin because shopkeepers display corsets on "wax female figures of life-size." The police raided a shop in the Leipzigerstrasse and "seized a particularly life-like wax model of a young woman which was the subject of attraction to people in the street." This incident might furnish a text for a sermon by the celebrated Dr. Moll of Berlin, whose book, showing a deplorable state of affairs in European capitals, especially Berlin, has been translated into several languages.

There are instances of youths who have fallen in love with statues since the time of Pygmalion. There was Charmides, who was enamored of the statue of Athena and came to a pitiable end. There was the Venus of Aries from whom an adventurous lad snatched the ring that afterward brought to him a bridegroom, the jealous goddess. Here in Boston we see the hero of "Contes d'Hoffman" infatuated with the automaton, Olympia, although Hoffmann's own tale about the student and the puppet is wilder and more horrible. Then there is the poem by Maurice Rollinat, "La Dame en Cire," dedicated to Felicien Rops, beginning:

Je regardais tourner le mannequin,
Et j'admirais sa taille, sa poitrine.

Seeing this mannequin the poor wretch at first feared lest the woman of wax might leave the shop to visit him, and, contemplating her more and more, at last he prayed [illegible] to soften her heart and persuade her to this midnight call.

Pleasantly Written.

As the World Wags:

It is desperately cold here today. Sitting huddled before my fire this morning, after I had read your part of the paper and glanced over the rest of it, I resumed my reading of the "Voyages," written by John Josselyn, Gent. Therein I fell upon something which started a chain of thoughts.

I thought, first, of the arguments for and against something to drink that would be warming in its effect; next, I thought of the dictum of Horace, who was Who in his time. He said, you remember, that there is no punch in the stuff written by drinkers of water:

"* * * neo vivere carmina possunt,
Quae scribuntur aquae potoribus * * *"

I thought further of the perennial and potent punch oossessed by you and your friends, world-waggers all; and the next thought—you see I was actually forced to it—was, that to no other source of information could I turn so hopefully to find what "Pasada" is or was. It seems to be, or to have been, some sort of a drink; and, perhaps you, or some of your learned friends, wise, not only as to the present pleasures of drink, but also as to its ancient lore, may be able to tell me what sort of a tipple it is. This "Gent," writing in 1663, says:

"I was shrewdly pinched with a great frost, but 2 or 3 bottles of excellent Pasada, and good cheer bestowed upon me, I made shift to bear it out."

If this cold snap is to continue, I would be grateful for your early reply.

JOHN ALGER.

North Reading, Jan. 12.

Can any one tell us about "Pasada"? Perhaps Mr. Alger can find something about it in Venner's "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" (London, 1550), for different wines are there enumerated. William Harrison in his description of the island of Britain, mentions 32 wines besides those home-made. We have not time this day to consult the leech and the chronicler. We suppose Mr. Alger refers to Josselyn's "Account of Two Voyages to New England," but the writer's "New England's Rarities Discovered" is also good reading. Perhaps he was not always a safe guide to hold the lantern of truth before the feet of the young, for he tells us that "Some frogs, when they sit upon their breech, are a foot high," and that barley "frequently degenerates into oats."—Ed.

The Spanish Main.

Some days ago a correspondent asked the meaning of "the Spanish main." With the help of books by learned men we answered him. We are now indebted to Mr. Albert Matthews for a copy of his pamphlet, "Origin of the Name of Maine" (Cambridge, 1910). In it he speaks of the erroneous use of the word "Main."

"Thus, the fourth stanza in 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' as originally written, read:

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane."

"When Longfellow discovered or had his attention called to the fact that the Spanish Main was land, not water, he altered the second line to 'Had sailed to the Spanish Main.'"

Up to the Gipsies.

According to a well known Argentine journal, "La Nacion," the tango was called after a district of that name in Indo-China, where it originated over 2000 years ago. The gipsies introduced the dance into Spain, whence it passed to Argentina. The definition of "tango" given by the glossary of South American Spanish is "Gathering or dance of gipsies."—Pall Mall Gazette.

When and Where?

As the World Wags:

The following saying or its equivalent has been attributed to Abraham Lincoln: "Some of the people can be fooled all the time, and all the people can be fooled some of the time, but all the people cannot be fooled all the time." Did he ever say that, and, if so, when and where?

INFORMATION.

IRISH DRAMA AT TOY THEATRE

"The Edge of the World," an Irish drama in three acts, by A. H. Gilmer, was given for the first time last evening at the Toy Theatre. The cast: Bridget O'Meara, Miss Kellogg; Maire O'Meara, Miss Phinney; Thomas Hynes, Mr. Crafton; Stephen Blake, Mr. Rawson; Seaghan Kelly, Mr. Gilmer; Rory Maginn, Mr. Shea; First Old Woman, Mrs. Sargent; Second Old Woman, Mrs. Gilmer.

The story is of a young girl of the Aran islands, living in great poverty and in sordid surroundings, in conflict between her love for a young poet and

... a country lout ... poet, poor and in frail he... marry her, and Marie finally throws ... from a cliff into the sea.

Though the story is a tragic one, the ... is full of bits of humor, the picture of Irish life is vivid, and many of the lines poetic. The characters are well differentiated, and were acted with an appreciation of their value as ...

There will be repetitions of the performance tomorrow and Tuesday evenings, and Thursday afternoon and evening.

'SAMSON ET DALILA' GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Dalila	Mme. Dalvarez
Samson	Mr. Fontana
Le Grand Pretre	Mr. Danges
Abimelech	Mr. Mardones
Un Vieillard Hebreu	Mr. Ludikar
Le Messager Philistin	Mr. Deru
Premier Philistin	Mr. Giaccone
Deuxieme Philistin	Mr. Grand

Saint-Saens's biblical opera was performed yesterday afternoon for the fourth time this season. As the singers were the same at these performances, there is no need of inquiring curiously into the respective impersonations. The representation as a whole was an excellent one. Mme. Dalvarez sang with seductive charm in the scenes with Samson, with dramatic vigor in the aria that opens the second act, and with the fitting irony in the scene where she taunts blind Samson with the memory of her caresses. There are persons always eager to question the "psychology" of an impersonation. In this instance they would ask if Mme. Dalvarez revealed the true character of Delilah.

But what was Delilah's character? Grave men have disputed concerning this important point. Renan dismissed her lightly as a hussy. Chrysostom argued that she was the wife of Samson, and Milton in his tragedy took the same view and said bitter things about women in general. Some have thought her an Israelite in the employ of the Philistines, a political courtesan. She was a woman of Sorek, and the nationality of the dwellers in the valley, or by the brook, of Sorek is not definitely known, but the frontier was a shifting one. In the tragedy by Ippolito d'Aste, in which Calvini played the part of Samson, Delilah loves the strong man. The idea of betraying him is revolting to her; she calls on the Night to hide her after the betrayal. When he is blind she tells him she was the sport of fate, and in the temple scene she clings to his breast.

In opera there is little time for the development of character and Saint-Saens's librettist gives sufficient information for an actress of reasonable intelligence. Samson had neglected Delilah for a time, he had refused to disclose the secret of his strength; Dagon's high priest urged her as one of the faithful to avenge the slight and satisfy her curiosity for the safety of the Philistines and the glory of their god.

Mr. Fontana again gave a powerful performance of Samson in song and in action. The other parts were adequately taken and the singing of the chorus was unusually good.

After all, the review of a tragedian's acting published some years ago in a western newspaper was comprehensive, even if the purist might call it ungrammatical: "He done noble, and the audience went home well pleased with its night's adventure." Instead of dwelling on the brilliant performance yesterday afternoon, let us consider for a moment other operas founded on this subject. There have been at least half a dozen, besides oratorios and ballets. Four celebrated men were associated with operas entitled "Samson" that were not performed in the theatre.

Voltaire made a sketch of a libretto for which Rameau should write the music, but the orthodox protested against the audacity of "the infidel" in using a biblical subject for the stage, and they prevented the performance. Rameau used some of this music in other operas, as in 'Zoroastre.'" Voltaire commented amusingly on the matter in an article, "Samson": one of his 'Questions sur l'Encyclopedia." He alludes to old tragedies, and a comedy in which Harlequin is Samson's servant and fights a turkey while his master bears off the gates of Gaza on his shoulder. "In 1732," says Voltaire, "one wished to produce at the Paris Opera a tragedy 'Samson' with music by the celebrated Rameau, but permission was refused. There was no Harlequin, no turkey, and the thing seemed too serious. They were, besides, much pleased at mortifying Rameau, who had a great talent. However, at that time an opera 'Jephtha,' taken from the Old Testament, and the comedy of 'The Prodigal Son' were played." Voltaire referred to a tragedy, "Samson," taken originally from the Spanish, performed at Paris in 1717. In this tragedy Delilah is told that Samson prefers a rival. Samson ... loses his secret to prove his fidelity. ... finally kills herself in her de...

Mr. Pougin ... any music for Voltaire's ..., to which Weckerlin set music ... success when it was performed in concert at Paris in 1890.

Duprez, the great French tenor for whom Donizetti composed "Lucia di Lammermoor," wrote an opera "Samson." In his memoirs he describes it as his "cherished work, in which I put the most of my heart, intelligence, time, and, I may say, myself." The elder Dumas helped him with the libretto. The scenes were as those in Saint-Saens's. There was a concert performance, but Duprez could not find any manager to put the opera on the stage. The minister of fine arts told him that the stage setting of the last act alone would cost over $20,000. Duprez then changed the words to suit a subject almost analogous, taken from the Crusades, and the opera was then called "Zephora." As "Samson" it was translated into Italian and German, and there was a performance in concert form at Berlin. In this opera Mehala, the mother of Samson, was introduced. The hero was a tenor.

Joachim Raff in the Fifties wrote an opera, "Samson," which was never performed. Managers gave various reasons for refusal. At Weimar the tenor said the music was too high for him, so Liszt was unable to produce it. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who created the part of Tristan, was greatly interested in Raff's opera, but he died while Raff was shortening certain scenes.

In the operas of Duprez, Raff and Saint-Saens Samson is a tenor. An Italian opera, "Il Sansone," by Basili, was produced at Naples in 1824, with Lablache, the huge bass, in the cast. Was he the Samson?

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto." Mr. Schiavoni conducted.

Il Duca di Mantova	Mr. Tanlongo
Rigoletto	Mr. Blanchart
Sparafucile	Mr. Sillich
Conte Monterone	Mr. Sampieri
Marullo	Mr. Pulcini
Borsa	Mr. Giaccone
Conte di Ceprano	Mr. Serpellon
Un Paggio	Miss Phillips
Gilda	Miss Sanborn
Giovanna	Miss Heyman
Maddalena	Miss Leveroni
Contessa Ceprano	Miss Hellane

Because of a sudden indisposition of Miss Evelyn Scotney, Miss Sanborn filled her place in the role of the unfortunate Gilda. Her efforts were apparently appreciated by an audience that by no means taxed the capacity of the Opera House, and at one time she aroused enthusiasm.

Mr. Blanchart's performance of the title role was acceptable. As the licentious duke, Tanlongo sang with spirit. Miss Leveroni was greeted with notable approbation.

Wagner's "Meistersinger" will be produced at the Boston Opera House on Friday night with the assistance of certain singers from the Metropolitan Opera House. The visiting Metropolitan company gave a performance at the Boston Opera House on April .., 1910, when the chief singers were Soomer (Sachs), Blass (Pogner), Goritz (Beckmesser), Reiss (David), Joern (Walter), Mme. Gadski (Eva) and Miss Wickham (Magdalene). Mr Slezak had been announced as Walter, but he fell sick and Mr. Joern took his place. The performance, a mediocre one otherwise, was made brilliant by the conducting of Mr Toscanini. "Die Meistersinger" was first performed here at the Boston Theatre, April 8, 1889, with Messrs. Fischer (Sachs), B..., Moedlinger, Sedlmayer, and Mmes. Kaschoska and R... Mr. Seidl conducted and singers from the Orpheus Club assisted in the chorus of the third act. The prelude to the opera was played here as far back as 1871 by Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

There have been several excellent performances of the opera here in German, but we should not forget the one in Italian at Mechanics building, March 21, 1892, when the cast was as follows: Walter, Jean de Reszke; Sachs, Lassalle; David, Montariol; Pogner, Serbolini; Beckmesser, Carbone; Kothner, Vampanari; Eva, Mme. Albani; Magdalena, Miss Bauermeister. Mr. Seidl conducted. Lassalle, though he did not attain Fischer's stature as Sachs, sang the music beautifully and was an imposing figure. Montariol, who died too soon, was a capital David and Carbone was one of the best Beckmessers we have seen in this country or in Germany. Mr. de Reszke was a romantic Walter in appearance and in song.

Mr. Ysaye will play Gabriel Faure's sonata this afternoon and not one by Grieg which was previously announced. He played this beautiful work by Faure in February, 1898, with Raoul Pugno, whose death at Moscow was recently reported, but the sonata was played long before. We remember a performance by Messrs. Loeffler and Baermann early in 1892, and we think it was the first in Boston.

Mme. Bori, charming and emotional in opera, will sing at the Boston Opera House tonight for the first time here in concert.

The soloists at the People's Choral Union concert this evening are Mmes. Ellis and Lucas, John Finnegan and Romeo Frick. Mme. Edith Ellis is a lyric soprano, a native of New Hampshire, who has studied in Boston. She has sung with New England choral societies and has twice travelled in the ... West with the Stearns Boston ... ists of ... choral ... John Finnegan, tenor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, has sung on tour with Victor Herbert's Pittsburg orchestra, the New York Symphony orchestra, Arthur Pryor's band, the United States Marine band, the New York Oratorio Society, Washington Oratorio Society and many choral organizations. In the fall of 1913 he was principal tenor soloist of the Maine festival at Portland and Bangor. Mr. Frick, baritone, was born in this country of Italian-Swiss and German parents. He studied at Cincinnati and in Europe and has a high reputation.

Harrison Bennett, who will give a song recital on Tuesday night, was brought up in Cambridge. He has been known in this country and in Europe for a dozen years or more, chiefly as an opera singer. He visited Boston with Mr. Savage's English grand opera company in the fall of 1903, when he took the parts of Bide-the-Bent, the Landgrave, Lodovico, Henry the Fowler, the King in "Aida," Ferrando. He also gave a song recital here some years ago. His operatic repertoire includes 26 roles. After his studies with Cotogni and de Reszke he made his debut at Covent Garden. For the last four years he has sung in opera and in concert in many European cities. He is about to return to Europe that he may fill his engagements. His program for Tuesday is an interesting one. Van Eyken's (or Van Eijken's) songs are not often heard. He died in 1908 at Berlin where he was teaching theory at the Royal high school.

Alexander Bloch, violinist, will play here for the first time on Wednesday afternoon. He was born in 1895 at Selma, Ala. His boyhood was passed in New York, but his musical training was in Europe under Sevcik, and later with Leopold Auer, at St. Petersburg. The latter recommended him for the position of solo violinist of the Symphony orchestra at Tiflis. The first American to hold this position, he was offered a re-engagement, and there were offers from Russian cities, but he preferred to return to America, and he gave a recital in New York the 21st of November last, when the leading critics praised his tone, intonation, musical seriousness and genuine feeling.

Miss Deyo will give her first recital here on Thursday afternoon. Born in New York state, of French and English parentage, she excited attention as a musical child, and at the age of 9 gave a recital of her own compositions at the Columbian exposition at Chicago (1893). She studied the piano later with William Mason, Stepanoff and Mme. Carreno. She has given concerts with success in Berlin, Leipsic, London and New York. Having played this season with the Boston Symphony orchestra at Cambridge and Providence, she appeared with it at Symphony Hall the third of this month, when Bach's concerto gave her little opportunity for the display of her romantic playing.

The Longy Club will bring out on Thursday night an unfamiliar work by Edouard Flament. This composer was born at Douai, Aug. 27, 1880, and educated at the Paris Conservatory, where he took a first prize in 1898 as a bassoon player. He afterward joined Lamoureux's orchestra. Mr. Marquarre is well known here as a composer as well as a flute virtuoso and a conductor. D'Indy's Fantasie for oboe and piano was brought out, if we are not mistaken, by Messrs. Longy and Gebhard, 11 years ago this month. It was composed originally for oboe and orchestra and the oboist at the first performance in Paris (Lamoureux concert, Dec. .., 1888) was Weiss, afterward a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was one of the members who went down with the Bourgogne.

Lovers of the harp will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Holy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in ensemble and in solo pieces of his own composition at the Hoffmann Quartet concert tomorrow night. Lothar Kempter, whose Romance will be then played, was born in 1844. He studied in Munich, and was afterward a conductor at Zurich. He has composed operas and many other works.

George Meredith and the Theatre

"An Old Pittite" contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 29 an interesting article on George Meredith's views and opinions on the theatre. He first quotes from Meredith's novels. Thus in "The Egoist" Sir Willoughby remarks to Dr. Middleton: "The theatre is a matter of climate, sir. You will grant me that?" "If quick wits come of climate, it is as you say, sir," and Letitia Dale adds: "With us it seems a matter of painful fostering, or the need of it," and the writer adds: "Which is precisely what Matthew Arnold and many others said 40 years ago, when nobody seemed disposed to regard the possibilities of the theatre as anything beyond those of a puppet-show. And in 'Rhoda Fleming' we read: 'It is a good public, that of Britain, and will bear anything so long as villainy is punished.' The passage from which this is taken gives us a lively description of what was evidently a popular type of melodrama about the year 1865, and also contains a few remarks on the dramatic critic of the period:

"'The office of critic is now, in fact, virtually extinct; the taste for tickling and slapping is universal and imperative, as it appeals to the intellect and passions not purely domestic, have grown obsolete. There are captains of the legions, but no critics. The mass is lord.'

"The melodrama, so amusingly described in 'Rhoda Fleming,' is just such an id captandum composition, crammed with sham emotions, as a large section of our playgoers still love. Our writers of melodrama, unlike 'our little systems,' do not 'have their day and cease to be.' They cling to their formula from generation to generation and age to age, as the monks cling to the recipes for the liqueurs they make; and the melodrama-loving public of today still laughs and weeps and shivers at the same old jokes that amused their forefathers, the same old 'gruel thick and slab' of sentimentality, and the same dodges and devices of the stage-carpenter and the man up the ladder with the lamp in his hand."

From his novels and from his letters we gain the idea that the theatre to him was one of the things which do not matter much. As a critic he was hyper-critical, and a little cynical. "He would, perhaps, sit through a bad play more calmly than Mr. Shaw was able to do in his days as a dramatic critic, when, as he admits again and again in his articles, he wanted to kill some bad actor or author, or in moments of more controlled emotion, would just fling himself back in his stall and wonder why he had ever been born. But Meredith would never have succumbed to the genius of a Kean as Byron did, or have paid Irving so superb a compliment as Tennyson paid him when, after seeing his Hamlet for a second time after an interval of six years, he told the actor that those years had lifted his impersonation six degrees nearer to heaven. Meredith, however, took care to see that famous performance in 1874, and afterward acknowledged in a letter to Viscount (then Mr. John) Morley, that he had derived great pleasure from it. He even urged his friend to see it, also.

"This appreciation, however, did not prevent him, next day, at the Garrick Club, from pouring a few criticisms into the tragedian's ear—criticisms to which Irving appears to have listened, as he always did, with extreme courtesy. A year later Meredith saw Salvini in 'Othello,' and this time a real enthusiasm appears to have possessed him. 'Yes,' he writes to the same friend, 'I went to see Salvini on Friday. Saturday gave the newspaper criticism, and, after observing the true and only Othello, you should read them! Faint praise, puling exceptions to this and that! Like political England, they want peace—not to be disturbed. They harp on Othello's "tenderness"! Do you perceive much of it in reading the play?—one of the finest in action in Shakespeare, lowest of the great plays in conception.' Here, at any rate, is a piece of good criticism. When Shakespeare set to work to show the workings of jealousy in the heart and mind of a man, it is, perhaps, a pity that he should have selected a Moor as the protagonist in his supreme delineation of that passion."

Here are extracts from his letters:

March, 1882: "I saw Mrs. Langtry in a play not possible with any but the English. They swallowed it with relish—'Ours.' The realism is such that in a hut on the heights beyond Sebastopol you jam your shoulders against a door to keep out the snowstorm, and yet you receive three ladies fresh from England without a spot of mud, snow, or wet on their skirts, and you give them lodging and provision."

"Mrs. Langtry is the ideal shepherdess of the chromolithograph. She has to faint, and she takes three gaunt strides to fall on the ready knees of the dame prepared to receive her. She is very handsome, but not a shade of mystery or variableness—the heroine for bold dragoons."

"Saw Irving as Romeo. The love-play ceases to present a sorrowful story, and becomes a pageant, with a quaint figure ranting about."

He found the plot of Taylor's "Clancarty," as Taylor told it to him before the play was produced, full of "very splendid and noble quality." In 1883 he described "Un Roman Parisien," acted by a French company, very bad, utterly theatrical, "nothing could be worse." He said of "The Danicheffs," "Stuff! Froth of small beer presented as vinous."

"On Friday my good fairy took me to see the tortuous Sarah Bernhardt in 'Fedora,' a detestable play, written expressly to bring out some of her arts. She has taken on flesh of late. Was admirable by comparison, of course, but monotonous."

To this "Old Pittite" adds: "Of that impersonation I have a vivid recollection. I saw it at the same time, and on the evening of my visit the actress was at the top of her powers, so carrying away the audience in the last act that after the curtain had fallen, at a late hour, she was recalled 17 times."

And in all of Meredith's allusions in his novels to the theatre, "none of them is, perhaps, so copious as that chapter in 'Tom Jones,' in which we learn how Partridge was impressed by Mr. Garrick's Hamlet; or that still finer passage in Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' in which ... the visit to the theatre at Rouen ..."

[illegible] ... "Madame Bovary" is [illegible] ... of the opera [illegible] ... "The Stranger," with [illegible] ...

"Snobisme" and Opera in English

Mr. Robin H. Legge [illegible] the Daily Telegraph (London) is [illegible] author of an interesting article [illegible]:

"In a [illegible] sense we are truly a [illegible] people, we natives of the British [illegible]. As a general rule we will [illegible] anything, at least most of us [illegible] 'most of us,' for as this [illegible] was in the making I received a letter [illegible] of which was a protest [illegible] aggressive manner in which [illegible] are being told that [illegible], willy-nilly, have opera in [illegible] native tongue. My correspondent [illegible] nation, 'save, perhaps, the American, has ever taken anything to [illegible] because it has been told to? [illegible] public except our patient [illegible] would stand being told they must [illegible] 'up' to opera? Can one [illegible] the American public standing [illegible] an advertisement that [illegible] singers had been 'permitted' to sing in English? Even if the [illegible] wanted opera, can one blame [illegible] avoiding it after that?' Over [illegible] over again in the columns of the Daily Telegraph has the statement been [illegible] that if the British public wants opera in English it will pay for and observe [illegible]. Now it appears that others, [illegible] objecting to the thrusting of [illegible] down their unwilling [illegible]. The frank, even brutal, truth [illegible] matter is, I have no doubt whatever, that if the performances of opera in English are on the same high level [illegible] best in a foreign tongue the public will take to opera willingly [illegible] as they take to other forms of [illegible] if and when it and its performance [illegible] good enough for them.

"There is more of cant and 'snobisme' [illegible] and written about the 'miserable [illegible] unappreciative British musical [illegible] than about any other art matter. Not for one moment do I believe that the same public will be attracted [illegible] by the fact of opera being [illegible] in their own language than in any other. There is rampant just now [illegible] hideous form of 'snobisme' [illegible] insists that everything sung in England should be sung in English. [illegible], a few years ago, Hans Richter [illegible] once and for all, by his wonderful performance of 'The Ring' in the English language at Covent Garden, [illegible] native singers were capable of, [illegible] public took the performances and [illegible] performers, with customary generosity, to its broad bosom. That is [illegible], and it looks as if my previous [illegible] might be wrong. I don't believe, however, it is wrong for one moment. For when the Covent Garden [illegible] announced two cycles of 'The Ring' last spring, Nikisch being the conductor, all will remember that the opera house was so crowded at the first two cycles that a third had to be added, and this, too, was sold out. These [illegible] were sung in German, and were [illegible] by much the same folk as [illegible] who attended the English 'Ring.' [illegible] it is the quality of the work, not the language, that matters, at any rate at [illegible] and in London.

"[illegible] no public took so kindly as our [illegible] at first to the works of Brahms, not [illegible] the German public, and having [illegible] his music up, with characteristic [illegible], have kept a warm place for [illegible] in their hearts ever since they knew [illegible]. Apparently Tschaikowsky's 'Pathetic' symphony has fallen from its once [illegible] estate, since it rarely figures on a [illegible] concert program, while at one [illegible] it was inevitable. But this raises [illegible] point in favor of our public that, [illegible] ever the wildness of their enthusiasm [illegible] first hearing a work, they put [illegible] work aside with perfect calmness [illegible] they discover its true value to be [illegible] than they thought. There is not a composition being played frequently now that was produced 10 years ago that has [illegible] real musical merit.

"The public are not to be blamed for [illegible] disinclination to 'rush their fences,' [illegible] phrase goes. Rather ought they [illegible] encouraged, for ultimately they [illegible] perfect security to [illegible]. And in reality [illegible] little more than [illegible] down the public [illegible] because it is shy [illegible] its own judgment at first. [illegible] theatre-goers have made their [illegible] up they are as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar. Recall the jeers and [illegible] that have been flung at [illegible] 'Messiah', how often one [illegible] or being, as he is called, [illegible] dislike of Bach or Beethoven [illegible]. Not so your glorified [illegible] street. Look at your Promenaders. Is it 'snobisme' on their part that makes them flock in thousands on a [illegible] what time a Beethoven symphony is the lion of the concert? No, no, they are not the 'snobs' of our music. Far more is the title deserved by such 'smart' music-lovers (?) as those who a few nights ago talked incessantly through a wonderful performance of a new violin sonata given in semi-private. Such conduct at a Promenade concert would have brought disaster on the chatterboxes.

"There is another kind of 'snobisme' in the rush of the modern singer or instrumentalist to the front when his or her lawful place is well in the background. I have no idea how many thousands of concerts I have attended in the past 25 years. But of this I am positive, that the present generation of soloists has not the same knowledge of its work that was possessed by its predecessor. Now the young opera singer seeks, as I said the other day, to begin where his 'ancestor' left off. I wish some of them could have seen one or two of the Carl Rosa performances when Rosa himself was in command 30 years ago. These performances had this in common with the usual performance in the more important foreign opera houses, a perfection of ensemble, because from the first to last the singers knew their business.

"It seems brutal to say so (it is futile to turn a blind eye any longer), but I cannot see a very great advance in opera in English, so far as general performance is concerned, in the last five-and-twenty years. And the reason is that the majority of singers today rush too soon to the front. It is the same with instrumentalists, and the real reason why soloists of quite outstanding merit are so rare now in England is that these same instrumentalists and vocalists are never out of the 'half-baked' condition. The very few who deserve the epithet 'great' merely emphasize this point.

"There you have the reason why the public cares apparently so very little for its native music and its performance. It is not good enough. I shall be told, as often I have been told, that it is too good. That is not true, for this very good reason, that nothing is too good for our own public, and the proof of this lies in the fact referred to above that no work and no performance remains in the one case in the heart, and in the other in the memory, of the public that is not of genuine value. The public may rush, as I said, headlong at a new work; but it is only after years that it makes up its mind to retain that work in its heart forever. When it is so accepted then you may be certain that it is a great work. How many such works have been produced in the last quarter of a century?

"All this means that speaking generally our musical life is blighted by inefficiency largely, and by the 'snobisme' which pretends to believe that all British music is good enough for the British public merely because it is British. We have in our midst composers at least the equal in inspiration of their continental contemporaries. Several are being taken to the bosom of the public, slowly, perhaps, but surely. They are the exceptions. We are suffering from a kind of swelled head in music. The sooner we find a cure the sooner will the prevailing 'snobisme' in British music disappear."

Public's Right to Boo

The following letters published in London, apropos of Barrie's recent failure, are interesting. The first, almost hysterical, was written by "An Actor."

"Will you permit me, who has to some small extent a personal interest in the stage, to ask a few questions of those self-constituted critics of the drama—the pit and gallery first-nighters?

"First of all, do they not take themselves a little too seriously when they pose as judge, jury and executioner all rolled into one? Again, what are their qualifications? We know that our newspapers employ only men of learning, of culture, and of strict impartiality to criticise literature and art, but the pit and gallery first-nighters, if they are to continue to pass sentence on the work of authors and actresses, should in common fairness make clear their right. When they censure the work of a great writer, when they not only insult, but try to take the bread out of the mouths of actors and actresses of established repute, they should have the manliness to come into the open and let us know who and what they are.

"They maintain they have a right to boo if friends of the management applaud. But how are they to be certain that the applause in the stalls and circle proceeds exclusively from private friends? There are surely very many regular first-nighters who pay their money for stalls and circle. Have they no rights? Must they enjoy themselves and express their enjoyment only as the pit and gallery first-nighters' associations direct?

"Some of the best actors and actresses in America—where the practice of booing is not in favor—have consistently declined to place themselves at the mercy of English pit and gallery first-nighters' associations. Is this an enviable reputation? Finally, may I ask if the pit and gallery first-nighters carry their boos elsewhere? If the sermon on a Sunday does not please them, do they boo the parson? If the pictures at the Academy are not to their taste do they boo at the painters? If their food at the restaurants does not satisfy their palates, do they boo the cooks? I fancy not. Like sensible people, they go quietly away and do not go again. Why not try the same with the theatres?"

Mr. Aaron Roen replied: "As one who has been a member of the Gallery First Nighters' Club for the past dozen years, may I suggest to your correspondent, 'An Actor,' that, if he would consult the columns of the theatrical press or the pages of the theatrical year-books, he would ascertain who and what the gallery first nighters are? If he would go further and consult theatrical history, he would find there that the right to applaud carries also the right to condemn—a right confirmed from time to time by legal decisions. Let him go still further and read the history of the English drama, and he will find there on record that an author in the front rank of English writers, on witnessing the production of his play, felt constrained to admit the disapproval was just and himself swelled the chorus of hissing."

The reference to the "author in the front rank" is undoubtedly to Charles Lamb, who, when the pit began to hiss his farce, "Mr. H.," joined lustily in condemnation of the play.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Violin recital by Eugene Ysaye. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3 P. M. Third concert of the Boston Philharmonic Society, Charles Frank conductor. Pieces by Verdi, Wagner, Bizet, Boccherini, Chaminade and Ponchielli. Mrs. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, soprano, will sing Agatha's grand air from "Der Freischuetz" and Ware's "Joy of the Morning."

Parker Memorial Hall, 53 Berkeley street, 3 P. M. Concert at popular prices. Operatic selections by members of the Boston Opera House Company.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Mmes. Bori and Swartz-Morse and Messrs. Tanlongo and Ludikar, singers. See special notice.

MONDAY—Fenway Court, 3 P. M. Lecture recital by Walter Damrosch on his opera "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Jacob Sleeper Hall, 688 Boylston street, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Hoffmann Quartet (12th season), assisted by Alfred Holy, harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Brahms, Quartet, A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Holy, Fruehlingsrauchen, Erzaehlung and Spanischer Tanz for harp; Kempter, Romance for violin, viola, 'cello and harp; Dittersdorf, Quartet, E-flat major.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Harrison Bennett, basso cantante. Rosa, Vado ben spesso; Cimarosa, Larghetto from "Gli Orazi e Curiazi"; Schubert, Taubenpost; Schumann, Wenn ich in deinen Augen, Fruehlingsnacht; Brahms, O Wuesst ich doch, Sonntag, O liebliche Wangen; Strauss, Heimkehr, Nachtgang; H. Wolf, Biterolf Fussreise, Auf ein altes Bild, Musikant, Der Freund; H. Van Eyken, Morgenbitte, Armseelchen, An die Schoenheit; H. Hermann, Der alte Herr, Drei Wanderer.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Alexander Bloch's first violin recital here. Handel, Sonata, E major; Mendelssohn, Concerto, E minor; Vitali, Chaconne for violin and organ; organ pieces—Guilmant, Priere et Berceuse: Bach, Fugue in D major; Aulin, Humoresk; Chopin-Auer, Nocturne; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance, G minor. William C. Carl of New York, organist; Blanche Bloch, pianist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Ruth Deyo. Bach, Toccato in C minor; Schumann, Phantasia, op. 17; Chopin, Barcarolle, Nocturne, op. 48, No. 1, Mazurka, op. 6, No. 1, Scherzo, op. 39.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Longy Club, assisted by J. Keller, E. Huber and E. Miersch. Flament, Fantasia con fuga, op. 28, for flute, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, bassoon and horn (first time); Maquarre, Three Romantic numbers—In the Woods, Near the Spring, Frolics of the Stags—for flute, oboe, two clarinets and two bassoons; d'Indy, Fantasie on French folk songs for oboe and piano;; Dvorak, Serenade, op. 44, for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, three horns, 'cello and double bass.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Thirteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Thirteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Jan 19 1914

YSAYE PLAYS IN SYMPHONY HALL

Eugene Ysaye gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Camille Decreus was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Faure, Sonata in A-major; Mendelssohn, concerto in E-minor; Handel, aria; Saint-Saens, Havanaise; Wieniawski, concerto No. 2 in D-minor.

Mr. Ysaye's playing was uneven. He was evidently not in the vein. No doubt he was vexed and irritated at the beginning of the recital by the arrival of late comers, who thus habitually show discourtesy to the artist on the stage and mar the enjoyment of those already seated. Faure's sonata is intimate music, perhaps better suited to a smaller hall. Its effectiveness is not enhanced, however, by disturbances between each movement.

On the whole, Mr. Ysaye fell below his own extraordinarily high standard, both in technique and aesthetic expression. His intonation was not always secure. His tone sometimes wobbled. He was not technically at his best.

Yet there were [illegible] genius. There were [illegible] and brilliance in the [illegible] third movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto, while Handel's Aria was played with rare dignity and taste.

Mr. Ysaye played Wieniawski's concerto con amore. At times, in this, as in Saint-Saens' Havanaise, the beauty of his tone, charged with poignant emotional significance, his incomparable phrasing, enchanted the hearer and Mr. Ysaye was again the supreme artist, the inspired interpreter.

Mr. Decreus's accompaniments were sympathetic and admirable.

A large audience was warmly appreciative and Mr. Ysaye was generous in adding to the program.

SUNDAY OPERA CONCERT

Every Number on Program Re-Demanded—Mme. Bori Popular.

Every number on the program was encored last night at the Sunday evening concert at the Boston Opera House. In place of the three numbers she was expected to sing the audience compelled Mme. Lucrezia Bori to sing seven. Mme. Jeska Swartz-Morse was unable to appear and her place was taken by Mme. Lydia Rienskaja. Others on the program were Paolo Ludikar and Vincenzo Tanlongo and the full orchestra of the Opera Company.

Mme. Bori's singing in the aria and duet from the finale of the first act of "Boheme," in which she was assisted by Mr. Tanlongo, was especially pleasing to the audience. Mme. Rienskaja's "Les Larmes" from Massenet's "Werther" was loudly applauded. Mr. Ludikar sang the prologue from Boito's "Mefistofele" and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Mme. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert was the soloist at the third chamber concert of the Boston Philharmonic Society, Charles Frank conductor, at the St. James Theatre yesterday afternoon. Her singing of an aria by Weber and a song was well received. The orchestra played more operatic selections than symphonic at this third concert, and the numbers from "Carmen" and "Lohengrin" were particularly well received. Weber's "Oberon" overture showed the finest work that Mr. Frank and his men have yet done.

CHORAL UNION GIVES CONCERT

The 11th midseason concert of the People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor, took place in Symphony Hall, last night. The soloists were Mrs. Edith Ellis Goudreault, soprano; Mrs. Florence Payne Lucas, contralto; John Finnegan, tenor, and Romeo Frick, baritone. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted. The program:

Overture, "Jubel," Weber, the orchestra; "Judge Me, O God," Mendelssohn, People's Choral Union; Ave Verum ("Father, Hear Our Prayer"), Gounod, Mrs. Edith Ellis Goudreault; "It Is Enough" ("Elijah"), Mendelssohn, Mr. Romeo Frick; choral fantasia ("Lohengrin"), Wagner-Fletcher, (incidental solos by Mrs. Lucas, Messrs. Frick and John Finnegan), the Choral Union; "Cujus Animam" ("Stabat Mater"), Rossini, Mr. Finnegan; madrigal, F. W. Wodell, the Choral Union; trio, "Praise Ye" (Attila), Verdi, Mrs. Lucas, Messrs. Finnegan and Frick; Serenade, No. 3, Op. 69, Volkmann, string orchestra; "Gallia," Gounod (Soprano solo part by Mrs. Goudreault), the Choral Union.

The hall was well filled. This is as it should be, for Mr. Wodell and his colleagues should be warmly supported in their worthy endeavor to spread widely among the people a love of the best music. The program was soundly in keeping with the Sabbath.

Interest centred in the appearance of Mr. Finnegan, who is the tenor soloist at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city. His principal number was the "Cujus Animam," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." He has both an agreeable voice and an engaging, unaffected manner. He sings without laborious endeavor, and in the more difficult passages of this number in the upper tones his notes were full and well maintained, there was the proper force without the loss of intelligent shading.

The ensembles reflected splendid training. The attacks were precise and even, and there were no ragged edges. "Judge Me, O God," the opening choral number, was well done.

Let us start the week pleasantly by reading a little article from a foreign contributor. As he has been safely dead for a long time he cannot complain of our translation.

Each One's Chimera.

Under a great gray sky, on a great and dusty plain, without a road, without grass, without even a thistle or nettle, I met several men who were walking all bent

...ach one of them bore on his back an enormous chimera, as heavy as a sack of flour or coal, or the equipment of a Roman foot soldier.

But the monstrous beast was not an inert weight; on the contrary, it enwrapped and crushed the men with its elastic and powerful muscles; it hooked with its two claws the breast of its steed; and its fabulous head rose above the forehead of the man, like unto one of those horrible helmets by which ancient warriors hoped to enlarge the terror of the foe.

I questioned one of these men; I asked him where they were going in this manner. He answered that he did not know, no one of them knew; but it was evident that they were going somewhere, for they were urged on by an invincible need of walking.

This was strange to note: no one of these travellers had the air of being angry at the ferocious beast hung on his neck and glued to his back. One would have said that he considered it as making a part of himself. These weary and solemn faces did not show any sign of despair. Under the splenetic dome of heaven, their feet plunged in the dust of a ground as desolate as the sky, they trod their way with the resigned expression of those who are condemned to hope forever.

And the procession passed by my side and was lost in the atmosphere of the horizon at the place where the rounded surface of the planet hides itself from the gaze of curious man.

For some moments I persisted in trying to unravel this mystery, but soon irresistible indifference fell upon me and I was crushed under a heavier load than they were by their oppressive chimeras.

The Contributors' Dinner.

Our contributors are responding nobly to the invitations for a dinner at the expense of anyone rather than the editor of this column.

As the World Wags:

When you get around to serving that feed for your correspondents (at the expense of the managers of The Herald), I suggest that you make it a ... supper, as being appropriate.

I will guarantee to throw together a ...yampa Mulligan a la Hobo for 25 ...s at a cost of $2 for the ingredients—said ingredients to include beef, ..., chicken, rabbit, rice, onions, potatoes, carrots, tomatoes and other good things. This, together with beer from the keg and red-eye from the bottle, will send your guests home, if not happy.

You don't know where there is a good, tight, side-door Pullman, do you?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON,
Alias SLOPPY BILL.

Dorchester, Jan. 17.

Mr. Witherspoon's stew sounds as toothsome—a loathsome word fit only for the vocabulary of dentistry—as the stew that Mr. Codlin sniffed, and as the landlord named the things within the pot Mr. Codlin's mouth watered more and more. Far better one dish like that than the "banquet" eaten by Artemus Ward and his strange companion at a shrine of Bacchus in London.

"We had soop and fish, and a hot pint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's coral strands, and when the sumptoous repast was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortinitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table."

Prudent or Timid.

As the World Wags:

Glad to hear of my admission to the newly-formed board of naval strategy! I, for one, am heartily in favor of the proposed banquet. Considering how provocative of stormy discussion nautical subjects are, however, let us hope no brews of the potency of Rumbullion—"alias Kill-Devil, a hott, hellish and terrible liquor," as some 17th century writer feelingly describes it—will find a place on the board. E. W. OTTIE.

Roxbury, Jan. 15.

An Applicant.

As the World Wags:

Anxious for an invitation to the forthcoming banquet of the contributors, allow me to say.

"Gringo" is not a Mexican word, nor is it of Mexican origin. It comes from the Spanish "gringole," signifying cleft-footed, devil-hoofed. Hence, the Devil.

It is the popular nickname for all English-speaking people, particularly North Americans, throughout Central and South America. If you will consult Mr. Bryce's recent book on South America, an authoritative work, you will find him saying that all English-speaking people are nicknamed "Gringos" by the people of all the Central and South American countries, just as those who speak Italian, Spanish or Portugueso are called ...agos in North America.

HUNGRY AND THIRSTY

Boston, Jan. 15.

We propose "Hungry and Thirsty" for chairman of the Committee on Derivations.

Jan 20, 1917

'AIDA' AT THE OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Re	Michele Sampieri
Amneris	Margarita D'Alvarez
Aida	Carolina White
Radames	Giovanni Martinelli
Ramfis	Jose Mardones
Amonasro	Pasquale Amato
Un Messaggiero	Lorenzo Fusco
Una Sacerdotessa	Myrna Sharlow

The performance was vigorous and interesting. Miss White and Mr. Martinelli sang here for the first time in this opera. The large audience applauded heartily, not only at the end of acts, but frequently after an aria or a duet.

Miss White's conception of her part was intelligent. Her slave-girl was dramatically a refreshing contrast to Aidas that we have seen of late years, with the exception of Miss Destinn's. Miss White did not make the daughter of a proud king an abject, crawling slave; she was high spirited; she bore herself with dignity. First scene was admirably acted, and her facial play was unusually expressive. Her listening as well as her action was eloquent. There were fine moments in the scene with Amneris before the entrance of the victorious host, and few sopranos have expressed the various emotions in the Nile scene so successfully. Especially noteworthy was her persuasive appeal to Radames.

It would appear that Miss White is by nature a lyric soprano who has been tempted to take heavy dramatic roles. In the purely lyrical passages of "Aida" her voice had fine quality and she used it with art. In more robust moments the voice as a whole lacked body and the tones of the middle register were often inaudible. In the great ensemble of the second act her upper tones came out above the orchestral and choral fury, but the effort was marked. Continued singing in this manner will soon impair her voice. Nor was she always sure of the extreme upper tones. She showed nerve and experience when she recovered herself after the climax of the aria in the Nile scene.

She dressed the part appropriately and tastefully and was a striking apparition.

Mr. Martinelli has an uncommonly brilliant voice, brilliant, full and pleasing. He is young. He was rushed upon the stage before he had thoroughly mastered the art of singing, and his inexperience is shown in many ways. He knows that a high note held indefinitely will excite a storm of applause, and at present he is a victim to his high notes. Other tenors have sinned before him in turning "Celeste Aida," that beautiful romanza, into a battle song and in flagrantly disregarding Verdi's directions concerning the dynamic force and the phrasing of the ending. It is a pity that robust young men could not have heard Italo Campanini sing this romanza. Since Campanini was in his prime we have heard only one tenor sing it as Verdi meant it should be sung, and his name is Albert Saleza.

Mr. Martinelli, the actor, has much to learn. Victor Hugo once said that success is hideous. May it not prove so in Mr. Martinelli's case! It would be a pity if with his rare voice he should become a second Antonio Ceppi, the robust tenor, who was a strong man at a fair, a cannon ball tosser before he entered the opera house, and on the stage was a stoughton-bottle with lusty shouts.

The Amneris of Mme. d'Alvarez is so well known here, so admirable in all respects, that we shall not now dwell upon it.

Mr. Amato was a wild Amonasro, picturesque, exciting. The natural beauty of his voice, his vocal art and his histrionic ability have often been praised in The Herald. Last night he was inclined to force his tones, not content with their normal vigor and carrying power. More than once, as is said of a wind instrument player, he overblew.

Mr. Mardones was a sonorous High Priest, close shaven, as were his sacerdotal associates whereas in the first performance of "Aida" this season, the priests were bearded in a strange and wonderful fashion. Mr. Sampieri's royal chin beard and whiskers reminded one of Uncle Amos's while he was storekeeper and postmaster at Goshen, Mass.

The stage management was not so good as usual, and there was evident need of rehearsal. The entrance of the priests in the March scene was anything but stately, nor should Ramfis have smiled affably on friends in the front row of the orchestra.

The returning warriors might also be drilled, so that they at least could keep step. The evolutions of the ballet in the temple scene and in the March scene were often lacking in precision, nor were the evolutions conspicuous for grace. However, the audience was greatly pleased by the dance of little negroes. Cannot something be done for the second set of "Aida" trumpeters?

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Tosca," with Mme. Edvina and Messrs. Lafitte and Scotti.

HOFFMANN QUARTET

The Hoffmann Quartet, assisted by Mr. Alfred Holy, harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the first concert of its twelfth season last night in Jacob Sleeper Hall. The program was as follows: Brahm's quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Holy, three pieces Fruehlingsrauchen, Erzaehlung and Spanischer Tanz for the harp; Kempter, romance for violin, viola, cello and harp; Dittersdorf, quartet in E flat major. The quartets were played with the smoothness and precision that characterize the performance of these excellent musicians. Mr. Holy delighted the audience by his skill as a virtuoso and by the pleasing quality of his compositions.

The old questions return with every new year, and we welcome them. "H." writes: "I have been puzzled to know the explanation of the phrase, 'Dead as a door nail!' Why should a door nail be dead and no other nail mentioned? I have been kept awake nights trying to solve the problem. And which nail is supposed to be 'the' door nail. There must be more than one."

Mr. John W. Phillips writes: "Can you enlighten me upon the derivation of the phrase, 'As poor as Job's turkey'? A careful study of the scriptures has failed to elicit information to the effect that the Biblical Job was possessed of a turkey, and the writer, therefore, takes it that the saying originated in connection with a lesser Job. Who was this particular Job and why was his turkey so almighty poor?"

"Dead as a door nail" is as old as the 14th century. The origin of the phrase appears to have been lost in the musts of antiquity, as our talented young friend Mr. Harold Estacourt would say. One Tood rashly asserted that the nail was the one "on which in ancient doors the knocker struck," but the great majority frown on him and do not admit the death such as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

The great Oxford Dictionary knows Job's comforter, Job's news, Job's post, Job's tears. Job's name has long been used as a type of destitution and of patience. "Poor as Job" is a very old phrase. The story that Job Somebody-or-Other lived on Block Island and was unsuccessful in raising turkeys is unfounded. We are more inclined to believe that he lived on the Cape, was a cousin of Hannah Cook and raised poultry for summer visitors. Did it ever occur to our indefatigable questioners that there are many dictionaries of phrases in the Boston Public Library with free admittance?

John Drew and Harvard

The press agent of Mr. John Drew has called attention to the actor's generosity in buying for Harvard University "the rarest and best items" in the catalogue of books pertaining to the drama that belonged to the "Scottish antiquarian, the late Robert W. Lowe of Edinburgh." "Accordingly," says the press agent, "Harvard found itself enriched through the unostentatious gift of Mr. Drew by a dramatic collection which, it is said, cannot be duplicated outside of the British Museum."

The publication of this news, which is really not news, for Mr. Drew's generosity was exercised many months ago, has called forth the following letter from a collector in Boston:

"The Lowe collection, while it is an excellent one, is insignificant beside that given by Mr. Allen A. Brown to the Boston Public Library, and is surpassed in volume and value by many other American libraries. Evert J. Wendell's, for instance, is a fuller one. Mr. F. E. Chase of Boston has filled and is filling many gaps in the Harvard University collection from his own shelves. Robert Lowe may have been a Scotchman and may have successfully concealed the fact that he was an antiquarian, but at the time I used to hear from him he was a resident of London—one of the lot who write 12mos. for John Lane for £10—fighting for William Archer in the big Irving battle. I fancy that he was a collector merely incidentally as a means to the end of his 'Bibliography' of dramatic material."

Foreign News

A Parisian journal has asked the young French girl what sort of a husband she wishes and what his name should be. The great majority of 50,000 replied that the man should be dark and 27 years old; that his name should be Jean, that is John, not Hippolyte, or Achille or Paul, but just plain John.

Marguerite Sylva, the opera singer, known in Boston as favorably as in European cities, has introduced in Berlin the Parisian fashion of wearing white hair. But white is not now the only fashionable color. At a picture ball at the Albert Hall, London, one woman appeared with deep indigo blue hair, and another with mauve curls. At the Arabian Nights ball one of the dancers wore green hair. The ingenious and aesthetic Mr. Vasco rubs his hands with glee: "For dark women I have a shade of emerald green and another of 'Saxe' blue, which will set off the complexion most beautifully. Better still is this mingled shade, in which you see blue and green blended. The green lends a sheen to the blue. For fair women I propose blue tints. The idea is to give a distant shade of color to the face. The hair should not be piled upon the forehead, but be like a cloud in the distance." How all this would have delighted Baudelaire if the story is true about his painting his hair green and then being annoyed because some of his friends were not surprised but merely remarked after he had called their attention to his hair, "Why not?"

The Paris Journal says that character may be read by the vowel sound in which one laughs. Laughter in "i" (pronounced "ee") is the laughter of children and of blonde women. People who laugh in "u" are hypocrites, slanderers and misers; otherwise they are all right. Laugh in "a" ("ah"), and if you are a man you are candid; if you are a woman, you are inconstant and cannot keep a secret. Laugh in "e" ("ay"), and your laugh discloses neurasthenia, melancholia and scepticism; in "o," and you are easy-going, good-natured, generous. And now let us all laugh a harsh, grating, sardonic laugh, or a staccato laugh, like that of Mr. Ralph Delmore, in "The Span of Life," when he shoots a good man, or a laugh like unto the sound of a barkeeper cracking ice.

The Public Garden

"H." remembers the time "when there was so much disgust at the condition of the Public Garden that a party of 'land sharks' tried very hard to get a bill passed by the city government to sell it to them, to cut up into lots—but common sense prevailed, and this beauty spot was saved. In those days, and long after, it was the fashion for the young people—the 'beau monde,' to parade after church up and down Beacon street from the State House to Charles street. At that time Beacon street practically ended at Charles street, and those who felt inclined walked out on the Milldam. It was considered quite a stunt to walk out to what is now Longwood, where the Lawrences had begun a residence. It was a beautiful walk, and a favorite one for Charles Dickens when he was here (both visits), the last time especially, when he might be seen daily with his friend, James R. Osgood, the publisher, doing this stunt of 10 or 12 miles out into Brookline or Brighton."

Mayor-elect Curley should remember the awful fate of the man mentioned by Artemus Ward in his letter from Boston. The Common "is here, as ushll, and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins, is a onhappy Outcast in Naponsit."

"Years of Discretion," by Frederic and Fanny Locke Hatton, First Time Here.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Years of Discretion," a comedy in three acts by Frederic Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton. First performance in Boston.

Christopher Dallas	Herbert Kelcey
Michael Doyle	John Flood
John Strong	Louis Massen
Amos Thomas	Robert McWade, Jr
Farrell Howard, Jr	Grant Mitchell
Metz	Frank R. Barnes
Mrs. Farrell Howard	Effie Shannon
Mrs. Margaret Brinton	Alice Putnam
Anna Merkel	Camilla Dalberg
Lilly Newton	Grace Moore

"Years of Discretion" is a charming comedy of belated amorists, an exuberant satire on the amiable weaknesses of middle age. The character drawing is excellent, the dialogue is crisp and well turned, the incidents of the plot are indescribably amusing.

Mrs. Farrell Howard, an attractive but sedate widow of Brookline wearies of dull and benevolent respectability. Visiting Mrs. Brinton, in New York, she decides to renew her youth. Mrs. Brinton is also a widow but given to cigarettes, cocktails, frivolity and man-baiting, although she has one great friend, John Strong, who has waited for her some ten years with astonishing fidelity.

With the deft assistance of a French maid, false hair, rouge, striking costumes and other accessories, Mrs. Howard appears far less than the 48 years to which she confesses. She flirts with her hostesses' "tame bears," Amos Thomas, a socialist and amateur philanderer, an authority on the varieties of love; Michael Doyle, an ardent Irishman, who has a way with him, and Christopher Dallas, a millionaire club man, all three turned 50. The fascinating widow soon loses her heart to Dallas. She marries him, but the thought of a honeymoon around the world in tight shoes, tighter stays and uncomfortable clothes frightens her. She confesses her misgivings, that she is no longer young, that she prefers comfort to tempestuous lov... Dallas assents sympathetically. He...

[illegible] a [illegible] Not in [illegible] one in contended [illegible]

[illegible] variations of Mi [illegible] are to be found in eve [illegible] and [illegible]. They do [illegible] exclusively in [illegible]. The [illegible] to found in the Back Bay, on the [illegible] side of [illegible] street. They are [illegible] of youth, sufferers [illegible] consumed with [illegible] desire. Their conversation [illegible]. Quick to charge [illegible] was no courtesy with [illegible] intention, they would willingly [illegible] or the grave, while [illegible] vivacity is pitable.

[illegible] Howard is much more than [illegible] product of artifice and a com [illegible]. She was wholesome [illegible]. She was winsome, comely, de [illegible]. Miss Shannon's performance [illegible] in every respect. It was [illegible] as it was seductive and she [illegible] with [illegible] aplomb. An accom [illegible] an she displayed singular [illegible] originality, and her per [illegible] was heightened by fine imag [illegible] touches. While it was one of [illegible] frankness, yet it was free [illegible] taint of sensuality.

[illegible] act, during which the wid [illegible] in her [illegible] room at Mrs. Brinton's [illegible] lives in turn the protestations of her [illegible] admirers, shocked squeamish Lon [illegible] when the play was per [illegible] there. Much was said of its [illegible]. The Irishman exclaiming, "I want to kiss you till I bruise your [illegible]" was frowned upon. But these [illegible] and [illegible] wooing after the manner [illegible] dwellers only excited amuse [illegible] last evening. While later, the [illegible] on the fire escape, and the [illegible] an on the balcony overhearing [illegible] declaring his passion, provoked [illegible] rious laughter.

[illegible] the comedy was finely [illegible] ted with two exceptions. Miss Put [illegible] as Mrs. Brinton was explosive and Mr. M [illegible] as John Strong was heavy rather than romantic.

Mr. K [illegible] acted Dallas with grace [illegible] and suggested the man's [illegible] intensity. Mr. Flood played Michael Doyle with proper enthusiasm and spirit. Mr. McWade was capital as Amos Thomas, the sententious disciple of free love, while Mr. Mitchell was [illegible] real in his portrayal of [illegible] Howard, Mrs. Howard's model [illegible] mother described as "a [illegible] bachelor."

The settings were unusually attractive [illegible] Miss Shannon dressed her part with [illegible] taste.

An audience of good size enjoyed the comedy and expressed its appreciation enthusiastically.

COPELAND AT B. F. KEITH'S

Well Known Pianist Applauded —Excellent Pantomime— Other Good Acts.

George Copeland is the headline feature at Keith's this week, with a group of piano pieces including Chabrier's "Espana," studies by Chopin and Liszt, Debussy's "The Minstrels," and an arrangement of Strauss's "The Blue Danube." Mr. Copeland is well known locally as a pianist of the first rank, and has often been heard here in recital. His appearance yesterday in vaudeville was interesting as an experiment, aside from the pleasure in his performance. It was a very different audience that he faced from the kind he has faced in the recital hall; but it was a deeply interested and appreciative audience. Mr. Copeland had chosen a group of popular nature, and his performance was a brilliant one. He was roundly applauded and encored.

"The Darling of Paris," a pantomime full of color, action and beautiful costumes, was exceedingly well done by Merlo Molasso, Anna Kremser, and company, and Homer Miles, with his company, presented a one-act sketch of his own entitled "On the Edge of Things," about one-third humor, one-third pathos and one-third romance. Ray Conlin gave a clever ventriloquism act full of amusing "business"; Hubert Dyer and company kept the house in a roar of laughter with their "comedy on the rings," and Gus Van and Joe Schenck in songs, Tony Hunting and Corinne Francis in "The Love Lozenger," the Evans, Dorothy Kenton, and Patricks Keckly rounded out an uncommonly good all-round bill.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Tyranny of Tears" in four acts by Haddon Chambers, followed by the first performance in Boston of "The Will," a play in one act by J. M. Barrie.

Mr. Parbury .... John Drew
George Gunning .... Ernest Lawford
[illegible] .... Hubert Druce
Evans .... Walter Soderling
Mrs. Parbury .... Laura Hope Crews
Miss Hyacinth Woodward .... Mary Boland
Caroline .... Helen Collier

Over 10 years ago Boston audiences heard of the domestic difficulties of the Parburys for the first time—how Mrs. Parbury, a foolish little lady and a trifle over-fond, would be all-in-all to her husband, to the exclusion of various friends of his roaring bachelor days, to the exclusion of clubs and oven to the exclusion of his secretary. At length, however, the lady meets an obstacle which her unfailing weapon—tears—will not overcome. And this happened after the arrival of Mr. Gunning, with an invitation for Mr. Parbury to go yachting. Mr. Parbury accepts, Mrs. Parbury weeps him into a refusal, and then, when the efficient secretary is laughing, supposedly at Mr. Parbury's plight, the lady of the house surprises the secretary kissing "my husband's photograph." Mrs. Parbury demands the girl's dismissal; her husband refuses—he has been a bit too much supervised. Matters finally adjust themselves by the secretary marrying the friend. Mr. Parbury lectures his wife, she sees her failings, and will never be foolish again—till next time.

Needless to say the comedy is light to effervescence, with plot enough to carry the dialogue along easily, not at all unconvincing, with enough exaggeration to bring home the effects, in no one place funny beyond a well-bred laugh, yet never unentertaining. In passing, it may be said, that the final surrender of the cynical bachelor, Mr. Gunning, was sudden but helpful to the sequel. The secretary's acceptance, on the whole, was even more surprising after the "motherly" kiss bestowed on the photograph. The acting was, on the part of all the characters, pleasing and natural. Mr. Drew was Mr. Drew, genuinely responding to genuine impulses; Miss Crewe was attractive as the wife, a graceful weeper, nor should the ease and sip of Miss Boland and Mr. Lawford, in the last act, be passed without a word of appreciation. The play and the players were both more than averagely entertaining.

Mr. Devizes, Sr. .... Hubert Druce
Mr. Devizes, Jr. .... Ernest Lawford
Philip Ross .... John Drew
Surtees .... Sidney Herbert
Sennet .... Walter Soderling
Creed .... Murray Ross
Mrs. Ross .... Mary Boland

"The Will," as has been previously observed, is a drama of the panoramic kind, in that, like Bennett's "Milestones," it shows, after long lapses of time, the changing influence of years upon the characters it deals with. From one point of view the drama might be more piognant if the spectator were let a little more clearly into the reason for the sad hardening of the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Ross. With such optimism and unspoiledness as they showed in the beginning, when Mrs. Ross could not bear to hear of a will or herself as a widow, the spectator feels that the hard woman of middle age, who will not be content with a life interest in her husband's estate, and the self-satisfied prig glutted with worldly success, proud of his son's being caught smoking with a lord, have travelled too real a road for the stage—this smacks of gray life.

And, finally, when the old man has paid forth all that he has across life's counters and received but disillusionment, he bequeaths his money, not to the daughter who has eloped with the chauffeur, but to the men he has beaten in business, he does it in no Sunday school mood of repentance, but in grim satire.

The best acting of the evening came here in Miss Boland's characterization of the hardened worldling. Mr. Drew was more pleasing as the disillusioned millionaire. The play, on the whole, was grim as life.

THE PARK THEATRE—"The Argyle Case," by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins. Written in co-operation with Detective William J. Burns.

Asche Kayton .... Mr. Hilliard
Bruce Argyle .... Harvey Clark
James T. Hurley .... Edwin Holland
Dr. Frederick Kreisler
Gustav Von Seyffertitz
Simeon Gage .... Charles Morrell
William Skidd .... Frank R. Russell
Augustus Leischmann ...... Robert Newcombe
"Joe" Manning .... Royal Tracy
Samuel Cortwright .... Ralph Theodore
Thomas Nash .... John J. Pierson
"Bob" Vincent .... Edward J. Righton
"Jim" Baynes .... Daniel Murray
Daniel Colt .... W. T. Clark
Findley .... Bert Walter
Andy .... Harry H. Hart
Mrs. Martin .... Olive Oliver
Mary Masuret .... Stella Archer
Mrs. Wyatt .... Agnes Everett
Nancy Thornton .... Elizabeth Eyre
Kitty .... Wanda Carlyle

A rapid melodrama with enough hits, farcical and humorous, to relieve the tension is good fun. One accepts it all on its own plane and demands only that in its kind it be well done. The obvious cleverness and control of the master detective [illegible] seems to have advanced rather [illegible] in his business before it occurred to him to get married, the involving of his professional interests with private matters of the heart, the great scientific genius who has become the most wonderful counterfeiter in the world the self-evident villain, the sweet child entangled in crimes of which she is innocent as a lily—all this is proper in the sort of play Mr. Hilliard presents. Who would quarrel with such a story, or object even to the eloquent defence of the police or the exposition, perhaps put in at the behest of the collaborator, Mr. Burns, of the high mission of the private detective?

The machinery of the play is quite fascinating. The telephonic phonograph which quietly turns and turns, recording the villain's own words spoken in an adjoining room, gives one the thrill that our fathers must have experienced when they heard that triumphant line in an earlier play: "The camera can't lie." Detective Burns has no doubt been careful to have all the technical equipment correct and up to the minute.

The humorous hits succeed, such as the shot at the newspapers, woman suffrage, lawyers, the Republican party and other things that few love and all can laugh at.

Mr. Hilliard is a quiet and unaffected actor who has the sense to play the serious role of detective not too seriously, but with a certain lightness and ease. Miss Olive Oliver managed skillfully the heavy sentimental tragedy of the woman who has for love sacrificed all to criminal genius. Mr. Von Seyffertitz made a handsome, picturesque man of science gone wrong. Miss Agnes Everett was amusing as the garrulous spinster, a farcial part which she did not overdo. Mr. Colt, the government expert, was rewarded with hearty laughter at his personal bulk and at the stupidity which the authors fittingly attribute to the government expert as a foil to the great detective's intelligence.

Mr. Hilliard should be permitted to use one of the pistols with which the play is abundantly furnished upon any critic who mentions William Gillette and "Sherlock Holmes."

NEW BOSTON THEATRE OPENS

CORT THEATRE—Formal opening of the theatre and first Boston presentation of "When Dreams Come True," a musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Philip Bartholomae; music by Silvio Hein. The principals of the cast:

Saranoff .... Saranoff
Mrs. Hopkins-Davis-Story
Miss Josephine Kernell
Hercules Strong .... William Clifton
Kean Hedges .... Joseph Santley
Beth .... Miss Mignon McGibeny
Mrs. William Smith
Miss Amelia Summerville
Margaret Smith ..... Miss Dorothy Maynard
Jerome K. Hedges .... T. J. Guise
Matilda .... Miss May Vokes

The Cort Theatre, Boston's newest playhouse, was opened to the public last evening. There was an overflow audience, and the spirit of the occasion was everywhere evident. Many of the powerful magnates of the theatrical world added their presence and Gov. Walsh and several members of his staff stayed through a portion of the evening.

Mr. Cort beamed a gracious welcome, and a dainty conceit was the presentation to every lady of a rose. But the evening had a decided drawback. The heating apparatus failed, and most of us sat throughout the evening in our great coats and furs. It was particularly dangerous for the woman, it being one of the best gowned audiences the winter has seen. But everybody took it as unavoidable and there was no complaining.

We would prefer a play of more stability, more merit than Mr. Bartholomae's "When Dreams Come True." Stripped of the many clever song interpolations, the "movies" burlesque, the magnetic dancing of Mr. Santley and the screaming eccentricities of Miss Vokes the libretto is bald and vaporish. But then, we greeted our old friend, Amelia Summerville, she of the Juno-esque stature.

But the show itself might be more properly classed as a great dancing entertainment. The big audience laughed incessantly and uproariously, and, after all, this is presumably the purpose of the authors and interpreters.

Kean Hedges has dissipated his generous allowance abroad and is returning to New York aboard the steamship Kaiser as a steerage passenger. He is keen and observing and wins the confidence of Mrs. Hopkins-Davis-Story, who would smuggle a valuable necklace. He likes to take his turn at a song.

Saranoff (himself), an uncommonly good fiddler, pours forth a soulful air; darkness intervenes, a pretty face looks down on the steerage; Hedges is in raptures; his mission in life from now on is to win her. The boat docks, there is fear of detection over the necklace, as the officers have been apprised by a detective on the boat.

Beth, the dream girl of Hedges, escapes from the pier, as the latter turns off the lights, and makes her way to Hedges's home in the latter's auto. Hedges hides in a barrel, regains the necklace from the detective and is dumped with the barrel into the [illegible]

The arrival of Beth at Hedges [illegible] starts the complexities. Father Hedges, who would marry his son to Matilda, whom he expects hourly, loves to [illegible] of Mrs. Smith as his future wife. Mrs. Smith would have young Hedges marry her daughter. The arrival of the grotesque Matilda is opportune; Hedges passes his dream girl off for Matilda, and Matilda is given an incongruous French title; thus the wooing of Hedges and Beth is allowed to have its way. We are finally left to the conclusion that they are to be married, and the important Mrs. Smith is appeased at the prospect of becoming the senior Mrs. Hedges.

Mr. Santley is a plausible youth, with an engaging manner. He is securely at home on the stage. He sings in a light, agreeable manner, but it is in his dancing that he excels. His "Santley tango" is enough to lure attention of the most indifferent spectator.

There is a charm in his movements, in the grace and ease of his gyrations, all the while a most dizzy pace. Nor should we forget to mention his dancing partner in this act, Miss Randall.

May Vokes was the Matilda, and to her lot fell most of the comedy element. Miss Vokes, too, relies mostly on her dancing accomplishments. Her voice is not the kind given to music, yet as a comedian she is original, both in manner and make-up.

Amelia Summerville was seen as Mrs. Smith, and played with fine intelligence—as of the old school.

Many others in the cast gave good accounts of themselves, and we must not forget the chorus, that was both youthful and good looking.

Mr. Hein's music is as a whole inconsequential, though there are a few numbers, like "When Dreams Come True," and "Dear World," that linger for a while.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Hamlet," Shakespeare's tragedy in five acts with Mr. Platt's settings.

Hamlet .... John Craig
Claudius .... William P. Carleton
Ghost of King Hamlet .. Frederic Ormonde
Polonius .... Walter Walker
Laertes .... Irving Pickel
Horatio .... J. Morrill Morrison
Rosencrantz .... Robert Capron
Guildenstern .... John Hiller
Osric .... Carney Christie
First Grave-digger .... Donald Meek
Second Grave-digger .... Al Roberts
A Priest .... George Ernst
First Player .... Alfred Lunt
Second Player .... Albert R. Berg
Player Queen .... Augusta Gill
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark .. Mabel Colcord
Ophelia .... Mary Young

It would seem that Mr. Craig has studied "Hamlet" to find what Shakespeare wrote into the part rather than to see what he could read out of it. The plan is commendable, for, when the actor seeks his own rather than the dramatist's interpretation of any particular role, an obvious incongruity is almost sure to result. Mr. Craig, avoiding this error, set before us something seemingly but little removed from the Hamlet Shakespeare saw—a man irresolute, who stood undecided between his weakness on the one side and his duty on the other. It was not a wasteful Hamlet who roughly faced his mother to the darker regions of her soul; nor was it an angry one who put the King to death at the Castle Square yesterday afternoon. It was instead the fate-impelled hero of Shakspeare's tragedy.

To speak of his fate calls the ghost into mind. Mr. Ormonde, acting the spirit, wore an impressive air of unearthiness; he was the ghost even in appearance, and, stalking before Mr. Platt's background, he completed a vivid picture. There was in this scene on the platform the illusion of space for which the artist is so well known. There were the lights and shadows in it, too, and the soft blending between the colors in the scenery and those in the costumes; so that—here as everywhere in the play — the characters seemed as the chief figures in a painting. They were not distinctly set out against the scenery; they were instead so merged into it that there was harmony in the whole.

Miss Mary Young's Ophelia is well known. She was a sympathetic figure. The rest of the cast gave commendable support.

Jan 21 1914

BENNETT SINGS

Hardison Bennett, basso-cantante, gave an enjoyable recital last evening at Steinert Hall. Henry Gideon was his accompanist. The program was as follows: Salvator Rosa, "Vardo ben"; spesso cangiando loco"; Cimarosa, Larghetto from "Gli Orazi e i curiazi"; Schubert, "Taubenpost"; Schumann, "Wenn Ich in deine Augen seh," "Fruhlingsnacht"; Brahms, "O Wuesst ich doch den Weg Zurick," "Sonntag," "O Liebeiche Wangen"; Richard Strauss, "Heimkehr," "Nacht gang"; Hugo Wolf, "Biterolf," "Fussreise," "Auf ein Altes Bild," "Musikant," "Der Freund"; Van Eyken, "Margenvitte," "Armseelchen," "An die Schonheit"; Herrmann, "Der Alte Herr," "Drei

[illegible] program was unusual[illegible] of the songs were un[illegible] were probably heard [illegible] in Boston. Among the [illegible]posers represented was Salvator [illegible]sa, the distinguished painter, who, [illegible]e other artists of his time, dabbled in [illegible]sic and wrote canzone. Of the three [illegible]ngs by Van Eyken, "Armseelchen" [illegible] as the most picturesque, an eerie de[illegible]cription of a mannikin, buried at mid[illegible]ght in a lonely wood by seven dwarfs. Mr. Bennett's voice is a virile organ. It is robust in heroic passages and sympathetic in songs of tender sentiment. It is effective in pianissimo, as in "Auf [illegible]n Altes Bild" and "Armseelchen." There is true sonority in the lower [illegible]ones. Mr. Bennett's singing is not perfunctory. A man of imposing presence, the earnestness and sincerity of the singer inspire respect. He does not depend upon unvarying aggressiveness for his effects.

As an interpreter he was constantly interesting. He has the gift of suggesting a mood. He sings with intelligence, imagination and emotion. Throughout the evening and especially in his performance of "Fussreise," "Auf ein Alteo Bild" and "Armseelchen" there were nuances that delighted the understanding while in songs by Brahms and Strauss there was the suggestion of passion, now smouldering, now fiercely burning. The singer's diction was admirable. "Der Musikant" was sung in appropriately humorous vein. A dramatic rendering of "Drei Wanderers" completed the program.

An audience of fair size was warmly appreciative, and Mr. Bennett added Sidney Homer's "Requiem."

Dr. Hugh Cabot is quoted as saying about women: "Years ago they dressed more naturally, and their dances were not of a nature to affect their moral standards." This is a sweeping statement. It is not necessary to go back to Isaiah and his condemnation of women's dress or to Juvenal or the Elizabethans. We urge Dr. Cabot, whose ability, earnestness and manliness we admire, to read carefully the 33d chapter of Alice Morse Earle's "Two Centuries of Costume in America." It is headed "Empire Fashions" and has this motto from "Adam Bede": "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men." American women early in the 19th century were lightly dressed. In general the neck and portions of the arms were left bare even for outdoor wear. The wife of Gov. Joseph Trumbull of Connecticut rode in an open sleigh one bitter winter's night, "in an organdy gown, low-necked and sleeveless, her only extra covering a cloth cape without lining." The underwear was "of slight texture, close cut, and consisted of very few pieces." Thick underclothing could not go with the antique models

> Many, 'tis said with pride,
> Have laid their underclothes aside;
> Such healthful dress they do despise,
> And naught but gauze and muslin prize.

When Miss Patterson of Baltimore was married, all of her bridal clothes could have been put in a pocket. She wore only a single garment beneath her muslin dress of fine texture. She often wore no chemise.

"A certain little demure scrap of mull used as a tucker was known as a 'modesty' or a 'modesty bit,' and a satirical poem of the day ran thus:

> "'And where their bosoms you do view
> The truth I do declare, O!
> A modesty they all must have
> If ne'er a smock they wear, O!'"

The "chemise dress" was worn both day and night. Discreet and proper New England women, even parsons' wives, wore "desperately immodest attire, it would seem to us today (1903)." With the thin robes one garter was ordered, beribboned and buckled, "proving plainly that garters did not blush unseen, but peeped out shyly—or boldly for all we know—through a cloud of gauze or mull." We beseech Dr. Cabot to read this chapter. It will not bore him and the illustrations will pleasantly shock him.

And so with dances from the time that "the girls from Cadiz were at Nero's feasts, dancing in line, "rising and falling in waves of tremulous hips." "And also Syrian dancing girls more wanton than these, half naked or entirely so; and these had cymbals that they clashed above their heads, and there was something fearful in their wild immodesty." The Badminton book on dancing and Vuillier's "History of Dancing" would give Dr. Cabot food for thought concerning modest and immodest dances in "society" throughout the ages. "Women were more moral years ago than they are today." We doubt it, doctor.

Who Saw This?

As the World Wags:

Place, Revere Beach. Time, circa 1905. Man of 60 on raft, diving and swimming with the grace of a 16-year-old boy. Two schoolmarms seated on the beach. One remarked to the other: "There is my idea of a Greek god, a perfect Neptune." Turning to a policeman she asked: "Who is that man diving?" Policeman to life-guard: "Billy, who is that seahorse on the raft?" Billy: "That is Doc Crockett." J. D. K.

"When and Where?"

As the World Wags:

I am unable to answer "Information's" query concerning a famous speech attributed to Lincoln, but I find the root of it in Rochefoucauld's Maxims: "One man can be more shrewd and sly than another, but we cannot be shrewder than all the others." J. H. C.

Jan. 18.

Artistic License

As the World Wags:

In the cover design of this week's Saturday Evening Post the artist has the boy's thumb next to his little finger. Is it any wonder that the girl turns her head from him? Note that it is the boy's right hand holding the slate.

Lynn. E. J. T.

Pasada

As the World Wags:

Regarding pasada. At the present time the word refers to a type of light dry sherry produced near San Lucar and Jerez. These wines called Tintilla and Manzanilla are made from grapes which after being plucked are allowed for several days to dry partially in the sun before expression. Manzanilla (so-called from the resemblance of its taste to that of camomile) is often classed as Manzanilla Pasada. The word is probably derived from "Pasa," a dried grape. NEGOCIANT EN VINS.

Boston, Jan. 17.

When Mr. John Alger asked about pasada in The Herald of last Saturday, we consulted Richard Ford's delightful "Hand-Book for Spain," also his "Gatherings from Spain," a volume of chapters that were withdrawn from the first edition of his "Handbook," but we found nothing about a wine known as pasada. He speaks of San Lucar as the "mart of the inferior and adulterated vintages which are foisted off in England as sherries. Nota bene, here drink manzanilla; the name describes its peculiar light camomile flavor, which is the true derivation, for it has nothing to do with 'manzana,' an apple, and still less with the town Manzanilla, on the opposite side of the river. It is of a delicate straw color, and is extremely wholesome; it strengthens the stomach without heating or inebriating; hence the Andalusians are passionately fond of it."

As for the Spanish word "pasa," a raisin, it comes directly from the Latin "passa," meaning wine made from dried grapes. Virgil preferred the form "passum." Did not Carmen look forward to drinking manzanilla with her soldier boy at Lillas Pastia's?—Ed.

The Probable Derivation.

As the World Wags:

The explanations of the word "gringo" as applied to Americans by Mexicans are interesting. It is strange, however, that no one has given the following:

"Gringo" is a Spanish word, an adjective, found only in the popular speech signifying "unintelligible" and is applied to language. The speech of Americans was the most conspicuously unintelligible to the Mexicans and for that reason the word came finally to be applied to them alone. The ill-feeling against Americans has made the word a term of contempt, and most Mexicans have forgotten that it ever had another meaning. Central America, Colombia and a few other Spanish-American countries have adopted the word with its present meaning from Mexico. B. F.

Boston, Jan. 19.

"B. F." evidently overlooked the sentence written by a contributor to this column and published here on Jan. 15. "Gringo: colloquial Spanish for unintelligible gibberish, applied to language. Newman & Baretti's Spanish Dictionary, 7th ed. 1831."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

What is the correct pronunciation of the word Arkansas? What is the patrial noun and adjective corresponding to that noun, Arkansan, or Arkansian, and how is the word pronounced?

PISCATAQUIS.

Did not the Legislature of Arkansas decide that the correct pronunciation is "Ar-kansaw" with the accent on the first syllable? We have heard western people say, "Arkanelan," pronounced as it is spelled, with the accent on the second syllable. We do not know whether they were right or wrong.

Mar 22 1914

NEW VIOLINIST FROM TIFLIS

Mr. Bloch, Born in Alabama,

By PHILIP HALE.

Alexander Bloch, violinist, assisted by William G. Carl, organist, and Miss Blanche Bloch, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Handel Sonata, E major; Mendelssohn Concerto, E minor; Vitali Chaconne (with organ); organ pieces, Guilmant, Prayer and Cradle Song; Bach Fugue in D major; violin pieces, Nocturne, E minor, Chopin-Auer; Valensin, Minuet; Pugnoni-Kreisler, Praeludium and Allegro.

Mr. Bloch, an Alabamian by birth, spent his boyhood in New York. He studied in Europe with Sevcik and Auer and after a season at Tiflis as solo violinist of a symphony orchestra returned last fall to this country.

He is evidently a young man of serious purpose who has studied faithfully and intelligently, one that has set a high standard before him. He has a full and agreeable tone, especially in cantabile passages, and his technic, while it may well be further developed, was sufficient for the program of yesterday. His performance, however, was uneven. There was the appropriate dignity in the reading of the Adagio and the Largo of Handel's sonata, and the fast movements were given with the requisite lightness, if not always with the brilliance that they admit. Vitali's Chaconne revealed more fully his ability, and in it he displayed breadth of treatment as well as unaffected sentiment. The performance of Mendelssohn's concerto was disappointing. In the first movement his intonation was impure, there was a tendency to sentimentalize the passages that in themselves narrowly escape sentimentalism; nor was his execution always clean-cut.

There was throughout this concerto an absence of ths elegance—dislikers of Mendelssohn might say, the gentility—that should characterize the performance of this work. Mr. Bloch is not yet wholly away from his teachers. There were moments yesterday when his interpretation seemed to be the recollection of what he had been taught rather than his own individual conviction. To the art of interpretation Mr. Bloch can still apply himself with profit. At present he is too often a Laodicean.

Mr. Carl of New York gave pleasant variety to the concert. There was a friendly and small audience.

'TOSCA' AGAIN

"Tosca" was repeated last night at ths Boston Opera House. The chief singers were Mmes. Edvina and Messrs. Lafitte and Scotti. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Although Mme. Edvina now finely characterizes the part of Floria and Mr. Lafitte sings the music of Cavaradossi with fervor, interest naturally centred on the reappearance of Mr. Scotti in a part with which he has long been associated.

Puccini's opera was first given here at the Boston Theatre in April, 1901. Mme. Ternina, Cremonini and Gilibert were then Mr. Scotti's companions in tragedy. Mme. Ternina sings no longer, and Cremonini and Gilibert are dead. The visiting company at the Boston Theatre that season was an extraordinarily strong one: Ternina, Melba, Breval, Nordica, Gadski, Adams, Strong, Macintyre, Scheff, Schumann-Heink, Homer, the De Reszke brothers, Saleza, Dippel, Salignac, Campanari, Bertram, Gilibert, Sizes, Blepham, Plancon, Journett, Blass, and there were others worthy of mention.

Mr. Scotti first visited Boston in December, 1899, when we heard him as Escamillo, Amonasro and Valentin, and in two "grand sacred concerts." At one of them he sang the prologue to "Pagliacci," also Rotoli's "Bandiera," with the composer accompanying him. Ah, those were "halcon" days!

Mr. Scotti's Scarpia, always a prominent figure in the operatic portrait gallery, is now even more distinctive and impressive. The impersonation is curiously subtle; it abounds in shades and demi-tints of expression. We have seen Scarpias who thought to give character to the part by the constant employment of what might be called a menagerie voice. They roared when they should have whispered. The Scarpia of Mr. Scotti has an air. He is not merely a sensual bull or bully. Irony becomes him well, the irony of a man of high breeding, versed in the ways of the world. He enjoys the little joke he perpetrates on Floria, enjoys it so quietly, in such a courteous manner that the table knife seems an impertinent interruption, and the spectator regrets that the Baron could not see the joke through to the end. Mr. Scotti's voice was fresh and vigorous and he used it admirably for dramatic purposes.

The performance on the stage was generally excellent. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with a heavy hand. On occasions this talented director can be almost as boisterous as Mr. Alfred Hertz of the Metropolitan Opera House.

> Yet I note the little chisel
> Of ever-napping Time
> Defacing ghast and grizzle
> The blazon of my prime.
> When at night he thinks me sleeping
> I feel him boring sly
> Within my bones, and heaping
> Quaintest pains for by-and-by.

Girl and Manikin.

As the World Wags:

What you say of those who have fallen in love with mere sculptured figures recalls a thing I saw many years ago as I looked from my office window down upon the principal business street of a little American city. Just across the way from the office in which I plied my trade of enlightening the universe was a ready-made clothing shop for men and boys, and on the sidewalk were many wooden manikins displaying the shopman's wares. One day I saw a sweet-looking little girl of 8 or 10 pause before one of the smallest of the manikins, and gaze at it with the utmost attention. Then she looked round cautiously, and, stooping in haste, imprinted a kiss on the unresponsive lips. It was the mothering instinct and no other that moved the little girl, and the incident has ever since remained with me as one of the most charming memories of a mis-spent youth.

JUVABIT MEMINISSE.

Chestnut Hill, Jan. 20.

Some Questions.

As the World Wags:

As the tidal wave of seafaring gentlemen appears to be receding, I venture to ask information on several subjects.

I should like to know when Sir James Barrie's "Better Dead" was published. To me the book is intensely amusing, but friends to whom I have insisted on loaning my copy are very lukewarm regarding it. They call it foolish while I think it very sensible, even though according to Andrew Reach's 45-year age limit I should now have left my hen farm for parts unknown.

In the "Portrait of a Lady" Henry James uses the expression "modicity of the rent." Is "modicity" one of Henry's home-made words, or has he dictionary authority? To me it has a most disagreeable sound.

In a footnote in Thoreau's "Familiar Letters" the expression "saggin' round" is used. "Edward Watson was saggin' round to see if everything was alright." Can you tell me the derivation of this expression? It conveys a very pleasant picture to my mind though I suppose it is no better than modicity.

As long as a Dutch treat has been mentioned, I feel free to ask who is a contributor? Will a general alarm be sounded for that vaguely promised dinner or will gentlemen giving information be parted from these contributing and only the latter invited? I admit I should like to be among those present. I feel that a dinner in company with yourself Mr. Herkimer Johnson, Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, Dr. Crockett and other fellow Waggers, would, for a space at least, take my mind off fool hens who boycott laying when people are willing to buy eggs and fool women who boycott buying when hens are willing to lay.

Wouldn't a movable platform help Mischa Elman? It could be set to take him off at left of stage and revolve him on at right, just as the applause had reached its proper height for his appearance, and no trouble to anybody.

EBENEZER CARR.

Bridgewater, Jan. 19.

"Better Dead" was published in 1887, according to the English "Who's Who."

"Modicity," a rare word, is found in English literature as far back as 1611. Simple folk are satisfied with "moderateness."

We have never heard the word "saggin'" used in the phrase "saggin' round." The dialect dictionaries are dumb on this point. In certain English provinces "a saggy body" is a stout person whose flesh appears to hang. We have heard the phrase, "I've a saggin' in the stomach," and here, of course, "sagging" is synonymous with "sinking." Is it possible that Mr. Edward Watson went about bent over?

Messrs. Johnson and Witherspoon are drawing up a list of persons to be invited to the "banquet."

An Atrocious Pun.

"C. E. F." writes: "Why are theatrical benefits always given to people who either are sufficiently prosperous or have been conspicuous favoritee of the immortal gods. Never by any chance are they offered to the poor devils who all their drudging lives long bitterly need them. By the way, has no one yet observed it will be difficult for the mayor-elect to keep straight for the simple reason he is Curley?"

A Legend.

As the World Wags:

I write to ask if any of the readers of this column have any knowledge of an old Indian legend concerning Walden pond in Concord, the pond made famous by Thoreau.

I recall an old story that many years ago, long before the coming of the white man, there inhabited the country adjoining Walden an Indian tribe ruled by a fierce native king, who had his wigwam on the summit of a high hill.

This chief was very wicked, and the story goes that one night, directly after some particularly atrocious deed done by him, there came a terrible storm, and during the storm the hill on which the chief lived was destroyed and the natives the next morning discovered a large pond of fresh water in its place.

I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this legend, but should like to hear from some of the other readers of this column. CONCORD.

Jan. 14.

FIRST RECITAL BY MISS DEYO

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Olga Deyo, pianist, gave her first recital here yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a very friendly audience of good size. The program was as follows:

Bach, Toccata in C minor; Schumann, Novelette, op. 21, No. 2, Arabesque op. 18, Fantasie op. 17; Chopin, Barcarolle, Nocturne op. 48, No. 1, Mazurka, op. 6, No. 1, Scherzo op. 39.

Miss Deyo is first of all to be praised for playing a composition that Bach wrote for the clavier and not for the organ. It matters not whether the transcriber were Liszt, Tausig or Busoni, the transcriptions of the organ works invariably fail in the reproduction of the numerous and noble effects in prelude or toccata, and of the fugues that follow. The toccata chosen yesterday had been played here before by pianists of high reputation, but it is not so well known as it should be, for it is varied in expression and full of beauty, not archaic, but modern. As Debussy once wrote, Bach was a master of style, and great composers have been lacking in this respect. In this toccata the fugue is most expressive, which is not always the case with this musician of enormous efficiency, who wrote much that is merely scholastic and sandy.

Miss Deyo's interpretation was musically intelligent. It was free from the overphrasing that too often reduces a polyphonic work of this nature to music, the dynamic gradations were natural, not forced; and the bravura passages were not brilliant at the expense of dignity.

This pianist has many admirable qualities. She excels in the lyric and the idyllic rather than in the heroic. Thus in Schumann's Phantasie her presentation of the composer's character as Eusebius was more effective than when he wrote as Florestan. Miss Deyo's strength in stormy passages is an exhibition of nervous energy. At times the chords that should be massive are brittle. This is largely a physical matter. Fortunately, in her endeavor to secure strong or tempestuous effects she does not [illegible] as some Boanerges of the piano exerting in his might; but her interpretation of the tenderly romantic, the gently melancholy, a passage of sheer euphony, is more satisfying than her declamation of robust pages. She reproduces deftly the lightly fantastical, the delicately woven whims and caprices of the dreamer Schumann, as in the "Legend" section of the Phantasie, the middle section of the Novelette, the Arabesque. She is emotional, sincerely so in her expression, but this emotion does not now swell to passion, and there are pages in the Phantasie that are wildly passionate.

Her natural qualities, her singing tone of fine quality, her appreciation of contrasting shades of color and her ability to differentiate in the matter of tints, her musical phrasing, were well displayed also in the first section of Chopin's Nocturne. There were some delightful moments in the Barcarolle, but Mr. De Pachmann alone has the secret of preserving continuity in this much-abused composition; of making the Barcarolle appear melodically dramatic, and Miss Deyo's interpretation on the whole was pale. One of the features of the concert was her performance of the Mazurka.

CONCERT BY LONGY CLUB

First Playing Here of Work by Flament, Lover of the Bassoon.

The Longy Club gave its second concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Messrs. Keller, Huber and Miersch. The program was as follows:

Flament, Fantasia con Fuga (op. 28) for flute, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, bassoon and horn (first time); Maquarre, Three Romantic Numbers for flute, oboe, two clarinets and two bassoons; d'Indy, Fantasie on French Folk tunes for oboe and piano, Dvorak, Serenade (op. 44)) for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 3 horns, cello and double bass.

Edouard Flament's name is not known here to the great majority of music lovers. Born at Douai, Aug. 27, 1880, he studied at the Paris Conservatory and in 1908 took the first prize for bassoon playing. He then became a member of the Lamoureux orchestra. As a man he is not without a sense of humor, for he lately eulogized his instrument in this manner: 'The bassoon is the 'cello of proud homesick souls and those that have the modesty of their sadness. By reason of its deep tones it plunges into the unexplored depths of melancholy; it moves us as a distant echo of Proserpine's sighs. The 'cello in comparison has only an insipid beauty. One single tear is of more value than a whole rainbow. The bassoon, like Shakespeare, runs through the gamut of human emotions."

And in like manner, when the bassoon player in the negro minstrel show was asked by his associate what he was going to play, he answered: "Anything that comes out." A man may be a skilful bassoonist, fantastical in his praise of the beloved instrument, and yet be prosaic in his own musical thought. How is it with Mr. Flament? What has come out of him?

It would be unfair to dispose of Mr. Flament's merits as a composer by commenting upon this one piece. The Fantasia is short. After a few introductory measures of a pensive nature the chief theme of the fugue is given out. This theme is commonplace and its working out displays little originality on the part of the composer.

Mr. Maquarre's pieces have decided character and gave much pleasure to the audience. "Frolics of the Stags," the third, newest, and most interesting, is original in character and treatment. It is fluent, well made, and there are charming effects of color. The composer was warmly applauded.

The flawless ensemble playing of the club is famous and the assisting artists gave excellent support.

Mr. Longy's finished art was heard at its best in d'Indy's beautiful fantaisie on airs of the Cevennes, originally written for oboe and orchestra.

The third concert will take place on March 4.

Visitor: "Tell me, my good woman, why have you ruined the old garden and left only one tree standing?"

Mrs. Baxter: "Dear, dear, I didn't have the heart to cut it down. My husband hanged himself on that tree."

Good Old "Doc"

As the World Wags:

To "J. D. K.": Time and place 1905 and Revere Beach. Dr. Crockett would then have been about 71 years old. Four days after my 75th birthday, I walked the 25 miles Marathon course in 6 hours 7 minutes. A month or two after that at the B. A. A. outing at Riverside I put up from the floor to full arm's length over head a 30 pound dumbell 385 times. On the morning of my 68th birthday before breakfast I put up from the floor to full arm's length a 50 pound bell 111 times in 48 minutes. At the age of 47 I fought a glove fight in the Palace Billiard Hall and was recorded in The Herald: 22 rounds; 19 of them with a broken right hand, with no seconds, no fanners, no spongers, no stimulant, and did not sit down once between the rounds. Just walked the floor.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Our Banquet

As the World Wags:

A certain reticence, which has been an impediment in the way of my success since early youth, prevented me from being the first enthusiast to indorse the proposed banquet to your contributors. Be it understood that I hold no brief for banquets which purport to be a means of doing things; as occasions for saying things they are eminently fitting, and since the object of your column seems to be the dissemination of information which shall make a dreary world better and happier, the banquet's the thing.

Within a few months a contributor whose name unfortunately escapes me, delivered himself of a dissertation on bar-rooms and their appurtenances, including footrails and sawdust, which should live forever. It showed a depth of intellect and breadth of experience which could be acquired only by a life-time spent in diligent research. Our provincial library does not contain a file of The Herald, so I am unable to give more exact information, but I am sure than the information I have given will serve to identify him. He has my unqualified indorsement as a member—if not chairman—of the committee on arrangements.

This selection is in line with my general idea of the nature of the banquet. Let Mr. Witherspoon throw together his Hassayampa Mulligan a la Hobo if he can extract the necessary $2 from the management, but in my opinion such a dish would give an aristocratic touch to the occasion which would be repugnant to many of the company. Let the repast be simple and nourishing; cheese, beer, crackers, pretzels, and the inevitable state codfish, with a generous supply of bar-room ginger ale, whose chief ingredients are lukewarm water and cayenne pepper. May I also suggest that no dress suit shall be worn which has not passed successfully through the purgatory of the garbage can.

For myself I ask nothing but the priceless privilege of listening to Dr Crockett and that eminent sociologist, Herkimer Johnson, whom such an occasion should wean from the fleshpots of Clamport. GROVER GRAUSTARK.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 19.

Meticulous.

As the World Wags.

Everything comes to him who waits, provided he does not fail to read your daily column. For many, many years I have longed to see in print from an authoritative source an explanation of the word "knot" as employed in stating the speed of a vessel, and a criticism of its absurd use by many would-be nautical sharps in the columns of newspapers. I remember even one reporter who stated that a naval vessel on her trial run "made 360 knots in 24 hours." At last I am happy, for the correct explanation has been given.

Also for many, many years I have longed to see an explanation of the phrase "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," but have not written to the papers to find out for fear of betraying my own ignorance. At last this also has appeared and I feel a sweet contentment stealing over me.

One more thing I hope to see explained: Why is every modern novelist unsatisfied until he has used at least once the word "meticulous" with an absolutely perverted meaning? Its real meaning is "fearful," or "apprehensive," but these writers speak of a man's "making his toilet with meticulous care." I feel sure that the later dictionaries which may give "particular" or "careful" as a secondary definition of the word have been misled by some ignorant writer who used it without sense; for there appears to be no reason for any such secondary definition. Those who so use it are quite as absurd as the author who spoke of "a strident walk." OTIS STREET.

Newtonville.

"Meticulous," meaning "fearful," "timid" is obsolete. The latest quotation given by the Oxford Dictionary is 1674. Sir Thomas Browne some years before that spoke of "melancholy and meticulous heads." "Meticulous," meaning over-careful about minute details, came into literature early in the 19th century. Symonds did not hesitate in his "Renaissance in Italy" to speak of "labored mannerism and meticulous propriety." The Latin "meticulosus," which is not found in classical prose, meant fearful, timid, and also "terrible," "horrible." The French "meticuleux" means susceptible to little scruples and fears, also particular, nice, fastidious.

"Strident walk" as a picturesque phrase of description is not half-bad, as the English say when they wish to commend anything warmly. We know more than one man whose walk is actually loud, harsh, grating, just as there are women who when they enter a room or move on the sidewalk remind one of a brass band playing a polka.—[Ed.

Our Sidewalks

As the World Wags:

A growl may be a whet now and again for the inviting table you spread in your cosey corner. Will you explain the retrogression in municipal decency, despite all the "movements" for reform; since 20 years ago police officers would ring a householder's doorbell before a snowstorm was over to demand clearing of his sidewalk and the indoor man or choreman was kept busy all the frosty weather with shovel, salt, ashes or sawdust and dozens of casual men and boys made a living where no man was kept —And now!!!

OLDEST INHABITANT.

Boston, Jan. 21.

As the World Wags:

I am at a loss to know how to interpret a certain sign conspicuously displayed beside the railroad tracks in our middle Massachusetts metropolis, "Worcester Water Works." Is this an assertion of superiority over others, or is it merely in line with the illuminated slogan, "Worcester and Prosperity"? I have tried many waters but as yet have had no experience with that of Worcester. May I be informed?

Speaking of your banquet to contributors, why not a calf's liver well stuffed, and larded while baking with the drippings of good old sage sausage?

ROGER ASKEM.

Springfield, Jan. 19.

We have been in Worcester many times but have never tasted its water.—Ed.

Jan 24 1914

Mr. Witek, as Solo Violinist, Wins Well-Deserved Applause for Concerto.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. Mr. Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Printemps: Suite Symphonique....Debussy
First time in Boston.
Concerto for violin.....Tschaikowsky
"Hungaria," Symphonic poem, No. 9..Liszt
First time at these concerts.

Debussy's "Printemps" was composed when, having taken the "prix de Rome," he was at the Villa Medicis. It was sent to Paris as one of the required "envois," but the highly respectable committee of the Institute looked sourly on it. The music was "dangerously modern"; no God-fearing composer should presume to write in the key of F sharp major, and a chorus should sing words. So when Debussy returned the Suite was rejected, and he refused to allow the performance of his "Blessed Damozel." This was about 1887. "Printemps" was written originally for orchestra, piano and a chorus (without words). Debussy transcribed this score for two pianos and a chorus; then again for piano (four hands) and a chorus, and this arrangement was published in 1904. The present orchestral score was published in 1913 and the first performance was at Paris last April.

We do not know how closely in contents and orchestral expression the present Suite resembles the original draught; whether the Debussy of the later years Debussyized the youth at Rome. This may be said: "Printemps," as it was played yesterday, has melodic thoughts that show the influence of Massenet, and there are harmonic progressions and orchestral devices that characterize the composer of "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the "Nocturnes." The first movement is almost constantly beautiful; simple in thought for the most part, but thought and expression are poetic. It cannot be said of this music that consonances are so rare that they seem dissonances. The first movement is of an idyllic nature, and it suggests a Spring that, alas, is not known in New England. There is no need of a program or even a motto.

The second movement is of a more exuberant nature and there is a sort of glorified "double-shuffle," the exultation of nature and man in the freshness and life of Spring. While in the first movement the orchestration is charming in its ingenuity, it is more fantastic in the second, more deliberately sought out. Thus the two movements are in effective contrast, and both made yesterday a strong appeal to the audience, the former by its beauty of thought and its euphony, the latter by its sharply defined rhythms, its lively theme that might easily have been vulgar if it had been treated by a less skilful composer, and its prevailing joyousness. The performance was an admirable one.

Mr. Witek went back to the good old habit of rising from the concertmaster's seat to play the concerto. Some years ago a concertmaster of this orchestra instituted the practice of coming on the stage as a visitor who would not deign to play in the piece preceding or following. Mr. Witek played throughout the concert, nor did this impair in the slightest degree his performance of Tschaikowsky's work or lessen the esteem in which he is held by the public. On the contrary, the audience thought the better of him.

His interpretation of the concerto was that of a commanding virtuoso and an excellent musician. He displayed an emotional quality in the first movement and in the Canzonetta that has not always been observed in his solo work, sound and excellent as it has been, and this may also be said of the spirit with which he played the Cadenza; of the dash and fury he imparted to the Finale. Well did he deserve the enthusiastic and prolonged applause that rewarded him.

Liszt's "Hungaria" had been performed here only once until yesterday, and that was by the old Philharmonic orchestra led by Bernard Listemann in 1891. The performance then was necessarily unsatisfactory. This symphonic poem was one of Liszt's answers to a Hungarian poet, Vorosmarty, who urged him to sing the woes and battles and glory of their country in music. Pages of this work are rhapsodic after the manner of Liszt's characteristic national works for the piano. The chief theme was taken from a Hungarian march composed some years before, and that in turn was derived from a "Revolutionary" symphony that was never completed. "Hungaria" cannot be ranked with the best of the symphonic poems; there is not a little bombast; there are inconsequential repetitions of pompously trivial thoughts; there is bathos instead of pathos; it is on the whole rather theatrical and long spun-out. Yet there are a few exciting pages and the final "Hurrah!" stirs the phlegmatic and assures them that music after all has its uses.

'MEISTERSINGER'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Wagner's "Meistersinger von Nuernberg." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Walther von Stolzing.....Mr. Joern
David.....Mr. Jou-Jerville
Hans Sachs.....Mr. Ludikar
Sixtus Heckmesser.....Mr. Leonhardt
Veit Pogner.....Mr. Braun
Kunz Vogelgesang.....Mr. Giaccone
Balthasar Zorn.....Mr. Leru
Augustin Moser.....Mr. Devaux
Ulrich Eisslinger.....Mr. Fusco
Konrad Nachtigall.....Mr. Everett
Fritz Kothner.....Mr. Blanchart
Hermann Ortel.....Mr. Grand
Hans Foltz.....Mr. Sampieri
Hans Schwartz.....Mr. White
A Night Watchman.....Mr. Sillich
Eva.....Mme. Gadski
Magdalene.....Miss Rienskia

Wagner's "Meistersinger" was added last night to the repertoire of the Boston Opera House. The large audience enjoyed the production greatly and the applause after each act was hearty and spontaneous.

It is not necessary at this late day to discuss the opera itself. Great, mediocre and poor singers have been heard here. It has been produced in Italian as well

in Ge[illegible] At least two [illegible] conductors have directed performances in Boston, Anton Seidl and Mr. Toscanini, and the latter conducted a performance by the Metropolitan company, of only moderate worth with the exception of the orchestral playing, in the Boston Opera House. We had almost forgotten to say that Mr. Walter Damrosch has lectured here upon "The Meistersinger," so that the opera is indeed familiar.

The production last night was highly creditable to the management. Mr. Urban's scenery is picturesque and effective, though in the second act we should prefer a stage more spacious and open. This, to be sure, is an old-fashioned preference in these days of boxed and huddied stages. Last night the lovers were close to the serenading Heckmesser, and there was no conniving arbor, no concealing vine; not anything to hide them from his malevolent eyes, not even the darkness; and for once the stage was too well lighted. As a whole, the stage settings were effective in themselves and gave the requisite illusion.

Messrs. Joern, Leonhardt and Braun, and Mme. Gadski sang as guests, and Mr. Reiss, also of the Metropolitan, who had been announced for the part of David, was missed. Mr. Jou-Jerville, who replaced him, made a brave endeavor and was a sympathetic figure, out he was not the David that Wagner had in mind. Other guests will come and take leading parts, but this fact does not lessen the credit due to the local management. The chorus and the body of mastersingers had been patiently and intelligently drilled and the same may be said of Mr. Caplet with his orchestra. Mr Caplet had the ambition to conduct this opera. The ambition was praiseworthy and there is no doubt of his enthusiasm over the work. Bostonians had not previously heard the finale of the second act performed here with so much precision and spirit.

And conducting, Mr. Caplet did not regard the singers as merely instruments in a symphonic poem; he had some regard for them. Any discussion of his interpretation of the score may well be deferred until there is less excitement on the part of conductor, local singers and players; the excitement naturally attending the first performance of an opera of this magnitude.

The opera, however, might have been cut to advantage. The performances to come will begin at 7 P. M. and at 1 P. M.; but even then the opera is formidably long, and the most kindly disposed hearer finds many pages tiresome.

Mr Joern has been heard here before as Walther. He is not a romantic actor or singer. The Franchian knight is a walking gentleman of the stage, with a song that he is continually rehearsing, so that when it finally comes the effect has been largely discounted. Mr. Joern is an honest, industrious tenor, but he has not marked personality. Mme. Gadski's Eva is familiar. It is not one of her best roles. Her Eva is rather sophisticated, with a querulous, pettish, pouting note. She sings the music better than she acts the part Miss Rienskaja's Nurse would be more effective were she to be less exuberant in conventional gestures. Mr. Braun has a nobly sonorous voice and was a dignified Pogner; Pogner with his good opinion of himself; Pogner who, in spite of his celebrated address, might well figure in the gallery of operatic bores with the Landgrave, the King in "Lohengrin," our old friend Wotan, Vanderdecken the Dutchman, and the Harper in "Mignon."

Mr. Ludikar's impersonation of Hans Sachs was thoughtfully conceived. It had the requisite good humor, shrewd observation, sound, homely sense, and in the soliloquy and other scenes in the third act there was a poetic touch. The voice was at times too light for the music and the situation.

No one conversant with this opera likes to see Bechmesser acted in low comedy manner. Mr. Leonhardt did not sin in this respect as greatly as some of his predecessors. He sang with dramatic comprehension and the voice is a good one. Bechmesser, however, was more of a man than he is generally represented. He was a stanch conservative, bitter against new ideas—how he would have raved against M. Claude Debussy! Malicious, also, but soured because first of all he thought that the sacred art he professed would be corrupted. Perhaps he was a little pompous, also saturnine. In some respects he was not unlike Malvolio.

The opera this afternoon will be

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A ruler must make stupid blunders in foreign politics to divert attention from domestic politics, and he must then make stupid blunders in domestic politics so as to divert attention from his foreign politics. This is the whole secret of the art of government.

Let George Do It.

As the World Wags:

I notice that genial George Fitch makes the boundary between Texas and Mexico, "the Rio Grande River." Now, this tautological error is not uncommon. He should leave off the Rio or the river, as Rio is Spanish for river, and to say "the River Grand River" is not correct or proper G. A. G.

Wakefield.

Yes, yes. "When I was in S[illegible]," said Maj. Muldoon, "I became acquainted with a Condesa, which is Spanish for countess."—Ed.

"Arkansaw."

Apropos of the proper pronunciation of Arkansas, "Reader" sends a copy of the resolution passed by the Legislature of Arkansas in 1881:

Whereas, confusion of practice has arisen in the pronunciation of the name of our state, and it is deemed important that its true pronunciation should be determined for use in oral officini proceedings;

And whereas, the matter has been thoroughly investigated by the State Historical Society, and the Eclectic Society of Little Rock, which have agreed upon the correct pronunciation as derived from history and the early usage of American immigrants:

Be it therefore resolved by both Houses of the General Assembly, that the only true pronunciation of the name of the state, in the opinion of this body, is that received by the French from the native Indians, and committed to writing in the French word representing the sound, and that it should be pronounced in three syllables, with the final "s" silent, the "a" in each syllable with the Italian sound, and the accent on the first and last syllables—being the pronunciation formerly universally and now still most commonly used; and that the pronunciation with the accent on the second syllable, with the sound of "a" in man, and the sounding of the terminal "s," is an innovation to be discouraged.

"The resolution is found on page vii. of William F. Kurby's 'A Digest of the Statutes of Arkansas,' and on pages 216-217 of 'Acts and Resolutions of the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas passed at the session . . . commencing on the 10th day of January, 1881, and ending on the 19th day of March, 1881.'"

"Cure" and

As the World Wags:

My father often used to call me a "cure," when I had said or done something odd or unusual. I used to take it as somewhat of a compliment (he was one of those who was fond of "praising with faint damns"), and in like manner I occasionally apply the epithet to my youthful son and heir. I supposed it was a contracted form of "curiosity" or "curious."

Now that your column is no longer three sheets in the wind won't you employ the energies of your coterie of philologists in discovering the origin and meaning of the term "feignites" (fainites?)—a cry used by every English schoolboy to secure a truce when playing games involving pursuit and capture. HERBERT.

Jan. 17.

"Slang and Its Analogues" gives the forms "Fains! Fainits! Fain it!" and suggests that the cry is a corruption of "fend." In western Massachusetts a good many years ago, we boys used to shout at marbles, "fen"—tn s or that, but the interjection was a prohibition, and "fen" was the same word as the middle English "fend." In Great Britain "Barley!" is also a cry for a truce, and sometimes an acknowledgment of defeat in wrestling or fighting. "Bags" is a word used by English schoolboys to assert a claim to some article or privilege, as are "Pike I" and "Prior pike." You will find entertaining matter about these cries in Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary."—Ed.

Lincoln's Remark.

As the World Wags:

On Sept. 9, 1858, the Pantagraph, a newspaper published at Bloomington, Ill., had a report of a speech which Lincoln delivered the preceding day at Clinton, Ill. That newspaper report of that speech is reproduced on pages 349-356 of volume 3 of the "New and Enlarged Edition" (1905) of John G. Nicolay and John Hay's "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," and on page 349 is the following footnote regarding the epigram about which "Information" inquires in today's Herald: "The question has been widely discussed, and still remains unsettled, as to whether Lincoln originated the memorable epigram: You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time. In 1905 the Chicago Tribune and the Brooklyn Eagle combined efforts in an endeavor to solve the enigma for all time. After investigation several witnesses were found, notably Lewis Campbell of Dewitt county, Ill., J. J. Robinson of Lincoln, Ill., and J. L. Hill of Fletcher, O., who agreed that Lincoln had expressed the sentiment, if not the exact words generally quoted. It is supposed that he used the phrase in the above speech while addressing the people of Clinton, though the Pantagraph fails to cite it. Naturally, newspaper reports in those days were never complete, and the editor, on this particular occasion even, apologizes for his lack of space to give the entire report of this speech."

Jan. 17. SUBURBANITE.

"TALES OF HOFFMANN" GIVEN

Rouses Enthusiasm of Large Audience at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." Mr. Strony conducted.

Olympia ..... Miss Scotney
Giulietta ..... Miss Amsden
[illegible] ..... Mme. Beriza
[illegible] ..... Miss [illegible]
Nicklausse ..... Miss Leveroni
La Voix ..... Miss Sapin
Hoffmann ..... Mr. Deru
Lindorf ..... } Mr. Dangea
Coppelius ..... }
Dapertutto ..... }
Miracle ..... }
Andrès ..... } Mr. Pini-Corsi
Cochenille ..... }
Pitichinaccio ..... }
Frantz ..... }
Spalanzani ..... Mr. Gilaccone
Nathanael ..... Mr. Jou-Jerville
Crespel ..... Mr. Wronski
Luther ..... Mr. Sillich
Hermann ..... Mr. Grand
Schlemil ..... Mr. Everett

It was the first time the popular "Tales of Hoffman" had been put on at popular prices. The cast was about the same as at one of the subscription performancee, with such singers as Scotney, Amsden and Beriza. The result was a high degree of satisfaction for one of the largest audiences of the season. There is always much spontaneous enthusiasm at the Saturday evening performances. Last evening there was more than the ordinary inducement and the generous applause indicated the measure of the appreciation.

Jan 25

'LOUISE' AT 1914 OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Charpentier's "Louise." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Louise ..... Mme. Edvina
The Mother ..... Mme. d'Alvarez
Irma ..... Miss Sharlow
Julien ..... Mr. Laffitte
The Father ..... Mr. Marcoux

The performance of "Louise" yesterday afternoon was interesting. It was greatly enjoyed by a large audience. The chief singers were in good condition.

The Julien of the opera is a poet whose ideas about art and life shock the bourgeois. He looks upon the absinthe when it is green. Wedlock is to him a barbarous invention of the clergy. Mr. Laffitte's Julien kept out of the pot-house. He wrote each day alexandrines in the classic manner, sonnets that might have been recited at pupils' festivals in convents. The actor sings of "amour libre," but only to oblige the librettist. He would never have written "Vers libre." No, Mr. Laffitte's Julien is an industrious fellow, and the wonder is that the father of Louise, tho brave, hard-working father of the melodrama—"Hats off to honest labor!"—did not insist on Louise's marriage, with a wedding celebration at the consecrated restaurant near the Porte Maillot. And this Julien sang honestly yesterday and effectively. He was not a fervent lover.

As The Herald has before remarked "Louise" might be cut down to a reasonable length. The scene just before daybreak could easily go. Then there is the "Vachalcade" on Montmartre with its foolish ballet and its Crowning of the Muse, the composer's hobby; he has been crowning the muse since 1898, when Blanche Dassonville, a work-girl, was crowned at Lille. It is a spectacular, theatrical scene, but it delays the action. The Mother might as well have entered after the long duet with its cries of "Paris! Paris!" as though a railway conductor was announcing the station to heavy sleepers in a wagon-lit. Of course it is Paris that Julien and Louise see before them. They have seen and known it since their birth. Why this boisterous surprise at recognition? And if this "Vachalcade" were cut out we should not be obliged to hear the well-intentioned but quavering Mr. Jou-Jerville with the music of the Pape des Fous.

Fourteen years ago Mr. Pierre de Breville in an aristocratically ironical article about Charpentier's Socialistic views and symbolism remarked that in spite of all his attempts to make the bourgeois sit up, the librettist-composer really loved the bourgeois, jollied him in the opera, paid him a thousand delicate attentions. Thus to amuse the smug, respectable citizen, Charpentier imagined hors d'oeuvre, which have nothing to do with the action, as the scene of the dress-makers, an operetta divertissement. Yet we would not willingly spare this scene. It has character, it has significance in spite of Mr. de Breville, and if it were omitted we should not have the pleasure of hearing Miss Sharlow's air and the pretty refrain of the girls thinking more about lovers than the customers of the establishment.

"Louise" entertains and charms by its dramatic and musical expression of humble domestic happiness and comfort. The first act is the best, that is, after Julien disappears. From the entrance of the Father to the fall of the curtain on Louise's tears, excited by the thought of Paris, the music is admirable. Here and there is the flavor of onion soup, and this makes it the more excellent. The last act is of almost equal strength in its musical expression.

Mme. Edvina and Mr. Marcoux again aroused enthusiasm as the daughter and the father. There are some who think Mme. Edvina too ladylike, too refined; they would have Louise answer Dr. Johnson's characterization of Bet Flint. We do not find their point well taken. Louise was not by nature a "grande amoureuse" or a gutter-bird; she was the simple daughter of a [illegible] man; she wished to marry the poet with his fine speeches across the way. If her mother had not boxed her ears and if her father had had any pluck she would have married her poet and been faithful to him until he deserted her; and this he would never have done had he been Mr. Laffitte.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will begin, tomorrow evening, an engagement that is all too short. The Century Magazine of February contains an article by him, "The Theatre of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." We take pleasure in now quoting from it. Speaking of Shakespearian productions, the actor says:

"It is my belief that Shakespeare appeals to far more people, both in the study and on the stage, than ever he did, as witness the many editions being brought out at popular prices, and the great interest taken in the smallest details, apart from the psychology of the various plays, as shown by the innumerable letters of appreciation, criticism and suggestion we players of Shakespeare receive. Some people would like to alter our accentuation of various passages, and others would fain know our feelings and the emotions we experience in portraying various characters. I might give a rather humorous instance.

"A particularly close observer wrote the other day complaining that the skull of Yorick used in the graveyard scene of 'Hamlet' was emphatically and incontrovertibly that of a woman, and protesting against its use. Out of curiosity I had this skull examined by an authority, and was assured it was that of a man, but one of an exceedingly low order of intellect, in fact, likely a criminal or a decadent of pronounced character. This was gathered from the small and sloping forehead, and the high bones underneath what had once been eyebrows. The skull had been broken in two places during life.

"Another example is told me by my general manager, Percy Burton, who assures me that a publisher and friend of his is much perturbed by the fact that my ghost of Hamlet's father does not wear a red beard. Yet we are explicitly told that his beard was 'a sable silver'd.'

"An attorney of one of the largest cities in America has written me several long and interesting letters anent the artificiality of the play introduced by the players in 'Hamlet,' and its unnatural and bombastic language, which he claims should be treated with amusement by Hamlet. And so on, and so on.

"I am and have always been an optimist through good and ill report. I think that the stage today, regarded as a whole, is vastly better than it was half a century ago. Everything has improved in the theatre. The acting is much better as far as the total ensemble is concerned, even if we have not so many individual pinnacles as in the past. Plays are more ambitious, better staged and better mounted, yes, and written on the average than they were 40 years ago. There are only [illegible] two dramatic authors of the seventies whose names will survive.

"Why should we complain because support of high-class drama is limited. Why moan because the houses of light entertainment are crowded, and the attendance at legitimate theatres is comparatively small? As well complain that the man in the street prefers rag-time to Chopin, some picture of sentimental vulgarity to a Velasquez, a dime novel or shilling shocker to Nathaniel Hawthorne or George Meredith. To get pleasure from the highest forms of art is the privilege of the few, and my point is that those few are increasing in number year by year.

"As far as the old stock companies were concerned, they were rough-and-ready schools of acting, primed to put on, however badly, a play at the shortest notice. I have much more faith in the American stock company of today, where the bill is changed only once a week, and I am informed that today there are 50 of these scattered over the United States.

"Henry Arthur Jones complains of the decline of taste in the English masses after 40 years of popular education, as shown by the output of the theatre. This is, however, no real criterion. As a matter of fact, the English public, at all events the public in the English provinces, has not the theatre-going habit to anything like the extent to which it prevails throughout America. Here it is not, 'Shall we go to the theatre?' but 'Which theatre shall we go to?' This is a valuable asset to the theatrical manager, and it is for him to cultivate this natural desire on the part of the public to patronize the theatre and appreciate what is best in the drama.

"A play should be able to stand on its own merits without scenery, which should be only an accessory. An actor should also be equal to this test of his art. There is a tendency to overload the stage with atmosphere. Sometimes a too obvious appeal is made by virtually turning a stage picture into a photograph. The scenery should be adequate, but it should not monopolize the attention, and should always remain [illegible] background only, taking its place [illegible]

[illegible] or [illegible] to the [illegible]. P[illegible] of late years have [illegible] extravagant and lavish that the [illegible] to look for too much in [illegible] have been spoilt. An [illegible] play is as bad as an over[illegible] and that is saying a [illegible]. The curtain goes up on a [illegible], of a drawing-room, and in [illegible] it is so distracting in [illegible] color, so overloaded with a [illegible] incidents, that when a [illegible]ter enters the scene he or she [illegible] disappears in the jumble and [illegible]. The people who go in for [illegible] effects, by the way, are do[illegible] good in this direction by making [illegible] background in some cases sim[illegible] but I would implore them to abstain [illegible] wearing their knees out before the [illegible] of the ugly and grotesque when [illegible] all the beauty of the world for [illegible] choosing.

Of a Personal Nature

Prof. Plunket Greene, speaking at the conference on the teaching of music at Hammersmith, was severe on "sentimental, chromatic hymn tunes." He would away with them all, and retain only the "grand, hearty, diatonic tunes," such as "O God, our Help in Ages Past," the "Old Hundredth," and "The Church's One Foundation." While agreeing that there is a good deal of mawkish rubbish to be found in our hymnaries, we suggest that this would reduce both the numerical and the emotional range below the requirements of congregations. After all, what matters in a hymn tune is its appeal to the soul rather than its musical value. Simple, pious folk would be conscious of a great loss if "Sun of My Soul" and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds" were eliminated from our church music.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. G. S. Street, recently appointed examiner of plays, writes to the London newspapers that he is not a censor. He and his colleague, Mr. Bendall, examine and report on plays for the information of the lord chamberlain. The granting or withholding of a license is the function of the lord chamberlain.

The spectacle of Miss Ellen Terry within a month of her 66th birthday learning a new part—that of the Abbess in "Paphnutius"—for a mere couple of shows, furnishes a fresh proof of her amazing youthfulness of spirit and devotion to her work. Miss Genevieve Ward was in her 69th year when she made her first appearance as Cleito in "The Virgin Goddess" at the Adelphi, a little more than seven years ago; but she, of course, is of American origin. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who was 68 last October, has created several new parts in the last three or four years; but these have been studied "for a run," and are put on quite the same footing as Miss Terry's latest achievement.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 10.

M. Morveraud, who was Isadora Duncan's chauffeur when the car fell into the Seine last April, causing the death of two of her children and the governess, has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of $40 for criminal neglect.

"Parsifal" at the Paris Opera is the cause of bitter words and actions. Two artists alternate on the bills in singing Kundry, but Mlle. Breval, who originated the role on the first night, declares that she, and she alone, has the right to sing it. She has served the directors of the Opera with papers to show cause why they should not act on this principle; but they have disregarded the injunction. They have invited Mlle. Demougeot to the next rehearsal, to which Mlle. Breval says she is going as well. Thus, the feathers will fly. Both sides have engaged counsel. For the Opera is Maitre Millerand, and for the singer Maitre Andre Hesse. The matter is sufficiently difficult to decide. As a general rule, the artist has the right to the role that she has created, but the Opera contracts stipulate that the directors are masters of the distribution. In the present case, M. Messager declares that the real possessor of the role is Mlle. Demougeot, because she sang it, replacing Mlle. Breval (who was not well) at one of the most important rehearsals. It is a question that will be fought out, no doubt, once and for all in the law courts."

Now that Mr. Carre is director of the Comedie Francaise, it is said that M. Le Bargy may return to that theatre and with him "Cyrano de Bergerac" and the repertoire of Lavedan.

Francois de Curel has written a new play, "La Danse Devant le Miroir." His former dramas are of "great refinement and of a profound and moving psychology; but they are scarcely popular plays. They have not, as yet, appealed to the great public, and the long intervals which separate their appearance would seem to show some disappointment in the author. His output is affected by discouragement."

Mr. Martinetti, the leader of the Futurists, has issued a manifesto concerning the music hall as it should be. "All logic must be destroyed, contrasts must be multiplied, the impossible and the absurd must predominate. For instance, lady artists should paint their necks, arms and ears orange, mauve and red. [illegible] should be interrupted by bad [illegible] revolutionary speeches." There should be turns consisting of burlesque imitations of Shakespeare's tragedies and Beethoven's music played backwards should be given. Problem plays should be given with every character taken by negroes. Furthermore, the stage should be well soaped, so that the players should make the public laugh by sprawling on their faces at critical moments.

Tristan Bernard announces a version of "Hamlet" in collaboration "with a Butcher of Stratford."

Granville Baker distinguishes between true and false repertory. "It is time that this was done. All these theatres that call themselves repertory theatres are very excellent institutions indeed, but they do not run repertory. They are short run theatres, and that is a very different matter. The advantage of short runs is that one is able to produce a great number of plays. The disadvantage is that they are taken off before a lot of people have had time to see them. The repertory theatre, on the other hand, has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the short run theatre. * * * It is no good producing a play like 'The Wild Duck' for a run. It would not fill any theatre in London eight times a week, but it will fill it once a week, or perhaps twice, or three times. And what is true of that play and of that class of play is true also of a large percentage of the best plays in dramatic literature. Therefore, if the ordinary theatregoer—the theatregoer who wishes to go in the evening—wants to see these plays he must have repertory. * * * Perhaps a repertory theatre can make a large profit; but certainly it should not try to. The most it should do is to try to provide a small interest on the capital and a worthy livelihood for all who are connected with it. I will never be a party to getting things below market rates. If an actor can earn so much a week at an ordinary theatre, he ought to earn exactly the same amount at a repertory theatre. I am not going to have either art for charity's sake or charity for art's sake. People in this world must pay for things."

Philip Carr, who intends to open an English theatre in Paris, starting with a production of "Macbeth," some time next month, is a son of Comyns Carr. He was known at Oxford as president of the O. U. D. S. and as honorary secretary was identified with the early work of the Shakespeare memorial theatre committee. His father's book of personal recollections, published a few years ago, has for frontispiece a reproduction of a drawing by Burne-Jones of Philip Carr when a child.

Theatre and Concert Hall

"Au Coin Joli" is a one-act comedy based on a short story in the Paris Journal and produced at the Grand Guignol. "In a little country cabaret an old man enters, talks to the landlord, and draws him out. We learn that his father was murdered 20 years before. Since that time the affairs of the house have gone from bad to worse, and the son has had great difficulty to carrying on the business. The murderer could not be found. The old man listens, and, while he listens, takes more and more to drink. He soon begins to talk in his turn, and, finally, confesses his crime. He is enacting once more his terrible part, for it is he who killed the 'aubergiste' years before. Just when the son was about to avenge the murder of his father, a voice calls 'Patron!' The landlord in the man comes uppermost; he is afraid to sully his house anew with a deed of blood, and he lets the man go."

"Antony and Cleopatra," the drama composed by a modern Roman poet and scenic painter—the greater number of the enormous company of artists were Italian—is now upon the screen at Queen's Hall, London.

It is stated that the inhabitants of the British isle spend £15,000,000 a year at the box offices of cinema halls, and one person out of 350 passed in the street depends upon the pictures for his or her livelihood.

Zangwill's "Melting Pot" is announced at the Court Theatre, London, tonight for subscribers. As yet it has been played in London only in a Yiddish version. There will be a public performance at the Court Theatre tomorrow.

The demand of the restaurant keepers for an extension of time at night recalls an old struggle. In the early days of the old Gaiety, John Hollingshead devised a combined theatre and restaurant, in which the "slap you and put you to bed" system should be abolished. From theatre to restaurant were two wide and easy entrances. But the authorities came down upon him and compelled him to block those entrances with a two-foot thick wall. For years John Hollingshead kept placards over those closed doors calling attention to the result of grandmotherly legislation.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Another opera founded on the story of Francesca da Rimini was produced at the Opera Comique Dec. 31. Marion Crawford's version, translated by the late Marcel Schwob for Sarah Bernhardt, is used for the libretto, and the composer of the music is Leoni, whose songs and church music have been heard here. "The drama has been compressed into three tableaux, which conveyed with sufficient clearness and logical sequence the story. It represented the last work mounted by M. Carre before his transference to the Comedie Francaise. In the first act Paolo and Francesca are seen to be in love with one another, though unconscious of it; in the second, Giovanni Malatesta tries to compel Francesca to love him as his wife; and in the third the two lovers, buried in the study of an old romance which they are reading together, are separated by the sword of Giovanni. The poignancy of the drama is well expressed by the music, which possesses from the first an undertone of sadness as of doom and approaching fatality. The composer does not lack ingenuity in his metier, and has lyric quality, passion and dramatic sense; but he adheres too closely, it seems to me, to the beaten paths. If, however, he has not produced a work of novelty in its effects, he has succeeded in producing some charming music, attaching itself, no doubt, to the French school, though not presenting features of an ultra-modernity. The work is well interpreted by the Opera Comique troupe and is accompanied on the bill by 'La Vie Breve,' a Spanish work in French dress, the poem being by Fernandez Shaw and the music by Manuel de Falla. This is a large hospitality for Paris to show to foreign talent." This "Vie Breve" was crowned by the Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid and performed last season at Nice. The story is short and violent. A woman, abandoned, appears at her former lover's wedding feast, reproaches him and falls dead. The score is said to be animated and full of color. Spanish folk tunes are blended with original themes. "Spain, gay or sad, rude and tender, is evoked in every line. The national rhythm is admirably noted in the instrumentation."

"Un Fils d'Amerique" has been highly successful at the Renaissance, Paris. The story is based on a substitution of persons. "The real son in America is reported dead, but an imposter takes his place. The prodigal but spurious son has an excellent time of it. But he is a good man of business as well, and rescues his supposed father's factory from ruin and makes it prosperous. The daughter of the house is much attracted by the long-lost brother. Trouble comes out of a clear sky. The real son arrives to find his place taken. But the adventurer is a cordial creature, who is not embarrassed a trifle. He proclaims, without a blush, his identity, marries the girl, and accepts the brother. The old Frenchman, therefore, has found two sons instead of one; and that is all. The business can stand it," presumedly. Tarride is delightful as the false hero in Pierre Veber and Marcel Gerbidon's comedy. Certainly, 'The Son from America, will return there before long—to gather more dollars."

The Week in Boston

Mme. Teresa Carreno, who will play in Symphony Hall this afternoon, first appeared here 51 years ago (January 2), in Music Hall. She was then a little over nine years old. Mathilde Phillipps sang at the concert. The child played Thalberg's "Norma" fantasia, pieces by Doehler, Gottschalk and others. John S. Dwight saw intelligence and genius beaming in her Spanish face. "These speak, too, in her touch, in a certain untaught life that there is in her playing. It is a precious gift. O treat it reverently and tenderly, educate it, save it, and let not the temptation of dazzling success or gain exhaust it ere its prime." Mme. Carreno's long and brilliant career as a pianist is known to all. After musical adventures in Europe as a pianist and also as a singer, she returned to this country and was heard with a company including Charlotta Patti, Miss Cary, Mario, Ronconi, and Emile Sauret, the pianist. In March, 1876, she took the part of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." But she is chiefly and widely known as a pianist. She has played here with the Symphony orchestra five times. The last was on Christmas, 1909.

Francis Rogers, the baritone, has long been known and liked here, and the monologues of Mrs. Rogers will no doubt give agreeable variety to the entertainment for the South End Industrial Home.

Frederic Joslyn, who will give a song recital Tuesday night in Steinert Hall, is a young bass-baritone who last season showed a serious purpose and gave promise.

Miss Constance Purdy, a contralto living in New York, dwelt for some years in Moscow and travelled and studied in Russia. She became acquainted at first hand with the music of the peasants. Miss Purdy has studied in Berlin and Paris. In the latter city she was contralto at the American church. She has sung in concert in Paris and London. She is one of the founders of the Russian Musical Society in New York and is its secretary.

The concert of the Flonzaley quartet on Thursday night will be conspicuous for the first performance here in public of Schoenberg's quartet, which, though one of the composer's earlier works, has excited fierce discussion. Some have found the music wonderfully beautiful and impressive; others have called it incomprehensible. Any work that has elicited such varied comment is surely worth hearing.

Miss Ethel New[illegible] will give a piano recital here next Friday afternoon, when the Symphony orchestra will be away, has been before the public for some years. An American, she studied in Europe with Leschetitzki and has played in recital and with orchestra in European cities and in this country. She is described as "a slender girl, pleasing in appearance and entirely devoid of mannerisms, with 'a sympathetic touch and fluent technic."

Jordan Hall should be crowded next Saturday afternoon for the art of Jacques Thibaud, the violinist, is undisputed and his personal attractiveness is great.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mmes. Julia Culp, mezzo soprano, and Teresa Carreno, pianist. See special notice.

Orpheum Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the Boston Philharmonic Society, Charles Frank, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Halvorsen, Entrance of the Boyards; Beethoven, Overture to "Fidelio"; Handel, Largo for strings; Puccini, Fantasia on "La Boheme"; Barthelemay, Serenade Coquette; Herbert, American Fantasy; also Liszt's "Preludes," which will be played again in answer to many requests. Frederick Huddy, baritone, of the Boston Opera House, will assist.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Concert by members of the opera company and orchestra. See special notice.

MONDAY—Fenway Court, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's third concert. Mme. Augette Foret, soprano, in old English, Irish, Scottish and French songs. American string quartet: Haydn, quartet in G minor; Gliere, Theme and Variations.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Francis Rogers, baritone, and Mrs. Rogers, with recitations for the benefit of the South End Industrial school.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Frederic Joslyn. Schubert, Das Wirtshaus; Tschaikowsky, Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt; Grieg, Ein Schwan; Strauss, Nachtgang, Allerseelen; Salter, My Dear; C. Scott, Why so wan and pale? McDowell, Confidence; Homer, Banjo Song; Campbell-Tipton, A Fool's Soliloquy; Godard, L'Amour, Chanson Arabe; d'Indy, Madrigal; Hahn, Si mes Vers; Moussorgsky, La Berceuse du Pauvre; Schumann, Fruehlingsnacht; Franz, Wonne der Wehmut; Gounod, Envoi des Fleurs; Slater, A Tragic Tale; Denza, Si lo m'ainais!

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8.15. Song recital by Miss Constance Purdy, contralto. Branscombe, The Morning Wind; Carpenter, Fog Wraiths; Bauer, Light; McMillan, A Valentine; Class, I heard a mower passing; Ward Stephens, The Rose's Cup; Farwell, Song of the Deathless Voice; Daniels, Beyond (MS); Glinka, Folk song from "Count Holmsky"; Dargomijsky, Air from "Russalka"; Balakireff, The Knight; Moussorgsky, By the Don, Vision, In the Corner, The Mushrooms; Tschaikowsky, Daylight may reign; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Song of the Shepherd Lehl; Borodin, The Distant Shores; Gliere, I must have rejoicing. The Russian songs will be sung "in costume."

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Mozart, Adagio and Fugue in C minor; Schoenberg, Quartet in D minor, op. 7; Beethoven, Quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert in Tremont Temple Course. Mme. Scotney, Howard White and the Lotus Quartet. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Ethel Newcomb. Her first recital in Boston. Mendelssohn's Variations Serieuses; Beethoven's Sonata No. 3, pieces by Chopin and Schumann; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Debussy, Poissons d'Or; Leschetitzky, Tarantella.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital [illegible] Jacques Thibaud, violinist. Bruch, Concerto in D minor; pieces by Bach, Beethoven, [illegible] planes, G. Faure, Wieniawski and Saint-Saens, including Saint-Saens's Fantasie [illegible] harp and violin. Carlos Salzado will be [illegible] pianist and harpist.

Jan 26 1914

In giving emotional material artistic form, there is indisputably a certain noble pleasure; but it is of a solitary and severe complexion, and takes a man out of the circle and sympathies of his fellows.

Romance.

As the World Wags:

She sucked the lobster's claw as she stood with her back against the seawall on Fisherman's Beach, and the wind blew straight off the depths and drove her dark brown hair against the whiteness of her neck. Her eyes were the truest grey and her mouth held all the weird mysticism of the sea.

How we met it does not matter—and as we sat on the sand and the pale moon rose over the deep, she told me strange tales of her fisherfolk—tales of love, of daring and hardship, and the lights of Nahant blinked in the distance.

Jan. 22 AVENTURIER.

The Watsons.

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald, Jan. 22, I find a reference to Thoreau's description of Edward Watson's "Sagging Round." It interests me immensely, and carries me back to a Thanksgiving day dinner in 1865, when a nephew of this very Edward Watson, if I am not mistaken, astonished us all by jumping up from the table in the midst of the meal and running round it two or three times, saying "I must 'sag round' a bit, if I am to eat any more dinner." Certainly in Mr. E. W.'s case this expression did not indicate a "bending over," for he was as straight as an arrow until his death M. E. W.

Cambridge.

Mr. Johnson Will Decide.

As the World Wags:

Not approving of militant methods, I have kept silence—although with great difficulty—on the subject of the Contributors' Dinner. I whispered, "If I can't go without breaking in with a hatchet. I'll keep out!" all the whil[illegible]

at I scanned the column w[illegible] heart to find some w[illegible] ghost of [illegible]ce that a contributor who happened to be of the female sect would not be overlooked. I have found no assurance. Now I read that Mr. Johnson has a share in drawing up the list and I must [illegible]t.

Mr. Johnson has surely not forgotten the valuable and lengthy advice that I gave him in this column, exactly one year ago, on the proper management of crawling, dirty shirt sleeves. If he has forgotten, base and ungrateful is the heart of man! I thought of him tenderly, only a few weeks ago, when I performed my annual amputations on the family shirts.

Now, I suppose that I have thrown the apple of discord at the feast; it's all dished, so to speak; or you'll have it just the same, only you won't say any more about it, but just sneak off by yourselves and tell your tramp stories in selfish seclusion; and I'm sure it's not my fault. For my part, I could never see why men change the subject and turn to inanities when a woman appears. "The Young Lady Across the Way" is the epitomy of "Das ewig Weibliche" in the mind of man. The only share of real male conversation that I ever get is what I steal through the back of my ears in a crowded car. In this manner I get snatches of politics, fiction, philosophy, art, trade, religion, news and common sense, while all that these same men can ever say to me when I meet them socially is "Queer weather! How are the children?" I am sure I should faint if one of them ever asked me by mistake what I think of immigration.

In regard to your gentle hint that answers to nearly all questions aimed at this column may be found "free to all" at our Boston Public Library, let me remind you that your contributors, busy, valuable citizens, are not possessed of that immense leisure necessary to any who would derive any grain of benefit from our noblest institution.

Jamaica Plain. E. P. B.

P. S.—1—Rather than ruin the conversation at the feast, I'll come in masculine attire and sit in the gloaming. I made a lovely man in a play once. I had a touch of laryngitis and so produced a perfectly grand bass voice. Perhaps in this day of science I can get the same germ again.

2—Have any of Alfred Noyes's songs, e. g., the songs in "Drake," ever been set to music? If so, which and where?

The Walden Legend.

As the World Wags:

In reply to the query by "Concord" regarding the legend of Walden pond, I will say that the legend is to be found in Thoreau's "Walden." Thoreau's version differs somewhat from that of "Concord," and is as follows: A tribe of Indians once had a great feast lasting many days upon a hill on the present site of Walden pond. The feast was marked with such debauchery that the anger of the Great Spirit was aroused and he caused the hill to collapse into the earth, and a lake to overflow the spot, thus destroying the sinful revellers. The story also was that at times when the water was exceptionally clear, people had seen beneath the waters of the pond the tops of the trees that once stood upon the hill. It may be of interest to note that in "Barber's Historical Collections of Connecticut," published many years ago, precisely the same legend is related of Alexander's lake, a small sheet of water near Danielson, Ct. Lossing, in his 'Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," written from 1848 to 1850, notes the legend concerning the latter pond.

Windham, Ct. A. B. ROBERTS.

"In the Main Drag."

As the World Wags:

In Joseph M. Sullivan's little book, "Criminal Slang," I find the word "griddler," to which he gives the definition, "an English street singer." That definition I find to be correct, because I found it in Montague Williams's Q. C. book entitled "Round London." Montague Williams was the police magistrate who presided for many years over the Thames police court, London, and was an acknowledged authority on police procedure and all matters pertaining to the administration of the criminal law. Can you give me any information concerning the history and derivation of this word?

Boston, Jan. 23. PHILIP J. LIBBY.

John Camden Hotten's Slang Dictionary defines "griddler" as a person who sings in the streets without a printed copy of the words, but other dictionaries, including the Oxford, which admits the verb "griddle," are not thus restrictive. The whole phrase is "griddling in the main drag" (singing in the streets). Mayhew, Besant and Rice used the phrase. It goes back certainly to the fifties of the last century. In 1890 the Daily Telegraph (London), speaking about shouting hymns in the streets on Sunday said: "To this system the name of 'gridd ing' (sic) has been applied. The 'Gridlers,' it was stated, were known to boast, as they returned to their haunts in Deptford and Southwark, how much they could make in a few hours." We find no note about the derivation of "griddler."

Unreconciled.

As the World Wags:

What's the matter with "The Spanish Main"? The dictionary (although Mr. Dull, Dr. Crockett and other ships' cousins will have none of them) contains: "Main, the ocean", "Spanish Main the name formerly applied to the southern part of the Carribbean sea and adjacent coast," and faithful old Bailey has: "Main, the middle of the sea or land." They may have no authority—these definitions may be wrong—but what of it? Is there to be nothing left?

You, Mr. Editor, have defended fine old expressions, names and terms so valiantly these many years, that it is, indeed, shocking that you have said what you have said. "Sailed the Spanish main," a grand and inspiring line—if that must walk the plank—scuttle the good old ship and let dubbloons, pineapple rum, treasure, pears of eight, pirates and all go to bottom together.

BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 18.

MMES. CARRENO AND CULP GIVE

Mme. Teresa Carreno and Mme. Julia Culp, assisted by Conrad S. Bos, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Mme. Carreno played these pieces: Beethoven, Sonato, op. 57; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2; Etude, G flat; Polonaise, A flat, op. 53; Schubert, Impromptu, op. 90, No. 3; Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire. Mme. Culp sang these songs: Schumann, "Waldes gespraech," "Die Kartenlegerin," "Mondnacht," "Lied eines Schmiedes"; Hugo Wolf, "Ver lorgenheit." "In den Schatten Meiner Locken," "Mansfallen-Spruchlein," "Er ists' "; Horn, "On the Banks of the Allan Water"; Beethoven, "The Cottage Maid"; "Robin Adair"; Old English, "I've been roaming."

Mme. Carreno's performance was admirable throughout the afternoon. She displayed perfect mechanism, controlled by a supreme intelligence. There was unfailing sense of proportion, polished phrasing, tonal beauty, wealth of nuances.

An interpreter of pronounced individuality, her rendering of Beethoven's sonata was absorbing. In this, as in Chopin's Polonaise and the Marche Militaire, she showed rare fire, brilliance, verve. There were, too, other memorable moments, such as her ending of the Nocturne, the feathery lightness of the etude, the changing moods of the Impromptu.

The pianist's subdued intensity, her concentrated force, which suggests a still greater reserve; the dignity, distinction and nobility of her performance, should be an unforgettable lesson to youthful pianists, who mistake nervous energy for temperament and pounding for passion.

The exquisite art of Mme. Julia Culp was also heard at its best. "Waldesgespraech" and "Die Kartenlegerin" revealed her aptitude for dramatic declamation, while "Mondnacht" exposed the natural beauty of her voice. The singer was again fortunate in her management of breath, her impeccable technique and the intelligence and subtlety of her interpretations.

The accompaniments of Mr. Bos were above praise.

There was a large audience. Many sat on the stage, some stood. The applause was hearty and prolonged and both artists added to the program.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Fourth One Given in Orpheum Thetre Yesterday Afternoon.

The fourth Philharmonic Society concert took place yesterday afternoon at the Orpheum Theatre. Charles Frank conducted. The work of the orchestra and Mr. Frederick Huddy, the soloist, was cordially received. By request the orchestra repeated Liszt's "Preludes," which was greeted by prolonged applause. Other numbers of the program were the march of the Boyards by Halvorsen, the "Fidelio" overture by Beethoven; Handel's Largo, a fantasia on "Boheme," a serenade coquette by Barthelemay, and Victor Herbert's American fantasy. The audience contained many who are interested in Sunday afternoon orchestral concerts at small prices, and many who at these concerts are making their first acquaintance with standard operatic and symphonic music.

CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

Singing of Mme. Dalvarez Feature of the Entertainment.

The singing of Mme. Margarita Dalvarez, the Peruvian contralto, was the feature of the concert at the Boston Opera House last evening. Mme. Dalvarez sang "Oh, Mon Fils," from "Le Prophete," as her first selection, in a delightful manner. She also sang a selection from "Favorita," and on both occasions the audience demanded an encore.

Miss Elizabeth Amsden sang "Oh, Suicidio," from "La Cioconda," in a pleasing manner. The other soloists where Mr. Ramella, who sang an arioso from "La Boheme," and Mr. Oppezzo, who sang an aria from "Pagliacci."

The quintet from "Carmen" was sung by Mme. Dalvarez, Miss Sharlow, Miss Heyman, Mr. Devaux and Mr. Giaccone.

Miss Amsden, Mme. Dalvarez and Mr. Oppezzo were heard in the trio from "Il Trovatore."

The orchestra played a[illegible] part in the evening's concert, [illegible] three numbers of the ten on the [illegible]ram.

Jan 27 1914

'HAMLET'

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson Opens Farewell Engagement.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Claudius	Walter Ringham
Hamlet	J. Forbes-Robertson
Horatio	S. A. Cookson
Polonius	Ian Robertson
Laertes	Charles Graham
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Percy Rhodes
Fortinbras	Grendon Bentley
Guildenstern	Montague Rutherford
Rosencrantz	E. A. Ross
Osric	George Haynes
Marcellus	Richard Andean
Bernardo	A. Roberts
Francisco	R. Ericson
First Player	Robert Atkins
Second Player	G. Richardson
First Gravedigger	H. Athol Forde
Second Gravedigger	S. T. Pearce
Priest	R. Montagu
Gertrude	Adeline Bourne
Player Queen	Maud Buchanan
Ophelia	Gertrude Elliott

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson began last night an engagement of two weeks, a farewell to his countless admirers in this city. It was fitting that he should open the engagement with a performance of Hamlet, a part with which he has long been identified in the minds of many, although he has triumphed in plays of widely differing character.

The theatre was filled in every part and the welcome was hearty and spontaneous.

It has been said that every man thinks he could play Hamlet, because he finds in the character something of himself. The part may be played in various ways. Fechter treated it romantically and yet his Prince was a very human being, and the romanticism of the treatment seemed realism, so compelling was the art of the actor. Edwin Booth was the image of the melancholy Dane. E. L. Davenport saw in Hamlet the scholar and the philosopher and gave an impersonation characterized by a sweet nobility. Rossi played the part with Italian fervor; his conception was picturesque, princely, striking. And so through the long list, only one actor of marked talent within recent years made a conspicuous failure. His Hamlet was frock-coated, clerical.

Sir Johnston's composition of the part is first of all distinguished by lucidity of presentation. Seeing him, the spectator wonders at laborious essayists inquiring anxiously into the madness of the Prince; he is amazed at the numberless commentators discussing gravely whether Hamlet really loved Ophelia; whether this reading or that of a line should be preferred. Looking over the volumes and pamphlets, he turns from them to enjoy Jules Laforgue's legendary morality in which Hamlet is more Hamlet than Hamlet himself. This fantastical figure is more real to him than the Hamlets of the essayists and commentators. But seeing Sir Johnston, he even forgets the hero of Laforgue's fantasy and is face to face with the Hamlet of Shakespeare.

For without trick or cunning bit of stagecraft, the Prince stands before us, romantic but very real, a King's son in his bearing and also in his consideration for others, gallant, debonair, quick-witted, yet at times a dreamer, a joyous companion, sportive, gentle even with Ophelia when he thinks her a party to the snare set for him, gentle even with his mother when he rebukes her. Here is the man sketched deftly by the broken-hearted Ophelia; the sweet prince mourned by Horatio; the soldier respected by Fortinbras.

In the portraiture of Sir Johnston there are deft touches made with artistic sobriety that reveal the ins and outs of Hamlet's character and behavior. In the great scenes, so called, the meeting with the Ghost, the play scene, the scene with his mother, this Hamlet thrilled the audience by the sincerity and the eloquence of speech and action. Some may have thought the treatment of the play scene approached dangerously near the purely theatrical. The eyes riveted on the King, the crawling toward the throne, were these only theatrical? Were they not rather the inevitable actions of a man convinced at last that the Ghost was an honest Ghost? Was it not the delirious expression of growing conviction?

One of the finest exhibitions of Sir Johnston's genius was the scene with Ophelia. The sudden change of manner when Hamlet knew of Claudius and Polonius eavesdropping, and was forced to believe that the fair Ophelia was only a decoy; the tenderness of his first appeal to her; then the bitter jibes thrown out wildly that the listeners might deem him mad but not from love of her—these phases and changes of emotion were thrice admirable in their expression. And so throughout the tragedy there was the artistically unconscious illumination of the text and revelation of character.

The supporting company for the most part is barely respectable. Miss Elliott was a pathetic, but not a sentimental Ophelia. As played by too many, Ophelia, after the final scene with Hamlet, is a bore, whose assumption of madness is distressingly wearisome, and often boisterous. Miss Elliott, charming in maidenly dignity, pathetic in her wounded love, depicted Ophelia's madness with quiet intensity. Mr. Robertson's Polonius was not the slippered Pantaloon who by his very appearance arouses the laughter of the unthinking, taught to believe that the Lord Chamberlain is necessarily a farcical person. He had a certain dignity that became his office; he read his lines intelligently and was not too anxious in making his points.

The others, earnest and honest in endeavor, were seldom fortunate in the reading of the text. The King, who was more of a man in his kingdom than he is usually represented, was for once not a villain to be recognized at once, but a plausible monarch. Unfortunately his consort was inadequate.

The play tonight will be "The Light that Failed."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." Romantic comedy in four acts by J. B. Fagan.

CHARACTERS AND CAST.

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne	William P. Carleton
Rodney Blake	Donald Meek
Augustus III	Walter Walker
Reporter	Carney Christie
Prince Vladimir Halberstadt	Frederic Ormonde
Count Hohenloe	J. Morrill Morrison
M. DeWitz	George Ernst
Col. Radulski	Robert Capron
Senator Thomas Ballard	Al Roberts
M. Frederick	Alfred Lunt
Count Ivan Panlovic	Russell Clarke
Officer of the Guard	John Hiller
M. Adamovic	Albert Leroi
Princess Irma Augusta Elizabeth Oberitch	Doris Olsson
Kate Ballard	Florence Shirley
Miss Fitz-Hardinge Smythe	Augusta Gill

If we are to accept the testimony of more than one comedy wherein an American figures as the hero, then we must think our men remarkable for an extreme confidence in self and readiness of wit rather than for depth of insight. Mr. Fagan's play is one of those to tell us that we are a people who act before we think, and yet—curiously enough—that all we do ends for the best. We never think beyond the present moment and we never fail. It is obviously a false play that offers such a conclusion.

To retail the story of "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," is simply to review a story that has often been seen on the stage. Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne, coming into a small fortune over the tables of Monte Carlo, descends upon one of the Balkan states. It is destitute; the soldiers are highly dissatisfied, and a revolution is brewing. The Princess Irma has come under the spell of Hawthorne's blatant self-assurance, but resolves to marry the man known to be the leader in stirring the nation's discontent. Hawthorne, seeing her plight, quells the revolution and sets the state upon an era of prosperity. And of course his reward comes in winning Irma to wife.

The comedy nowhere looks beneath the surface of its people, so that it does not appeal as a true picture of life. It is at most no more than a portrait in which we see only the face of a figure, and from which we get no hint of the character that lies beneath that face.

The audience yesterday found pleasure in Mr. Carleton's breezy acting and in Miss Olsson's attractive Irma, while it enjoyed, too, Mr. Christie, Mr. Meek, Mr. Ormonde, Mr. Roberts and others in the smaller roles.

BRIGHT BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is fairly alive with fun and frolic, with good music and bright jokes. One of the biggest successes is that of Imhoff, Conn and Coreene in "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A." Unlike most military sketches this is a comedy rather than a melodrama, with Roger Imhoff, comedian, playing the role of Private Casey, a wounded soldier who drops into Red Cross quarters for treatment of injuries received through having been stepped upon by a horse while drunk. Private Casey declares that Ireland has furnished all the world's greatest fighters, men like Robert Emmet, Sheridan, Sherman and on through to Napoleon and Garibaldi, although he admitted he was a bit dubious whether the latter was born in Ireland or went there when very young. The private, eventually appointed color sergeant, acted his part to perfection and was given excellent support by Hugh L. Conn as Surgeon Louder, and by Marcelle Coreene, the Red Cross nurse.

Harry Kelly and Lee Harrison were equally amusing in their sketch "Small Town Chatter," one of the pair being the town sheriff and the other the city fellow who had struck the place in search of testimonials for a patent me[illegible]

time. They carry with them a small dog of mongrel breed that furnishes the theme for much of the fun. For a thrilling exhibition of perfect poise, balancing and daring Harry Decoe, one of the bill's headliners, presents it in his act with tables and chairs, upon which he sits balanced in all sorts of conceivable positions and at dizzy heights. Decoe has recently completed a five-year tour of the world and returns to this country more proficient than ever.

The Bay City Four, considered one of the sweetest singing quartets in vaudeville, sang several selections, each of the members of the quartet favoring with a solo as well. The special number, "My Rosary," was one of the best of the many good things they did. Others on the bill were Albert Perry and company in "Reno and Return"; Jack E. Gardner in songs and recitations; Doris Wilson and company in "Through a Looking Glass"; Lou Lockett and Mack Waldron in musical comedy boys, and Mlle. Martha, the Venus of the air.

GOUNOD'S 'FAUST' AT OPERA HOUSE

Gounod's "Faust" was given at the Boston Opera House last evening, with Edvina as Marguerite, Schwarz-Morse as Siebel, Leveroni as Martha, Constantino as Faust, Ludikar as Mephistopheles and Danges as Valentine. Mr. Tourney conducted. The presentation was highly creditable to the feminine members of the cast, to the chorus, to the orchestra and as to staging. But there was much to be desired from the men singers. Neither Constantino nor Ludikar seemed to be in good voice. Each sang as though wishing to save himself. Edvina's Marguerite was the feature of the performance, and found instant favor with the large audience.

It was natural that at the symposium last Sunday each guest should name his favorite short story and pronounce it the best. We are all inclined to play favorites in art, literature and even by the domestic hearth. This was singular: No one mentioned the name of Hawthorne. There are other names that are associated with admirable short stories: Thomas Hardy, Fitz James O'Brien, H. Bunner, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Herman Melville, Alice Brown, Leonard Merrick. A profitless but amusing game this crowning a master of tales! "What one book would you choose for companionship on a desert island?" may be played with it on the same evening.

Questions and Answers.

W. A. P. writes: "Some years ago 'feeten' for 'footprints' was common on Cape Cod. Is it heard today?"

W. C. C. asks the derivation of "hard up."

"Feeten" or "feeatins" has long been a form of "footing," meaning footprints, in English counties: "Ah saw his feeatins on the soil"; "In these rush marshes you will find the moist and cool forms marked with their 'feetings.'"

Theodore Hook wrote early in the 19th century: "He returned, and being hard up as we say." But why hard up instead of hard down? In London for many years a collector of cigar stumps in the streets has been called a "hard-up."

American Pasada.

As the World Wags:

Verily, dropping a line with question attached in your column is like dropping a line with bucket attached in a deep well. I am floating in information on Pasada.

More than that, as if by magic, my thought of the early voyager "shrewdly pinched with a great frost," on the bleak "Bloody Ground" of New England's Indian wars, hard by the prosaic clam-bearing flats of the humble Nonesuch river, is transmuted in the alchemy of World-Waggers' wisdom into dreams of sunny vine-clad hills of Spain, of San Lucar de Barrameda, where the Guadalquivir, dimpling, dances into the arms of old ocean; and of Jerez de la Frontera by the Guadalete, Jerez, the Asidio of old Roman days, the Sherish of the Moors, the unbelievers, from whose hands Alfonso the Wise and his Christian armies wrenched it six and a half centuries ago.

I am running on; you will begin to think that something more of Pasada than information about it has found its way into my head. So I close my com-

[illegible] with further questioning which may or may not deserve an answer.

Is it not almost incredible evidence of the enterprise of the early predecessors of our friend, "Negociant on Vine" that so early in the life of New England they should have sent into the district of Maine the juices of such remote vineyards, in such quantity that John Josselyn, Gent, not only found it at hand to lessen his discomforts in the "great frost," but also found it in such abundance that, in another passage in his book, he refers to it as "Pasada, the nectar of the country"? To be sure, there was no tariff in those days, and no Maine law. Still, his calling it the "nectar of the country" seems to indicate that it was something other than a wine from distant Spain. Perhaps at the banquet, when you have scoffed on Hassayampa Mulligan a la Hobo (or Punk and Plaster, if the two dollars is not forthcoming), and when pipes are alight and reminiscence is in order, some baldy, older than Dr. Crockett, may recall that he was at Blank Point when the Gent was there, and that there was some native beverage in use at the time, to which the name "Pasada" was pretentiously given.

JOHN ALGER.

North Reading, Jan. 24.

He Accepts.

As the World Wags:

Count me in on that dinner by all means. It certainly "listens good to me."

I have several nautical ballads on tap and may decide to perpetrate one or two if sufficiently inspired. One of them describes in detail the conversation between the Captain and the Fireman on the occasion of passing through the Golden Gate. Who knows what the Captain said?

And at this dinner may I be pleased with Dr. Crockett three points off my weather bow, and Mr. Ottie and "Concord" on port and starboard hands respectively.

KAT BOTE.

Boston.

That Disturbing Thumb.

As the World Wags:

If "E. J. T." of Lynn will take the trouble to stand before a mirror, holding the copy of the Saturday Evening Post in his right band just as the boy holds the slate, he will have no difficulty in seeing his own thumb "next to his little finger"—and be as surprised as he was.

T. INKER McEREL.

Porgie Point, Me., Jan. 22.

Mince Meat.

As the World Wags:

Is it essential that mince meat shall contain meat? Also should it or should it not contain citron peel? I have recently had a vigorous discussion of these matters with a most estimable lady, and seek only to know the truth.

I suppose that mince meat was brought to America by the settlers of New England. In old England it must have had a most interesting evolution.

In reply to Mr. Roger Askem, I may say in passing, that the water of Worcester is most excellent.

MAIN STREET.

Worcester, Jan. 23.

Mincemeat is thus defined in the great Oxford Dictionary: "A mixture made of currants, raisins, sugar, suet, apples, almonds, candied peel, etc., and sometimes meat chopped small." This would show that in England meat is not an essential ingredient. Yet Charles Small Pybus in his poem, "The Mince Pye," mentions the fragrant cinnamon, the dusky clove.

The strength of all the aromatic train
That careful Dutchmen waft across the main,

The embattled crust containing also apples, currants, raisins, and then adds:

For when the sweets, combin'd with happy skill
The light puff paste with meat delicious fill.

Pybus's "Receipts" was published in 1810. George Augustus Sala in his "Thorough Good Cook" (1895) speaks of neat's tongue or heart, or a flat bullock's tongue, and also of candied citron peel. The Christmas pie in the 17th century was "a great nostrum, a most learned mixture of neats' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery." Bickerstaff defending the clergy accused of unseemly enjoyment in Christmas pie remarked: "Strange that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but if minced into small pieces and tossed up with plums and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master."

In "The Cook Not Mad, or Rational Cookery" (Watertown, N. Y., 1831), the "minced pie of meat" contains beef chopped fine, apples, suet, mace, cinnamon, sugar, nutmeg, raisins, and one quart of wine or rich, sweet cider; and the recipe for mince meat begins: "Never hash your meat, it is a poor way of cooking, and is hard of digestion—but take the corned beef that you wish to make use of in this way, put it into a bowl, chop fine," etc. This "mince meat" is a particular dish, not designed for a pie.

The Boston Cooking School Cook Book gives recipes for "mince pie meat" containing beef and finely-cut citron, but the one for "English mince meat" contains suet, citron and no meat.

The Boston Cook Book recommends chopped meat—one cup of it—and includes a quarter of a piece of citron.—[Ed.

KIPLING'S 'LIGHT THAT FAILED' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: "The Light That Failed," a play in a prologue and three acts adapted by Constance Fletcher (George Fleming) from Rudyard Kipling's novel.

Dick Heldar.....J. Forbes-Robertson
Gilbert Belling Torpenhow.....Grendon Bentley
J. G. Fordham (Nilghai).....Percy Rhodes
Leonc Cassavetti.....Alex. Scott-Gatty
Morton Mackenzie.....Montague Rutherfurd
James Vickery.....S. A. Cookson
G. B. Deenes.....Eric Adency
F. Cecil Vincent.....Walter Ringham
Phil Raynor.....Robert Atkins
Beeton.....S. T. Pearce
A Young Man.....George Hayes
Maisie.....Gertrude Elliott
Bessie Broke.....Maud Buchanan
The Red-Haired Girl.....Adeline Bourne
Mrs. Haynes.....Nannie Griffin
A Model.....Joan Tuckett
A French Bonne.....Blanchette Grande

Mr. Kipling gave his novel a happy ending to please his publisher and the public. Doing this, he turned Maisie into an incredible character, and made the task of any actress in an adaptation the harder. In a novel there is time to give some plausibility to any such radical change of character. In a drama the Maisie of the first two acts, cold, hard, selfish in her ambition for a career, suddenly is transformed into a woman careless of everything save love. Dickens ruined "Great Expections" by changing at the end the nature of the heroine; but he did not represent her as wooing Pip. She did not speak of her childhood's frocks or let down her hair. There is only a hint at the possible marriage in the future.

It might also be said that Forbes-Robertson's Dick is of a more refined nature, more intellectual than Mr. Kipling's war artist. But let us forget the novel. We are concerned with the play we saw, not with the novel that we may or may not have read.

Forbes-Robertson's conception is consistent throughout, admirably developed. His Dick is young, spirited, proud, reckless. The spontaneity of action and sentiment is the triumph of the finest wit. Every incident and every change in thought and expression go toward the complete exposition of a strongly defined character.

The actor's act is shown in the prologue where Dick now has his senses, now is delirious; in the scene where he is drunk and receives the visiting Maisie; in the look he throws on Bessie and Torpenhow; in the pride of the artist showing his masterpiece; in his hearing of Bessie's revenge and his dismissal of her; in the scene where he tells Maisie that he was once a man. In these scenes voice and face and gesture were alike eloquent, and it is not easy to think of another actor producing the same effect with such artistically genuine simplicity. There are other scenes more melodramatic perhaps, as the one in which Dick realizes that the curse has come upon him, that he is blind, which almost play themselves, and in them an inferior actor could easily work on the sympathy of an audience. This Dick is constantly lovable, sober or drunk, rejoicing in his talent as a painter, or crushed by misfortune, in his behavior toward Bessie or Maisie.

And again we saw the significance of Thomas Hardy's praise of Anatole France when he referred to the Frenchman's emphasis of understatement. There was nothing overthought overdone; there was no laborious appeal. Yet there was also nothing cool and mechanical. This impersonation was vivid and vital, warm and human. And there was always the fascination of that wonderful voice, used without a reminder of the elocutionary schools.

Miss Elliott was sufficiently hard and formal according to the dramatist's wish, and as the transformed Maisie she acted in a charming manner. That she did not make the character consistent throughout was not her fault. She was not allowed to be consistent or to show why she was mentally changed. That she did not paint well under a hot sky in France was hardly an excuse for the transformation.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the other members of the company. They gave adequate support. Perhaps Miss Buchanan and Mr. Bentley were conspicuous chiefly through the nature of their respective parts. Whether the newspaper men on the stage bore a close resemblance to those in the novel is a matter of trifling importance. Mr. Pearce as Beeton played well a trifling part, and Miss Bourne as the Red-Haired Girl was excellent in the first scene of the third act.

A very large audience was uncommonly attentive and appreciative.

MICE AND MEN'

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE: "Mice and Men," a comedy in four acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.

Mark Embury.....J. Forbes-Robertson
Roger Goodlake.....Frank Lacy
Capt. George Lovell.....Alex. Scott-Gatty
Sir Harry Trimblestone.....George Hayes
Kit Barniger.....S. A. Cookson
Peter.....S. T. Pearce
Beadle.....H. Athol Forde
Joanna Goodlake.....Adeline Bourne
Mrs. Deborah.....Augusta Haviland
Matron.....Nannie Griffin
Molly.....Maud Buchanan
Peggy.....Gertrude Elliott

Many years ago Mr. Thomas Day, the ingenious author of "Sandford and Merton," adopted and educated two young women with the idea of making one of them his wife. The experiment failed miserably. Later, having married an heiress, Mr. Day, still bent on education, was killed by a colt while he was trying to tame it.

Mr. Embury in Mrs. Ryley's play took a girl from a foundling hospital that he might train her to be an ideal wife. His experiment did not fail, for she grew up in beauty and sweet womanhood, and when he found out that she loved his scapegrace nephew Captain George he handed her over, having provided for them a house, a garden with an arbor, and household furniture including a harpsichord, to which the lovers sang verses of Burns while the final curtain fell and Mr. Embury walked away pathetically happy.

This little story is well told for two acts, simply, naturally and with an agreeable sense of humor. Beginning with the scene of the masquerade the play becomes extremely artificial in the old manner and the dialogue stilted in the old manner. Only the first two acts have kept their amiable freshness.

Forbes-Robertson played the part of Embury quietly and with consummate art, although his voice showed signs of fatigue. We saw the man of science and philanthropy, confirmed in bachelor habits, training the girl in the way she should go; proud of her, at last enamored with an elderly man's inability to see the unfitness of such a marriage until he learns that true love at his age is self-sacrifice. And in the scene of renunciation abiding art kept the actor from sentimentalism.

But the chief figure in the play is Peggy. Miss Elliott was delightful in the first act, in the scenes with the guardian and George, charming in her girlishness in the second, in her petulance and jealousy. In the third act, artificial, with the introduction of all sorts of traditional expressions of cross-purposes, she was less successful. She, too, became artificial, and when she begged her guardian to marry her, she was unconvincing. On the whole she was a fair apparition and she acted with the requisite lightness, capriciousness, tenderness and high spirits.

The company with one exception gave adequate support. Mr. Scott-Gatty was a gallant lover, humorous in the first act, manly at the masquerade, and Mr. Lacy was effective as the blustering, hen-pecked neighbor. Miss Bourne's Joanna could not be commended. Miss Joanna would never have caught the fancy of the captain or kept alive the adoration of her husband. Furthermore, her enunciation was very indistinct.

The plays tonight will be "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Sacrament of Judas."

MISS PURDY'S RECITAL

American and Russian Songs Given in Jordan Hall.

Miss Constance Purdy, contralto, gave a recital of American and Russian songs last evening at Jordan Hall. Miss Hammond was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Branscombe, "The Morning Wind"; Carpenter, "Fog Wraiths"; Bauer, "Light"; McMillan, "O Valentine"; Class, "I Heard a Mower Passing", Ward-Stephens, "The Rose's Cup"; Farwell, "Song of the Deathless Voice"; Daniels, "Beyond"; Glinka, folk-song from "Count Holmsky"; Balakireff, "The Knight"; Tschaikowsky, "Daylight May Reign"; Moussorgsky, "By the Don," "Vision," "In the Corner," "Mushrooms"; Dargomijsky, air from "Russalka"; Remsky-Korrakoff, "Song of the Shepherd Lehl"; Borodine, "The Distant Shores"; Gliere, "I Must Have Rejoicing."

Miss Purdy has a rich, full voice of liberal compass. Her upper tones are resonant and agreeable. She sings with a certain correctness and conviction, but much of her phrasing is marred by imperfect control of breath. Her diction, in English, is remarkable for its clarity and it is reasonable to suppose that her enunciation in Russian is equally commendable.

The singer's program was interesting and one which afforded an excellent opportunity for her to reveal herself as an accomplished interpreter. No doubt Miss Purdy is intelligent, the songs were not without meaning to her. She

...d to ... the words, there ... evi-
...nt preo...tion and striving for dra-
...atic effect. Unfortunately she was for
...e most part amiable, lethargic, with-
...t individuality.

She should study the art of interpretation. She should cultivate the ability ... color tone for emotional effect. She ...ould learn to differentiate between ...ntimentality and true sentiment.

The Russian songs were sung in cos...me, which added to the attractive...ess of the program.

A friendly audience was appreciative.

MEISTERSINGER

Wagner's "Meistersinger" had its second performance by the Boston Opera Company last evening. Frieda Hempel replaced Mme. Gadski as Eva, Jacques Urlus sang Walther in place of Mr. Hoern, and Putnam Griswold took the place of Mr. Braun as Pogner. Otherwise the cast was the same as on Friday. Mr. Caplet again conducted.

Mme. Hempel has been heard at this opera house only in the so-called coloratura parts, as Rosina, Violetta and Olympia. She has also been heard in concert. Last night she proved herself equal to a dramatic role under rather trying circumstances. Her Eva was in strong contrast with that of Gadski. She was essentially human, feminine, and some might say she was a bit too eager to receive the advances of the handsome Walther. She was quite equal to the demands of the part vocally.

Mr. Urlus has sung here in "Tristan." His powerful voice was very satisfactory, particularly in the closing scene of the first act and in the final joyful burst after the prize song. Few tenors are able to rise above the babel of sound at these points in "Die Meistersinger." He was a dignified and manly Walther.

Mr. Griswold was the Gurnemanz when Savage produced "Parsifal" for the first time in Boston, in English, at the Tremont Theatre in 1904. A native of Minnesota, he studied in London, Paris and Frankfort and in 1903-4 was the leading bass at the Frankfort Opera House. After singing in Savage's company he became one of the chief singers of the Berlin Royal Opera, from which he was called to the Metropolitan.

A note in the program stated that Mr. Ludikar was suffering from a severe cold and this doubtless explained his evident saving of his voice. The performance began at 7 o'clock and was over shortly after 11.

Then was a Cook a most useful Slave among the Ancients, and began to be much esteemed and valued and all bedabled with Broth, bedaub'd with Soot, with his Pots, with his Platters and Dishes, Pestles and Morters, was welcom'd out of the Kitchen into the Schools, and that which before was accounted but a vile Slavery, was honour'd as an Art: whose chiefest care is onely to search out everywhere for provocatives of Appetite, and to study out in all places for Dainties to Satiate a most profound Gluttony. Abundance of which Gellius cites out of Varro: as the Peacock from Samos, the Phrygian Turkey, Cranes from Melos, Ambracian Kids, the Tartesian Mullet, Tronts from Pessinuntium, Tarentine Oysters, Crabs from Chios, Tatian Nuts, Aegyptian Dates, Iberian Chestnuts. All which institutions of Bills of Fara were found out for the wicked wantonness of Luxury and Gluttony.

An Announcement.

We regret to say that the Dinner of Contributors is postponed until we can hear from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. The postmistress of Clamport informs us that he left that village during the cold snap, for his cottage was built for summer weather, he has no furnace; and he has not yet paid his kitchen coal bill. We also learn that he has not been found lately at his winter flat in Blossom court, Boston. This is the more to be regretted, as there is talk, we are confidentially informed, of awarding Mr. Johnson the Nobel prize for sociological research. Until we hear from him, all questions concerning the sex of guests and the nature of clams must remain unanswered. The demand for tickets is so great that the tables will probably be set on Boston Common, and thus the dinner may not take place till spring. Meanwhile we publish some letters that have been received. Mr. Holliday Witherspoon's poem from "Ballads of a Beachcomber" being singularly pertinent, or, as some may think, delightfully irrelevant, will be published in a day or two.

Male Waiters Only.

As the World Wags:

We have opened The Herald every morning with joyous anticipation, hoping that at last we would see some mention made of the admission of the gentler sex to the "one and only" banquet. In fear, we had thought from the menus submitted that we were to be barred. Like "E. P. B." we had dared to think that we might be present, although not a contributor, a tolerant reader, even of the now famous "three sheets in the wind." Our only hope was to go in the disguise of a dress suit. But, as we remember it, they were crossed off the list. We could easily have secured one. Ordinary street attire has horrifying memories for us. We gather that "E. P. B." was treated courteously. We tried it once—on a memorable Halloween entirely deceiving our "lady friends" for some time—but, alas! our young "gentlemen friends" were "on." A following of some ten young rascals for seemingly innumerable blocks persisted in trying to discover whether or not it was one of their number or a rank imposter. Suggestions such as these were none too soothing: "Get her to run, then we can tell if it is a girl." "Say she's knock-kneed." These are all too vivid for our courage at the present time. We trust the worthy banqueters will have due respect for "E. P. B." We feel quite sure that Mr. Johnson would not think of such a famous occasion going down in history without a representative from our number, and in all humility we simply inquire if all the waitresses for the occasion have been engaged? Does Mr. Johnson decide this momentous question. STENOGRAPHER.

P. S.—We will make absolutely no disclosures.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 27.

These Clams Are Ordered.

As the World Wags:

Before we all get three sheets in the wind from considering the menu of the memorable dinner that is to come, may I request a bit of information? Some time since a lady from New York asked me if I had ever eaten Cherrystone clams. I replied that I had never heard of them; that most likely the name was a fancy one applied to a small Little neck. Having lived at Marblehead, which, by the way, imports its clams from Ipswich and Essex, I felt that the only clams worth knowing about were fried clams, though I had often seen people eating Little necks on the sidewalk at the further end of Quincy market. I recklessly ventured the suggestion that Cherrystone clams would not be found on the menu of any Boston hotel. Shortly after, the lady, having returned to New York, sent me one (not a clam, but a menu) from Young's Hotel on which, to my confusion, I saw outlined in bold black wavy ink lines, "Cherrystone clams." I have inquired at the fish market, but could not find any one who could tell me what they are. I haven't patronized the hotels much in recent years, but feel that these clams must be something new. Has any Luther Burbank of the sea bred a new kind of clam? Or is my first guess that the term is applied to a small Little neck correct?

I would suggest them as the first course for that banquet, only I note by the menu in question that they are 30 cents a half-dozen.

LUDWIG SCHLOSS.

Boston, Jan. 26.

For "menu" read "bill of fare." We have eaten Cherrystone clams thankfully and without undue anxiety concerning their origin. Alas, they are not always "new."—Ed.

Their Champions.

As the World Wags:

May I urge on Mr. Herkimer Johnson a spirit of tolerance and good fellowship toward the gentler (sic) sex?

If your valued contributor, "E. B. P.," not approving militant methods, has courage enough to attend a barbacue, the first suggestion of which grew from a conflict in which bloodshed was averted only by intervention—that of the linotype machine—the door should be thrown open when she approaches.

I am sure that the erstwhile enemies, who are now at peace, will stand by her; and that "Good old Doc," who, single-handed, can round up the whole herd if necessary, will couch his lance in her behalf.

Moreover, we know from romantic tales of the Wilderness and the slums the recognized attitude of miners, cowboys and hobos toward defenceless ladies of non-militant habits; and Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, if tried in the balance, will never be found wanting as a champion. H. J. L.

Boston, Jan. 27.

To Be Referred.

As the World Wags:

How now? Do the humble outsiders at the gate, who have listened and drank deep of the Olympian spring of wisdom and philosophy that has flowed, lo, these many years from the erudite and lore-learned pens of the conductor of "As the World Wags" and its contributors get no invitation to the banquet? Heaven be thanked, we are no braggarts, no swashbucklers, but haven't we also served at your table of the muses? Can the play live without the audience? Shall we play Chesterfield to your Johnson; or will you realize in time your obligation to us poor followers that we are, and come across with bid? C. P. H.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 26.

CONCERT BY FLONZALEY

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet gave the second concert of its seventh season in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. There was a very large audience. The program was as follows: Mozart, Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K. 546); Schoenberg, Quartet in D minor op. 7; Beethoven, Quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2.

This music of Mozart was an excellent preparation for Schoenberg's quartet. Mozart wrote the fugue originally for two pianos. After he had arranged it for strings, he prefixed the Adagio. We have no record of any performance during Mozart's lifetime. It would be interesting to know how the music was received, if there was a performance, for the writing is bold for that day; in fact it is modern in 1914, much more modern than the chamber music of the young Beethoven.

Schoenberg's quartet in one movement was played publicly for the first time in this city. There was a private performance last Wednesday afternoon, with an explanatory lecture, by an enthusiast from New York, who, it is said, found fault with reviews written by the New York critics. They are abundantly able to take care of themselves, and it is not now necessary to champion their honesty and sincerity in pronouncing judgment. The Sun, for example, published a thoughtfully written and eminently judicious criticism. Criticism, by the way, was recently defined by a young schoolgirl as "Finding fault with people when they do not happen to think as you do."

Mr. Kurt Schindler is the author of an "Introductory Note" to this quartet. This "note" is 10 pages long. Mr. Schindler is an excellent musician and an able writer; but after all Schoenberg's music itself is more to the point. The ablest advocates in this composer's cause are the Flonzaleys, for their performance last night for musical intelligence, emotional depth, brilliance and euphony has not been equalled in this city within our recollection, nor did we hear such quartet playing in Europe during five years of student life when the Joachim Quartet was at the height of its reputation. The performance was in every way remarkable, almost incredible.

This quartet of Schoenberg first of all shows an amazing mastery of technic. We do not refer only to purely instrumental effects, such as the employment of the four instruments in extreme registers, the use of the mute, the introduction of harmonics. We refer to the development and transformation of the several motives, for unlike the chamber music of Franck, d'Indy and other moderns, there is not one great generative theme. These themes in the middle section are woven together in an extraordinary manner, but the construction is eminently logical.

The quartet is much more than masterly juggling with themes; more than an exhibition of insolent technical skill. The complexity, the wild originality of certain pages may well perplex one hearing the music for the first time, but the hearer is convinced that the composer wrote nothing for mere effect, that his speech is natural to him, not affected; that there is no deliberate pose as a revolutionary, no impish desire to make the bourgeois sit up. Even the amateur, not versed in the theory of composition, recognizes at once the unearthly beauty of the Adagio section and the nobility of the close. To have had such musical thoughts and such power of expression in chamber music has been given to very few.

The Schoenberg of this quartet, which was composed nearly 10 years ago, may not be the Schoenberg whose "Five Pieces" for orchestra and the melodrama "Pierrot Lunaire," have provoked fierce opposition. It is glory enough for one man to have written in this quartet pages that may stand by the most distinguished in the chamber music of Beethoven and Cesar Franck.

The applause after this performance was enthusiastic. The players were recalled again and again.

The last concert will be on Thursday evening, March 12.

TEMPLE CONCERT

Fifth of Course Greatly Enjoyed—Modern Program.

Tremont Temple was filled last night for the fifth concert of the Tremont Temple Concert Course. The program was distinctly different from the usual concerts held in Tremont Temple, in that it was thoroughly modern and not composed of old songs which are so generally sought. Many of the numbers last evening were selected by request.

"Comrades in Arms" .... Adam
Lotus Quartet.
"O tu Palermo" from "I Vespri Siciliani" .... Verdi
Mr. White.
"Ah' fors e lui" from "La Traviata" .... Verdi
Mme. Scotney.
"The Rosary" .... Nevin
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" .... Knight
"Off to Philadelphia" .... Haynes
Mr. White.
"Absence" .... Buck
"Barcarole" from "Tales of Hoffman" .... Offenbach
Lotus Quartet.
"April" .... Densmore
"I Hear You Calling Me" .... Marshall
"When Love Is Done" .... Old English
"The Fairy Piper" .... Brewer
Mme. Scotney.
"Sunset" .... Vandewater
Lotus Quartet.
"The Caravan" .... De Koven
"Uncle Rome" .... Homer
"An Indifferent Mariner" .... Bullard
Mr. White.
"Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" .... Verdi
Mme. Scotney, Mr. Martin and The Quartet.

"The Sacrament of Judas" Preceded by "Passing of Third Floor Back."

Shubert Theatre, "The Sacrament of Judas," a play in one act by Louis Tiercelin done into English by Louis N. Parker.

Jacques Bernez .... J. Forbes-Robertson
The Count of Kervern .... Alex. Scott-Gatty
Chapin (Representative of the People) .... Grendon Bentley
Jean Guillou .... H. Athol Forde
Jeffik Guillou .... Gertrude Elliott

Preceded by "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome.

Joey Wright (a Bookmaker) .H. Athol Forde
Christopher Penny (an Artist) .... Alex. Scott-Gatty
Major Tompkins (Retired) .. Ian Robertson
Mrs. Tompkins (his Wife) .. Nannie Griffin
Vivian (his Daughter) .... Mary Sumner
Jake Samuels (of the City) .... Frank Lacy
Harry Larkun (his Jackal) .... Alexander Cassy
Miss Kite .... Maud Buchanan
Mrs. Percival de Hooley .Maude Henderson
Stasia (Slavey) .... Gertrude Elliott
Mrs. Sharpe (the Landlady) .... Augusta Haviland
The Third Floor Back .. J. Forbes-Robertson

"The Sacrament of Judas," a short, well constructed play is charged with dramatic interest from beginning to end. There are five characters and these are sharply drawn and as effectively contrasted.

Jean Guillou, an old Breton peasant, hides his master, the Count of Kervern, an aristocrat refugee in the perilous days of 1793. Jacques Benrez, an unfrocked priest, now a schoolmaster, is also an inmate of the house. The count, a true son of his ancestors, a careless voluptuary repays the old man's hospitality by ruining his granddaughter, Jeffik, a girl of 18, who loves the aristocrat blindly and with childlike confidence.

Bernez, too, loves the girl, and her grandfather looks favorably upon a possible marriage. Chapin, representative of the People, visits the cottage in search of the count. The latter overhears Bernez's acknowledgement of his apostasy. While the lovers are farewelling each other, Bernez discovers Jeffik's plight. He wishes to hand Kervern over to Chapin. Kervern reminds him of his priesthood, pleading not to die unabsolved, since a priest, although an apostate, may yet administer the sacraments. Bernez hears his confession, contrives that the lovers shall escape and, donning his priestly robes, is shot by Chapin's men.

There is a strong crescendo of emotional interest in the piece and it provides Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson with an effective role. As the scholarly Bernez, loving Jeffik and capable of the strongest proof of affection, self-sacrifice, he was at all times powerful and convincing. His impersonation was thoughtfully conceived and heightened by many imaginative touches. In the scene of the confessional he was monastically impressive, and how touching was his tenderness to Jeffik.

Miss Elliott played with girlish sincerity. Mr. Scott-Gatty was an aristocrat in bearing and a pursuasive lover. Mr. Forde suggested the hardy peasant and Mr. Bentley was gruff and picturesque as Chapen.

Sir Johnston's performance in Mr. Jerome's play was admirable in every detail. The haunting beauty of his voice, the power of his glance, the mysterious spell of his personality, the transparent spirituality of his impersonation as the Passer-by, are all unforgotten. Each transformation of the petty souls in Mrs. Sharpe's boarding house was accomplished with dignity and sweetness. He was courtly and noble, tender, pitiful and understanding. It is not easy to imagine the part played by any other actor.

Miss Elliott took the part of Stasia with touching simplicity. Among the other impersonations commendable for their excellence were Miss Haviland's Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. Ian Robertson's Maj. Tompkins and Miss Griffin's Mrs. Tompkins.

A very large audience was justly appreciative.

The play this evening will be "The Merchant of Venice."

We have received two letters that are out of the common. We publish them without alteration except in the correction of two Latin phrases which were curiously misspelt. It will be observed that Mr Sproggs comments injuriously on our method of work. We make no reply. In our fiery youth we would at least have taunted him with the license of ink, but what did Landor say?

I strive with none, for none was worth my strife:
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

Other contributors are knocking impatiently at the door, and not asking for an invitation to THE dinner. Some bring verses about "Wangan"; some ask about the proper title of Massachusetts' Governor, a question that is a hardy perennial, others wish information about words, etiquette, dress, all thirst for information. Therefore letters about the dinner must be postponed with the dinner until Mr. Herkimer Johnson returns to town.

Uneasy About Manners.

As the World Wags:

By all means let the editor of As the World Gags lay aside for one night his books of ready reference, his slang dictionaries, his library of agate excerpts (see the beggar wince!) and "tender" a dinner to us who have made his (sic) column so informing. We shall all be glad to co-operate. I myself, although one near and dear to me has said that I speak interestingly and worth whilely only in my troubled sleep, am willing to make a speech. I daresay that Mr. Witherspoon, J. Poole of Bethesda (wherefore glimpse we that limpid pool no longer?), Old Doc Sprockett, Herkimer Johnson (some solid ivory intellects should be present in compliment to the man of the elephant folio) and others will do their part. Mr. Witherspoon, for instance, might well sing that moving old ditty entitled "There's Ample Room in the Sample Room," of which the chorus runs—I am quoting from a treacherous memory:

There is ample room in the Sample Room—
The strong men's Babel, where thirsts are so able—
BUT
Do not stay too late, my lad,
It makes the boss irate and sad,
It fills the barkeep's breast with gloom
If you stay until he's grabbed the broom
And dried the bar and put the final chair upon the table.

And, preliminary to the perfecting of arrangements, why not decide on a few of the ground rules of the banquet? A distinguished friend of mine, who has trained himself to speak almost without a perceptible quiver of his "jewel of a second outside man," so far unbent recently as to ask me several bald questions which have a bearing on this proposed spread. After eating grape fruit—shall you start us off or wind us up with it?—and taking the phalangeal bath, should one, the fingers still moist, massage the sticky mouth? I saw a Boston society lady do it the other night, but, as she also used a polished nail of a taper finger as a toothpick, I am in doubt.

Again, to what angle should a gentleman tilt his soup plate—we get a plate of soup apiece, don't we?—to get a sizeable spoonful when most of the soup is gone? Once more, should the left hand, when not choking the fork or holding a cigarette, be checked under the table or draped careless-like on the tablecloth? If one's stomach makes funny little rumbling noises, is it allowable to drown the noise by making a noise while eating? How carefully should one clean the plate after eating? My dad used to say that anybody who didn't clean up his plate after eating showed a deplorable lack of early training—he himself used to scrape it, making a sort of tattoo on the plate, and have his pie served on the same plate in order to save that much dish washing.

Small, certainly, and, peradventure, vulgar questions to an editor, but I am sure that we all want to behave properly when we meet and tell one another our right names, so I venture them, awaiting the announcement, "The Star Contributors' Dinner is Served."

J. DOREMUS SPROGGS.

Boston, Jan. 26.

As the World Wags:

It gives me, sir, a thrill of modest pleasure to be able to supply Mr. Grover Graustark with the information he desired when he wrote the happy appreciation that appeared in your columns of Jan. 23. Mr. Graustark should consult The Herald of Nov. 24, 1913. There he will find, sparkling with liquid humor and web-foot raillery, the article in question from the pen of Mr. Poseidon Hicks, Jr., whose personal distinctions, Mr. Graustark notes, unheralded in Concord's too meagre files, so lamentably outlasted in memory the incident of their possessor's name.

Hitherto I have hesitated to turn my somewhat impertinent curiosity publicly (sic) upon the family tree (vine-bearing?) of Mr. Hicks; but the knowledge of this generous esteem on the part of a fellow-admirer emboldens me to enter my genealogical queries in As the World Jags (I think a typographical error—or can it be an expurgator's timid insolence?—has held sway long enough!) instead of interring them with the Wednesday Postscript.

Who is this Mr. Hicks whom it is proposed to constitute peacemaker to the strong in battle and pacemaker to the swift in the race? His initial efforts indicate him to be a hail fellow well met, quite the man to fill our company with fine spirits and to act as Arbiter Elegantiae. The fact that he is Poseidon, Jr., discloses a sufficient remove from that classic progenitor who daringly lent his name to the first saturnalia. But what, more soberly to speak, are the genealogical affiliations of that interesting cognomen? Is it related, by the caprice of name variation, to the Huycks or the Hokes? A variant spelling of the latter name in the plural seems to suggest it as the liklier alternative. There may, however, be no need of proceeding by alternatives, for we know that in our fine old Latin a word identical in sound with this name is so declined that Hick, Huyck (vulgarly Hike) and Hoke are sundry forms of the same word; and, significantly enough, Latin is the language of genealogy and heraldry!

So, though some may suggest an onomatapetic derivation for the sounding name Hicks, I back an alien origin. Speaking of heraldry, the eminent Russo-Polish antiquary, M. Tossaroff Potz, cited by Mr. Herkimer Johnson in volume XXIII. of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio), reports the following as the bearings of a certain Hock family: dexter, a whale naiant, a bat dormant; sinister, a puncheon rampant, homo sapiens recumbent; motto, "In hoc signo vinces"; crest, globes d'or, in treble.

This purely extra-critical query must not, of course, be counted as aspersion upon Mr. Poseidon, Jr. He is evidently a man of great capacity and would amply fill the flowing bill. We need his gaudium temporis acti and his knowledge of footless troughs and trenchers. Verily, "The world is too much with us." Let Poseidon omnipotens, lord of the liquid realm, wield his trident, and then, as the Poet Wordsworth somewhat ribaldly remarked, let "old Trident drain his wreathed horn!"

SILCOX FASSETT, Bart.

Bar Harbor, Jan. 24.

The Elder Hicks.

Poseidon Hicks, an eminent drysalter and poet, was the author of "The Death-Shriek," "The Fire-Ship of Botzaris," "Idiosyncracy" (in 40 books, 4to.), "Iacchus" and other mammoth works unfortunately now out of print. Mr. W. M. Thackeray met him at Mrs. Perkins's ball. We are informed on good authority that our esteemed contributor is the grandson, or grandnephew, of the poet.

Jan 31 1914

MISS NEWCOMB

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Ethel Newcomb gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, her first in this city. Her program was as follows:

Mendelssohn, Variations Serieuses; Beethoven, Sonata No. 3, op. 31; Chopin, Ballade in F minor, Mazurka in B minor, Nocturne in E major, Scherzo in C sharp minor; Schumann, Arabesque, Grillen; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Debussy, Poissons d' or; Leschetitzky, Tarantella.

Miss Newcomb of New York state having studied for a long time in Vienna with Leschetitzky and met with success in Europe, returned to this country and in December, 1908, played at one of Mr. Klein's concerts in New York. She played again in New York this season.

She has excellent qualities. Her technic is solidly grounded, so that the hearer is at once able to share with her in the enjoyment of interpretation. Her touch is agreeable and it has character. She has plenty of strength, which she uses discreetly. Then she has a nice sense of proportion, a command of tonal gradations, a fortissimo that is not harsh; a pianissimo that is not flabby; and between the extremes there are many shades for the fitting expression. The musical structure of a piece is known to her and she communicates this knowledge without the emphasis of pedantry.

Perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of her performance yesterday was refinement of expression. There was also appreciation of the different moods of the composers. Miss Newcomb, for instance, did not attempt to give incongruous emotional feeling to Beethoven's sonata. She played the music frankly, as it stands on the page, with musical phrasing, with the utmost clearness and with tonal beauty that was not too highly colored. The little minuet that is often made too much of was played with the becoming simplicity. The pieces by Chopin showed that Miss Newcomb has a poetic spirit and also brilliance. Schumann's Arabesque was appropriately intimate and confidential, while in Debussy's impressionistic "Poissons d'Or" the pianist succeeded in creating an illusion. The performance of the Tarantella was no doubt a grateful tribute to her teacher, for the music itself is mere glitter.

A small audience was appreciative.

MME. EDVINA SINGS GOOD-BYE

Appears for Last Time Here This Season in "Louise."

"Louise" was performed again at the Boston Opera House last night. Mme. Edvina as Louise sang here for the last time this season. She will be greatly missed. The growth in her art has been marked. Mme. d'Alvarez was effective as the Mother. Mr. Laffitte took again the part of Julien. Mr. Ludikar made his first appearance here as the Father and was an amiable parent. Mr. Caplet conducted.

"MERCHANT" AT THE SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," comedy in five acts. The principals of the cast:

Duke of Venice.....Ian Robertson
Prince of Morocco.....Grendon Bentley
Shylock.....J. Forbes-Robertson
Antonio.....Percy Rhodes
Bassanio.....S. A. Cookson
Lorenzo.....Charles Graham
Gratiano.....Alex. Scott-Gatty
Tubal.....Montague Rutherfurd
Launcelot Gobbo.....H. Athol Forde
Old Gobbo.....S. T. Pearce
Jessica.....Joan Tuckett
Portia.....Gertrude Elliott

Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" was given by Forbes-Robertson and his London company last evening. There was a crowded house, much enthusiasm and many curtain calls.

The performance was chiefly notable for the well-rounded interpretations of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott; nor should the remainder of the cast be passed by unnoticed.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson offers us an intensely human Shylock. We could easily imagine such a wailing, mercenary Jew walking abroad in Venice. He was free from any attempt at being theatrical, and he affected a tragic more than a melodramatic manner.

His reading of the lines in the trial scene was brilliant in its dramatic shading, arousing the listener, as when he declared:

"I stand for judgment. Answer, shall I have it?"

Miss Elliott gave us a Portia that had the stamp of authority. In the trial scene her argument was not a mere address to please her auditors. She stirred the Jew and drew him on step by step. When she stipulated that he must not draw a drop of blood nor take more nor less than a pound of flesh, she gave ample reason for Shylock's pathetic and tragic transformation.

The play this afternoon will be "Hamlet," and tonight "The Light That Failed."

Feb 1 1914

'BARBER OF SEVILLE' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Barber of Seville." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Conte D'Almaviva.....Mr. Constantino
Bartolo.....Mr. Tavecchia
Rosina.....Miss Hempel
Figaro.....Mr. Amato
Basilio.....Mr. Mardones
Un Ufficiale.....Mr. Giaccone
Fiorello.....Mr. Pulcini
Berta.....Miss Leveroni

Miss Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera House took the part of Rosina here a year ago. Mr. Amato appeared here for the first time as Figaro at the performance yesterday afternoon.

It was a great pleasure to hear Rossini's "Barber" again, immortally fresh with its melodic sparkle, its comic verve, its high spirits. The performance was unusually good. We do not remember to have seen the opera better acted in Boston. Miss Hempel showed at her concert early in the season that she was more than an accomplished singer of florid music. In coloratura she is brilliant, singing with delightful ease and accuracy, with reassuring aplomb but not arrogantly. In sustained song the voice is warm, sympathetic, expressive.

Her Rosina is not an impertinent, chattering soubrette. The ward of Don Bartolo was as high-bred as she was high-spirited. We have seen Rosinas, who should have introduced a song and dance in the lesson scene, high kickers rather than Dresden shepherdesses. Miss Hempel was arch, coquettish, sly, and all that, but she was never common, nor was she ever laborious and dull in her comedy business. Her acting was natural; fascinating by its vivacity, its ingenious business, its absence of self-consciousness. Here we had no petted prima donna, tolerating the opera only for the sake of two florid airs in which she can triumph. To hear Miss Hempel's treatment of the recitative was an unalloyed joy. In the lesson scene she introduced Arditi's long-famous waltz, that once was in the repertory of the ambitious concert singer, with Proch's Air and Variations; "Ernani, Fly with Me," and Millard's "Waiting."

Mr. Amato gave infinite variety to Figaro, so that he often reminded us of Beaumarchais's barber, rather than the somewhat paler person of the librettist. The part was acted capitally, with the lightness of the true comedian. The face was constantly expressive; the tones in recitative emphasized dexterously the lines; there was unfailing significance. Nor was there any descent to the buffoonery in which some actors have thought it necessary to indulge to raise a laugh, to make the situation more amusing, to give point to Rossini's music, as they will tell you.

Mr. Amato sang volubly and, as a rule, effectively; but for some little time this admirable singer has been endeavoring to increase volume, indifferent to quality. It's a pity. The voice was naturally a beautiful and noble organ. Today the tones are not always so well focussed, not always so firm and compact. And it is all unnecessary. The voice was full and resonant enough—before the singer began to believe that a big tone was necessarily dramatic. There was a time when these tones were as flowing oil.

Mr. Tavecchia's Don Bartolo is an excellent example of the good old buffo style. Mr. Mardones' Don Basilio was sufficiently malicious, cunning, avaricious, and the great "Calumny" aria was intelligently outlined.

Mr. Constantino was conspicuous for swiftness in recitative and for the jauntiness of his bearing. Whenever he forsook recitative or sung without use of head tones, the result was disappointing. The entrance air was feebly sung. The intonation was impure, the tones were not sustained, and the final flourish of a cadence was coarse and in execrable taste.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted with spirit. The performance of the overture deserved the hearty applause that followed. A large audience was warmly applausive.

"LA BOHEME" IN THE EVENING

Mr. Tanlongo's First Time as Rodolfo, Miss Sharlow as Mimi.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Schiavoni conducted:

Rodolfo.....Mr. Tanlongo
Marcello.....Mr. Fornari
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcini
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Benoit, Alcindoro.....Mr. Tavecchia
Mimi.....Miss Sharlow
Musetta.....Miss Heliane
Parpignol.....Mr. Fusco
Sergente Del Doganieri.....Mr. Tortorici

It was Mr. Tanlongo's first Rodolfo and for Miss Sharlow her introduction as Mimi last evening. In recognition of their efforts there was pronounced appreciation, beginning with the first act. There has been a wonderful development in the tenor since he first appeared with the Boston Opera Company early in the season. On that occasion Mr. Tanlongo was plainly ill at ease. Last night he erred, if anything, in the other direction. The orchestra occasionally got the better of him, but on the whole he sang the part acceptably. Miss Sharlow was a Mimi of much charm. Her admirers saw in her performance last evening promise of future successes. Mr. Fornari added strength to the cast.

BY THIBAUD

Jacques Thibaud, assisted by Carlos Salzedo, harpist and pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Beethoven, Romance in F major; Bach, prelude in E major; Desplanes-Nachez, Intrada; Saint-Saens, Fantasie for harp and violin; Faure, Romance; Wieniawski, Etude Saltarello; Saint-Saens, Havanaise.

Mr. Thibaud played throughout the afternoon with the consummate art which is above praise and baffles description. Many were grateful for the change in program, which substituted Lalo's beautiful composition for Bruch's concerto. It is doubtful whether we shall soon hear again a performance of this piece as that given by Mr. Thibaud; a performance remarkable, not only for its flawless technic, but for the dignity of conception, the infinite variety of expression, the tone now melting, now noble. The supreme artist was shown by Mr. Thibaud's reading of the very first phrase.

Beethoven's Romance was played with rare purity of style and glorified emotion of significance, while Bach's

lude, unaccompanied, reveal the pianist's skill in purely technical accomplishments.

feature of the recital was Saint-Saens's Fantasie for harp and violin, a work of marked beauty with many enchanting and effective passages. Mr. Tedo, who had already showed himself an admirable pianist and whose accompaniments were fully worthy of Mr. Thibaud's art, displayed decided virtuosity. The polish and brilliance of his playing enhanced the dignity of his instrument. For once the harp was emotionally eloquent.

And what is to be said of Mr. Thibaud's playing of Faure's Romance and Wieniawski's Etude. In these, as in the other pieces, there was the same ...ifying force, the enthusiasm of the rhapsodist, the most exquisite taste.

Saint-Saens's Havanaise played with amazing verve, surpassing beauty of tone, poetic phrasing and brilliance concluded a memorable afternoon.

A large audience, constantly enthusiastic was loth to let Mr. Thibaud disappear and he was generous in adding to the program.

We are to have the great pleasure of seeing Forbes-Robertson and his company in "Caesar and Cleopatra" this week. Several composers—Handel among them—have put Caesar into opera and made him sing in Egypt. Suetonius assures us that Caesar was a leading advocate, eloquent, and, as Cicero bore witness, he held "an elegant and gay, a stately also, and in some part a generous and gentlemanlike kind of pleading;" but Suetonius adds that he used a high and shrill voice; so that it perhaps did not seem incongruous when the hero was portrayed in opera by a male soprano.

Many are acquainted with Mr. Bernard Shaw's delightful notes to his play, published in "Three Plays for Puritans"; how the only real anachronism in the piece is Cleopatra's recommendation of rum for baldness; his description of Caesar's character, how he had much more of Columbus and Franklin in him than of Henry V., and the other amusing matter. But Mr. Shaw's remarks, written after "Caesar and Cleopatra" was produced in America, are probably not so well known. Caesar in Shakespeare's tragedy is a good deal of a "stuffed club." Hazlitt saw this at once. "We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Caesar, nor do we think it answers to the portrait given of him in his Commentaries. He makes several vaporing and rather pedantic speeches and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do."

Mr. Shaw on Caesar

Now note Mr. Shaw's characterization of the great man.

"The American notices of the play showed, in spite of all my warnings to the critics, a widespread and dense ignorance of the nature of great men in general and the career of Julius Caesar in particular. Just as all the military realism and elaborately accurate Balkan local color of 'Arms and the Man' was received in 1894 with incredulous ridicule as mere opera bouffe, so everything in 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' which is simply dramatized Mommsen or transcribed Plutarch, has been pooh-poohed as fantastic modern stuff of my own, whilst the few modern topical allusions I have indulged in, including the quotation from Beaconsfield on Cyprus, have passed unchallenged as grave Roman history. As to Caesar, even Shakespeare's Caesar, who is nothing but the conventional tyrant of the Elizabethan stage adapted to Plutarch's Roundheaded account of him, would be too modern, too realistic for some of the New York papers. The fact that Caesar was a real flesh and blood man, and not a statue with a phonograph in its mouth repeating 'I came, I saw, I conquered' and 'Et tu, Brute!' appears to strike the American journalists as a whimsical paradox.

"Caesar was a very modern man indeed. First a young man about town dressed in the height of fashion; then a democrat like Wilkes or Bradlough, with more to his pay, then at 40, discovering that handling a provincial army was child's play to a man accustomed to manipulate Roman mobs, driven by force of circumstances and grim necessity for any destiny, political adventurer gambling with Pompey for the empire of the civilized world and winning, finally dead and turned to clay, canonized by the Nonconformist Conscience. The reason Shakespeare belied him, and that no later English dramatist touched this greatest of all protagonists until I saw my chance and took it, was simply that Shakespeare's sympathies were with Plutarch and the Nonconformist Conscience, which he personified as Brutus. From the date of Shakespeare's play onward England believed in Brutus with growing hope and earnestness until the assassination in the capitol was repeated in Whitehall, and Brutus got his chance from Cromwell, who found him hopelessly impossible, and ruled in Caesar's fashion until he died, when the nation sent for Charles II. because it was determined to have anybody rather than Brutus. As late as Macauley and John Morley you will find Brutus still the hero and Caesar still the doubtful character. It was Ibsen who killed him at last with the selfsame stroke that slew the Tennysonian King Arthur. That left the dramatic field free at last for Caesar and for Forbes-Robertson."

For Forbes-Robertson

And Mr. Shaw tells why he wrote this play for Forbes-Robertson.

"Because he is the classic actor of our day, and had a right to require such a service from me. He stands completely aloof in simplicity, dignity, grace and musical speech from the world of the motor car and the Carlton hotel, which so many of the others, clever and interesting as they are, very evidently prefer, or at least think they ought to pretend to prefer, to the Olympian region where the classic actor is at home. Forbes-Robertson is the only actor I know who can find out the feeling of a speech from its cadence. His art meets the dramatist's art directly, picking it up for completion and expression without explanations or imitations, even when he follows up the feat by turning to ask what the prosaic meaning of the sentence is, only to find the author as much in doubt as himself on that point. Without him 'Caesar and Cleopatra' would not have been written; for no man writes a play without reference to the possibility of a performance. You may scorn the limitations of the theatre as much as you please, but for all that you do not write parts for six-legged actors or two-headed heroines, though there is great scope for drama in such conceptions.

"That Forbes-Robertson's Caesar should be famous in America before it had been seen in England is a fact which speaks for itself on the subject of theatrical enterprise in London. However, we may be thankful that it has escaped the long run system, by which it would have been run to death at the first production, and Forbes-Robertson run to death's door with it."

The Payment of a Debt

"'Caesar and Cleopatra,'" says Mr. Shaw, "is an attempt of mine to pay an instalment of the debt that all dramatists owe to the art of heroic acting. Since Shakespeare paid up so handsomely on this score, the British drama has been falling into heavier and heavier arrears. The heroic actor is forced into everyday drama because we cannot spend our whole playgoing lives at 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth'; 'Virginius,' 'Ingomar' and the 'Gamester' are outmoded; and 'Richelieu' does not carry a heroic actor very far in the twenty years of eminence which follows his long apprenticeship. Besides, our conception of heroism has changed of late years. The stage hero, of whom Tennyson's King Arthur was the type, suddenly found himself out as Torvald Helmer in Ibsen's 'Doll's House,' and died of the shock. It is no use now going on with heroes who are no longer really heroic to us. Besides, we want credible heroes. The old demand for the incredible, the impossible, the superhuman, which was supplied by bombast, inflation and the piling of crimes on catastrophies and factitious raptures on artificial agonies has fallen off; and the demand now is for heroes in whom we can recognize our own humanity, and who, instead of walking, talking, eating, drinking, sleeping, making love and fighting single combats in a monotonous ecstacy of continuous heroism, are heroic in the true human fashion: that is, top hit the summits only at rare moments, and finding the proper level of all occasions, condescending with humor and good sense to the prosaic ones as well as rising to the noble ones, instead of ridiculously persisting in rising to them all on the principle that a hero must always soar, in and out of season."

Personal Notes Here and Abroad

Mme. Lillian Wieslike, soprano, who will sing tomorrow for the first time in Boston, is an American from Indianapolis. Having studied in this country she went to Europe for further instruction under Mme. Schoen-Rose and Mr. Bos. She has sung in European cities and recently in New York.

It is said that when Mr. Rouche reigns in a year over the Paris Opera he will encourage the young musicians, as Maxime Dethomas, Dresa, Rene Piot, George Descaillieres, who have hitherto written for the Theatre des Arts.

The Paris Academy of Dancing Masters announces that a new dance is already being taught. They prophesy for it a great success, for it is stated to be everything that the tango was not. The new dance is the ta-tao, which has been popular in China since the year 2450 B. C. "It is essentially an harmonious and dignified measure," M. Lefort of the Paris Academy of Dancing Masters told the Daily Mail correspondent. "The feet move in a one-two measure, and many of the graceful steps seen in the tango—the balancing on one foot, the slide and dip, with one knee almost touching the ground—are included in this old Chinese measure."

Miss Sherwood's concert for the benefit of her mother at the Tuileries this week should bring out the many friends of Mrs. William H. Sherwood, who was for a long time active in the musical life of this city.

Henri Rabaud has been named first conductor of the Paris Opera, to take the place of Paul Vidne. The conductors now are Rabaud, Bucsser, Bachelet and Catherine.

It is now said that Raoul Pugno, the celebrated pianist, who died at Moscow on Jan. 3, had undergone an operation for some kidney trouble before he left France. On the way to Russia he was obliged to rest at Berlin, and as soon as he arrived at Moscow he took to his bed. The immediate cause of his death was embolism. He was at work on an opera with Miss Nadia Boulanger, "La Ville Morte," based on d'Annunzio's play.

Albert Coates, who has for some years conducted at the Marinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, will conduct at Covent Garden this coming season.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is counted the fifth dramatic artist to obtain the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The first to receive it was a foreigner, Adelina Patti. The only French actresses now entitled to wear it besides Mme. Bernhardt are Mme. Bartet of the Comedie Francaise and Rose Caron of the Opera. Asked for an opinion on the bestowal to Mme. Bernhardt, Mme. Abbema answered: "If the Legion of Honor had never existed, it ought to have been created for her."

Here is a specimen of "amiable" criticism. A violin sonata by Arthur Hinton was played in London Jan. 14. "One was glad to see that the sonata of Mr. Arthur Hinton was given a place of honor instead of being tucked away at the end, which so often happens to native music, as though performers have not the courage of their convictions. We will not say that Mr. Hinton's music is of very special moment, but it was at any rate well worth hearing on account of its placid melodiousness and neatness of writing." Placid and neat. Did Mr. Hinton enjoy this characterization?

Wilhelm Ganz now in his 81st year has published his "Memoirs of a Musician" (London, John Murray, 12s). When Ganz, a boy of 11, was taken to London, Balfe was a great man in the musical world, and the boy entered the Drury Lane orchestra, where he played on the triangle. He heard Jenny Lind, Alboni, Sontag, Lablache, Mario and Grisi, and he heard Titiens, who had a temper and used to smash things. "Finding this a somewhat expensive amusement, her sister used from time to time to buy 1s. 6d. worth of cheap china, which was placed on the mantelpiece and shelves ready for emergencies. On one occasion the great singer was sitting at supper after a concert in a provincial town, when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to her hand, a soda-water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at the table with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window, and nearly killed a casual passerby. This gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her failing."

In recent years Ganz was best known as Adelina Patti's accompanist, and a teacher. "Before leaving the subject of my pupils I ought to mention two more interesting ones—namely, Lady Elizabeth Pringle, sister of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who was, I think, nearly 80 years of age when I taught her, in spite of which she studied the longest and most difficult sonatas of Beethoven with me; and Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon, of 'Lady Audley's Secret' fame), who studied with me as recently as four years ago with great earnestness and practised for me diligently between the lessons. She lately wrote a novel in which she introduced me under a thin disguise. The old-fashioned courtesy and reticence which made her write, 'I did not feel at liberty to give even a hint of your personality in my book without submitting a proof to you,' might afford an example to the indiscreet novelists of today."

Here is a sketch of Debussy conducting. "His beat, in strongly rhythmic movements such as the beginning and end of 'Iberia,' is incisive and exciting in its repressed energy (he has the French hatred of sloppiness and never beats the air), yet he could hardly be called a good conductor; he seems too much buried in the score, and hardly in close communication with his orchestra. To see him conduct is to estimate afresh the importance of the rhythmic element in his music—there is something almost barbaric in his insistence on it, a sort of atavistic reaction, perhaps, from the over-refined subtleties of his harmonic scheme. However that may be, it was curious to watch leader, orchestra and audience during the final dance-rhythmed movement—'Le matin d'un jour de fete'—recovering their vitality after the long and rather sleepy languor of the slow movement. The actual scene, with its Parisian world in evening dress and its classic background, the stage setting representing a Greek temple, easily disappeared, and fancy conjured up in its place a crowd of savages sitting about a camp fire, beating out recurrent rhythms on bell, drum and tom-tom."

Some Dramatic Notes

"Broadway Jones" will be produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, on Feb. 3, by Seymour Hicks and Miss Pauline Terriss.

Degree" has been adopted ...an stage by Leo Lenz and produced with great success at the Thalia Theatre, Hamburg. It is called "Eine Unmoegliche Frau" ("An Impossible Wife") and will be played in many German cities and at Vienna.

"The Yellow Jacket" is now playing in Moscow, where it it has made the hit of the season. It will be produced at Rheinhardt's Theatre in Berlin. Only in Boston was this remarkable play caviare to the general.

Zangwill's "Melting Pot" was published in London by Heinemann last week, a revised form of the 9th American edition. The dramatist has added a long "afterword," dealing with the racial and religious problems involved. There are also illustrative appendices.

An "exclusive" film, "The Black 107," describing the fate of the unfortunate Mendel Beiliss, is shown at the Oxford Music Hall, London.

Last week William Poel produced a news page version of "Hamlet" at the Little Theatre, London, with all the scenes which are usually omitted, and the restoration of the King to his proper place in the play. The character and setting was Elizabethan, not Danish. Some of the better-known scenes and speeches which were not immediately connected with the action were omitted in order that the performance should be kept within normal limits.

Carl F. Leyel at the head of the British Canadian Theatre Organization Company purposes to send out to Canada companies of English actors who will be able to travel from east to west, from Halifax to Vancouver and back for 40 weeks without interruption. Tours have been arranged for Martin Harvey, who already began at Halifax, and Laurence Irving, who will open in Montreal on Feb. 9. Mr. Irving's company will appear in "Typhoon" and "The Unwritten Law."

In "Who's Who in the Theatre," a new edition of which has just been issued, Mr. John Parker is carrying out the good work which David Erskine Baker began with his "Companion to the Playhouse" in 1764. In modern times the late Charles Eyre Pascoe produced "The Dramatic List," an admirable series of biographies of actors and actresses. The first edition was published in 1879, the second in 1880. Mr. Parker gives the more important facts in regard to several hundred players, dramatists, and critics, Continental as well as English and American. He also follows the useful example, set by Baker, followed by Clement Scott in his "Drama of Yesterday and Today" (1899), and brought up to date by the "Stage Cyclopaedia of Plays" in 1909, in giving a list of notable productions and important revivals of the London stage. A very interesting feature of this new edition is found in the genealogical tables of theatrical families, arranged by Mr. J. M. Bulloch. They contain a wealth of curious reading.—London Times.

A complete edition of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays in six volumes, edited by Ludwig Lewisohn, is now publishing in London (Martin Secker, 5s. each volume). Vols. I. and II. have already appeared. They contain the Social dramas, "Before Dawn," "The Weavers," "The Beaver Coat" and "The Conflagration" in Vol. I., and "Drayman Henschel," "Rose Bernd" and "The Rats" in Vol. II. "We think," writes the Pall Mall Gazette reviewer, "that he (Hauptmann) now and then carries gratuitous unpleasantness unnecessarily far, that more than one of his tragic episodes are arbitrarily dragged in, that his humor (when he condescends to that mood) has generally a very wry note indeed in it, and that nearly always his subject-matter is limited to a single class—the 'forgotten and disinherited of the earth'—with the obvious consequence of an incomplete appeal. At the same time, however, it is right to add that some of these qualifications only apply to his earlier works, and that as play has succeeded play his technique has improved and his humanity broadened. At his best, the effect of his work is tremendous, and we look forward to the day when London playgoers will see more of it. It would shake them out of their insularity and out of their fat acceptance of Browning's 'all's right with the world' and certain other comfortable 'ideas' of the popular British drama. However true and fine it may be in politics, it is not necessarily true in art, that 'that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best.'"

New books on Shakespeare: "Shakespeare, the Man and His Work," by Morton Luce (London); "Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage," by Mrs. Carmichael Stopes (London). Mrs. Stopes writes about the two Burbages, James, the founder of the first British theatre (in Finsbury Fields) and the "discoverer" of Shakespeare, and Richard, the great actor who created most of the chief parts in Shakespeare's plays.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "'Baby Mine' has captured the town in its French dress (by M. Hennequin) of 'Mon Bobe.' Its inherent vulgarities (for it is vulgar) are less apparent in the French, while its vitality and robust fun are unaffected. I have never heard a French audience laugh as it laughs at the Bouffes-Parisiens at the drolleries of Max Dearly, who is as spontaneously comic as any comedian ever was. Monna Delza, as the heroine, is daintily doll-like and

The play ... for five ... Miss Mayo wrote it in ... days. This is a proposition ... its all algebra. Find what ... volts per second of brain- ... evolving the play."

... se tue' con- ... idea, but the play at the ... Femina languishes after the ... At the precise moment when the young woman says 'Yes,' the young ... on suicide. Family reas- ... made him propose, but his ... him to some one else. ... one carries him off in her ... for she, also, was going ... another. But the union is not ... for he marries, eventually, the typewriter, who, secretly in love ... saved him from a sanguinary ... in pure nobility told the other ... Georges Farr, the author, who ... old-fashioned notions, evidently ... that such sacrifices should be rewarded. It is rather in the style of the house that Jack built."

Allan Monkhouse's "Four Tragedies" have been published by Duckworth & Co., London. "Resentment" and "Reaping the Whirlwind," short plays, have been acted. The two long ones are "The Hayling Family" and "The Stricklands." Of them all 'Reaping the Whirlwind' reads the most convincing. "In each of the others there seems a strain of arbitrariness in the characterization which mars the effect. Of course, the full effect of a play cannot be acquired from merely reading it, though even to that treatment Mr. Monkhouse's work yields useful results of comprehension and thought. Amid much that is good, however, we now and then get an uneasy feeling that he had got his characterization from printed books rather than from that of life."

M. and Mme. Jean Ricepin's "Le Tango" is a mere spectacle of decorative fancy, without any dramatic importance. It is a story of a youthful prince and princess (both represented on the stage by actresses) who have been married without mutual affection and who determine to enjoy their life en bons camarades at tango teas and similar Parisian dissipations. Their experiences include a visit to Algiers, where they witness a picturesque and tragic native marriage and take part in the native dances. They return to Paris, and love is at last awakened in the breast of Zigi, the prince, by jealousy, when he sees his princess dancing the tango with another man. Mlle. Spinelly as the princess dances charmingly, but the dialogue was as obsecure as it was pretentious. The piece would have been more seasonable and successful if it had been cast in the form of a Christmas pantomime.—London Times (Paris correspondent, Dec. 30).

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a political farce to be performed at the Little Theatre, London.

In the Musical World

Felix Weingartner's new opera, "Cain and Abel," will be produced at Darmstadt on May 17. The Grand Duke of Hesse wishes that the composer should conduct. Mme. Marcell-Weingartner will take the leading woman's part.

Christian Sinding, now 57 years old, has completed his first opera, "The Holy Mountain," in a prologue and two acts. The story is about a monk of Mt. Athos, wildly in love and struggling to keep his vow. The opera will be produced at Dessau.

Mme. Liza Lehmann has composed a new song cycle, "Parody Pie," for four voices. The titles are as follows: "Come Liveth with Me and Be My Love," "My True Friend Hath My Hat," "Geyserbianca," "Blink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Maud (of All Work)," "The May Queen," "We Are Several (on a Walking Tour)," "I Stuck a Pin Into a Chair," "Good-By, Supper." The cycle was performed in London on Jan. 24. Mme. Lehmann has been appointed a teacher of singing at the Guildhall School of Music.

Mr. Percy Grainger has composed a new orchestral setting of "Molly on the Shore," to be produced at the Torquay Festival next month. The score contains a part for a new instrument, the "Hawkes Resonophone."

Josef Holbrooke, the composer, will begin on Feb. 27 his 13th annual season of concerts with programs of modern English chamber music. The programs of the first four concerts are already ...ed with a "foreword." He is as ...y and sarcastic as ever. Here is an extract: "This is my 13th year of native English chamber music, and practically every British composer of any note has been included in these programs, many of them several times. It is in the face of the indifference of our native musicians I pursue my fearful course, I need not say; for since last year not one of the works I performed has been heard anywhere else to my knowledge, and it is the same every year! The works, alas! are not on 'popular' lines! —perhaps the sooner we drop this campaign the better for us and the peace of our dear countrymen's minds! The latter is all-important, for we cannot disturb that quality without disaster. I ... that I have found two more de... young musicians in the persons of Edward Mitchell and Richard Cleveland, neither of whom has yet had a taste of our countrymen's indifference! If they can get over this, they should be able to get over anything. There is also a pianoforte quartet by A. C. Mackenzie (which should draw his attention to the work we are doing), and, as foreign examples of genius, the seldom-played quartet and pianoforte quintet by Cesar Franck, together with the Rachmaninoff piano trio. Every composer receives a small fee for his work at these concerts, and that is something to their advantage, for if we can only help to buy the music paper we ought to be glad."

Mme. Tina Lerner gave a Liszt recital in London Jan. 13, and while some of the critics praised her technic, "especially where delicate and slight sparkling effects are required," and described her as an accomplished performer, they decided that Liszt's B minor sonata is tedious, that his other compositions are "in the main poor stuff," and a "Liszt recital" is a mistake. It is a good thing to have these important matters definitely settled.

"Parsifal" in Paris

Dr. C. W. Saleeby attended the first two performances of "Parsifal" at the Paris Opera and wrote entertaining comment. It seems that the audiences were large, reverent, silent but not enthusiastic. The orchestra was not hidden and there was not the illusion of its spontaneous utterance; but Messager conducted admirably. "It is ever a difficulty to keep bodies of remote choristers in tune, and this was not surmounted in Paris. The bells were "miserably lacking in resonance, the highest pitched being also flat, and gave the impression of being improvised from the lids of dust bins." The scenery and lighting, after Munich, were disappointing. "The producers have prided themselves on the '76 metres' of panorama, which are unrolled and pass across the stage, to represent Parsifal's journey. There is not a vestige of illusion about it. Perhaps, before the cinematograph, a panorama may have satisfied, but the modern eye sees nothing in it. Here both the panoramas and their devices seemed merely clumsy stage machinery, and, with the visible orchestra and conductor in front of them, no one could have the slightest satisfaction in them.

"It was strange to hear 'Parsifal' for the first time in French. (The audience was cosmopolitan and I heard my fair neighbor remark that Gurnemanz was a 'chatty old bloke.') Parts of it will greatly weary many auditors in London, and I shall be of their number. I believe that, in a few years, this will be the least frequently played of Wagner's mature works. There is no one to love in it, like Bruennhilde. Gurnemanz is one of Wagner's wise and tender old men, but he is nothing to Hans Sachs, and he has a very, very long narration in the first act. The transformation of Parsifal into another Christ gave me no satisfaction. The conventional hair and beard and dress, all absurdly unlike anything Christ can have looked or worn, were like enough to Parsifal as the pure fool, who had no answer to simple questions, and was apparently pure only because he was a fool; but they were quite unlike the Christ of the gospels, whose answers to questioners, insight and command of language, seem more wonderful every time one returns to them. I am not sure that Wagner has served purity and pity and renunciation by compelling us to think of Parsifal as a fool, when what he meant, of course, was that Parsifal was unspotted from the world—not the same thing. Those saintly virtues really triumph when they are allied to wisdom and cleverness, as in Christ, or Florence Nightingale, who had everything that Parsifal had, but was worth millions of him. Lastly, I question whether our age and those to come are likely to find full satisfaction in work which shows woman solely as temptress and gate of hell, and sex as vicious and vile inherently. No doubt that is accurate theology of a sort, the sort which also believed in Klingsers and magic gardens; but we can scarcely feel that poor Kundry is All Woman, we who own Shakespeare, we who have loved Bruennhilde for years, have heard Wotan's farewell to her, and her sublime joy in the dusk of the gods, who were only half-gods, and in the promise of the Dawn that yet shall be."

Sacha Guitry's New Play

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes (Jan. 17):

"M. Sacha Guitry wears another success in his buttonhole. Wonderful young man! His new play, 'La Pelerine Ecossaise,' is delightful. It is full of humor, freshness, gayety and observation. It is the story of a young couple who, profoundly in love with each other, live a life of retirement and exhibit a perfect disregard for appearances. Society is a nuisance, dress a folly; anything will do for the country, to satisfy their simple tastes. And so they get into careless ways, wear all sorts of odd clothing and despise the least coquetry. But fate, in the form of an attractive woman and an elegant young man, who pays his addresses to the lady, changes their insouciance into a fictitious gayety, followed by a sharp touch of jealousy and anxiety. Their love is tried in the flame of flirtation, for Philippe flirts with Huguette and Francoise with Marcel. It is all the fault of the Scottish cape or pelerine, which is the title of the play and its symbol as well. When it has disappeared from the shoulders of Francoise and Philippe has begun to think about his ties you know that strange things are happening. Manlike, he is considerably annoyed when he discovers that Marcel is paying attention to his wife, quite forgetting that a moment before he has arranged a rendezvous with Huguette. But the Scottish cape has covered good, honest shoulders. Six years of happiness and of a profound attachment are not to be destroyed so easily. And the pair come together again, reconquered by their love. The 'alerte' has taught them wisdom. They recognize the danger of 'laisser aller' even in the home. They took no trouble to tend the fire on the hearth. When its ashes were blown upon by a stranger there was danger of a conflagration which would destroy the house. And so, in making peace, they determine upon a different line of conduct. I imagine that the tippet will go first into the rekindled flame.

"Sacha Guitry has a style all his own —informal, unconventional, boyish in its frank appeal. But his methods recall Marivaux. Parallel or symmetrical situations prepare for the restoration of the initial equilibrium. Husband and wife suffer from domestic slackness. He, on his side, drifts into a flirtation, and she, on her side, also. Then the explanation comes, and back they are again in the chimney corner. There is a little smartening up, however, of the couple, and the ashes of the pelerine lie on the hearth.

"Young Guitry's chief charm is his philosophy; his astonishing knowledge of human nature. He seems to have lived a century or two in his 30 years, and yet to take an infinite and juvenile pleasure in existence. Into the play at the Bouffes Parisiens, he introduces a Boulevardier who has more than the usual guile. He changes his companion en route to Philippe's house, and arrives with the lady he had discarded the year before. These are the Parisian touches in which the young actor-dramatist delights.

"Guitry fils acts his own hero, and the heroine is his charming wife, Mme. Lyses. Such an arrangement gives homogeneity and a sense of intimacy to the play, increased by the fact that Sacha brings his own dogs and his colored domestic into the play, as well as his personal friend, who takes the part of the stage friend. Even the country house depicted is Sacha's own residence at Jumieges. This is the new kind of realism, which is not without its charm or its danger of being overdone."

FORBES-ROBERTSON

The engagement of Forbes-Robertson in this city is lengthened. His farewell is protracted, as was fondly hoped. He has announced his retirement from the stage and given his reason for withdrawal. No one should dispute the wisdom of his decision. Not that the actor would soon be lagging and superfluous, but he has given generously to the world and earned his rest. He wishes to live for his family, to follow favorite pursuits which he has been obliged to neglect; to do all this while he has health, vigor, and the faculty of enjoyment.

For forty years Sir Johnston has graced the stage. By choice of plays, by histrionic skill, by his own life, he has taught thousands that his art may be more than a mummer's mimicry, that a theatre may be the Temple of the Muses. This he has done modestly and in the exercise of his calling; not by preaching in pamphlets, not by lecturing, not by rushing into print as one afraid lest the public might ignore him. The actor has cultivated and purified taste; the man needed no formal title of nobility.

In this instance retirement will not bring with it forgetfulness. All that have seen the actor will remember the classic face, the golden voice, the eloquence of speech, the grace of bearing, the significance of gesture. Sir Johnston may retire from the stage that will mourn him; he cannot withdraw himself from the memory of a host of admirers, or from the hearts of troops of friends.

Today we open a bag of assorted and miscellaneous information. Sarah Smith writes to us. We would gladly prefix a Mrs. or Miss, but as our correspondent prefers just Sarah, we will run no risk in offending her.

As the World Wags:

My experience with the word "feet'n" is quite unlike that of W. A. P. in the morning Herald. Many years ago the wives of the farmers living amongst the hills of New Hampshire used to knit what they called "sale feetin," that is, men's woollen socks, from yarn of their own spinning, which they sold at the village store—therefore the word "sale." A "smart knitter," and there were many of them, could clothe herself by the sale of these "feetin." Has any one else heard the word used in this way?

Jan. 29. S. S.

In certain English provinces "footing" or "feeting" means stocking-feet. The word is also applied to "the coarser locks of wool, set aside during the process of 'welding,' for the feet of stockings." This word is used figuratively of persons.—[Ed.

An Early Demon.

The old coffee-houses are described at length in Mr. Percy H. Boynton's "London in English Literature." As the number of them increased, broadsides appeared against them. One was entitled "The Woman's Petition Against Coffee," and it asserted that "Coffee drinking encouraged idling and talkativeness, and led men to trifle away their time, scald their chops, and spend their money, all for a little base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, stinking, nauseous puddle water." Could anything worse be said of the Demon Rum, whether he came from Medford, Jamaica, Santa Cruz or South Boston?

An Outrage

As the World Wags:

Being as I am of an old family I have for years come in from the road every Saturday night for a supper of Boston baked beans. Sometimes I'd jump from New York to Boston just for these beans. I always got them at a restaurant in Washington street.

In today's Herald I read that the manager of that restaurant testified in a suit that all the beans served there were purchased in New York, all cooked. "We simply heat them to serve," further testified the manager.

I want you to tell me honestly whether or not you think I'd be justified in killing the manager of that restaurant, or is it the man who brought the suit that revealed the horrid truth who should die? INCOHAB LUFKIN.

Dr. Schwazey, a leading citizen of Baldwinsville, in an alcoholic state of mind remarked to Artemus Ward in the village oyster saloon:

"'Do you see them beans, old man? Do you see 'em?'

"'I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now because I eat beans then. I never mix my vittles! * * * A blessin onto the hed of the man what invented beans! A blessin onto his hed!'

"'Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin,' said I."

And now Boston beans come from New York. Is there no Gilson left? Ichabod! The glory is departed.

Hard as in "Ache"

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me anything about the pronunciation of the word "stomacher" (a part of a woman's dress)? My Webster's Unabridged over 30 years old gives the pronunciation with the "ch" soft as in "chin." I have a recent abridged Webster which gives "stumaker" as correct. It seems strange to me that a word which has been practically out of use for many years should change its pronunciation. Can you tell me how the word was usually pronounced by our ancesters and anything else from the various authorities on this matter?

M. A. WEBBER.

Brighton, Jan. 26.

In John Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (1791) stomacher is pronounced "stummidjur." The concise Oxford Dictionary gives only "stomaker," and we have never heard the word pronounced otherwise. "Ch" hard as in "ache." The history of English pronunciation is interesting, but diligent reading of it leads to madness.—[Ed.

A Phonetic Reminder.

As the World Wags:

The trivial communications which I have sent to your column have received so kindly a welcome, and attention so far beyond their deserts, that I feel deeply grateful. Indeed, I feel so grateful that I am anxious to make some return for the courtesy shown me; and I think I may have discovered a way.

Let me, by way of further preface, insistently vow my own humility. I am not presumptuously awaiting an invitation to the banquet. When the tomato cans are dipped into the savory Hassayama mine will not among them, and from the post-prandial discourse upon streaks or strakes I shall bear no broken head. I know my place as an occasional caller, generously welcomed on days of public reception, to be sure, but with no seat at the family table. But, in common with many of the readers of the column, I am impatiently waiting for the banquet to take place, fee

[illegible]g certain that in the report which you will give there will be a reflection of such a union of wisdom and mirth as never was on sea or land. It is in order that nothing may lessen the pleasure which we, your devoted admirers, so eagerly anticipate, and, even more than that, in order that you yourselves may suffer no chill, that I earnestly protest against the imposition upon you of Kat Bote's nautical ballads. Where there is to be so much pure gold anything merely gilded will be entirely out of place, and anyone who adopts the phonetic spelling "b-o-t-e" for the word b-o-a-t is outrageously spurious. His pronunciation marks him a pretender and would be heard with derision by every man who knows the smell o' bilge, from Eastport to the tip of Cape Cod. The phonetic spelling of "boat" is "b-w-u-t." Ask any real sailor whose hailing port is anywhere along the New England coast, and nowhere else are real sailors bred.

Tell Kat Bote to read his nautical ballads to the marines. J. ALGER.

North Reading, Jan. 23.

GOGORZA AND MME. ALDA AT

Mme. Frances Alda and Emilio de Gogorza gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Frank La Farge was the accompanist for Mme. Alda and Henri Dupont played for Mr. de Gogorza.

Mme. Alda sang songs by Secchi, Purcell, Reichardt, Carey, Sibelius, Blech, Grieg, Sigurd Lie, Wolf-Ferrari, and others, while Mr. de Gogorza's program included songs by Moussorgsky, Debussy, Faure, Homer, Granados, Alvarez and others. The applause was evenly divided between both singers, and Mr. de Gogorza, who has many admirers in Boston, was warmly welcomed.

The natural beauty of Mme. Alda's voice was chiefly noticeable in purely lyrical passages and in her extreme upper notes. She sang easily, often brilliantly. With the exception of the Gavotte from "Manon," she was most effective in songs of a less florid nature, such as "When Roses Bloom," "Tausend Sterne," "Lauf der Welt," "Ades Oiseaux" and Mr. La Farge's "Expectancy," which was redemanded. Nor should her singing of "My Laddie" pass by unmentioned.

Mr. de Gogorza displayed fully his virile and sympathetic voice, his musical and emotional nature, his art as singer and interpreter. He sang the group of Spanish songs of which the Canto del Presidario, the sad lament of a captive, was the most effective, with the gusto and fluency characteristic of the Latin race.

Both singers added to the program.

CONSTANTINO WINS FIGHT FOR HEARING

NEW YORK, Feb. 1—The appellate division of the supreme court handed down a decision late yesterday that Oscar Hammerstein must go to trial with his suit against Florencio Constantino if Hammerstein hopes to be successful in restraining the tenor from singing with the Boston Opera company.

Hammerstein sued for an injunction in the lower court and won by default. Constantino then got an order opening the default and giving the tenor a chance to have the case tried, at the same time setting aside the judgment of some $[illegible],000 awarded Hammerstein. Hammerstein appealed from the latter decision and it was the appeal the higher court passed on Saturday. The case will be tried in the New York supreme court, probably the latter part of the present month.

UNITED BAND CONCERT

Over 8000 Witness Performance of 400-Piece Combination.

More than 8000 persons last night attended the 10th anniversary concert by the 400-piece military band—comprising representatives of various Boston bands —held in Mechanics' hall, for the benefit of the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society of Boston. Mayor Fitzgerald, accompanied by his wife and his daughters, Misses Rose and Agnes, and Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Barry sat in the balcony.

The program was varied, from stirring marches to grand and light opera selections. All numbers were well received. Promptly at 8 o'clock Thomas M. Carter, the veteran leader, conducted the opening march, which was followed as encores by the "Second Connecticut March" and "Boston Commandery March."

Conductor Albert M. Kanrich directed the next number on the bill which was the overture "Oberon." The encore to this was the "Stars and Stripes March."

Selections from "Carmen" were next [illegible] by the band under direction of Conductor Edward N. L'Africaine. Two encores followed, the first being the "[illegible] Polonaise" and the other the "Rakoczy March."

The next number was descriptive of the breaking of day. Alphonse D'Avino conducted. A selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a selection from "Aida" followed.

A cornet duet by Nelson T. Bernier and Godfrey W. McMullin, with Harold E. Brenton directing the band, was next played. Several selections by more than 150 members of Swedish singing societies followed. Gustaf Sundelius acted as director.

A selection of patriotic airs of various nations, in which military bodies of many countries took part, entitled "Under One Flag," followed. John M. Flockton compiled the music for this piece, while Herbert E. Patrick conducted.

As a conclusion, the colors were saluted by all the trumpeters and cornetists, a gun boomed and a monster flag was let drop.

OPERA HOUSE CONCERT

Miss Mussini Makes Successful Debut—Constantino Heard.

The debut of Miss Aide Mussini, a new member of the Boston Opera Company, was the feature of last night's operatic concert. Miss Mussini sang Micaela's air from "Carmen" and was enthusiastically received by one of the largest audiences that has attended the Sunday evening concerts. Her pleasing manner as well as her promising voice won the approval of her hearers and they insisted on two encores.

Constantino sang the aria, "Cielo e Mar," from Ponchielli's "Gioconda" and the Lament of Johnson from "The Girl of the Golden West," with his old favorite "La Danna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto" for an encore and received the habitual applause. Others on the program were Mme. Margherita Beriza and Jose Madrones. Fabio Rimini played the piano accompaniments.

Feb. 3. 1914

'CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA'

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE "Caesar and Cleopatra," a history in five acts, by George Bernard Shaw

A Persian Guardsman	W. M. Rutherfurd
Belzanor (Captain of Cleopatra's Guard)	Charles Graham
A Nubian Sentinel	Gordon R[illegible]
Bel Affris	[illegible]
Ftatateeta	Adeline Bourne
Julius Caesar	J. Forbes-Robertson
Cleopatra	Gertrude Elliott
Pothinus	H. Athol Forde
Theodotus	[illegible]
Ptolemy XIV	Richard [illegible]
Achillas	Walter Ringham
Rufio	Frank Lacy
Britannus	Ian Robertson
Lucius Septimius	Percy Rhodes
Apollodorus	Alex Scott-Gatty
Centurion	Robert Atkins

After the fourth act Sir Johnston, called before the curtain many times, finally made a few remarks in which he spoke of the pleasure that it would give him to tell Mr. Shaw how greatly Boston had enjoyed his play. The speech was characteristic of the speaker in its brevity and modesty. The great audience showed unmistakably that it also enjoyed hugely Sir Johnston's impersonation of Caesar, Miss Elliott's Cleopatra, and, in fact, the general performance.

Many years ago a comic history of Rome was written with illustrations by John Leech, in which the heroes and matrons were treated with delightful irreverence. Senators wore stovepipe hats and there was also the anachronism of clay pipes. Not long ago that inexplicable play of Shakespeare's, "Troilus and Cressida," was played in good faith almost as a burlesque in London, and the producers insisted that it was Shakespeare's intent to parody Homer. Nor do we forget the amazingly witty libretto of Meilhac and Halevy for "La Belle Helene."

But "Caesar and Cleopatra" is much more than a burlesque, much more than an extravaganza. It reveals, it is true, the fantastical and impish humor of the author, but it is not too much to say that the Caesar of Shaw is closer to the Caesar of Suetonius and other ancient worthies than the platitudinous Caesar of Shakespeare, the one character in the noble tragedy that is not strongly drawn. Teachers of play writing may tell their classes that as a drama "Caesar and Cleopatra" is loosely constructed; that it is rambling and not dramatic; that there is talk instead of action, and only in the scene where Ftatateeta is slain is there any compelling moment. Theoretically all this is true, yet who would have this play otherwise? And what talk there is!

The playwright has been accused of insincerity, yet in many scenes he is bitterly in earnest. Through the mouths of Caesar, Apollodrus, Rufio, Britannus and the little king he expresses his views on government, political economy, art, war, peace, ritualistic services, cookery; he mocks at the pomp and edicts of monarchs, and his Cleopatra is a fascinating incarnation of all that is flippant, inconsequential, childish, illogical, selfish and fascinating in the woman of a certain type.

There are some that cry out against such perversions of history. They would gravely correct Mr. Shaw and say that Cleopatra was 20 and not 16 when she first saw Caesar; that as the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. She was a blonde, not the swarthy-cheeked queen of Tennyson, not the brunette as represented by Miss Elliott, a singularly handsome apparition; but Mr. Shaw did not write for them, and they, evidently, have not read his notes to the play.

Forbes-Robertson's Caesar is finely conceived, and the carrying out of the conception is masterly. Never did he lose the serious note; never did he forget the gravity indispensable to the ideal impersonation of this freakish creation of the dramatist's brain. How admirable his delivery of the lines, as when he reminded the Egyptian deploring the burning of the library that he too was an author!

How significant his facial play, his every gesture! Among the innumerable fine moments were his sudden recollection of Cleopatra's existence when, at the end of the fourth act, he was busied with plans of battle; when, in the last act, he remembered that he had forgotten something—namely, to farewell Cleopatra. And there were also noble moments, as in his speech on the folly of war, his remarks on the inevitable monotony of life, the fact that every dog must have his day and he had had his; the tragic severity with which he faced Cleopatra after the murder of Pothinus.

Miss Elliott was appropriately girlish, thoroughly delightful in the lighter scenes, as in her first meeting with the old gentleman, and she often played with skill, but there is a deeper dramatic quality in the character that she did not portray. Mr. Ian Robertson was capital as the conservative Briton with the insular eye. Mr. Scott-Gatty played the exquisite Apollodoms with convincing lightness and good humor, and Mr Lacy was a bluff and hearty Rufio. Miss Bourne showed more ability as Ftatateeta than in the preceding parts she has assumed, but the role admits of more melodramatic intensity. The minor parts were as a rule well taken.

The play will be repeated tonight. ~~It is a pity that there will not be more performances.~~

A few days ago Mr. J. Doremus Sproggs wrote a pleasant, chirpy, some might say "sassy" letter which we published, although it contained a gross personal attack on the editor of this department. Mr. Sproggs also took liberties with some of our valued contributors. We regret to say that one of them was thus seriously offended.

Softly, Doctor, Softly.

As the World Wags:

So strange that people do think so much of the stomach! The repeated references to this matter of a banquet are getting to be stale. I have in a previous letter expressed my views regarding a banquet. I would not care for the food that would no doubt gratify the stomachs of many, I hope not very many, of your contributors, but I would like to meet some of the contributors to As the World Wags for a pleasant evening in a mental feast, for therein I am pretty sure to be a gainer.

It has become a habit with me to look over this column, but such an article as appears today, Jan. 30, over the signature of J. Doremus Sproggs is not entertaining, educational or pleasant. In assumed ignorance of table manners, Sproggs should use the proonun "I" instead of "We." Let him wallow in his own dirt and show the result to the public through your very accommodating medium, and please leave others out. I hope "J. D. S." will gather enough intellect to behave better at a banquet than he does in the press. He writes of "Old Doc Sprockett." I don't blame him for using ill names for others when he is content to adopt such as he signs himself. If that is the name he inherited he is not to be blamed. If only the one he wishes to be known by, it was well chosen. If I had one like it, I would, on some day when there was a strong northwest wind, go to the end of Long wharf, paste the name to a shingle and set it adrift. I am proud of my name, a good, old Scotch-Irish one, made known to the world by the celebrated Davy, the William Tell of Texas, and kept warm and honorable by S. R. Crockett, the celebrated writer of today.

It is a common thing to laugh at old men who tell of what they have been, but should we ever meet I will put some of your writers to a test, physically I mean. I have never boasted of mental strength, but have had sufficient to get along with and keep outside the foolish house.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Without a History.

As the World Wags:

I take the liberty of asking information about a famous aphorism, whose author it is very important for me to know. The aphorism is as follows: "Happy the people whose annals are blank in history books.", Carlyle quotes it in his "Life of Frederick the Great" (book xvi, c. I) and gives it as from Montesquieu, but he does not indicate from which of Montesquieu's works it comes. Another author attributes this aphorism to Thucydides. Whom shall I believe? HENRI d'ARLES.

Manchester, N. H.

We find this aphorism given in French: "Heureux les peuples qui n'ont pas d'histoire," but the name of the author is not given.—Ed.

To "W. A. P."

As the World Wags:

"Feetin" or "feetnin" is still in common use in this part of the Cape. You always look for the "feetnin" of a lost cow, or of a hen thief. The pantry is called the "buttery," which also looks like a good old English word, and a deceitful fellow is spoken of as "underwatered." Why "underwatered"?

Doubtless Mr. Herkimer Johnson has something to say about it in his eagerly expected great work on sociology. As a frequenter of Capt. Vickerson's well-known resort at Clamport, Mr. Johnson must have heard the word.

May I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Ottie for describing a "snow." In reading the history of Cape Cod I came across an account of the wreck of the pirate ship "Whiddah," commanded by Samuel Bellamy. The historian says: "The fleet, consisting of the pirate ship, her tender (the snow of 90 tons), a wine ship and a sloop." Though a mere landlubber, I could understand all this except the "snow" part. Until Mr. Ottie's explanation I was ignorant of what a "snow" meant. The "Whiddah" was wrecked on the Wellfleet shore in 1717.

Alas, how I miss my lamented friend, Capt. Zach Truebody! For 50 years Cap'n Zach never missed the Grand Banks voyage. He would surely have enlightened me on these matters. Now I must rely on outsiders for information. MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Jan. 23.

"Underwater" in English dialect is water about the foundations of a house. "Buttery" at an early period in England was a name extended to the room where provisions were laid up.—[Ed.

Antipodal Moralists.

As the World Wags:

May I appeal to you as a connoisseur in the humanities to assist me in a collection I am making of noteworthy exponents of what I like to call antipodal morality? I exclude Nero and Heliogabalus because their exalted position has doubtless been responsible for a great deal of undeserved laudation. My beau ideal at present is a half legendary character from my own family history, one who boasted that she had committed every crime in the calendar of which she ever heard the name, with the one exception of murder. Even she, as you perceive, had one fatal flaw, and I have searched in vain for a more admirable embodiment of the ideal. Some of the recently published comments on Mona Lisa's smile made me hope I had found a clue, but more careful consideration makes me think the depravity in this case lies wholly in the critic's eye. If Mr. Herkimer Johnson cannot come to the rescue—he surely must have a page on the subject in his colossal work—I am at a complete loss. ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

Dorchester, Jan. 3.

In spite of Georges Duviquet's life of Heliogabalus, the Emperor was not wholly a bad lot. Remember he had been told by Syrian priests that he should be "biathanatos"; i. e., should commit suicide. No wonder, then, that he was inclined to go it while he was young. Let us be charitable and say with De Quincey that the poor fellow has been sadly abused in history; "but after all he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare." Local female suffragists should erect a statue to him on the Common, for during his reign he permitted a Female Senate.—[Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Double bill—"Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Mr. Moranzoni conducted both operas. Cast of "Cavalleria":

Santuzza	Miss White
Lola	Miss Leveroni
Mamma Lucia	Miss Heyman
Turiddu	Mr. Fontana
Alfio	Mr. Fornari

Cast of "Pagliacci":

Nedda	Miss Nielsen
Canio	Mr. Fontana
Tonio	Mr. Ancona
Beppe	Mr. Giaccone
Silvio	Mr. Everett

Particular anticipation had been aroused for the performance of "Cavalleria" because Mr. Fontana was to take the part of Turiddu for the first time, while Miss White had not appeared as Santuzza before in Boston. In both instances realization was at least equal to anticipation, and consequently high satisfaction reigned.

Mr. Fontana in voice and acting was all that the flippant, don't-care peasant Lothario should be. His keen appreciation of the character was shown in his close attention to the little details of expression and gesture, which was all he could do with so negative a person as Turiddu. In the farewell to Mamma Lucia the doomed gallant showed some real emotion and Mr. Fontana made the most of it, his voice here exhibiting some of its splendid power and beauty.

Miss W...ta's Santuzza was not either ... or ... subtle as that of ... but it sufficed admirably for ... and her singing charmed with its ... and its unrestrained emotional ...

The other parts were taken with the ... capability of the several singers. ... is the intermezzo played more ... than it was last night, and the audience tried hard to persuade Mr. ... to repeat it.

In "Pagliacci" Mr. Fontana had abundant opportunities to display his ... powers as an actor and a ... and his Canio was again a portrayal of the kind that grips and holds ... every moment he is either ... or sound. The other members of the cast, particularly Miss Nielsen and Mr. Ancona did their share ... a splendid production of the opera. ... both operas the chorus and the orchestra were superb.

MME. WIESIKE'S RECITAL

Singer Accompanied by Conrad V. Bos—Pleasing Performance.

Mme. Lillian Wiesike, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon, assisted by Conrad V. Bos, pianist. The program of her songs was as follows:

Mar... ...uel a flamma; Lotti, Pur ...; Beethoven, Wonne der Wehmut, ...; Schubert, Liebesbotschaft, Der ...; Schumann, Der Sandmann, Auft-...; Brahms, Immer leiser Wird mein ...ner, Das Maedchen spricht; Wolf, Verschwiegene Liebe, Maeusefallen Spruechlein; ...er, Des Kindes Gebet, Mein Schaetzel, ...tel, Wir Stehen im Feld; Strauss, ...n. Mr. Bos played one of Mozart's sonatas in C major.

There was a small audience.

Mme. Wiesike, we are informed, coming from Indianapolis, studied in this country and then in Europe. She has sung in Germany and, returning to America, given a recital in New York. Her voice is a lyric soprano. The middle tones are of agreeable quality, while the upper ones are not full-bodied. The voice has been well schooled, and the singer has been carefully coached, so that yesterday she made a pleasing but not a strong impression. Her individuality in interpretation was not marked.

Mr. Bos, whose accompaniments have long been admired in Boston, played one of the now neglected sonatas of Mozart and gave a delightful performance, not attempting to give the music deep emotional significance or undue virtuoso importance; but to quote Mozart's own words, the rapid passages flowed like oil. The melodic figures were expressively and simply played. Many solo pianists of high reputation might well have envied Mr. Bos yesterday, for Mozart's music, so simple to the eye, demands perfect technic and a sensitive artistic nature.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The first performance in Boston of "Prunella," or "Love in a Garden," a fantasy in three acts by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, with music by Joseph Moorat.

Prunella	Marguerite Clark
...m	Marie Hudspeth
...r...e	Cecilia Radclyffe
Privacy	Winifred Fraser
Qu...r	Ada St. Clair
Qu...nt	Kate De Becker
Head Gardener	Luke Martin
...ar...n B...y	Albert James
Pierrot	Ernest Glendinning
Scaramel	Reginald Barlow
Love	Leslie Palmer

Don't go to see "Prunella" if you are a tired business man. Don't go if you are bereft of imagination. Don't go if your ideal in the art of the theatre is to smell the turkey as it comes out of the oven. But if you can shake the dust of reality off your mind for a few moments along with your hat, if you have any feeling for charm, any lingering love of beauty, if you have the least spark of imaginative insight, get it out by all means and go.

"Prunella" is a fantasy with lines now quaint, now poetic, set in the quiet, hedged garden of a little thatched cottage where the characters in the comedy pass to and fro in varying moods. Here the real goes hand in hand with the fanciful, sometimes one and sometimes the other coming to the fore, and yet, like the players and the stage manager in "The Yellow Jacket," neither interferes with the other.

"Prunella" is like "The Yellow Jacket" in other ways. It is like it in being a play which appeals to the imagination; it is like it in the beauty and poetry of its lines and it is like it in the perfect art with which the performance is keyed to the mood of the play—a thing which can be said of very few productions of this sort, and which was notably lacking in the late and unlamented Boston production of Mr. Mackaye's "A Thousand Years Ago."

Mr. Winthrop Ames produced "Prunella" at the Little Theatre in New York on the 27th of last October with practically the same cast which is now acting the play in Boston. (Previous to its American production, ... it had been given several times in England, once in 1907, and again by ... Horniman's company in 1913).

The story of the play is more or less symbolic, though it does not force a moral upon the attention of its hearers. It concerns a little maid who has been brought up in the thatched cottage and the sheltered garden by three delightful, but prim, old spinsters. The mummers come to town, and on their way along the road they pass Prunella's retreat, and Pierrot breaks through the hedge. He kisses Prunella and her soul awakes. She longs for life, and finally, persuaded, yet reluctant, she follows Pierrot into the world.

He leaves her, of course, in a day or a year, but at last, in autumn, when the leaves are brown and his heart is heavy, he comes back to the thatched cottage and the quiet garden to find her, if may be, and, if not, to search for peace in its shadows and memories. Only one of the old aunts remain. From her he buys the little house, and in the night, after his roistering guests have gone, leaving him alone, Prunella returns to him in the garden.

The story, however, is unimportant. It is the charm with which it is told that counts. The lines are in turn poetic, quaintly humorous or winged with telling satire. Sometimes they are in verse, sometimes in prose, and always there is the delightful accompaniment of Mr. Moorat's music, which announces the arrival of each personage by a motif perfect in its expression of character. It is music of an exceedingly high order and it constitutes one of the greatest charms of the play.

In perfect accord with both lines and music is the delightful acting of Mr. Glendinning, Miss Clark and their associates. They, too, are in perfect harmony with the mood of the authors. They trip their lines to the music, even as they speak them. Here is no crude realism in acting, nor yet the old-fashioned elocution that marred the performance of "A Thousand Years Ago." Instead there is art—art which I can best describe as conventional, in the sense in which that word means decorative, formal as opposed to realistic. This acting is exactly as it should be. It harmonizes with the quaint characters, the decorative setting, the fantastic episodes. It thrills with emotion and yet it is never out of key with the story.

It is a mistake, however, from the viewpoint of actual values, to feature Miss Clark in the press notices. It is Mr. Glendinning's Pierrot that is the central figure in the performance whenever he is on the stage. His portrayal of the part is really a masterpiece—exquisitely finished, wholly artistic and, when the occasion demands, powerfully emotional. His lines are beautifully read. Miss Clark is attractive, but of all the important characters in the play she is perhaps the least successful in striking the proper note. The part is not a fortunate one for her and does not give her an opportunity to make good the promise of her delightful work in "Baby Mine."

The minor characters are, without exception, excellent. Mr. Barlow's Scaramel is especially well done and Miss Fraser's brief sceno in the last act is one of the most charming moments of the play. The orchestra is very capably conducted by Mr. Phillip James.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Annie Russell and her comedy company in "The School for Scandal," a comedy in five acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Sir Peter Teazle	Fred W. Permain
Sir Oliver Surface	Littledale Power
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Leslie Austen
Sir Harry Bumper	Clifford Devereux
Joseph Surface	Murray Kinnell
Charles Surface	Oswald Yorke
Crabtree	F. Percival Stevens
Rowley	Alan Crosland
Careless	Harold Meltzer
Snake	Johnson Briscoe
Moses	F. Percival Stevens
Trip	Arthur Barney
Lady Sneerwell	Florence LeClercq
Mrs. Candour	Ffolliot Paget
Maria	Henrietta Goodwin
Lady Teazle	Annie Russell

Miss Russell, tireless in her devotion to realism, has succeeded by the acquisition of genuinely valuable accessories in reproducing a perfect picture of 18th century life, a world of powder and patches, with its ogling and its tapping of snuff boxes, its polished elegance and scented frivolity. Beaux and belles, macaronis and dowagers then moved about, exquisitely costumed, simpering and smiling, to faint airs by Cimarda and Rameau.

The production is in many respects charming. The scenes are delightfully set with rare taste, while the management of the stage, the beauty of the costumes and the attention to details are deserving of much praise.

Some four years ago Miss Russell appeared in Boston as Lady Teazle with the New Theatre Company. She then acted the part as though it had been intended for a soubrette. She confided in the audience and smiled at it gleefully when she triumphed over Sir Peter. She thus misconceived the character and struck false notes. She was also artificial and her diction was irritating. The actress has not materially altered her impersonation.

Lady Teazle was neither a grande coquette nor a mere prenuptial savage, an untutored barbarian. She was an attractive girl, modest, yet naturally vivacious. She had been quietly reared and her head was soon turned ... Peter's fond indulgence and by the flattery of those who courted her after marriage, but she was simple at heart.

To Mr. Permain's Sir Peter the honors of the performance fall easily. This well graced and experienced actor characterized the part with rare intelligence and distinction. He did not make the mistake of representing Sir Peter as a buffoon of low comedy, nor was the difference in his wife's and his own age apparently too disparaging. He was a gallant, a man of parts, who had married late and he was never a mere aged and doting husband.

Mr. Kinnell's Joseph was also a clever impersonation. He concealed villainy of heart beneath a suave manner and he presented an appearance calculated to excite admiration.

Mr. Yorke played Charles with appropriate nonchalance. Mr. Power was a capital Sir Oliver, and Mr. Stevens was unctiously hebraic as Moses. Miss Goodwin was a natural Maria.

An audience of fair size was appreciative.

The play next week will be "She Stoops to Conquer."

COBB SKETCH AT B. F. KEITH'S

"Sergeant Bagby," a dramatization of Irving S. Cobb's story, is being presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week by an able company of seven, headed by that always popular Boston actor, George Neville, who has the title role of Sergeant Bagby. The scene is laid in New Orleans on Confederate reunion day and there are Tobe Ezell, Jeptha Grimes, Uncle Wes and all the other characters that played so prominent parts in the original story. Miss Pearl Ford plays most acceptably the role of Sally May Gibson.

Another sketch finding instant favor with the large audience at last night's performance was presented by Edwin Marshall and Miss Tina Marshall in their "The Troubles of R. and J.," the R. and J. being the abbreviation, it is almost needless to say, of our old friends Romeo and Juliet. And as the program well puts it, "'Tis but a skit, its aim is wit, no plot to bother you a bit." Mr. Stevens, a frequent visitor to Keith's, has in "The Troubles of R. and J." ample opportunity to display his versatility.

Mason and Murray, in a little sketch entirely different from anything else, were thoroughly pleasing. Both are excellent singers and mix in a lot of bright dialogue. Marian and Victoria Murray appear in songs—and in gowns of the latest creation. They make up one of the most popular sister teams in vaudeville and have a number of new song stories, that they present with excellent effect.

Burns and Fulton, a dancing duo, were enthusiastically received and were called back several times. Their latest dances were executed with grace, ease and precision. Miss Leona Stephens, late of the "Over the River" company, gave her unique songologue, aided and abetted by the movies which are supposed to portray her movements from the time she steps away from the footlights until she appears again in an entire change of costume. Bowman brothers, "the blue grass boys," proved a lively pair. Others upon the bill this week were Nip and Tuck, novelty acrobats, and the three Alix, who gave something unique in the line of equilibristic feats.

BOSTON THEATRE—"Way Down East," melodrama in four acts, by Lottie Blair Parker; elaborated by Joseph R. Grismer. The principals of the cast:

Anna Moore	Ethel Huyler Gray
Squire Amasa Bartlett	Charles Riegel
Louisa Bartlett	Beth Summerville
David Bartlett	Thomas Mitchell
Kate Brewster	Ida Ellis
Professor Sterling	H. H. Forsman
Hi Holler	C. H. Carlton
Lennox Sanderson	Judson Langill
Martha Perkins	Jane Millard
Rube Whipple	Frank Bell

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"All the Comforts of Home," William Gillette's farce, in four acts. Characters and cast:

Alfred Hastings	William P. Carleton
Tom McDow	Donald Meek
Theodore Bender	Walter Walker
Egbert Pettibone	Frederic Ormonde
Christopher Dabney	George Ernst
Judson Langhorn	Alfred Lunt
Augustus McSnath	J. Morrill Morrison
Victor Smythe	Carney Christie
Thompson	Robert Capron
Bailiff	John Hiller
"The Voice"	Robert Capron
Fifi Oritanski	Doris Olsson
Evangeline Bender	Florence Shirley
Josephine Bender	Mabel Colcord
Rosabelle Pettibone	Augusta Gill
Emily Pettibone	Anne Fayston
Katy	Beatrice Loring
Gretchen	Sylvia Cushman

Miss Loraine Wyman Shows Pronounced and Genuine Art in Recital.

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Loraine Wyman of New York gave a recital of folk songs yesterday afternoon at Miss Gertrude Fogler's rooms in Boylston street. In the costume of a maiden of Brittany she sang old songs of that province, and in crinoline she sang old English and French songs.

The daughter of Julie Wyman, that admirable singer, who for many years held a conspicuous position in the musical life of Boston and other cities, Miss Loraine studied finally with Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who has made of late a specialty of folk songs. With this teacher she has sung with marked success in Paris, London and in cities of this country.

Her voice, a light one, but of fine, agreeable quality and carrying power, has been carefully trained and is expressive. Her diction is excellent. She has the great gift of humor. In her interpretation of naive, pathetic, or malicious songs, facial expression and significant gestures add to the effect of her well-modulated voice. There is no extravagance in her performance; she does not go too far; she knows when she has made her points, and is willing to give her hearers credit for a certain amount of intelligence. There is variety in her art, and this art is pronounced and genuine.

She was especially happy yesterday in the Breton songs of the girl that went after watercress; and wished only a soldier for a lover; the girl that answered confessedly the questions of her justly suspicious father; the song of the pious village procession in the month of May. Then there was the delightful old ballad of William Taylor, also the old ballad of the Outlandish Knight and the Lady, a ballad with many variants.

An audience that filled the rooms was most appreciative.

MISS SHERWOOD'S CONCERT

Miss Elsa F. Sherwood, pianist, assisted by her two pupils, Miss Vesta Aptt and Miss Violet Brigham, and by Thomas Cotton, baritone, gave a concert for the benefit of Mrs. William H. Sherwood yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Tuileries. There was an audience of good size. Miss Sherwood played pieces by Schumann, Chopin, Moszkowski, Edgar Sherwood, Paderewski and Rubinstein. She is well known here as a well-trained musician, a pianist of sound acquirements and good taste, and a capable teacher. Her pupils bore witness to the last statement. Mr. Cotton sang an air from "Un Ballo in Maschera," and songs by Franz, Clutsam and Giehl.

Drama League Pays Tribute to Retiring English Actor.

A meeting of the Drama League of Boston in honor of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was held yesterday afternoon at the Shubert Theatre. The theatre was filled in every part, and many, besides the speakers of the afternoon, occupied chairs on the stage.

Prof. George P. Baker, president of the Drama League, presided and made the opening address. He outlined Sir Johnston's career and stated the many reasons for honoring him. He also specified that the meeting was not intended merely as an expression of admiration for the actor, but of personal affection for the man.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson spoke briefly and delightfully of his long friendship with Sir Johnston. Robert A. Woods, John Craig and Charles Fleischer, who spoke in place of Dr. George A. Gordon, having paid their tribute, a poem, written for the occasion by Mark A. de Wolfe Howe, was read by William S. Parker.

Sir Johnston began his speech in response with an appreciation of the work done for the drama by Prof. Baker and for music by Maj. Higginson.

"I have many ties which bind me to this country," he continued in a more personal vein.

"I have played here many times and I have two brothers who had long dramatic associations with America. This country has been very kind to me. I have felt everywhere the mysterious cord of sympathy, and it is to this country that I owe the fact that I am able to retire from the stage.

"I have always longed to disappear at the right moment, and while I can still shake a leg—as it were—I wish to vanish into private life.

"I would say to the young people, do not listen to the pessimists and croakers who say that the palmy days are over.

[illegible] advanced enormously. [illegible]erpreters have advanced enormously. [illegible]e audiences for serious drama are increasing every year. There will always [illegible] audiences for the great bard of Stratford-on-Avon."

In conclusion Sir Johnston stated that his retirement does not include Miss Gertrude Elliott. He expressed his thanks for the honors put upon him and for the many beautiful things said about him during the afternoon, while the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" as a fitting ending.

The statement was recently made that "Dixie" was first sung in John Brougham's "Pocahontas," played at New Orleans in the spring of 1861; that the manager wished to introduce a song that would fire the southern heart; that Susan Denin, "a sprightly young woman," came on the stage at the head of a zouave company, singing: "I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!"

This is a pretty story, and it has often been told, but it is not true as far as the origin of "Dixie" is concerned.

In September, 1859, one of the Bryants of Bryant's minstrels in New York told his fellow member, Daniel D. Emmett, that they wanted a new walk-round. Emmett had once travelled in the South as a drummer with a circus. The expression "I wish I was in Dixie" was common among circus folk who gave a show north in winter, when the southern circuit was popular. It was on a rainy, dismal day that Emmett, remembering the gag, worked out the famous tune. It was first sung on the stage of Bryant's minstrels at 472 Broadway, New York, on the night of Sept. 19, 1859.

Dixie is said to have owned a great plantation on Manhattan Island. When he was compelled to abandon slavery he went to Maryland, and thereafter when a slave owner was compelled to leave the North, it was remarked that he was going to Dixie's land. We do not vouch for the truth of this story about Dixie the man.

It is a fact that "Pocahontas" was given at the New Orleans Varieties Theatre in the spring of 1861. Mrs. John Wood was playing in the piece. A tune was wanted for a Zouave March, and Carlo Patti, the conductor, decided on "Dixie," which Susan Denin sang.

Further, here "Dixie" was published at New York in 1860 by Firth, Pond & Co., and we have a copy before us.

Another Old Song.

As the World Wags:

I have a copy of the song, "Old Folks at Home," published by Oliver Ditson about 1872. Words and music are attributed to E. P. Christy. Cover design is a picture of Adelaide Neilson. A recent speaker here claimed Stephen Foster as the author of the words. Who wrote it? QUERY.

Brunswick, Me., Feb. 2.

The words and music of "Old Folks at Home" were written by Stephen C. Foster probably in 1851. E. P. Christy, the negro minstrel, asked Foster for a song he might sing before it was published. Foster sent him "Old Folks at Home" and received $500 from Christy for it. In this way Christy's name came to appear on the first edition; but Foster sent the manuscript to his publishers, who paid him and his heirs the royalty. The publishers furnished Christy an advance copy. Christy retired with a fortune in 1854. In 1862, temporarily insane, he jumped from the second story of a building in New York and died. His insanity was due to the fear that he might some time lose his money.

Are you not mistaken about a cover picture of "Adelaide Neilson"? Do you not mean Christine Nilsson, the singer? Ed.

"Bote" or "Bhut."

As the World Wags:

I notice that our seafaring friend from South Reading declines the geographical limits in which he implies the true Britons may be found, as extending "from Eastport to the tip of Cape Cod"! But let it be as may be. However, down on Buzzard's Bay and along the back shore of Cape Cod (where the "cat" happened to be invented) the word "boat" is pronounced nearly as it is spelt as a rule, and not as "bhut," "bwat" or "bort," as is the case to the eastward.

Boston, Feb. 2. KAT BOTE.

Bill of Fare and Menu.

As the World Wags:

Some aspersion seems to have been hung at my use of "menu" for "bill of fare." Without desiring to raise any issues, I rise to remark that, not having the old reliable Oxford at hand, I have to depend on a dictionary given away, free gratis, for a coupon and 98 cents by The Herald, according to which the use of "menu" seems unassailable. I would, moreover, divest myself of the opinion that such expressions as "bill of fare," "theatre-bills," anything, in fact, conveying the disagreeable thought of bills ought to be tabooed in our columns. Let us have nothing but cheering thoughts—eat, drink, smoke, sleep and the like—leaving "work," "pay," "fight," and so on, for your neighbors, the editorials and the Letter Box.

Can you tell us that the Doctor (not Crockett) has left Clamport because of difficulty over an unpaid coal bill. Perhaps we are at the threshold of your sanctum at the moment a discussion was on the way as to the bill for the banquet. Do you recall in "Er[illegible]" the effect on Caddy, when he heard part of a sentence—'and cuffs'"?

Really, if Dr. Johnson and some others are to take more than an academic interest in the banquet, such ideas as bill, cost and pay must be confined to the deliberations of a special committee on ways and means. LUDWIG SCHLOSS.

Boston, Jan. 29.

We prefer "bill of fare" to "menu" because the former goes back to the 16th century, whereas "menu" in English is not 100 years old; also because "bill of fare" is still the common word; because "menu" leads to hotel French. What was it Mr. Thackeray said to Lucy, his serving-maid? "I hate all your Frenchified fuss."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Mr., not Dr., still less Prof. The eminent sociologist has refused many honorary titles. You should see him rear and prance and paw the air when some well-disposed ass thinking to be complimentary addresses him as "Professor." It's a fine sight, to go with Sir Thomas Browne's draughts of three passionate looks; of Thyestes when he was told at the table that he had eaten a piece of his own son; of Bajazet when he went into the iron cage; of Oedipus when he first came to know that he had killed his father and married his own mother.—Ed.

Feb 5 1914

"The head bones of a man of 66 are not the same in density as those of a younger man."

Then there is hope for a young bonehead. But at what age does he wholly cease to be one?

Proper Pride.

It is an open secret that the New York Philharmonic is no longer in any way inferior to the Boston Symphony orchestra; in some respects, indeed—notably the brass choir and the heads of other instrumental families—it is superior.—New York Evening Post.

Mr. Henry Theophilus Finck is a good New Yorker

Referred to the Committee.

As the World Wags:

Presence of THE sex at a dinner promises success. Femininity infuses worthy post-prandial thoughts into the minds of men who, unlike Mr. Herkimer Johnson and Mr. Halliday Withers-poon, are not blessed with the perennial sort. Then, too, a subtle charm of contrast follows the departure of the ladies. Accordingly let the gentle contributors attend the proposed banquet. And when the last fair one has left the room, all masculine minds will be ripe for austere discourses.

Boston, Feb. 2. TARBELLUS.

Music at the Feast.

As the World Wags:

Kat Bote's promise to enliven the banquet with a ballad touches me strangely. Every yachtsman, I suppose, knows what the Captain said to the Engineer, but I would travel many miles over a wintry sea to learn what reply the Engineer made to the Captain. And if Kat Bote doesn't know, could he oblige us with "The Volage and Tragicall Deth of Ben Bolt," with some account of his Funerall? Or perhaps with the ballad of the voyage of some of the early Spanish or Portuguese discoverers? Or the more modern song of the sailor lad who sought to purchase a bottle of rum? Let us have songs at the banquet, by all means. Music hath charms to soothe the savage feast. EMMOUVEL MAINTOPP

Boston, Jan. 29.

Song of the Woods.

As the World Wags:

I have noticed the discussion in your column as to the meaning of the word "wangan." I enclose this from the Buna as the current meaning of the term in the woods of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. I was a "wangan man" all last summer

C. B. J., Jr.

THE WANGAN MAN.

By C. B. Jordan, Jr.

I'd like for be the "wangan" man an' deal
the comp'ny's stuff,
For chew the C. V. L. tobac an' always have
enough,
An' see one poor Canuck like me come sbuffin'
par le porte
With, "Pour lettre? Pour moi? M'sieu, mon
nom Pierre LaCourte."

An' then I'd get my feet upon, slow, like the
worl' was mine
An' rustle in the portman'eau to see what I
could fin'
Till I could say, "Pierre LaCourte—there sure
a letter be,
It come, I think, from St. Laurent, from
Ma'moiselle Marie."

Why would I rather do this work than chop
or pull the saws?
It ain't on 'count of lesser work, it only been
because
I'd like to see on some one else one smile
like what I had,
When letter come from ma Marie, by Gar!
I was been glad!

There is this note: "The 'wangan' is the company store in each camp. One wangan man handles all the mail for the camp."

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Smith of North New Castle, Me., for a copy of Mr. Holman F. Day's verses entitled "The Wangan Camp." The poem is too long for quotation here. It begins:

The Wangan camp!
The Wangan camp!
Did ye ever go a-shoppin'
In the Wangan camp?

You can get some plug tobacker
Or a lovely corn-cob pipe,
Or a pair of fuzzy trousers that
Was picked before they's ripe.

Mr. Smith adds: "If, as 'T. J. E.' and 'W. R. G.' say, 'wangan' is the Indian word for trap, does not this ballad suggest a reason for the woods-store being turned a wangan. What more natural than for 'steddy worker,' who has 'fetched out in debt' to liken the woods-store to a trap?"

"His Excellency."

Only yesterday we were asked how a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts should be addressed. Mr. Albert Matthews of this city contributed an interesting article about colonial Governors to Notes and Queries of Dec. 27.

"In Massachusetts the Governor was in early days called 'Honored Governor' and addressed as 'Honored Sir'; but later was called 'Honorable Governor,' and addressed as 'Honorable Sir.' On 20 Dec., 1686, Sir E. Andros (the first royal Governor) reached Boston, and the same day was called 'His Excellence'—a form which soon became 'His Excellency.' Andros was ovethrown in April, 1689, and government under the old charter of 1629 was resumed, lasting until May, 1692, when Sir W. Phips arrived as Governor of the Province. From that day to this the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors have been called 'His Excellency' and 'His Honor,' respectively, and these titles were conferred by the first state constitution, adopted in 1780."

The title "His Excellency" was given to the Governor of New Hampshire in 1784, but the state constitution then ordained that he should be styled "The President of the State of New Hampshire"; to the Governor of Rhode Island in 1777, and in the same year to the Governor of Connecticut; to the Governor of New York in 1691, of New Jersey in 1703 and again in 1710, of Pennsylvania as early as 1693 and again in 1777, of Maryland in 1692, of North Carolina in 1731, of South Carolina in 1721, of Georgia in 1754, but the constitution of 1777 ordained that he should be styled "Honorable," of Virginia in 1683.

Mr. Matthews writes to us that the title is distinctively American. "Of course, the title did not originate in this country in the sense that it was first used here. But it did originate here in the sense that it was here first applied to royal governors sent over from England."

The Newspaper Habit.

As the World Wags:

Did you ever see a woman read a newspaper properly, i. e., after reading one page turn it over on to the next and so on? I never did. Most of what she is not reading is on the floor.

Jamaica Plain, Jan. 31 C. P. H.

What should she do when an interesting article on the first page ends "Continued on page 8, column 2"? Many men look first at the sporting pages or the stock market reports.—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Cast:

Conductor.....Mr. Moranzoni
Il Conte D'Almaviva.....Florence Constantino
Bartolo.....Luigi Tavecchia
Rosina.....Alice Nielsen
Figaro.....Mario Ancona
Basilio.....Vanni Marcoux
Un Uffiziale.....Ernesto Giaccone
Fiorello.....Attilio Pulcini
Berta.....Elvira Leveroni

The broad humor and many mystifications of Rossini's tuneful Barber were again found much to the taste of a very full house at the opera last night. The occasion was notable for the first appearance at this house in Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia" of both Miss Alice Nellsen and Mr. Ancona, though the role of Rosina has been a favorite one with Miss Nellsen for some time in other cities, and Mr. Ancona was heard in Boston some twenty years ago in the title role of the "Nozze di Figaro."

Miss Nielson sang the part of the too well guarded Rosina with verve and spirit, and her finished singing of its arias brought constant applause and an insistent demand for an encore of "Contro un Cor." Mr. Ancona both sang and acted with the robustness that fits the good-natured and busy-bodied barber. Mr. Constantino was a melodious and plausible Almaviva. All the minor parts in this musical charivari were well taken.

In his rendering of Basilio, Mr. Vanni Marcoux repeated his sensation of last year. Nothing seems to be beneath Mr. Marcoux's artistry, and the calaverous and penurious Abbate had little touches of character and incident so skilfully contrived as almost to lift it out of the realm of burlesque.

Feb 6. 1914

Spanish Main. The mainland of America adjacent to the Caribbean Sea, especially that portion of the coast stretching from the Isthmus of Panama to the mouth of the Orinoco; in later use also, the sea contiguous to this, or the route traversed by the Spanish register ships. Now historical.

At First Only Land.

This is the definition of Spanish Main given by the Oxford English Dictionary in the section published last month. We quote it because we have received several letters, all of them protesting against the restriction of the phrase to the above named coast. Among the illustrative quotations in the Oxford Dictionary are these: 1725 Sloane, "Jamaica": "This is brought from the Spanish main, or Continent of America." 1803, J. Burney, "Discoveries in South sea": "That part of the continent since known by the names of 'Terra Firma' and the Spanish Main." There is also the well known line from "The Wreck of Hesperus," "Had sailed the Spanish Main," but no mention is made of the fact that Longfellow afterwards changed the line to "Had sailed to the Spanish Main."

Mr. E. W. Ottie writes entertainingly, so we do not hesitate to publish his letter, although we prefer communications that are short.

All About It.

As the World Wags:

The trouble with the term "Spanish Main" is that it is quite a modern expression, I believe, and consequently the romance supposed to attach to it is of a rather spurious quality. The term nowhere occurs in Shakespeare, nor in any of the Elizabethan poets, like Charles Fitz Geffrey, Gervase Markham, or William Warner, who wrote on the English captains and sea-dogs of the period. Nor does it occur in the contemporary English translation (1684) of the veracious but long-winded John Esquemeling's history of the Buccaneers of America. Honest Esquemeling claims to have been present in person at many of the Buccaneers' enterprises, such as the sack of Panama, the burning of Porto Bello, and the taking of Chagre, Puerto del Principe and Gibraltar. In this translation the term "West Indies" is apparently applied to the whole of Central America, the Spanish-American coast eastward from the Isthmus to the mouth of the Orinoco, and the islands in the Caribbean Sea, which latter is called the "Caribee Sea." In the reproduction of the contemporary map of Spanish America in the "History" the sea off the Brazilian coast is called the "Brazilian Sea."

Esquemeling does speak of the "main ocean," but otherwise there is no use of the term "Spanish main." The expression may have crept into the language of late years as a blundering translation of the Spanish "Costa Firme," or "Tierra Firme," used in the 16th century for the continental South American coast. The loose use of the term "Spanish main" became quite customary among the 19th century writers like Kingsley in "Westward Ho!" and "The Pleasant Isle of Aves," Stevenson and Frank Stockton, and, of course, later writers have followed suit.

Spurious Romance.

But why should "Baltimore" worry? By all accounts there was precious little romance in the doings of those gentle ruffians and rapscallions, who styled themselves the "Brethren of the Coast." All Sir Henry Morgan, L'Ollonois, Roc Brazillano, and others of that breed were out for jolly Spanish dollars, and as long as they could lay hands on a sufficient quantity of the chinking golden pistoles, doubloons and double doubloons they cared little enough for other matters.

Nevertheless, the Buccaneers ought to prove of some interest to us, as they got their name originally from the half-savage hunters and pirates of the Island of Hispaniola, or Hayti, who, from their method of curing or barbecuing the meat of wild cattle and swine, were called in French "boucaniers." The English hunters turned this into "buccaneer." Simultaneously the French hunters took the English term freebooter and turned it into "filibustier," their method of pronouncing it, from which has emerged our latter-day "filibuster."

Things Spanish.

I notice that Sir W. Davenant, in his opera, "The History of Sir Francis Drake" (1659), refers to the Spaniards in the following fashion:

"Tho Diegoes we'll board to rummage their hold."

Diego is a common Spanish Christian name, and is pronounced deago. Can this be the origin of "Dago"?

While we're on things Spanish, just what is an "Olla Podrida"? Has it a peculiar make-up, or is it just Spanish for Irish stew? Last, but not least, is it going to figure in the forthcoming dinner to the contributors?

Dr. Crockett's objection to the amount of space devoted to matters of eating, cooking and food in general, in the columns of "As the World Wags," is surprising. Surely the doctor ought to know that well fed men make good fighting men. Who was it said: "An army marches on its stomach"?

"Snow" and "Whiddah."

Mr. Fitzgerald may be interested to know that "snow" (denoting a vessel's rig) comes from Low German "snau" through the Dutch "snaauw," meaning a beaked or snouted vessel. Except for some difference in the rigging of the mainmast, the snow was identical with the brig: sloops-of-war, when brigs were most commonly rigged like snows, however. The ship "Whiddah" ought to be, I believe, the "Whydah Galley"

... h... ing from Wh... ... of the ... ports on the African ...

... Old Calabar, Accra, ... Coast Castle—what visions they ... of slaves and slavers, pirates, ... r and gold-dust! There ... to be enough romance to ... even "Baltimore."

... Feb. 2. E. W. OTTIE.

... comes from the Spanish ...

... is traced back to the ... from which comes ... "freebooter."

... means literally a rotten pot. We quote from Mabbe's translation of Aleman's Guzman Ete" (1622): ... givers things as Mutton, ... Hens, Capons, Sawsages, ... Garlick, onions, Etc. It is ... Podrida, because it is sod leisurely, till it be rotten (as we say) and ready to fall in peeces. In English it ... well beare the name of Hodgepodge." For a full and delightful description, see Richard Ford's "Gatherings from Spain" (Everyman's Library, ...), and reading, your mouth will water. The French description—the cigars boiled in three gallons of water—is a base calumny.—Ed.

APPLAUD RUFFO AND TETRAZZINI

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini and Titta Ruffo gave a concert last evening at Mechanics' Hall. The joint appearance of these two celebrated artists drew a large audience. The concert began with Demerreman's Solodi Concerto, for flute, played by Pietro Caso.

Mme. Tetrazzini's numbers included "Caro Nome" from Verdi's "Rigoletto," "Grand Valse" by Venzano and David's couplet Mysoli from "Perle du Brasil," with flute obligato. The singer was in voice and sang with her accustomed brilliance and fluency.

Mr. Ruffo was heard for the second time in Boston. The haunting and sonorous beauty of his voice again compelled admiration. He sang arias from Verdi's "Don Carlos" and Rubinstein's "Damon" and the serenata from Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Ruffo were heard together in the final number, "Dunque io Son," from Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

There was prolonged and hearty applause and both singers were generous in adding to the program. Yves Nat played sympathetic accompaniments.

Feb 7 1914

INTERPRETING BRAHMS SPIRIT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. There was not a vacant seat. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4	Brahms
Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde"	Wagner
Concerto for piano, E-flat major, No. 5	Beethoven
Death and Transfiguration"	Strauss

Dr. Muck conducted the symphony by Brahms for the first time in Boston. He put it on the program of March 28, 1908; but as he was then indisposed, Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted in his place.

Yesterday the performance was an impressive one; first of all by a singularly skilful choice of tempi. We have heard, and within recent years, the first movement dragged out beyond endurance, so that there was little contrast between it and the Andante that follows. While Dr. Muck preserved the austere, granitic character of certain pages, and they are in the majority, the Andante was sung, and the inherent melancholy was contemplative, even tender, not wholly pessimistic.

The third movement, the one that Brahms's friends protested especially against when they first heard it, was played in the spirit indicated by the composer, i. e., in jocose manner and with amazing spirit, while the performance of the final variations was a triumph for leader and orchestra.

Some find in this symphony a program. This one says that the composer was influenced by Sophocles; that one sees in the Andante the desolate Campagna; the Finale suggests to still another the burial of a soldier. Let them rave. The fourth symphony may picture to Mr. Kalbeck the tragedy of human life. To Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson it may portray the struggles of life, while Mr. Smith may think vague but gloomy thoughts throughout the performance.

To many of us this symphony is on the whole depressing; written in the ... of ... Brahms thought ... on ... and he dreaded the ... Death to him was not the ... blessed ... compassionate angel, it was the lean old fellow with the scythe. And this symphony reeks of death and is without the noble music that brings hope and confidence at the end of the one in C minor.

After a superb performance of the Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," in which Dr. Muck worked a remarkable crescendo, a passionate performance without screeching for the passion of some conducting this prelude is only caterwauling—Mme. Carreno played Beethoven's great concerto. She was last here in December, 1909, when she played Tschnikowsky's concerto with her accustomed fire. During her absence she celebrated the 50th anniversary of her appearance in public as a pianist. She has had an unusually long brilliant, romantic career.

Yesterday she gave a sotto voce version of the concerto. Her playing was careful, exact. The runs were smooth and even; the phrasing was precise and neat; but the noble breadth and sweep, the chivalric dash, the imperial stateliness that should characterize the performance of this concerto—all were lacking, and the interpretation of the Adagio was pale.

The concert was a long one and many, unfortunately for them, left without hearing a most dramatic reading of Strauss's tone-poem. When this work was first played in New York a critic of that city described it as a charnel-house piece. It is true that Strauss's hero is a long time in dying and he dies hard, but the majesty, the sublimity of the "Transfiguration" section must excite admiration even in the minds of those prejudiced against "realistic program music." Death "may not be so difficult, may not be so terrible, as our fears whisper. The dead keep their secrets and in a little while we shall be as wise as they—and as taciturn." So wrote a man under sentence of death when he was still young. But when we hear such music as the "Transfiguration" we recall the saying of Sir Thomas Browne: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave."

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony in F minor, No. 4; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice;" Cornelius, overture to "The Barber of Bagdad." Elizabeth van Endert of the Berlin Royal Opera will sing for the first time in this country. She will sing these songs with orchestra: Wolf, "Verborgenheit;" Strauss, "Wiegenlied" and "Caecilie"; Humperdinck, "Es Schaukeln die Winde"; d'Albert, "Venushymne."

MISS MARTIN'S RECITAL

Miss Edith Martin, harpist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. She was assisted by Walter Loud, violinist; W. Dole, flutist, and Frank Luker, pianist. The program included Mozart's concerto for flute and harp, harp solos by Alvars, Zamara and Mendelssohn, a sonata for violin and harp by Spohr, violin pieces by Saint-Saens, Kreisler and Loud, flute pieces by Demersseman and Chopin. And there was a group of songs by Schubert, Franz, Schurmann and Mozart sung by Miss Martin. The harpist gave a recital in Steinert Hall, a year ago last November. On account of the weather there was a small audience last night.

"GIOCONDA" WITH DESTINN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "La Gioconda," Mr. Moranzoni, conducted.

La Gioconda	Miss Destinn
Laura	Mme. d'Alvarez
La Cieca	Miss Leveroni
Enzo	Mr. Constantino
Alvise Badoero	Mr. Mardones
Barnaba	Mr. Ancona
Zuane	Mr. Pulcini
Isepo	Mr. Fusco

To Hugo Wolf, critic of the Salonblatt in Vienna, "La Gioconda" was the abomination of desolation. The composer, he said, had no originality. "He has a dozen physiognomies; his imagination proceeds like a stubborn ass that after every second step goes back upon the first. 'La Gioconda' is composed merely for the singers, not for the public."

There is some truth in this, nevertheless Ponchielli's opera, which was performed last night for the first time this season, has a certain interest on account of the composer's endeavor to break away from conventions. In this he was not wholly successful, but he pointed the way to younger men with a more vivid imagination and his influence on them is unmistakable.

He substituted a sort of arioso speech for the conventional recitative and tried to give dramatic meaning to the orchestral accompaniment. In the matter of aria and ensemble he was less independent. His melodic vein was not rich and he had not the gift of melodic characterization.

An air of Barnaba might as well be sung by Alvise as far as any musical portrayal of ... is concerned ... Laura's music has about the same ... as that of Gioconda. The two melodies that remain in the memory are that of the Blind Mother, which might have been written by Meyerbeer, and Enzo's pretty romance in the second act. In the employment of the chorus and the orchestra Ponchielli was more fortunate.

The revival of the opera gave pleasure for several reasons. It brought the return of Miss Emmy Destinn, an admirable dramatic singer, who by her beautiful and telling voice and sincerity and force in action gave life to the part of Gioconda. The production itself pleased. Once again we were able to realize the fact that this opera house, after all, has a spacious stage. Then there was the excellent performance of the chorus.

Mme. d'Alvarez had opportunity to display the uncommon range of her glorious contralto voice. Miss Leveroni was deservedly applauded for her singing of the mother's air. Her voice is growing in power without loss of quality. She is also gaining steadily in authoritative delivery.

The women were superior to the men. Miss Destinn and Mme. d'Alvarez sang so effectively what they had to sing that the inherent poverty of the music was for the moment forgotten. Mr. Constantino was in better voice than on former occasions, and his singing of "Cielo e Mar" excited hearty applause, but he too often indulged in sentimental falsetto when he should have sung like a man. He is the same Constantino, facing the audience instead of the person he is addressing, too anxious for applause.

The stage manager should put an end to one pitiable survival of Italian traditions: he should not allow singers in a dramatic scene after they have made their exit to return for the sake of bowing and thanks and thus dispelling any illusion and delaying the action. Such conduct might be expected of a tenor trained in Mr. Constantino's school; but Mr. Ancona, who last night was equally greedy of applause and as ready to bow and scrape, should know better. He sang and acted with spirit. Mr. Mardones was a sufficiently saturnine Alvise. Mr. Moranzoni conducted dramatically and with taste.

It is said that the late Lord Strathcona was not fond of recalling his early years. In this respect he differed from his wife. Once when he was finding fault with a washwoman who had been careless with a dress shirt, Lady Strathcona called out: "Donald Smith, I remember the day when you never wore a shirt that I had not made and washed and ironed myself."

Who is the greater snob, the man that is ashamed of the years when he was poor and struggling, or the man that is always boasting of them? We all know the man who came to the city with only $5 in his pocket "and NOW——." Years ago the President of the Railroad Company was never weary of saying that he began life as a water-boy and worked his way up. Now the president often assists in watering the stock. What has become of those queer old-fashioned waterpots with the little rack for two or three glasses? There was no fear of death-bringing microbes then and appendicitis was commonly known as inflammation of the bowels. In those days the popcorn vendor drove a roaring trade in the train. And did the man that cried: "Sponge and jelly cake" all the way from New York to Springfield leave no descendant?

George H. Boughton, the painter of Puritan maidens, was aided in his youth by a brother who kept a hat, cap and fur shop in Albany, N. Y. After the painter was famous a dinner was given in his honor and some Albanian full of enthusiasm dwelt on the guest's early poverty much to his annoyance. At last the painter cried out: "Don't rub it in so. I wasn't as poor as all that."

"Don Giovanni" in Paris

Mr. Henry Russell of the Boston Opera House in a statement concerning his season in Paris says: "We shall confine our endeavors to the Italian and German works to be found in our repertory—'Don Giovanni,' for instance, which has never been sung in Paris in Italian."

Benighted Parisians! But the light will soon shine on them.

As a matter of fact, "Don Giovanni" has been sung in its native Italian many, many times in Paris. The first performance was on Oct. 12, 1811, at the Theatre Italien. Famous singers have sung in Italian in Mozart's opera at Paris: Mmes. Mainvielle-Fodor, Sontag, Malibran, Lalande, Grisi, Persiani, Frezzolini, Viardot, Krauss, Patti, Messrs. Garcia, Rubini, Mario, Lablache, Steller, Nicolini. On March 3, 1877, "Don Giovanni" was performed in Italian in Paris, with Mmes. Albani, Singer, Sorelli, and Messrs. Pandolfini, Nanetti, Ed. de Reszke and Piazza.

You Win.

As the World Wags:

Having made a wager that "Damaged Goods" has been played in Boston, I wish you would favor me by stating how long, commencing when, and at what theatre it did play.

Fall River, Feb. 3. A READER.

"Damaged Goods" was produced in Boston at the Tremont Theatre Dec. 1, 1913. It ran for three weeks.

"Universalistic."

The London Times recently published an advertisement for "A Gentleman, from thirty to forty-five, to act as Host in a new Social Club in Piccadilly." This gentleman must also act as secretary and manager of the club; and it is required that he "must have travelled widely and be temperamentally universalistic."

"Universalistic" is a good word. This host, secretary, manager, traveller, must therefore also believe that all mankind, and even the fallen angels, will ultimately be saved. His cheerful belief will cover even the members of the club.

"Eternal Fitness."

To "H. d'A.," Manchester, N. H.—The phrase "Eternal Fitness of Things" was apparently used first by Samuel Clarke in 1705. "They (the Hobbists) have no way to show how compacts themselves come to be obligatory, but by inconsistently owning an eternal fitness in the thing itself." Clarke defined the quality of moral rightness as consisting in a "fitness" to the relations inherent in the nature of things. And so the phrase was popularly used for: What is fitting or appropriate. With Clarke fitness was a synonym of "reason."

Give Him a Low Mark.

As the World Wags:

It grieves me to think that the erudite editor of As the World Wags, in his columns of Jan. 30, should feel constrained to cast supercilious aspersions upon the spelling of my Latin. In clipping the feathers of majestic flight from my winged words, he cannot, after the manner of editors, bid me, on the score of a typographical error, go to the devil; for he himself, and no inky devil, has avowed, aloof and disdainful, the dark deed.

Now Poseidon of eld was never "omnipotens" (as the unsensing censor most unwarrantably repenciled it) on classic Olympus—that distinction belonged to a brother—nor, with the help of valiant Dr. Crockett and his good friend, J. Dormouse Sproggs, shall our Poseidon, Jr., be "omnipotens" when transported to our modern Valhalla. Instead of this dry and trite phrase with which I am officially accredited, I, sir, wrote "Poseidon omnipotans", wrote it, sir, in requisite coldness, though not chill, of blood and with untrembling fingers! My phrase, while possibly not the Latin of the puristically debased and slavish lexicons, ought to be intelligible to any antiquarian editor who has not forgotten common verbs and his first conjugations. The entire appropriateness of this tribute will be evident to all who are cognizant of the dives and bars where the lordly old Grecian gentleman is alleged to have swayed, and of life as it is customarily lived in those ichthyic* regions.

How can our editor consistently commend to our bosoms his good friends, the loafers and footpads of speech, when a solitary and amiable loafer and guileless footpad, trustfully laden with benign meaning, has been thus pounced upon, sandbagged, and dispatched with editorial e's?

*Pronounced 'ick-the-'ick; whence some derive Poseidon Hicks.

SILCOX FASSETT, Bart.

Bar Harbor, Feb. 4.

Will the noble Lord kindly tell us in what Latin book, Ciceronic, classical but not Ciceronic, ante or post classical, Low Latin (including ecclesiastical), mediaeval, new or modern (chiefly technical), he finds the word "omnipotans"? We were aware of the fact that there is a verb "poto" of the first conjugation: but Poseidon was never represented by poet or sculptor as a tosspot. The wet God did not indulge himself in wet goods.—[Ed.

Feb 8 1914

MEISTERSINGER FOR THIRD TIME

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg." Mr. Caplet conducted.

"Die Meistersinger" was performed yesterday afternoon for the third time this season. There was a large audience. Leon Laffitte of the local company took the part of Walther for the first time here, and William Hinshaw of the Metropolitan Opera House took the part of Hans Sachs for the first time in Boston. The other chief parts were taken as follows: Eva, Miss Hempel; Magdalene, Miss Rienskaja; Pogner, Mr. Braun; Beckmesser, Mr. Leonhardt; David, Mr. Jou-Jerville; Kothner, Mr. Blanchard.

A press agent of today would describe Wagner's opera as a satire with "a love interest." What a pity it is that this musical satire is not of rea-

able length! Would that it could be put in a duck-press and the best part of it extracted and put upon the stage. We know that there are enthusiasts who would not have a note cut out. They keep saying: "Ah, the score! Ah, the score!" and they roll their eyes toward heaven until the whites glisten in ecstasy.

Now no sane person disputes the beauty of many pages in this score, but the opera is not after all a work of plenary inspiration. There are tedious passages. Everything is drawn out until the native beauty is well nigh destroyed. The effect of the Prize-Song is discounted by the endless rehearsals of it, so that when it finally comes it seems no better and no worse than any ordinary composition that is awarded a prize. The humor, German humor, heavy as a rule, leaden, and in the street row of the Hanswurst order, is painfully elaborated. Yet there are some who would say of this score what John the Divine said of his Revelation and invoke an awful curse on the wretch that would take away not only a page, but a measure.

A performance of "Die Meistersinger" without cuts is all very well for Bayreuth. There the visitor has nothing else to do. He can go to bed at an early hour the night before. He can rise early, take a cold bath and a few gymnastic exercises, walk a little and then rest until the beginning of the opera. After the first act he can fill himself with ham and beer, and thus be in a condition to endure the next act. Again there is opportunity for beer, and the third act is heard with amiability, while the Wagnerian spirit, musical and malt, encourages a nap. They order these things better at Bayreuth. Gaseous waters during the waits in the American city are not so beneficial.

Miss Hempel is a charming Eva who does not tax the credulity of the spectator seeking the illusion of youth. Natural, maidenly in action, she sings the music as music, not as a peculiar Wagnerian expression mastered only at Bayreuth. Her skill in coloratura aids her in flowing song. Miss Rienskaia was a little more sober in gesture than at the first performance, when she was as effervescent as a bottle of ginger pop.

Mr. Hinshaw gave a conscientious performance of Sachs, conscientious, but uninteresting. As a singer and an actor he lacked unction, and Sachs had unctuous humor, nor did Mr. Hinshaw give an adequate idea of the humanity and the true poetic spirit of the man. The David of Mr. Jeu-Jerville is still well meant and unsatisfactory, especially in voice. Mr. Braun's sonorous organ gave dignity to the music of Pogner, who in a New England village would have been chairman of the selectmen, also postmaster under a Republican administration. Mr. Leonhardt's Beckmesser is well conceived and well carried out. The program still names the pedant "Heckmesser" as it persists in entitling Leoncavallo's opera "I Pagliacci." Mr. Laffitte gave a certain amount of character to Walther, who is usually represented as a walking gentleman preoccupied with the song that he must sing in the last act. In fact Mr. Laffitte showed more spirit and imagination in this part than in the majority of roles taken by him in the course of the season. The chorus again did admirable work.

There were many curtain calls.

"LUCIA" REPEATED

Popularity of the Opera and Low-Priced Performances Proved.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Lyford conducted.

Lucia	Miss Scotney
Edgardo	Mr. Taolongo
Enrico	Mr. Giacomo
Raimondo	Mr. Sampieri
Alisa	Miss Heymao
Arturo	Mr. Fusco

Last evening "Lucia" was given by the cast that appeared at the first Friday evening concert of the season. The increased attendance was a tribute to the popularity of this opera and an evidence of the growing interest in popular-priced performances. Mr. Fusco made his debut with the Boston Opera Company as Edgar. The experience he has had in the weeks he has been with the company has been greatly to his advantage. Miss Scotney sang her part with her accustomed energy and lent distinction to the performance. Generous appreciation was given by the audience.

BOY THEATRE—"Magic," a fantastic comedy in three acts and a prologue. By G. K. Chesterton. First performance in America.

Julia Carleon	Miss Lingard
Frank Carleon	Mr. Williams
The Duke	Mr. Pember
The Conjurer	Mr. Bliss
Patrick Grimthorpe	Mr. Collyer
Cyril Smith	Mr. Saddler
Morris	Mr. Struthers

Mr. Chesterton's play was performed for the first time last November at the Kingsway Theatre, London.

The plot is ephemeral, while the story is apparently wholly innocent of dramatic form. A conventional doctrinaire liberal clergyman, a conjurer and a sceptical young man from America meet each other in a ducal drawing-room. Each voices inflexible opinions. There is a continuous discussion convened by the flitting appearance of the Duke, an eccentric old gentleman whose conversation is amusingly irrelevant, and Patricia Carleon, a gospel-eyed maiden who believes in fairies.

In the prologue, Patricia, walking in the "Celtic Twilight," discovers a stranger in the garden. She believes him to be a fairy, and he encourages her in the belief. He is, however, merely a conjurer rehearsing in private and invited by her uncle, the duke, to provide entertainment.

His tricks excite her scoffing brother to delirium, but the magician invents a satisfactory explanation of his methods. Young Morris recovers and Patricia opens her arms to the conjurer with whom she has mysteriously fallen in love.

The feature of the play is its dialogue, which bristles with Chestertonian philosophy and epigrams, while the violently contrasting opinions of the varied characters provide a broad field for discussion.

"L' Amore dei Tre Re," which will be produced tomorrow night at the Boston Opera House, has the advantage of having an unusually good libretto. The author, Sem Benelli, is known throughout Europe by his drama, "La Cena delle Beffe," which, translated into French by Jean Richepin, was produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt in Paris March 1909, when Mme. Bernhardt took the part of Gianetto. "L' Amore dei Tre Re" was conceived as a drama, and the libretto is a considerable portion of the whole play. Parts were selected that seemed to be best for opera to purpose, but the verses of this tragic poem have not been changed except in a few instances. The scenes which in the original poem precede the coming of Avito in the last act have been converted by the poet into a spoken chorus, which is introduced before the death. The poet also wrote the words for the chorus behind the scenes.

Benelli, dramatist and poet, was born at Filletole (Prato) in 1877. He was educated in Florence. Other works by him than those just mentioned are "Lassalle," "La Terra," "Vita Gaya" and "Il Martello."

The story of "L' Amore de Tre Re" is a cruel one of the middle ages. The action passes in an Italian castle 20 years after an revolution by barbarians. Archibaldo, an old and blind baron, has a son, Manfredo, a warrior, and Manfredo is the trusting husband of Flora, who had been given to him by the Alturians for the sake of peace. Their young Prince Avito was to have married her.

Avito, during Manfredo's absence, visits Flora and the blind man suspects her. Avito leaves her chamber before dawn and the lovers talk on the threshold. The day breaks and she is alone. Archibaldo questions her and finds her trembling. Manfredo returns rejoicing in the purity of his wife, spotless as a lamb. She meets him and they go into her chamber. The father, alone, exclaims:

O Lord my God, since thou hast ta'en mine eyes,
Let me not see, let me be blind, be blind!

In the second act Manfredo farewells Flora. Again he leaves for battle. Avito, dressed as a castle guard, is suddenly before her. Flora in desperation tells him that he must go, she must not love him, he must leave her to her sorrow. Manfredo had begged her to climb the wall and wave a greeting with her scarf. This scarf is brought to her in a casket by a handmaid, and Avito longs to kiss it. She refuses and waves the scarf, while he embraces her. There is a passionate love scene. Archibaldo enters. Avito, having attempted to stab him, thwarted by a guard, runs away. The old baron is conscious of something strange and terrible. He questions Flora, who at last admits her love but will not name her lover. The baron throttles her and Manfredo returns to find her dead. His father tells the story, and the son cries out:

Of such great love that child-heart
Then was capable, and not for me?

Act III. The crypt in the castle chapel. Flora lies in white garments on a bed of flowers, and the people mourn her with prayer and hymn. Avito enters and they recognize the Prince of Altura. Weeping, he kisses her lips. Manfredo comes in as his rival totters. For to detect the lover, the husband and his father had spread a powerful poison on her lips. This scene, with the verses sung by the chorus, might have been written by John Webster for "The White Devil" or "The Duchess of Malfi." Manfredo asks whether Flora loved Avito, and the prince answering him triumphantly urges him to take his revenge and kill him. Manfredo supports him and lays him on the ground. "My God! My God! Why can't I hate?" He throws himself on Flora's body and kisses her lips. The old man gropes his way toward the bier.

ARCHIBALDO
A groan! Now I have caught thee, thief!
Thief! I want to feel thy heart
In death

MANFREDO
(With dying voice)
No father! Thou'rt mistaken

ARCHIBALDO
(Suddenly rising to his full height)
Ah! Manfredo! Manfredo! Thou also; then,
Art with me past salvation in the shadows)
(The curtain falls)

In New York when this opera was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House Jan. 2, the libretto, the music, and the performance were loudly praised by the public and by the critics. As for the music, we shall all hear what we shall hear. In New York one critic declared that the composer Montemezzi had walked in the path indicated by the Verdi of "Otello." Another spoke of Moussorgsky's influence. All agreed, however, that there was no trace of Puccini; that the music was singularly original.

Italo Montemezzi was born in a village of the province of Verona. He studied at the Milan Conservatory. His first opera, "Giovanni Gallurese," was in one act. It was afterwards made into three acts and produced at Turin in 1905. His second opera, "Hellera," was also produced at Turin in 1909. L' Amore del Tre Re" was the third. It was produced at Milan last season. There is also a cantata performed at Cremona on the 25th anniversary of Ponchielli's death. Montemezzi is now at work on another opera, "La Princesse Lointaine."

The chief parts at the Metropolitan were taken by Mr. Fontana (Avito), Miss Bori (Fiora). Mr. Amato (Manfredo) and Mr. Didur (Archibaldo). Mr. Toscanini conducted. Miss Bori and Messrs. Fontana and Amato will sing here tomorrow night and Mr. Ludikar will take the part of the blind baron. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

Mr. Fontana created the part of Avito at Milan. He told a reporter of the New York Times how this happened. "Last April I returned to Italy with my wife and we were passing through Milan on our way to Rome. I received a message from the impresario of La Scala. He said that De Muro, the tenor, who was to have sung Avito, had been taken suddenly ill and asked me if I would undertake the role. Time was very short, and in the rush of preparation I got opportunity for just three one-hour rehearsals with the composer. That was all the preparation I had for this new role."

It is to be hoped that the management of the Boston Opera House will be encouraged by the public in the production of new operas. The late Maurice Grau had little faith in "novelties" or in sumptuous productions. He believed that the great public was chiefly interested in singers, and he therefore gathered together the leading men and women of the operatic world and gave old operas with remarkable casts. As a result, he prospered, and was one of the very few operatic managers that were able to retire into private life with much more than a competence for the rest of their days. His successor was bolder. He dared to produce "Parsifal," "Salome" and some other works. Mr. Grau, whenever he produced a new work, was not supported by the public. Mr. Conried was in this a little more fortunate, although certain New Yorkers in a laughable spasm of virtue protested against the addition of "Salome" to the repertoire. It was Mr. Hammerstein, who, by importing admirable singers to produce unfamiliar operas, spurred the Metropolitan Opera House into activity.

The public, even in Boston, still puts the singers first. If Mr. Russell should announce for tomorrow night, "Lucia" with Mme. Melba, there would not be a vacant seat even if she were to be supported by Messrs. Tanlongo and Fornari. So it would be if it were announced that Mr. Caruso would sob violently in "Pagliacci."

When "Boheme" was produced here by Mr. Charles A. Ellis, the public went to the Boston Theatre to hear Mme. Melba. Puccini and all his works were nothing to them. Indeed, many declared that "Boheme" was lacking in melody and they wondered why Mme. Melba was willing to take the part of Mimi.

Tomorrow night there will be an opera, which, according to all accounts, is of uncommon dramatic and musical worth. The ability of the chief singers is recognized by all. There will be only three performances of this opera. Let us hope that Mr. Russell will have no occasion to reproach the public for indifference.

Lilli Lehmann on Singing

The Macmillan Company of New York has just published a new and revised edition of "How to Sing" ("Meine Gesangskunst") by Lilli Lehmann. The translation is the careful and scholarly work of Mr. Richard Aldrich.

Mme. Lehmann in the preface to this new edition says that she has endeavored to forestall misinterpretations and to express better what she had to say in the first. "It must not be thought that I lay claim to anything new. But I do lay claim to having translated that which has often been said and likewise misunderstood into the language of the singer who can only guide himself by tone sensations and learn therefrom. Only a few are chosen—not all can become great artists. But every one who devotes himself earnestly to this vocation should endeavor to attain the highest efficiency." She insists that singers should take daily gymnastic exercises with their vocal organs so as to preserve their material for their profession. "Technic is inseparable from art."

This book will interest teachers and pupils rather than the general reader; it is for the most part of a pedagogic nature. To them it should be suggestive, practical, helpful. Yet there are some pages that are interesting to laymen. For instance, Mme. Lehmann tells of her early training. Her mother to the end of her life—that is till her 77th year—kept her voice "noble, beautiful, young and strong." Mme. Lehmann has been on the stage for 34 years. At Prague she sang daily in operas, operettas, plays and farces. At Danzig she sang from 18 to 20 times a month in coloratura and soubrette parts. She led this life in Leipsic, and later for 15 years in Berlin. She also sang in many oratorios and concerts and now and then gave lessons.

In Adelina Patti everything was united, a splendid voice, great talent for singing, long oversight of her studies by Strakosch.

"She never sang roles that did not suit her voice; in her earlier years she sang only arias and duets or single solos, never taking part in ensembles. She never sang even her limited repertory when she was indisposed. She never attended rehearsals, but came to the theatre in the evening and sang triumphantly, without ever having seen the persons who sang and acted with her. Although she was a Spaniard by birth and an American by early adoption, she was, so to speak, the greatest Italian singer of my time. All was absolutely good, correct, flawless, the voice like a bell that you seemed to hear long after its ringing had ceased. Yet she could give no explanation of her art. * * * She possessed unconsciously as a gift of nature a union of all those qualities that all other singers must attain and possess consciously."

But were Aida and Carmen roles that suited Patti's voice? Was her repertoire so limited?

"The most perfect singer that I remember in my Berlin experience was Theodore Wachtel, in this respect, that with his voice of rare splendor he united all that vocal art which, as it seems, is destined quite to disappear from among us. How beautiful was his coloratura, his trills—simply flawless! Phrasing, force, fullness of tone and beauty were perfect, musically without a blemish. If he did not go outside the range of Arnold, George Brown, Stradella, Basco, the Postilion and Lionel, it was probably because he felt that he was not equal to interpreting the Wagnerian spirit. In this he was very wise.

"Recently the little Italian tenor Bonci has won my hearty admiration for his splendidly equalized voice, his perfect art, and his knowledge of his resources; and notwithstanding the almost ludicrous figure that he cut in serious parts, he elicited hearty applause. Cannot German tenors, too, learn to sing well, even if they do interpret Wagner?"

"When I was learning the part of Isolde, I could without weariness sing the first act alone six times in succession, with expression, action and a full voice. That was my practice with all my roles.

"It is insane folly to try to sing important roles on the stage after one or two years of study; it may perhaps be endured for one or two years without evil results, but it can never be carried on indefinitely. Agents and managers commit a crime when they demand enormous exertions of such young singers. . . . No woman of less than 24 years should sing soubrette parts, none of less than 28 years second parts, and none of less than 35 years dramatic parts; that is early enough.

"Ever since Wagner made his influence felt, most singers strive to exaggerate the distinctness of the consonants and often with them to expel the entire word in a hard, shrill, forceless, ugly fashion. You can actually hear the end consonants flying about in space. Even though distinctness of articulation is necessary and desirable, the methods of the Bayreuth school were an entire failure. Their teachers, unconscious of what they were doing and teaching in good faith, committed a great wrong not only toward vocal art, but toward the vocal organs of the unsuspecting singer."

The volume is illustrated with a portrait of Mme. Lehmann and there are many diagrams for teachers and pupils. On page 323 there is "a good remedy for catarrh and hoarseness."

Mr. Bauer and Dance Music

Mr. Harold Bauer has arranged an unusual program for his recital next Tuesday afternoon. He has chosen dances from the time of Bach to the present day.

He will first play Bach's suite in G-minor, the third of the English suites, so called. It includes a Prelude, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gavotte and Gigue. Why this suite and its five companions were called English is not known, and they were not published during Bach's lifetime. Sir Hubert Parry thinks it barely possible that

[illegible] the suites of Henry Purcell. "Long before any foreign nation had begun to think of music for the domestic-keyed instrument there was a colossal accumulation of Purcell music of the very highest quality, in which the suite form gradually took shape." Bach's youngest son possessed a manuscript copy of his father's English suites, and it is said that the words "fait pour les Anglais" were written on the first page of the suite in A major. Now the Prelude of this suite is an enlargement of a Gigue by one of Dieupart's suites. Dieupart was a popular teacher and composer in England and a little older than Bach. It is not probable that this note referred to an English patron or to the English public. The words were probably written with reference to the movement of Dieupart's.

Schumann's "Davidsbuendlertaenze" come next on Mr. Bauer's program. These little character pieces bear the date 1837. The title is in allusion to the idea that inspired the work rather than to the form. The "Davidsbuendler," a society of artists with views in common, was a band in the imagination of Schumann the critic. "The hosts of David are youths and men destined to slay all the Philistines, musical or other." War was declared on mediocrity. These little "dances" are those which the followers of David had with the Philistines. "The separate compositions are allusions to moods caused by the conflict of the most imperative decrees of that confederacy with the actual world." Each number bears the mark of Florestan, who represented the vehement element of Schumann's nature, or of Eusebius, representing the gentler and more poetic side. Schumann thought highly of these pieces and wrote to his Clara that if ever he was happily disposed for piano composition it was when he conceived them.

After a minuet by Beethoven, Mr. Bauer will play Chopin's Tarantelle, composed at Nohant in 1841. This piece is not often heard. Opinions differ as to its value. Schumann found wildness of imagination in it. "We see the madly whirring dancers before us until our own senses seem to reel. We can scarcely term this lovely music." Mr. Huneker fails to see this frenzy that moved Schumann to forgive Chopin for the Tarantelle.

"It is as little Italian as the Bolero is Spanish. * * * It is without the necessary Ophidian tang, and far inferior to Heller's and Liszt's efforts in this style of dance. It breathes of the North, not the South. But Niecks sees in it a translation from Italian into Polish, a transmutation of Rossini into Chopin, a Neapolitan scene painted with opaque colors."

Ravel's Pavane pour une Infante defunte, composed in 1899, was played here by Mr. Ganz in March, 1906, and I believe Mr. Bauer has also played it. Ravel orchestrated it in 1910 and this transcription was played at a Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House a year ago last month. It has been said that Ravel had in mind the death of an Infanta, but questioned, he answered that "Infante" was here any child.

Let us hope that there will be no protest against Alexander Levy's Tango. Probably the first tango heard in this city was the concert piece so-called played by Mr. Fernandez-Arbos at a Symphony concert Oct. 24, 1903. Mr. Arbos, who composed it, introduced a popular Tango tune and he told me that the dance was then popular in Spain; it was seen in the street, in dance halls and in almost every native operetta. He believed that the word and the dance originated in Cuba. Mr. Bauer will add a Fandango by Granados. We have heard music by this Spanish composer played by Mr. Copeland. Some of Granados's Spanish dances were heard in Paris as early as 1904.

Cesar Franck's Danse lente is not known by many of his admirers. It was composed in 1885 between the Prelude, Choral and Fugue, and the Prelude, Aria and Finale. The other pieces on the program, Chopin's "Polonaise" in F sharp minor, Schubert's "Laendler" and a Hungarian dance by Brahms need no comment.

De Curel's New Play

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote on Jan. 20 about a new "psychological" play:

"The Ambigu, so long the home of melodrama, has staged a remarkable play in 'La Danse devant le Miroir.' Its author is M. Francois de Curel. He has not been seen on the French stage for eleven years. The play recalls an earlier work of the author, 'L'Amour brode,' given some years ago at the Comedie Francaise, and appears to be a modification of that, but the changes warrant one in considering it a new production.

"Paul Brean, ruined, has thrown himself into the Seine rather than confess his love for Regine, who has a large fortune. He is drawn from the water by some fishermen, and recovers. Regine offers him her hand, which he refuses. He will not seem to marry her for her money. To overcome his scruples, she pretends that it is necessary for her to marry to save her from dishonor. He then consents.

"Presently he discovers that she has invented the story to conquer his objections; thereupon he resolves to play a part. He professes to believe that she has committed the fault. A misunderstanding arises, which lasts until the night of the marriage. Regine is the psychological sister of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler. 'The beauty of death' appeals to her. Is her husband really a hero for love, ready to sacrifice his life rather than commit a baseness, or is he merely the speculator wearing the mask of chivalry? Agonizing problem. Brean, affected by her own morbid questions, commits suicide at the moment when she is pressing him in her arms.

"It is a curious play and analyzes human emotions with an extraordinary justice. By his title, the author apparently wishes to convey the thought that twin souls see each other's images in the mirror of life, the one confounded with the other. This close kinship affects their morbid state.

"The play is splendidly interpreted by Mmes. Simone and Androe Megard and M. Claud Garry."

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If he recovers, some half-dozen people will be made happy; if he does not recover, the same number of people will be made miserable for a little while, and during the next two or three days, acquaintances will meet in the street—"You've heard of poor So-and So? Very sudden! Who would have thought it? Expect to meet you at ——'s on Thursday. Goodbye." And so the end. Your death and my death are mainly of importance to ourselves.

Foreign News

They are discussing the question in London and Edinburgh whether Burns was after all a poet.

At the Play

As the World Wags:

It was a mortifying experience to anyone who has a pride in the city of Boston to witness this evening at the performance of "Hamlet" at the Shubert Theatre the ill-breeding and lack of consideration for others' feelings that were shown by the audience.

During the King's first speech, the voice of the prompter was very audible, and it was evident that the person taking the part of the King did not know his lines. When he next appeared on the stage he read his part from the book.

Now to any person with even the smallest amount of intelligence (and Bostonians are supposed to have a goodly share), it was evident that something unexpected and unfortunate had occurred, and one with any sense of understanding might have realized the unhappy situation of all the actors, and one with any sympathy might have felt for the man impersonating the King.

But this cultured Boston audience showed none of these traits. Every time the King spoke a titter went through the audience; every time that he hesitated or could not see the book in the dim light this titter increased to a giggle and then to laughter. The hisses from those in the audience who seemed to have any feelings of decency added to the din. Not until Forbes-Robertson came before the curtain after the third act and announced what had been perfectly evident to the thinking person, namely, that Mr. Ringham, who was scheduled for the part, and also his understudy, were sick in bed, and Mr. Lacy had undertaken the part that the performance might go on, did it filter through the minds of the titterers that an accident had occurred. Then came applause, continued applause until Mr. Lacy was obliged to come before the curtain and bow to those who had shown him discourtesy throughout the evening. I feel sure that in the audience were many who blushed with shame for the disgraceful lack of manners shown and I know they would gladly join with me in a humble apology to Sir Johnston and all his company, above all to Mr. Lacy, for an act of ill-breeding we should all be glad to undo. INDIGNANT.

Boston, Feb. 5.

Mince Meat.

"Main Street" touched the stomachs of many by asking whether mince meat must contain meat. We have received several letters in reply to the question.

"M. G." of Cambridge writes:

Apropos of mince meat, citron, &c., "Main Street" may be interested in Hannah Glasse's recipe (9th ed., 1765) "To make mince pies the best way." She does not consider meat an essential, for after a long, elaborate list of ingredients, including layers of citron and "half a hundred pippins," she concludes, "if you chuse meat in your pies, parboil a neat's tongue, peel it and chop the meat as fine as possible, and mix with the rest, or two pounds of the inside of a sirloin of beef boiled." "M. G." also quotes a recipe for making mince pies of veal from E. Smith's "Compleat Housewife's or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion" (9th ed., 1739). "In 'American Cookery by an American Orphan' (1822) I find three recipes for mince pies all containing meat and none citron."

Mr. James A. MacPherson of Dorchester writes:

"Being of a green old age and having been born in London and lived in the British Isles until 45, besides being extremely fond of mince pies and plum pudding, made and cooked in the most approved methods, and never having suffered from any gastronomical disorder, and having been always looked up to as a famous epicure 'without frills,' I think I may say that genuine mince meat is not to be found without its most essential ingredient beef meat. Ignorant omissions or fanciful substitutes may pass the ordinary gross feeder, but not a son of Epicurus."

Uncooked

"Stenographer" says that we failed to mention that the English mince meat containing the fruit and suet was not cooked. "We are not an authority, but a mince meat very much used throughout England and Scotland, and we know was used in Aberdeen 30 years ago, was similar to the English mince meat referred to by the editor. This mince meat had as its principal foundation, minced apples. In using a peck of apples, minced fine, the rest of the fruit was used in pound quantities. For instance, 1 pound of orange peel, 1 pound of lemon peel, etc., currants, raisins, dates, figs, nuts, and 1 pound of suet. This was not cooked in any way. Simply put in jars, after it was thoroughly mixed, and allowed to stand for weeks before using so that it might mellow. It consisted of any fruits, and each person usually had some favorite fruit which they thought added to the quality. If they were not teetotalers, and Scotland is not famed for them, they added 'spirits.' We think if 'Main Street' is a real Yankee and has never tried this other recipe, that she will find that it is much lighter and is far more enjoyable, in that there are no after attacks of indigestion."

"Comin' Thro' the Rye"

"Stenographer" also writes: "Does 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' refer to a field of grain or a river by that name? An esteemed American friend assures us that the reference is to a river."

All the pictures represent a youth in a Scotch cap trying to kiss a girl in a rye field. Some Americans are mad wags.

'SAMSON AND DELILAH' GIVEN

For the second time in Boston, and after an interval of several years, Saint-Saens's oratorio of Samson and Delilah, which in its stage setting is so favorite and often repeated an item of the Boston Opera program, was given at Symphony Hall last night by the Boston Festival Orchestra under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer, as the 678th concert of the Handel and Hadyn Society.

In making the inevitable comparison between opera and oratorio, several points seem to tell in favor of the less familiar version. The impressiveness of the Bible narrative rests upon simple means, to which sophistications of modern opera add very little, even where they do not detract. The fall of the Hebrew champion and prophet, as familiar to us in the Old Testament, is not weakened in the oratorios by any overlay of sentiment, such as sensuous acting can supply, and the divine indignation as expressed through the abandoned people is far more fittingly sensed by the rush and momentum of such a massive chorus as that heard at Symphony Hall last night, than by the most naturally contrived storm effects.

Among the soloists, Mme. Florence Mulford, who took the contralto part originally assigned to Mme. Gerville Reache, showed a rich and sustained quality of tone, and managed her coloratura with marked success. Dan Beddoe, in the role of Samson, sang conscientiously and made good use of his voice, a peculiarly robust and resonant tenor, throughout. Earl Cartwright, as the High Priest, was dramatic and especially effective in the "Dagon" duet in the last part of the oratorio. Willard Flint, in the double role of Abimelech and the Hebrew patriarch, gave a striking transition from the harsh reproaches of the Philistine to the slow and dignified warning of the Israelite.

The chorus throughout the long and difficult oratorio was quite remarkable in its sustained alertness of attack, securing every variety of color and avoiding the flatness of tone too common in pianissimo passages. The orchestra with so much of the responsibility for the atmosphere and sequence of the story resting upon its execution of descriptive passages rose magnificently to the occasion, specially noticeable being the strength of phrasing among the string instruments.

YSAYE AT OPERA HOUSE

Is Assisted by Opera Orchestra and Is Enthusiastically Received.

Ysaye, the violinist, assisted by the full orchestra of the Boston Opera Company, gave an attractive program last evening at the Boston Opera House. A large audience received the violinist's offerings most enthusiastically and recalled him time and time again. Ysaye finally gave an extra number at the conclusion of his announced selections in the second half of the program.

Under the leadership of Charles Strony, the orchestra opened the concert with the overture from "Don Giovanni," and Ysaye next played Mozart's Concerto in G major. The orchestra followed with an aria from Bach, a largo from Handel and the Tambourin from "Fetes d'Hebe."

Anthony Dubois was the conductor after the intermission. Two numbers by the orchestra were the overture from "Carnaval Romain" and the idyll from "Siegfried." Ysaye played Bruch's Concerto in G minor, with an extra number. The concert was ended with the "Rhapsodie Norvegienne" by the orchestra.

Feb 10 1914

'LOVE OF THE THREE KINGS'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "L'Amore del Tre Re." Tragic poem in three acts by Sem Benelli. Music by Italo Montemezzi. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Archibaldo.....Mr. Ludikar
Manfredo.....Mr. Amato
Avito.....Mr. Fontana
Flaminio.....Mr. Giaccone
Un Giovanetto.....Mr. Fusco
Fiora.....Miss Bori
Arcella.....Miss Hellane
Una Giovanetta.....Miss Sharlow
Una Vecchia.....Miss Leveroni

Montemezzi was fortunate in his libretto. It is said that he at first wrote incidental music to Benelli's tragedy from which the libretto was arranged. Whether this report is true or false is now immaterial. The libretto even in the English version by R. H. Elkin is out of the common. The original is "writ in choice Italian," so those thoroughly acquainted with that language say, and in the English there is still a poetic flavor.

The story told by Benelli is simple, frank and short. It is noble, not sensual. The maiden, betrothed to Avito but given in marriage for political reasons to Manfredo, was not a light o' love. Her legal mate, unlike Francesca's, was a man whom she could respect and might have loved if he had been the first comer. Faithful to Manfredo, she would have been unfaithful to Avito, for she was ingenuous, not given to deceit, and although through pity for Manfredo she attempted to put Avito from her, at last she could not lie and she gloried in her confession though she knew death was then giving eyes to the blind old baron.

Was the Baron also in love with her, or did he love her because his son was her husband? Here is a delicate point that admits of academic discussion, an interesting subject for those giving preparatory lectures on the music drama. This is certain: Archibaldo was sinister in his vengeance, a righteous vengeance as he thought, by reason of his blindness, as Stevenson's blind man in "Treasure Island" is peculiarly terrible. But Archibaldo is one of the wise old men of the operatic stage; he would have been of close kin to Maeterlinck's Arkel and Marco if he had only been a little more of a philosopher and not a man of action.

The snare prepared by Archibaldo and Manfredo to catch the lover by putting poison on the lips of Fiora as she lay in state after having been throttled by the old Baron would have pleased the Elizabethans. It takes us back to the tragedies of Webster and Tourneur. Yet in this tragedy it does not seem extravagant, or too melodramatic. The trick was an Italian one, and the Italians were masters in the art of poisoning. A helmet donned by an adversary, a torch held before an honored guest, the pommel of a saddle, riding boots, a bouquet or fan, the lips of a portrait—all these were sure instruments of death, and there were even more ingenious devices that the murderer in Marlowe's "Edward II." boasted of having learned in Italy.

Throughout the libretto there is the poetic expression that gives nobility to what might otherwise be a common story of illicit love and mediaeval retribution.

Montemezzi's opera is literally a drama with music, and no one can justly appreciate the talent shown by this composer until he is familiar with the text; not only the story in detail, but the dialogue, with its expression and its subtle suggestion. At the very beginning there is a remarkably beautiful passage for the orchestra, exquisitely lyrical, that illustrates the lines in

which Flora is described [illegible] and Archibaldo exclaims: "Well, let her sleep; since youth is but a dream, naught else." So in the same act the orchestra is pictorially eloquent in Archibaldo's magnificent account of how he and his comrades came into Italy, the land they love.

The music of Montemezzi is singularly original. It does not follow the scheme of Wagner or of Debussy. The influence of the later Verdi is not felt. It is wholly free from any taint of Puccinism. While there is no aria, while there is no ensemble—except the little but impressive funeral chant at the beginning of the third act and the duets when examined are not duets in the conventional meaning of the word—there is no copying of the formulas of heightened speech invented by Wagner and later by Debussy. On the other hand, there is no falling into barren recitative.

How pathetic by their simplicity are the replies of Flora to Manfredo in the second act! Here are the accents of a perturbed soul that feels at its heart its innocence, though the world might proclaim it guilty. And in this opera there is no sensuous love music; there is the ecstasy of kindred souls. Archibaldo and Manfredo both know of this ecstatic love. For this reason the latter cannot live after he learns that Avito was loved in this manner. When Archibaldo rails against Flora after the murder Manfredo does not bellow for revenge "Of such great love that child-heart, then, was capable, and not for me." If Flora could have heard this cry, she might have rushed to her husband's arms in loving adoration, and from a child suddenly become a woman.

Thus we go back to the tragic poem itself, and this is the highest tribute to Montemezzi's music. It is impossible to separate the music and the poem. The Italian has done in an Italian way for an Italian drama what Debussy did in a subtly French way for the Belgian symbolist. The effect is the same, though the means procuring it are very different. It would be idle now to speak of technical matters, of the composer's harmonuic system, his use or avoidance of ultra-modern scales, his employment of instruments, his invention of timbres. All this would now seem pedantic. Let us speak only of the result obtained by this richly endowed composer with a rare instinct for dramatic effects. This result was overwhelming.

Nor is it too much to say that the production of this opera, hitherto unknown here, is the great event so far of the operatic season. The performance was an engrossing one. Miss Bori, by her beauty, her voice and vocal art, her free and natural acting, portrayed the charming simplicity and child-like character of Fiora. Mr. Fontana, although his make-up was to many disillusionizing, sang and acted with irresistible authority. Mr. Amato gave full expression to the love of Manfredo, hoping almost against hope. Mr. Ludikar gave an impressive performance of Archibaldo, [illegible] sharply and powerfully the various phases of the baron's nature.

Mr. Moranzoni deserves the highest credit for preparing the orchestral performance with necessarily few rehearsals. Under his leadership the orchestra [illegible] was varied and always [illegible].

Mr. Urban's settings were effective in [illegible] color, beautiful to the eye, [illegible] in spirit. If only he had [illegible] more stage room for the action! The libretto calls for a "spacious hall [illegible]." But Mr. Urban is not [illegible] and he forgets that he [illegible] the actors.

There was a large and brilliant audience. There were many curtain calls.

Thus you see how this knowledge of the Law arrogates to it self a Power and Soveraignty over all the Sciences and Arts, exercising a Tyranny over them, and advancing it self above all other Sciences, as the First-born of Heaven, despises and contemns all the rest, being it self constituted out of the frail and [illegible] Passions and Opinions of men, of all things the most slender, and subject to altera[illegible] upon every change of State, Time or Prince, and which deduces its original from the [illegible] of our First parents, the cause of all our evils.

A Blessed Conversion

As the World Wags:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

The discussion now going on between lawyers as to what shall be done to reform the administration of the law seems to be in line with the dialogue between the two clowns in "Hamlet":

Clown—But is this law?

Clown—Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-quest law.

It also reminds one that when a certain lawyer years ago had gotten "[illegible]n, honor, and then honest," and thereupon proceeded to condemn the profession and its evil works; the late Henry [illegible]aine of blessed memory remarked [illegible] reformed brother: "I fear he has [illegible] state's evidence on the Devil."

A LEGAL MALEFACTOR.

[illegible]n, Feb. 6.

As to Judges

[illegible] of remarks recently made [illegible] judges. Francois de la Motte le [illegible] observed many years ago that the Swiss were not the only ones who believed that the shortest judicial formalities were the best. "Jean Leon says in the second book of his 'Africa' that the inhabitants of Mount Semede in the kingdom of Morocco have no other judges of their disputes than passers-by; and he says the same in his fourth book of those that dwell in the town of Medua, for he was detained in both places longer than he wished in order to decide all their differences, having been made judge according to the custom of the country. Joseph Barbaro, a Venetian gentleman, testifies in his first narrative that the Tartars whom he visited were judged by the first man of worth whom they found in the highway. And I have read in a writing by Federic Badoare, ambassador to the court of the Emperor Charles V., that in Arragon, Valencia, and Catalonia, the justice often called in married men, who happened to be passing in the street, and obliged them to decide by ballot the civil or criminal cases that were then pending. All this shows that the judge wholly unknown and consequently the least interested was considered the most just, as one that should apparently be without prejudice and free from any sort of corruption."

And so in pleasant weather law cases might be decided on the Common with an upright judge found already on his bench, smoking his clay, observing the pigeons with a kindly eye, communing with nature and reflecting on the eternal verities.

Old Railroad Days

As the World Wags:

About those old tin water buckets in railway trains. I think their very last public appearance was on the Boston & Maine between Concord and White River Junction. I remember my amazement at seeing the brakeman coming along the aisle, pouring as he passed. This was many years after "coolers" had been installed in through trains.

What, too, has become of those delicious "fried pies" of the old Springfield station, filled with apple or mince meat? The pop-corn man still plies his trade at White River Junction and at South Vernon, boarding all trains and shouting his wares, as of old. M. W. H.

Cambridge.

White River Junction! Name associated in boyhood with custard pies, each one covered with a fly screen of wire. In those good old days the trains from Boston to New York stopped at Stamford, Ct., for a remarkably sound, clear ale, and there were fresh split rolls with a layer of ham not too fat, not too lean. Then there was a stop for other trains at New Haven with time for an excellent meal. On the New York Central the approach to Poughkeepsie was welcomed for the good cheer at the station. At the Springfield station the pork and beans were once famous, "most all pork with a lot of beans." All this was before the day of the dining car and its enormities.—Ed.

Civic Jealousy.

On Feb. 7th we published a courteous letter from a citizen of Fall River asking whether "Damaged Goods" had been performed in Boston. We answered the question, remembering that the production had excited certain Bostonians, sensitive in matters of art. But the play, the letters, the critical articles—these are now as remote as the Battle of Marathon. We publish this morning a letter to show that there are some who do not appreciate an aesthetic movement in a manufacturing town.

As the World Wags:

Just for a moment to refer to a modern subject. I noted a query from Fall River in this morning's notes of notion, and felt an immediate and overwhelming desire to know more of this town. Is the place so far from Boston that the mail is irregular, once in three weeks or so, like the service to Great Slave Lake, you know?

Feb. 7. PLYMOUTH ROCK.

"Edwin Drood"

As the World Wags:

A paragraph in your department some time ago asked where the version of "Edwin Drood" as continued by the clairvoyant, Jameson, as I think your correspondent called him, may be obtained. Let me say that the book may be obtained at the Boston Public Library, as, if I recollect correctly, I had it out several times some years ago. At that time I also found a copy at a second-hand book store. Years ago I met the writer of that version, and his name was James, not Jameson. He was a resident of Brattleboro, Vt., I think, and he used to tell me that he had no conscious knowledge of writing the story, that it was done at night during his sleep. In the volumes which I have had there is nothing to mark where Dickens left off and the alleged spirit hand began, so the story runs continuously from cover to cover. Your correspondent implied that the "spirit" continuation is said to be quite Dickensian, but my own impression has always been that while the continuation is most interesting and highly sensational, it was quite un-Dickensian, and pencil notes all the way through that half of the books that have come to hand so declare. Yours truly,

JOHN H. WILSON.

Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" Charmingly Given.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"She Stoops to Conquer," a comedy in four acts, by Oliver Goldsmith.

Sir Charles Marlow..........Leslie Austen
Young Marlow..........Oswald Yorke
Hardcastle..........Fred W. Permain
Hastings..........Murray Kinnell
Tony Lumpkin..........F. Percival Stevens
Diggory..........Littledale Powers
Roger..........Philip Edwards
Dick..........Herbert Gordon
Thomas..........Clifford Devereux
Stingo..........Harold Meltzer
Jeremy..........Alan Crosland
Slang..........Arthur Barney
Muggins..........William Scott
Twist..........Edgar Ware
Aminadab..........Lawrence Taylor
Mrs. Hardcastle..........Ffolliot Paget
Constance Neville..........Henrietta Goodwin
Dolly..........Florence LeClercq
Kate Hardcastle..........Annie Russell

Goldsmith's play was acted with spirit last evening by Miss Annie Russell and her English comedy company.

Kate Hardcastle is a character excellently suited to Miss Russell. Her impersonation was chiefly commendable for its refined pleasantry. She was delightfully arch and coquettish, saucy and piquant. Her transition from demure young gentlewoman to pert barmaid was effected with an appropriate lightness of touch and in a proper vein of merriment without undue exaggeration. She was a vivacious flirt.

Mr. Yorke was a gallant young Marlow. His first scene with Kate, in which he is overcome by bashfulness, was well contrived and excellently carried out. He was lordly in the house he took to be an inn and smooth-tongued with the supposed and winsome bar-maid.

Mr. Stevens was a joyous Tony Lumpkin. He romped and capered through the play with rollicking good humor. Tony's impish tricks, his love of mockery, his irrepressible hilarity delighted the audience. George Gidden's admirable impersonation of the character, however, remains ineffaceable.

Mr. Permain's Hardcastle was excellently acted. Mr. Kinnell made much of Hastings. Miss Goodwin was a charming Constance. Miss Paget was an imposing and explosive Mrs. Hardcastle. Other members of the company rendered efficient support.

Next Monday evening "The New Henrietta," adapted by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes from Bronson Howard's play, will come to this theatre. The cast includes William H. Crane, Douglas Fairbanks, Amelia Bingham and Patricia Collinge. Seats sale opens this morning.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Motion pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle going through the steps of some of the dances they have helped to make famous are presented to the patrons of B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. This is the first time a dancing picture has ever been produced. The "Castle Walk," the "Hesitation Waltz," the "One Step," the "Maxixe" and the "Argentine Tango" are the dances portrayed. It was possible to follow the evolutions of the dances quite distinctly on the screen.

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, late stars of "The Girl of My Dreams," appeared in a little sketch entitled "The Quakeress," which found great favor with the audience. Miss McIntyre's little mannerisms were most entertaining. When she lisps, she is in a class by herself.

Another skit which was highly appreciated by the audience was William A. Brady's presentation of the one-act play, "Beauty is Only Skin Deep," by Elizabeth Jordan. It portrays the effort of a middle-aged western woman whose husband has become a United States senator to sufficiently improve her looks to permit of her remaining by her husband's side without embarassing him. The scene is in a beauty parlor, and before the eyes of the audience the beauty doctors show what wonderful transformations their art can make.

Frederick V. Bowers was back with his company in a new set of songs and dances which were highly entertaining. Another interesting skit was Joseph Hart's production of "A Telephone Tangle" by Charlot Bannel. Several different persons are shown trying to telephone while a mischievous telephone operator persists in crossing the wires, which results in much confusion and merriment.

The El Rey sisters gave an exhibition of the tango and turkey trot on roller skates and won the merited applause of the audience. Other attractive features were Mabel Sherman, who sang a few popular songs; Lane and O'Donnell, who gave an amusing tumbling act; Pealson and Goldie, in a singing and whistling act, and the Great Patricks, who showed some exceptional equilibristic stunts.

'DOLL GIRL'

COLONIAL THEATRE — Richard Carle and Hattie Williams in "The Doll Girl," a musical comedy in three acts; by Leo Stein and A. M. Willner; music by Leo Fall; English book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. The principals of the cast:

Marquis De La Tourelle..........Richard Carle
Tiborius..........Robert Evett
Romeo Talmi..........Will West
Buffon..........Charles McNaughton
Rosalilla..........Hattie Williams
Mme. Prunier..........Cheridah Simpson
Yvette, her daughter..........Dorothy Webb

This musical comedy is adapted from the French of A. de Caillavet and R. de Flers. Thus after the manner of many musical comedies presented in Boston recently we again have a Gallic theme to consider; the piece is irreproachably clean. But like many of the French comedies it suffers in the adaptation; there is no constructive skill evident; the dialogue is often commonplace and lethargic.

But the music by Leo Fall is another story. Many of the tunes are uncommonly good, delightfully compelling in their lit and swing, and one is often invited to hum an air such as "Come on Over Here." Then there were others that pleased the big audience, like "Brittany," "Will It All End in Smoke?" "On Our Honeymoon" and "Rosalilla of Seville."

Yvette "the doll girl" would leave Picardy behind; she is ruled by a stern mother—a woman who has lived; she sighs for Paris and would take her place on the stage. While tending the wares of her mother she meets a tenor and they fall in love. The Marquis De La Tourelle, an uncle of the suitor for Yvette, would set aside Rosalilla and rather gallantly seeks the hand of Yvette.

A strolling actor, Romeo Talmi, learning that Yvette would be an actress, suggests that she accompany him to Paris and there realize her ambition, thus endeavoring to further the motives of the marquis. Rosalilla suspects the intentions of the marquis and has her fun with the latter in disguise. The lover of Yvette is found compromisingly with Rosalilla to serve the purpose of the marquis, and there is pretty pouting and jealous raging, but the usual conclusion. And we must not forget the "doll" that took its place always and uppermost in the affection of Yvette and in no small manner added to her perfect girlishness.

The performance was not without its uproarious laughter, and the company has a splendid array of comedians.

We are all familiar with the ways of Richard Carle. His voice last night was a decided drawback, though his dancing was as enjoyable as was his admirable stage business. His many bits of burlesque were real laugh-makers and he was at home as usual in his simulation of spontaneity.

We do not remember seeing Hattie Williams to better advantage. In Rosalilla she has a splendid outlet for her vivacity, for a display of temperament. She was especially fine in the burlesque and she danced in a lithesome and graceful manner, often interestingly sinuous in her movements.

Will West affected a burlesque style as Romeo Talmi. His manner suggested the "bad actor," and we all enjoyed his silly irrelevancies.

And what a charming bit of youthful ingenuousness was the "doll girl," Yvette, of Dorothy Webb! She sang sweetly, her dancing had the joy and buoyancy of youth. The illusion was perfect. She was a pleasure throughout the evening.

Robert Evett (by courtesy of George Edwardes) was the Tiborius. He has an agreeable tenor voice and he was appropriately assertive and dramatic at times.

The piece is lavishly mounted and there are many pretty and youthful faces in the chorus.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Great Ruby," Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton's melodrama in five acts

Prince Kassim Wadia..........William P. Carleton
Lord George Hardtopp..........Donald Meek
James Brett..........Walter Walker
Morris Longman..........Frederic Ormonde
Cornish..........Carney Christie
Sir John Garnett..........George Ernst
Capt. Clive Dalrymple..........J. Morrill Morrison
Bently..........Alfred Lunt
Gooch..........George Hunt
Sir Simon Beauclerc..........Robert Capron
Andrews..........Russell Clarke
Duval..........John Hiller
Landlord..........Albert LeRoi
Connors..........Al Roberts
Hans..........George Hunt
Trent..........Mr. Williams
Lady Garnett..........Miss Doris Olsson
Countess Mirtza Charkoff..........Miss Augusta Gill
Mrs. Elsmere..........Miss Mabel Colcord
Brenda Elsmere..........Miss Ann Faystone
Louisa Jupp..........Miss Florence Shirley

When Mr. Ormonde, acting the villainous thief Longman, appeared before the curtain after the third act yesterday afternoon, he seemed as one who was quite out of breath. It would be but natural if he was so; for had he not only a moment ago plunged to earth from a balloon sailing in the clouds? Had he not clung desperately to the craft, while the heroic Prince Kassim Wadia chocked from him the possession of the valuable ruby?

... itself the "Great Ruby!" What an adventurous tale it could ... if only it had the power of ... What a tale of robbers and of ... detectives! What a tale of false accusations, revolvers, "one-word-and-I-shooting!" What a tale of sleep-walkings, travels and crossed loves! Truly there is at least one gem in the world that has seen no small slice of life. That gem is the ruby stolen from Parnett's jewelry shop in Bond street. It is the one Prince ... took from Longman before casting him from the heavens to earth.

But telling this play's story is not telling all there is to say of it. "The Great Ruby" is philosophical as well as melodramatic: it points a moral. People are not wholly bad, therefore when we meet an unfortunate who has explored the "passionate dark alleys" Mr. Galsworthy mentions in one of his dramas, we should not think them all criminal; we should rather see their latent possibilities for good and should strive to bring these to life. Now, in all seriousness, so sympathetic a view is no theme for jest; still, it is so commonly accepted that we can hardly smother a smile when we see it asserted with the solemnity of a newly discovered principle in philosophy—as it is in "The Great Ruby."

Mr. Craig has made a remarkable setting of the ballroom scene. The piece was acted throughout in a truly dramatic fashion—one that put it clearly before the audience and realized all its phases.

Feb 11 1914

ROBERTSON'S FIRST TIME HERE AS MOOR

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Othello." First appearance of Forbes-Robertson as the Moor, in this city.

Duke of Venice..........Montague Rutherfurd
Brabantio..........Ian Robertson
A Senator..........Sam T. Pearce
Gratiano..........Grendon Bentley
Lodovico..........Robert Atkins
Othello..........J. Forbes-Robertson
Cassio..........Alex. Scott-Gatty
Iago..........S. A. Cookson
Roderigo..........George Hayes
Montano..........Walter Ringham
Desdemona..........Gertrude Elliott
Emilia..........Adeline Bourne
Bianca..........Maud Buchanan

Some of the warmest admirers of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson hoped that he would not play Othello during his engagement. They believed that the part was not suited to his physical or mental nature.

It is the fashion of late to protest against the traditional views of Othello's character. Sir Herbert Tree, for instance, likes to think of him as an elderly gentleman retaining the full force of his intellect.

Granville Barker quotes Dosrrisvsky, who in turn quoted Pushkin, to prove that the play is not a study of jealousy, although he admits that Shakespeare may have thought that jealousy was the centre point of the tragedy. Pushkin's idea was that the play is "a study of a primitive and noble nature, building its happiness upon a civilized ideal, and of the catastrophe that follows destruction of that ideal." Even Sir Herbert Tree admits that Othello was "elemental."

Now Forbes-Robertson as Othello is not elemental, primitive. At times this Moor wears the mask of Hamlet.

We do not demand that Othello on the stage should be a giant in stature, a strong man at the fair, nor do we ask that he should be a robustious periwig-pated fellow teasing a passion to tatters. We have a right, however, to ask that this Moor, the warrior, rude in speech, in his fits of jealousy and rage, in his questionings and reproaches, in his wild despair, should reveal the overpowering strength of a simple and robust nature.

It is not necessary to go back to Salvini. There are men that object to his superb performance for the reason that, as he was an Italian, he could not understand Shakespeare. Stern logicians all of them. Within our recollection there has been only one Salvini: but lesser actors, actors inferior in technic and the graces of histrionic art to Forbes-Robertson, have nevertheless given a more impressive performance than that seen last night.

In the first act there was much that was admirable. The famous story of how the Moor and Desdemona were drawn together was told with simple dignity. The first meeting with Brabantio was also effective in its simplicity. In the love scenes the Moor was tender and virile, but from the very beginning there was not the authority, the reserve force that prepared the spectator for the terrible outbursts that should follow.

And after the poisonous mineral began to work the change in Othello's disposition was laboriously sudden. Facial expression, gesture—these were appropriate, while Iago sounded the Moor about Cassio's early acquaintance with Desdemona, but the first expressions of distrust, the growing conviction and ... hatred, then the wild thirst for revenge were on the surface.

The agony was not first within and then bursting out as a devouring flood when a dam gives way. The spectator was able always to observe with coolness, to wonder why any one should be deceived by such an "outrageous exhibition of theatrical virtuosity" as Iago.

The lines were read with understanding; the art of the actor was undisputed; but the barbarian that always lurked within the skin of the Moor was not revealed, and when there should have been volcanic passion, there was too often hysteria, unpleasant, it is true, for Desdemona and Lodovico to witness, but, after all, the result of over-wrought nerves.

The company gave only fair support. Iago was a likeable fellow. His companions welcomed his approach. He would have been at home today in a club, ready to argue with pleasing cynicism, with a store of anecdotes and quips. He was vain, ambitious. If he had been made lieutenant in the first place, he would not have thought too bitterly about his wife's character, he would not have hated Othello, and there would have been no tragedy.

To play him as a scowling, sinister villain of melodrama is absurd. Mr. Cookson represented him as a matter-of-fact individual, monotonous in voice, monotonous in action.

Mr. Scott-Gatty failed to portray Cassio, who is one of Shakespeare's gallant gentlemen. Mr. Ian Robertson gave character to Brabantio.

Miss Elliott played Desdemona with a discretion that failed to awaken warm sympathy, but she was fair to the eye. Miss Buchanan's Bianca was conspicuous among the minor parts.

There was a very large audience.

HAROLD BAUER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was made up of dance music as follows:

Bach, suite in G minor; Schumann, Davidsbuendlertaenze; Beethoven, minuet; Chopin, Tarantelle; Ravel, Pavane; A. Levy, tango; Granados, fandango; Franck, danse lente; Chopin, Polonaise in F sharp minor; Schubert, Laendler; Brahms, Hungarian dance.

Mr. Bauer's program was an unusual one. The general plan admits of many combinations. For example, there might be a program of the dance music played by our maiden aunts. It would include the Wreckers Daughter Quickstep, the Sultan Polka by Charles d'Albert, the father of Eugen, one of Gottschalk's Creolo dances, the Mabel waltz, Heller's Tarantelle, which is much more Italian in spirit than Chopin's. Again, a program of dances of all nations might give pleasure. We should have preferred a Polka by Smetana to Granados' Fandango, which is not one of that composer's better Spanish dances. It seemed spiritless after the Tango by Levy which is almost as exciting as "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." And if Schubert should be again represented, we should like to hear Mr. Bauer play the "Chaine de Valses," selected and put together by Mme. Wanda Landowska, or the "Nouvelle Chaine de Laendler et Valses" selected by the same pianist now living in Berlin. Fortunately Mr. Bauer spared us the paraphrase of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Perhaps the most delightful feature of this recital was Mr. Bauer's performance of Bach's suite. The charming music was beautifully played, as though the pianist in the best of spirits, at peace with the world, was playing for his own enjoyment, unconscious of other hearers. There was no foolish desire to be archaic; there was no attempt to modernize the music by giving it swollen and preposterous importance. The performance was that of a true artist. Beautiful also was the playing of the little mood-pictures of Schumann, but the effect would have been greater if at least half of them had been omitted. They are all intimate, and intimate confessions soon tire the hearers. Then, too, many of these moods are practically the same. The trifling Minuet of Beethoven was dignified by Mr. Bauer's art. If he had played "The Bird Waltz," or Beethoven's "Spirit Waltz," or "The Last Thought of von Weber," in slow, waltz time in the same exquisite manner, the audience would have been equally enchanted.

The little pieces of Ravel and Franck were in keeping with the general scheme, but Chopin's Polonaise with the Mazurka section seemed out of place, too full of thunder and guns and all that, a protest against the Watteau dancers, the dreamer, Schumann, and the Spaniards.

An unusual concert, one of poetry and romance. A large audience thoroughly enjoyed it.

Peace has its heroes. Witness the following letter received by a costumer in this city. Reading it, we remember Sir Thomas More and his last word "with a touch of the old sad irony" on the scaffold.

Dear Sir;

At the solicitation of my wife I have consented to make a fool of myself on Feb. 22. To that end I have agreed to impersonate the Father of His Country. Now I want a costume representing Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental army. I am nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered and deep-chested, but spindle-shanked. I want a gorgeous uniform, epaulets and all. I have a Knight Templar's sword, but imagine I ought to have a different one. By the way I want something to increase the size of my calves. I presume you have all these things. Any advice you can give me and aid in this hour of trial will be cordially received. The Woman's Club is putting this affair across: I need say no more.

Yours in Affliction,

Feb. 7. ——— ———.

Postponed Indefinitely

As the World Wags:

I have enjoyed reading the numerous epistles containing suggestions regarding the As the World Wags banquet, but being of a practical turn of mind I fail to see that they serve to bring the feast of reason and the flowing bowl one iota nearer. This is a sore trial to a hungry as well as a thirsty contributor, who longs to see something doing other than the scratching of pens in the agile hands of your extraordinarily ready writers. How voluble on paper some of them are, to be sure! In the mean time people with push are dining and wining, here, there and everywhere, while we sit with empty stomachs on the Common, every day, idle.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon's description of the $1.98 stew made my mouth water. It reminded me of the clear green turtle soup I once had at Young's, when with only a quarter in my pocket I ordered it under the mistaken impression that 25 cents was the price on the bill of fare, only to discover later that I had overlooked the figure 1 which preceded it. It served me right for having in a fit of aberration forsaken the well known beanery where "Turkeys Wigs" and "Mice Pies" once stared me out of countenance on the "Menu," thanks to the intelligent compositor who had quenched his thirst at the Bell-in-Hand with a mug or two of old ale, with "a dash of Union" just before taking his stick in hand to set the various dishes in cold type. This was in the glorious days when you and I were young, MagGIE, when you and I were young! May I again request that something be done to hurry up that banquet before it is too late? Here's hoping!

NICODEMUS NOODLE.

Boston, Feb. 5.

We regret to say that the banquet is postponed until the return of Mr. Halliday Witherspoon from Mexico, where he has gone to represent The Herald at Huerta's personal request. Nor can we learn the whereabouts of Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Mr. Poseidon Hicks, Jr., informs us that a man sat next him at a performance of "Die Meistersinger" last Saturday afternoon, and this man, he believes, was Mr. Johnson with false whiskers. He knows Mr. Johnson slightly, but would recognize his voice anywhere. This neighbor asked Mr. Hicks how the dozen to 18 young women in night dresses happened to be on the upper balcony and in bed chambers of Hans Sachs's house when the highly respectable Sachs was a widower. He also wondered at the number of lodgers in Pogner's house. The neighbor kept taking notes through the waltz. Mr. Hicks is sure that he was not a society reporter. The printer's interest in Mr. Johnson—who is not able to pay the bill for the first volume of his colossal work, as yet not delivered to importunate subscribers—may account for the false whiskers.—Ed.

The Venetian Dance

Since the Pope has commended the furlana, the Venetian dance, it is the fashion in Rome where furlana teas have taken the place of tango teas. We also read that this dance "was born in the plebeian quarters of the City of the Doges and presently mounted to the palace of the Doges itself and became the national dance of the country in which Pius X. was the patriarch." Already the dance is on its way to Paris. Mr. Pichetti, director of the Academy of Dancing in Rome, is collecting all of the tunes to which the Venetians danced, etc., etc.

The furlana, hitherto called "forlana" in English and "forlane" in French, is a very old dance belonging to the gondoliers. Some say that the tunes are in 6-8 time, and two dancers keep up a whirl, now and then giving imitations of rowing. Others say that the dance is in quick 3-8 and resembles the tarantelle by its short steps and its glissades. Did the name come from Frioul, the birthplace of the dance?

For the Young.

Let us now praise famous men. Jean Osterwald, who died in 1791, left a fortune of about $625,000, a paltry sum today, but respectable at the time of his death. Living in Paris, he had for his supper when young a pint of beer at an inn from which he carried home all the corks that he could find. At the end of eight years he sold his ... of corks for 12 louis d'or and with this capital went into business, chiefly stockjobbing. He was a frugal soul. Friends begged him a few days before he died to buy some meat so that he could have soup. "It is true I should not dislike the soup, but I could not eat the meat and what would be done with it?" The moral of all this is: Drink beer if it agrees with your liver, but drink it from the keg. Who would save corks and come to Osterwald's sad end?

A Clerical Discovery.

The French ecclesiastics, as a rule, denounce the tango, but one of them has written an article for Les Annales Religeuses, insisting that the dance is of French, not Argentine origin. He says it is the old "degonade" of Auvergne and quotes a description of this dance, as practiced at Vichy in 1676, from the memoirs of Flechier. The description corresponds with the tango of today, which the reverend writer believes to be "an imitation of the dances of the bacchantes so much spoken of in ancient books."

Feb 12 1914

'CARMEN' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — "Carmen." First performance this season. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Don Jose..........Mr. Muratore
Escamillo..........Mr. Mardones
Zuniga..........Mr. Grand
Morales..........Mr. Everett
Lillas Pastia..........Mr. Regnier
Carmen..........Mme. d'Alvarez
Frasquita..........Miss Sharlow
Mercedes..........Mme. Swartz-Morse
El Dancairo..........Mr. Devaux
El Remendado..........Mr. Giaccone
Micaela..........Miss Nielsen

It is to be regretted that Mme. d'Alvarez made her last appearance here this season in "Carmen," for the part is not suited to this admirable artist. Her voice is a glorious rich contralto, and the music of Carmen calls for a mezzo-soprano of brighter and more brilliant quality. Nor is the part dramatically one to display the peculiar dramatic ability of Mme. d'Alvarez. In the first two acts her performance was marked chiefly by the intelligence of her diction, but her action was colorless, without distinction, ineffective. She was more herself in the card scene of the third act.

Mr. Muratore was also heard here for the first time in "Carmen." In the first two acts instead of a soldier in a Spanish company he was an honest and phlegmatic Englishman in the Heavy Dragoons. He sang the romance in the second act with exaggerated force and expression, and without regard to time and rhythm. Later in the performance he was more spirited in action, but he too often mistook boisterousness for vocal vigor.

Mr. Mardones, an excellent bass with a pontifical organ, took a baritone part. He had not the requisite dash and lightness.

Miss Nielsen, who evidently was no... in voice, took the part of Micaela. This character was introduced in the opera as a sop to the highly respectable bourgeoisie of the Opera Comique, the public that was shocked by Carmen's behavior the first night that the opera was produced. And for Micaela the composer wrote smug and conventional music. In fact, the air in the third act was originally composed for another opera, and it is lugged in by the heels. This peasant girl, who wanders about in low shoes in city streets and over the mountains, with her prattle about home and m-m-m-uther and her letter and her chaste kiss on Jose's forehead has no place in this tragedy. Whenever she appears she delays the action. Carmen needs no foil.

Perhaps the most striking feature of an evening that was far from being brilliant was the performance of the Quintet. Miss Sharlow and Mme. Swartz-Morse were excellent also in the card scene, and Messrs. Everett and Grand were better as Morales and Zuniga than the singers usually heard in these parts.

Mr. Caplet often dragged the tempi and the waits were inexcusably long.

A Spanish friend called our attention to the fact that "Plaza Dos Toros" on the program is good Portuguese but poor Spanish. It should read, he says, "Plaza de Toros."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

And now a solemn hush fell upon the v... audience as a sad-faced minstrel uttered ... tear-compelling accents the most pathe... words in all the literature of minstrelsy:

"And so you say, Mr. Johnson, that all ... people on the ship were perishing of hung... and yet you were eating fried eggs. How ... you account for that?"

For one moment a deathlike silence prevail... Then the Old Gag stepped forward and ... clear, ringing tones replied:

"The ship lay to and I got one."

... wild ... earth ... ence and roll ... n as the old ... g staggered back into ... trance and fell ... the friendly arms that were waiting to ... ceive him

That "Legal Malefactor."

... the World Wags.

"A Legal Malefactor" it is indeed ... no spoils one of the best bar stories ... the last generation and attributes ... Henry W. Paine what was said by John C. Park to William Gaston, when ... he newspapers announced that a lead... of the bar of brilliant talents but most unsavory reputation was about to drop the profession and turn evangelist preacher: "Gaston, have you heard the news? We're all lost. X— has turned state's evidence." SENEX.

Back to the Village.

As the World Wags:

The old Sea Dogs seem to be running out of ammunition, and discussion which leads into the classics is quite over my head. Let's get back into rural New England, where we are all at home. Doubtless you can remember when every boy in the community was called "Bub" until he was nearly of age, by every grown up outside his family. I have known men reach a ripe old age without acquiring a more distinctive nickname among friends. Is "Bub" a contraction? Where did it originate and what does it mean?

And how about "whipping the cat"? Are there still persons who make a living part of the year in this delightfully independent fashion? I recall an estimable French-Canadian patriarch, a cordwainer by trade, who spent several weeks in our vicinity every winter "whipping the cat." Last fall I stopped at a house where spinning wheel and hand loom were in daily use. I dare say if I had remained until midwinter Old Man Papineau or some of his numerous descendants would have shown up "whipping the cat." Can you tell me where the term originated?

LYSANDER HOWLETT.

We boys in the sixties were all called "Bub" by strangers and by villagers who were not sure whether Bill was Parson's or Lyman's boy. The name was sometimes spoken contemptuously. We resented it in any case. Then came the time when every boy was "Johnnie." The change was welcome, and only the smart Aleck would answer when thus addressed "My name ain't Johnny; it's Quartus T. Spaulding."

"Bub" seems to be strictly an Americanism, and certain American lexicographers giving the form "bubby" say it is a corruption of "brother," which we do not believe. Others point to the German "Bube, Bub," meaning "boy," but how did this German word find its way into New England villages over 60 years ago?

Whipping the Cat.

We never heard the phrase "whipping the cat" in western Massachusetts, Vermont or Connecticut, and Mr. Howlett's question puzzled us. We consulted our friends, the Slang Dictionaries, and found that heartless men getting hold of a country fellow vain of his strength would lay a wager that a cat could pull him through a pond. A rope was put about the coaster's waist; the end was thrown across the pond and a cat fastened to this end. Three or four stout persons were appointed to lead or whip the cat. They on a given signal pretended to flog the cat and they hauled the booby through the water.

And then we also found out that to whip the cat is a term among tailors for working jobs at private houses in the country. De Vere says it was used only by tailors and carpenters in England, and in this country it denotes the annual visit of a tailor to repair the clothes of a household. "It is said to have originated in a very rough practical joke * * * of which it is surmised the tailor may have been the victim." The connection is not clear.

"Whipping the cat," then, is like the "boarding round" of the schoolmaster, but we have never heard one of these winter school teachers called a "cat-whipper."

Feb 13 1914

PIANO RECITAL BY E. RENAUD

Playing Chiefly Remarkable for Vigor and Brilliance.

... illano Renaud, pianist, gave a re... yesterday afternoon at Steinert ... The program was as follows: ... h-Tausig, Toccata and Fugue in D ... Scarlatti, sonata, in A major; Ra... Gavotte and Variations in A minor; ...ert Liszt, Marche Hongroise; Schu... Renaud, Ave Maria; Schubert-Liszt, ...ing, Schumann, 12 Etudes Symphon... Chopin, Etude, op. 25, No. 11, in A ... Nocturne, op. 15, No. 1 in F major, ...nte Spianato and Polonaise, op. 22.

...r Renaud's playing is at present ...fly remarkable for its vigor and ...ance. His technical accomplish...ts surpass his ability as an inter...r, for he is conventional in that ..., not a varied colorist, and his ...ts are chiefly in black and white. ... friendly audience of good size was ...nly appreciative. The pianist's per...ance of the "Marche Hongroise" ... his own arrangement of Schubert's ... Maria" were especially enjoyed.

Mr. F. S... of North Newcastle, Me., before he heard that the As the World Wags dinner, or as some would have it, banquet, was postponed, proposed to us that each guest should bring something, after the manner of a surprise party. Mrs. Smith, following the custom of the locality, remarked: "I wouldn't sponge. Carry something. There's sauerkraut and Kennebec turkeys and I'll make scrapple and some hungie-mungie ("g" soft) and perhaps a beaslings pudding."

We have not to our knowledge eaten a beaslings or beestings pudding, but we are informed by our close friend the great Dialect Dictionary that it is a baked custard pudding made of beestings, and beestings, or beaslings, is the rich milk which a cow gives when newly calved. There are several recipes for this great delicacy. No eggs, no thickening is the favorite motto. Some make the milk into a batter with flour, add sugar and caraway seeds, then tie in a cloth and boil. See Tennyson's "Northern Cobbler": "Baacon an' taates, an' a beslings-puddin' an' Adam's wine."

But what is "Hungie-mungie?"

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

Mr. Alfred C. Converse of East Rindge, N. H., now 87 years old, writes in an uncommonly clear hand:

"At the risk of being classed among the 'American mad wags,' I believe the internal evidence points constantly to an aqueous environment. The entire poem is suffused with moisture 'frae end to end.' " And he quotes this stanza:

Jenny's a wat (wet) poor body;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet at her petticoatle,
Coming through the rye.

But what has this stanza to do with the poem of Burns?

Back Again.

As the World Wags:

Ask the conductor whose car was stalled on the Harvard bridge one cold morning several years ago if he remembers the half-naked man who gave him a lift and then rode a short distance on the rear step. He saw a man with an old soft hat, a thin cotton sweater, no shirt or undershirt, a pair of thin pants belted at the waist, the sweater hanging loosely outside, no stockings, a pair of old low shoes torn out at the side and the soles worn through in several places. Such a sight engaged his deepest sympathies until he saw on the man's finger a $350 diamond ring. Then the poor man jumped off and went his way in the dark of the early morning. The writer made a practice of taking walks during winter for many years with just clothing enough to avoid being arrested, seldom going short of three miles, the longest being eight miles, always before breakfast, making a start always before 5 o'clock. You might ask Capt. Brickley of East Boston police station or Joseph Goode of Curtis Hall, who has had a dose of this medicine.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

We regret to learn that Dr. Crockett ever wore "pants" even at 5 o'clock in the morning.—Ed.

Around a Mess of "Whitebait."

As the World Wags:

Strolling through the market district, as is my custom of an afternoon, I was attracted by the display in the window of a fish shop. Among the sea edibles was a little pile labelled "whitebait." Now I had never partaken of the delicacy mentioned, though I had often longed to do so when I had read in English publications about eating whitebait at Greenwich. The fish before me were of such diminutive size that I wondered how they were served, and I said to a bystander: "How do they cook those little things?" He looked at me with something that was akin to scorn, and replied in failing numbers: "Them is for fishing purposes. Can't you read the sign, 'whitebait'?" I was crushed, and pursued my inquiries no further, but I wished that dear old Gus Taft were near by to enlighten my understanding, although I never saw whitebait in the refrigerators, the contents of which he used to display with so much pride at his famous hostelry at Point Shirley. Pompano and the dish he called American turbot I have partaken of at his plenteous table, but these thread-like herring, never. He could have cooked them, perhaps, with the 29-cent butter that he used to joke about, but they never came from his kitchen within my remembrance. He'd know all about them, however, for there was no bird or fish of the civilized cookable kind with which he was not familiar.

And this reminds me that the cockle is another English tid-bit that has never come my way, though I have been told it is a nice addition to an evening meal with tea and toasted muffins. I think from its smallness it could hardly equal the oyster that was roasted on the open grate coal fire in the old days and served hissing hot on the half shell for supper. That was before we had the 6 and 7 o'clock heavy meal and we dined between 1 P. M. and 3 P. M. Now, oysters seldom appear in modest households after dark, but once the cry, "Oys', buy any oys'?" summoned many a purchaser from the domestic circle to procure the bivalves for a late repast before retiring. We had few theatres and no permanent opera house then.

And how ghostly that cry seemed to my childhood ears as it came from the oil lamp lighted streets, which were always in semi-darkness, except when the moon was shining. The man behind it was to me a mysterious being who was "neither brute nor human," for I never saw him, but only knew him as a wandering voice. Sometimes I imagined he might be a pal of the big cloaked watchman with the rattle and the hook.

Dorchester, Feb. 10. BAIZE.

There are no genuine American whitebait. George Augustus Sala, in a long recipe for frying the English fish, insisted that they were eaten in perfection only at Greenwich, and he put these words in italics: "They must be grey, not brown, when they come to table." They should be eaten with thin brown bread and butter and lemons cut in quarters. The salt should be lightly shaken, and the pepper be white.—Ed.

A Veteran Headline.

As the World Wags:

Don't you think that after so long a period of hard, uninterrupted and faithful service the expression "dons war paint" is entitled to be put upon the retired list? It seems to me that to compel it to do service longer is subjecting it to less considerate treatment than has been accorded our old friends "dull, sickening thud," "was launched into eternity," etc., which have been allowed to retire.

A FRIEND TO THE OLD AND DECREPIT.

The Hobo

Mr. Witherspoon leaves for the country that be knows so well, and we take pleasure in publishing a poem he sent to us a few days ago. It is from "Ballads of a Beachcomber." It will be found suitable for recitation in schools, or at afternoon "at homes," where it may be spoken between groups of Debussy's piano pieces, for the verses also are ultra-modern, though some of the more poetic terms are classic.

Work? Who, me? Why should I, when the world
Is glad to pay the livin' that it owes?
I didn't arsk to come this way Gawd knows.
I didn't have no say. I just was hurled
Down in the middle o' the rotten dump.
No grift for me. Not while I can bum
Me punk an' plaster an' me rum,
An' pluck a gooseberry or glom a gump.

I don't want much. I mooch the drag
An' get a light piece for a place to flop
An' batter handouts at some swell stop
An' shoot me snipes like any vag.
Pay fer me rides or drill? Not me.
Not while the gunnels, rods an' bumpers
Is open to us rattler jumpers,
Not while the blind an' side-door Pullman's free.

I spose if I keep out o' jail,
I'll keep 'a pluggin' till I get the con—,
An' when the crocus gets yer your sure gone—,
Or mebbe lose me holt an' grease a rail.
An' when I'm croaked I 'spose I'll go
To some swell burg where beds an' booze
Java an' makin's an' mulligan stews
Are handled out to every bo.

Or praps I'll never get that fer
But when I make the turn some angel bull
Will jump me shape an' make a pull
An' I'll get forty million years in stir.

Feb 14 1914

Mme. van Endert Soloist at the Fifteenth Symphony Rehearsal.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted and Mme. Elisabeth van Endert of the Royal Opera, Berlin, sang for the first time in America. The program was as follows:

Symphony in F minor, No. 4..Tschaikowsy
Songs with orchestra:
"Verborgenheit"....................H. Wolf
"Wiegenlied"........................Strauss
"Caecilie"..........................Strauss
Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"..Dukas
Songs with orchestra:
"Es schauklen die Winde"..Humperdinck
"Venushymne"..................d'Albert
Overture to "The Barber of Bagdad"..Cornelius

Tschaikowsky in a letter to his friend Mme. von Meck told her how he wished his fourth Symphony to be interpreted, and he went to the trouble of giving some of the themes in musical notation. The leading idea of the Symphony is Fate that hangs over our head like the sword of Damocles, Fate that is jealous of our happiness and thwarts our aspirations. As for life, what is it but a continual alternation between disillusionizing, grim truth and passing dreams of happiness.

The second movement expresses the melancholy that comes from memory of past days when the heart was young and the blood ran warm. The third portrays the capricious fancies of a man heated by wine, with excited nerves, thinking of nothing in particular. He recalls a street song heard long ago. There is the thought of a military band afar off. And in the finale the Byronic hero joins in the rough gaiety of the peasants who reck not of fate, are simple, joyous, unconcerned. Yet in this gaiety the hero hears the reminder of Fate. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the only pleasure in life is the joy in the happiness of others.

Neglected at first, condemned as too wild, too Russian, this symphony is now justly considered as one of Tschaikowsky's most characteristic works. It has been more fortunate than the "Pathetic" in that it has not been heard so often, and its wailing is not so familiar that it is an old story and not taken seriously. Nor is its Byronism as theatrical as that of the "Manfred" symphony and the "Pathetic." Perhaps more than the others, even the Fifth, it is a musical commentary on Tschaikowsky's moods as revealed in his letters.

There are the mannerisms, the tossing of a thematic fragment from one instrument to another, the too evident preparation for the return of a thematic section, the curious and at times childish embroidery of a theme when it appears for the second or third time, as the Italians of the old school found delight in varying the aria in repetition; there are also a few vulgar splashes, but these mannerisms are not so annoying as in other works of the composer, and they often add to the fantastical nature of the music.

The performance was eminently musical and dramatic, as was the performance of the Scherzo by Dukas. If the title "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" were not given to this Scherzo, and if there were no allusion to Goethe's poem, would anyone ever guess the source of inspiration? And is it clear in the mind of any hearer, just how the music, entertaining as it is, illustrates this particular poem?

The overture of Cornelius struck us yesterday as hardly worth while. There is constant talk in certain quarters about this "neglected" genius, but true genius is recognized sooner or later and "The Barber of Bagdad" is over 55 years old.

Mme. van Endert made a pleasant impression by the beauty of her middle tones and by the simplicity and modesty of her bearing. Her management of breath did not always allow her to phrase with advantage to poet and composer—this was especially noticeable in Wolf's song. Strauss's "Caecilie" demands a more dramatic voice and a more passionate delivery, but her singing of the two Cradle Songs moved the audience to hearty applause.

D'Albert's hymn to Venus may be "mediaeval." It is certainly not glowingly erotic. This Venus, though undraped, would not shock Mr. Anthony Comstock, nor would the Cyprian smile on Eugen d'Albert for this hymn in her honor, although he is a man of several wives.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Feb. 27, 28 will include Mahler's Symphony No. 5 (repeated at the request of many), and Wagner's Siegfried Idyl.

'SUZANNA'S SECRET' OUT AT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Il Segreto di Susanna" and "Pagliacci."

Count Gil...............................Mr. Scotti
Countess Gil.........................Miss Nielsen
Sante.................................Mr. Tavecchia

Wolf-Ferrari's pretty little opera was performed for the first time this season. The music from the overture to the end is a skilful presentation of the old Italian comic opera spirit in modern form and expression. Cimarosa might have written thus in the 20th century. Now and then we feel the charm of Mozart and there are times when Rossini's ironical laugh is heard. It is easy to accept the fact that the composer of "La Vita Nuova" wrote "Il Segreto di Susanna." It is difficult to believe that the composer of these works was guilty of the banalities and vulgarities in "The Jewels of the Madonna."

The performance was entertaining. Mr. Scotti played the jealous count after the manner of an accomplished comedian, not in the buffo vein. This was a Count of high degree, a Count of lands and titles, a man of breeding, who had been at court. Insanely jealous, not merely from proper pride, but because he loved his Countess, he was amusing, but not farcical, in his rage. There was a wealth of detail in Mr. Scotti's stage business, but there was no hard finish; it was all free and elastic and spontaneous. An admirable impersonation, and as an example of operatic art, worthy to be placed by his Scarpia, as the masks of Comedy and Tragedy are often found on the same theatre decoration.

Miss Nielsen was in better voice than on last Wednesday. By the way, we spoke Thursday morning of Michaela wandering in low shoes in the streets and over mountains, but the linotype preferred that she should wander in "low shows." No, Michaela never visited low shows, not even in her search after Don Jose. Last night Miss Nielsen sang with more confidence; act-

ed with sufficient vivacity and refrained from turning the countess into a soubrette. Mr Tavecchia was mutely eloquent. Mr Caplet conducted with fortunate results.

"I Pagliacci" followed and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast was as before: Canio, Mr Fontana; Tonio, Mr. Ancona; Beppe, Mr Giaccone; Silvio, Mr. Fornari; Nedda, Miss Nielsen. Mr. Fontana was again a passionate Canio.

Mr Georg Henschel will soon retire from public life. The announcement has been made in the London journals. As Mr Henschel will be 64 years old next Wednesday some, unacquainted with the enthusiasm of singers, might think it time for him to seek quiet and repose after many seasons of conducting, composing, also of singing and playing the piano at the same time, without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance, but the English are a loyal people, and if Mr. Henschel were to give a recital at eighty, there would be shouts of "Bravo! Good old Henschel! Bravo!" As Mr. Henschel will positively leave the stage, he has already begun a series of farewell recitals. We have not yet heard whether he will extend his personal farewelling to Boston and the citizens thereof. It was here that he accomplished his most remarkable feat—his name appeared on the program of a Symphony concert as conductor, composer and singer.

The Rio Grande.

Some time ago George Fitch used the expression, "The Rio Grande River," whereupon "G. A. G.," in The Herald, pronounced the phrase tautological, incorrect. "Spectator" now writes that the expression is justifiable; that the words "Rio Grande" have, through use, become the river's English name, and when the name is used, no particular meaning is attached to the words of which the name consists. "Though it is true that originally 'Rio' and 'Grande' were, respectively, a Spanish noun and a Spanish adjective, yet an English class in parsing would not so parse the words, but would take the two together and parse them as an English compound proper noun. The word 'Missouri' was originally an Indian word meaning 'mud river,' but would G. A. G. claim that the expression 'the Missouri river' is incorrect on the ground that it is tautological because the word 'river' repeats what is already implied in the word 'Missouri'? The truth of the matter is that we Americans have so long disregarded (if we were ever cognizant of) the fact that in the expression 'the Rio Grande river' the word 'Rio' was taken from the Spanish language, and in that language it meant, and still means, river, that it is proper for us to make use of that expression 'the Rio Grande river.' In using 'Rio Grande' as a geographical name we Americans have not limited ourselves to using it as the name of rivers, there being a county of that name in Colorado and post-villages of that name in New Jersey, Ohio and Texas."

No Songs at the Feast.

As the World Wags:

Your reference to the French description of "Olla Podrida"—two cigars boiled in three gallons of water—reminds me of a couplet common to the New England deep water speech of a generation ago.

Soup—a de bouillon.
Two buckets o' water and one onion.

This seems to me much better; it has a lilt, a flow. But you should have written "As the Frenchman says," rather than "The French description." A subtle but distinct differentiation. The jest is peculiarly New Englandish.

I would suggest as an excellent song for that feast of the gods, the good old shanty "Blow, Boys, Blow," one of the latter verses of which runs as follows:

Oh what d'ye think they get for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow!
Why bullock's heart and donkey's liver.
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Though I have heard a variant of the third line, which seems to me even finer—a remarkable line, all things considered. I repeat the verse:

Oh what d'ye think they get for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow!
Pickled eel's feet and bullock's liver.
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

The tune, as you perhaps know, is a rousing one; I am sure that many of the gods, through "three sheets in the wind," or even "half-seas over," would find it falling naturally upon their tongues. There are many legitimate verses; and, to follow the custom, when these are exhausted Dr. Crockett could doubtless improvise.

CLEW GARNET.

With the Futurists.

The Futurist's Cook Book in Paris recommends a puree of carrots with cod liver oil. When filet of sole is to be served the filet should be soaked in rum and the bones of the head smashed and sprinkled over it. Dress with cream Chantilly and add extract of tomato juice. "Serve the filets burning with cream iced and over all pour a few drops of your favorite perfume."

The late John Phoenix was a Futurist. In 1855 when dwelling in California, he took every morning his glass of bimbo, a drink thus composed: 'Three parts of root beer and two of water gruel, thickened with a little soft squash and strained through a cane-bottomed chair.

Lincoln's Remark.

As the World Wags:

A correspondent recently asked where Lincoln said: "You can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." It can be found in the second joint debate between Lincoln and Douglas at Freeport, Ill., Aug. 27, 1858. J. D. K.

Boston, Feb. 10.

Feb 15 1914

'L'AMORE DEI TRE RE' AGAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "L'Amore dei Tre Re" by Italo Montemezzi. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Archibaldo	Mr. Ludikar
Manfredo	Mr. Ancona
Avito	Mr. Fontana
Flaminio	Mr. Giaccone
Un Giovanetto	Mr. Fusco
Fiora	Miss Bori
Ancella	Miss Heliane
Una Giovanetta	Miss Sharlow
Una Vecchia	Miss Leveroni

Montemezzi's opera was performed yesterday afternoon for the second time. It again made a deep impression by the dramatic strength and poetic beauty of the libretto and by the singularly original and eloquent music, which faithfully, but not slavishly, heightens constantly the effect of dialogue and situation.

As we said last Tuesday morning, Montemezzi has done in an Italian way for an Italian drama what Debussy in an ultra-modern French way did for the Belgian Maeterlinck. Each composer worked adroitly in his own manner; each showed an unerring instinct for the stage. To say, however, that Montemezzi imitated the methods of Debussy would be absurd. Maeterlinck's play is based on the idea of fatality, of death. This, as Bruneau said of the Belgian's dramas, and the atmosphere of sorrowful legend which enwraps them as in a great veil of crape, that which is distinct and enigmatical in them, their vague personages, poor kings, poor people, poor inhabitants of unnamed lands whom fate leads by the hand in the mist of the irreparable, the resigned, naive, gentle or solemn conversation of these passive unfortunates—all this suited in a most exact manner the temperament of Claude Debussy."

In Debussy's opera the men and women are wanderers and wonderers in a dream. Pelleas is a lover in tapestry. Melisande is passive, a plaything of Fate. Golaud alone stands out from the mist, the perplexed and tortured Golaud, who anxiously questions Melisande even when she is dying. Arkel is the old man of experience, the contemplative, sympathetic observer. And these beings move and suffer to music that was heard only in dreams before Debussy fixed it in notation; music of bodement; music that whispers of hopeless love and inevitable death; music for hands folded in resignation; music of mystery that will never be explained.

In Benelli's drama there are men of action. Manfredo is a warrior, chivalric towards his wife, Fiora, even when he knows her guilty of love for the one to whom she had been betrothed. Avito, the lover, is a gallant prince of flesh and blood. Flora is not at all mysterious. She glories in her love, and confessing it mocks at death. The old baron is not given to philosophizing. He avenges literally with his own hands the honor of his son and house. The passion of the lovers in "Pelleas and Melisande" is expressed for the most part as on a window of stained glass. In Benelli's drama the passion is glowing and ecstatic. And so in Montemezzi's opera we hear the sound of horses' hoofs rushing to battle, trumpets calling a retreat, the music of deeds, the praise of Italy won in conquest, the exultation of frenzied lovers, the harsh notes of suspicion, jealousy, rage, the more terrible because they come from sightless old age that should be calm and trustful.

The music of Debussy might have been written for the orchestra of ivory instruments that played "a little unanimous overture" for the Tetrarch Emeraude Archetypas of the White Esoteric Isles. The music of Montemezzi is for a tale of heroic passion. But the two operas are alike in the inseparable connection of text and situation with music. Each opera in its way is lovely and incomparable. As Debussy had no predecessor, so Montemezzi has been uninfluenced in thought and expression. There is no trace of Wagner, Verdi, Debussy, Puccini, in "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

The performance was brilliant and impassive. Miss Bori was again charming to the eye and the ear, emotional as singer and actress, portraying the character of Fiora with fine touches, placing her securely in the gallery of operatic heroines. Mr. Fontana, a manly and passionate lover, sang and acted with authority.

Mr. Ancona, who took the part of Manfredo for the first time, gave a creditable performance and was well within the picture. The dominating figure in this opera is the blind old man, the avenger, and Mr. Ludikar in this role has established himself as an actor of rare intelligence and dramatic power. Perhaps the highest tribute to his art is the fact that there was no thought of Mr. Ludikar in the role. There was the man Archibaldo himself, terrible in his suspicious, sinister in blindness that sharpened other senses and gave him mental vision. Mr. Ludikar in other parts has shown skill in characterization. As Archibaldo he is a creative tragedian.

Mr. Moranzoni gave a still more eloquent reading of the score than on the first night. In view of the fact that he necessarily had few rehearsals, his command of the orchestra and the manner in which the players responded to his poetically dramatic wishes were remarkable.

"MARTHA" SUNG IN ENGLISH

Large Audience Enjoys Production at the Opera House.

For the first time this season an opera was performed in English at the Boston Opera House last evening. "Martha" was sung and there was a large audience. The remembrance of the sad failure of this presentation when it was given a year ago might have kept some few away, but it need not have been so. The principals were in fine voice. The stage business and the technique were pleasing. The earnestness and sincerity of the singers compelled admiration and appreciation.

Mmes. Scotney and Sapin played the part of two ladies of high rank who, wishing to escape the ennui of the court, went to the market place, incognito, in search of adventure. They found it. The servant girls of the village were selling their services for the year, and the two noble women sold theirs to the farmers, and thought it a lark until they discovered that the bond could not be severed.

Howard White and Alfredo Ramella played the farmers. Mr. Ramella, as Lionel, proved to be a nobleman and, having fallen in love with Lady Harriett, who went under the name of "Martha," has various adventures, loses his mind and finally recovers in the last act when Miss Scotney sings "The Last Rose of Summer."

Mr. Granville Barker's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy Theatre, London, has provoked adverse criticism on account of the fantastical nature of the production. The faces of Oberon, Titania and their whole fairy band were gilt and their eyebrows were picked out with crimson. They were dressed from crown to sole in gold bronze. The whiskers of the actors who played the parts of the Immortals looked as though they were of tin. "One of the Immortals," said a critic, "has a trailing beard which looks like strands of tangled macaroni, while another looks as if he were a human porcupine. Two very interesting styles in unearthly beards are of the decorative brass order. The Kaiser would envy the fearsome curl of an enormous mustache in one case, while another Immortal's beard would make a handsome drawing-room fire screen or a design for an electrolier. Hair like an overcrowded pincushion or like tin shavings completes the odd touches of this bizarre garbing of the unearthly ones."

A New Hamlet

But what is to be said about the new stage version of "Hamlet" prepared by Mr. William Poel and produced at the Little Theatre, London, Jan. 27? Before the production Mr. Poel talked freely to intelligent reporters. He did not pretend that his version would be an exact double of the play enacted at the old Globe by Burbage and his men, nor did he pretend that it would contain everything that Shakespeare wrote, or was acted during his life. "All that I hope to do is to show playgoers of the present day what, after 30 years of close study, I have come to believe was the kind of Hamlet that Shakespeare's own audiences knew and recognized. For this purpose, as you may understand, I shall have to make Hamlet even more emphatically different from the subsequent sentimental, 'melancholy' Hamlet of Betterton, which has survived in one form or another to the present day, than the original Hamlet was. I shall, in fact, do my best to give just what is left out in modern versions—keeping, of course, the thread of the story. I think you will be amazed to find what a magnificent drama this makes on its own account.

"This is the reason why I am missing out 'To be or not to be' and other famous soliloquies. It is not because I do not think Shakespeare wrote them. It is because they are quite hackneyed enough as it is. They are in no need of emphasis from me, and I do not think it sacrilege to leave them out under the circumstances.

Mr. Poel's Idea of the Dane

"What sort of man was the Hamlet that Shakespeare drew, the Hamlet accepted and acclaimed by the Elizabethan audience? If one restores the generally omitted parts of the play, with the voyage to England and the meaning of Fortinbras fully brought out, one finds first of all the enormous growth in importance of the King and of Hamlet's long battle with him. One finds Hamlet becoming, not a dilatory, sentimental philosopher, but an essentially active, vigorous, adventurous young prince, full of courage, candor and intelligence, pitted against a wily, specious, popular, pushful rascal, openly a fine, generous-hearted fellow, but only a 'dirty knave' at heart. One finds both him and the King defeated, and the old regime practically restored under the control of a hopeful but unimportant young fellow, whose aims are merely reactionary.

"Now you have only to know anything at all of the time when 'Hamlet' was written to know that this was in the main just what was happening in England then, and was in everybody's thoughts. It was the revolt of youth and clear intelligence against the court intriguers whose domination was so strong towards the close of Elizabeth's reign—a revolt which suffered undoubted disappointment at the advent of the reactionary James.

"Of course I do not wish to pretend that Shakespeare actually presented portraits of the eminent men of the time—that, for instance, Polonius actually is old Burleigh, or Hamlet the frank and ill-fated Earl of Essex. Rather than this I would prefer that these names were not mentioned at all. Shakespeare would not have been allowed to refer directly to politics, and he would not have been the supreme artist that he was if he had done that and nothing more. But I do contend that the events of the day were in his mind and in the mind of the audience in the Elizabethan 'people's theatre,' and that we must recognise this if we wish to understand the drift of the whole thing."

The Idea Realized

As others put it, Mr. Poel's object was to show those scenes in the play which are never acted in the version given on the modern stage. To make room for these the opening scene was omitted, also the great scene of the ghost.

In the performance there were many innovations, and the London Times thought the change of recognized positions was generally for the better. Mr. Poel made Hamlet whisper where he usually shouts, and shout where he usually whispers, or is silent. Ophelia had neither flowers nor straw. The death scene of Polonius was on the stage. Esme Percy, who played Hamlet, was occasionally "musical, direct and sincere," but he indulged himself in most extraordinary antics. In the play scene he began by stripping to his unbuttoned shirt and breeches. "Then he carefully drew on a pair of embroidered black gloves. Then he—but there is no conveying his behavior. Its greatest fault was that it was entirely unlike any kind of madness that this Hamlet had assumed before. . . . We are not sure that Mr. George Ellis was not right in making that unpleasant young man Laertes a thorough coxcomb."

There was a background of dark curtains, a flight of steps from stage to auditorium and entries from the auditorium itself. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were played by women.

Mr. Walbrook spoke of pedantic absurdities in the acting. "For instance, Claudius, referring to 'our dear brother' before the court, laid a heavy sarcastic accent on the adjective; Polonius read his advice to Laertes from a little book; the 'remembrances' which Ophelia tendered to Hamlet in the so-called nunnery scene were a little parcel of letters; the King removed his rings before essaying to pray, and on rising from his knees placidly put them on again, and uttered his reflection on 'words without thoughts' about as impassionedly as he might announce that he was going out for a walk. In the play scene Hamlet jumped into the air and gibbered like an idiot, and the succeeding passage between the prince and Polonius in which 'the cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel' is discussed was commenced by the prince heaving a cushion at the head of the lord chamberlain, who proceeded to describe it as 'backed like a weasel' and 'very like a whale.' In the churchyard scene Laertes carried the corpse of Ophelia from the bier into the grave and Hamlet, apparently as the result of having been 'set naked' on the kingdom, appeared dressed up as a fisherman, and in the last scene Hamlet's 'Let the door be lock'd' was followed by the shutting off of the stage for a few moments while we heard the rumpus continuing in the castle hall."

Gertrude as Queen Elizabeth

Queen Gertrude was represented as a pompous old lady, while her husband was handsome and young. Other gallants sat

...s at her feet "N... ...ne upon one in a fla... and Q... and old Polonius-Burleigh, a... ...eigh and Essex, and all the throng ...plendid youth who fought for the ...ent's favor at Elizabeth's own court ...de one forget for the time all ques... ...n of the play. It was a delightfully ...genious scheme," said the London ...hronicle.

But Mr. Poel was taken very seriously ...y one "M. S." who wrote this letter to ...he Pall Mall Gazette: "Mr. William ...oel is nothing if not original, but his ...riginality has carried him too far, dec...des too far, in making Queen Gertrude an old woman. The evidence is abundant that she was a passionate woman in her prime, as might be inferred from the hastiness of her second marriage. While recalling her treatment of his father, Hamlet says. 'Why, she would hang on him, as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on,' a reference which would seem strangely out of place had the subject of it been an elderly matron. Then the King's evident love for her, increasing as it does after marriage, as shown when he says to Laertes,

> She's so conjunctive to my life and soul
> That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
> I could not but by her,

...s a powerful argument, amounting almost to proof, that she was a young and attractive woman, and that, therefore, he murdered his brother, not merely to gain his crown, but his consort as well."

Forbes-Robertson and Le Gallienne

As Sir Johnston Forbes - Robertson has delighted many by his performance of Hamlet in this city, an extract from the Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 26 may be of interest:

"A very enthusiastic article on Sir J. ...orbes Robertson appears in the Febru...ry number of the Century Magazine ...rom the pen of Mr. Richard Le Galli...ne. With a great deal of its panegyric ...here will be a general agreement; but ...hen the writer proceeds to describe Mr. ...aw's 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' as 'the ...asterpiece of all masterpieces,' some ...u. will feel that he has written non...ense; and when he goes on to describe ...J. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet as 'the ...preme Hamlet of his time,' there will ...those who will wonder whether the ...writer ever heard of the Hamlet of ...Henry Irving, which was certainly seen ...in Sir J. Forbes-Robertson's 'time.' A little further on in the article the writer alludes to the 'semi-learned actor' who 'conceals his imaginative incapacity by a display of "new readings," ...ch as 'The air bites shrewdly; is it ...ery cold?"' and in almost the next ...ntence he refers to the late Mr Wil...on Barrett as deserving 'better than ...e has yet received in the tradition of ...he acted Hamlet.' He does not appear ...o know that the 'semi-learned actor' ...who was guilty of this particular piece ...idiocy was the late Mr. Wilson Bar...t. A great deal in the article is so ...d that it is a pity the essay should ...marred by the extravagance and ...eakness which distinguish parts of ...rather badly."

...r Johnston is a well-graced actor, ...ghtful in "Caesar and Cleopatra," ...is a most entertaining and fan...l play; he has great authority in ...t paltry drama, "The Passing of the ...ird Floor Back," but to say that his ...amlet is to be classed with that of ...hter or that of Booth or that of E. ...Davenport is to speak rashly.

Another Point of View

The Herald published last week a letter, signed "Indignant," which commented severely on the ...ehavior of the audience at a performance of "Hamlet" by the Forbes-...bertson company. We now publish a ...tter from one equally indignant:

...o the Editor of The Herald:

It was a mortifying experience to any ...ne who has a pride in the city of Bos...on to witness, a few evenings since, at ...he performance of "Hamlet" at the ...hubert, the ill breeding and lack of ...onsideration for the audience that was ...hown by the management.

Now, to any person with even the ...mallest amount of intelligence, it was ...vident not only that the person taking ...part of the King did not know his ..., but also that he was not a brilliant ...s with the book in his hand.

It must have been perfectly evident ...the thinking persons of the audience ...t if, by an unexpected occurrence, ...actor who was to impersonate the ...ng was unable to appear, it was the ...n duty of the management to make ...tement to that effect and ask the ...ulgence of the audience, which would ...ve been given immediately and cheer... But this idea did not seem to ...through the minds of the authori...ack of the curtain until the play ...alf-through.

...l sure that there are some in the ...ion who would blush with shame ...discourtesy shown to people who ...d to witness the performance. ...are many remarks to the effect ...company at the Shubert is only ..., and these remarks would seem ...nd if the organization does not ...several actors who can at least ...brief a part as that of the King at short notice. Perhaps if Sir Johnston were plain Mr. Robertson there would not have been this talk about a "humble apology," for some of us "dearly love a lord." S. A. MERRILL.

Boston, Feb. 11.

To the Editor of The Herald:

"J. W." in the Theatre

As I sat in the Shubert Theatre the other afternoon watching the performance of "Hamlet" by Forbes-Robertson, I was reminded of what an English critic once said to Macready regarding the latter's rendering of the part: "Yours is the only intelligible Hamlet I ever saw." Toward the close of the play I was also reminded of something else, which was that the actor who played the First Gravedigger followed the example of William Warren, who played the part with only one waistcoast away back in the 40's at the Howard Athenaeum, when Vandenhoff was the Hamlet. This was a striking innovation, for it had been the custom from time immemorial, as a critic then observed, for the actor who plays the gravedigger —the low comedy man of every theatrical company—previous to entering upon the duties of his office, to divest himself of an almost illimitable number of waistcoasts. Now whence this custom sprung we know not, but although it may gratify the groundlings it cannot but make the judicious grieve. Another critic, more humorously inclined, headed his criticism: "Degeneracy of the Drama"; going on to state that the gravedigger was played at the Howard, by Warren, with only one waistcoat. As I recall Edwin Booth's performances of Hamlet at the Boston Theatre "Handsome Dan" Maginnis at one time played the First Gravedigger, and following the ancient stage tradition made the audience roar over his leisurely removal of a large and varied assortment of many-colored vests. Possibly this was an unpardonable descent to buffoonery, an o'er-stepping the modesty of Nature for the sake of creating a laugh; but it was indescribably droll, the way he did it. "Dan" got his training at Morris Brothers, and so couldn't very well help being spontaneously funny. And no doubt he had seen, on our own streets, city laborers whose evolutions before descending into a trench vied with his own.

Speaking of the modesty of Nature reminds one of Barrie's play "The Will," recently given here by John Drew. It seemed as if Barrie had been re-reading Miss Austen, "the immortal Jane," to some purpose. It was Sir Walter Scott who said: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvments, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and sentiment, is denied to me." "The Will," for this reason, was a play well worth seeing. J. W.

Boston, Feb. 11.

G. B. S.'s New Farce

George Bernard Shaw's latest dramatic piece is "The Music Cure," which was produced before Chesterton's "Magic" at the Little Theatre, London, Jan. 28. The Pall Mall Gazette of the 29th gave this description of it.

"And last night 'Magic' was preceded for the first time by a caprice in one act by Mr. Bernard Shaw, called 'The Music-Cure,' which the author had labelled for the program as a 'piece of utter nonsense.' The classification is just. A madder piece of nonsense never was seen or heard. Its success, however, showed that it was good nonsense. There is plenty of the bad kind 'lying around.' You will find hours of it in some of the Revues—the sort of nonsense which, like 'the fatal wound' in the song, can 'spread dismay around.' Save, perhaps, for one rather arid little patch just before the coda, Mr Shaw's preposterous imaginings kept the house in peals of laughter. And, truly, he must be an 'agelast' indeed who will not wax unbuttoned over the wretched young son of a duke and under-secretary in the war office who, having brought disgrace on the family escutcheon by gambling in 'macaroni shares,' which have depreciated, develops hysteria, is visited at his lady-mother's desire by the great pianist, Strega Thundridge, is rendered more insane than ever by her snatches of Chopin and Schumann, and then so captivates her by his own pianistic twitterings of the music-hall repertoire that she falls violently in love with him, declares that he is what she has been looking for all her life—some one whom she can protect with her strong arm, for whom she can be a bread-winner, and whom she can, at the bidding of her commanding temperament, love with a frenzy or pound to a jelly! 'Let it be me!' shrieks the young man in ecstasy, and she responds with the embrace of a python.

"'Of course, it is 'utter nonsense.' Warned, however, by the program, the audience accepted it as such, and received the sallies with which it is decorated with enormous enjoyment 'Let this teach you the lesson that officials mustn't gamble,' says the doctor to the writhing under-secretary in the opening scene. 'I wasn't gambling. I knew' comes the impassioned reply; and a joyful bellow of recognition showed that some chord in the apprehension of the audience had been touched. And afterward, the fun at the expense of the masterful female of the anti-suffragist's nightmare, of the spineless sprig of an effete nobility dear to the imagination of a certain type of democrat, and of the intellectual range of the popular magazine of the day, together with the caricatures of 'temperament' offered by both the under-secretary and the virtuoso, caused the whole trifle to sail most gayly along. It is acted, moreover, with just the right touch by Miss Madge McIntosh (in a green wig!), Mr. William Armstrong and Mr. Frank Randell."

It must be said that some of the other reviewers did not chirp so gleefully. One or two were impatient.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, with Mischa Elman, violinist. See special notice.

Huntington Avenue Theatre, 3 P. M.—People's Orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor. Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano.

Parker Memorial Hall, 4 P. M.—Pierian Sodality Orchestra of Harvard University.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.—Concert by Miss Alice Nielsen, with Miss Sapin and Messrs. Ramella, Fornari, Wronski and the opera orchestra. See special uotice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Katharine Goodson. Mozart Sonata in A major; Brahms, Intermezzi in B minor, in A major; Brahms's Intermezzi in B minor, E minor and C major, Rhapsodie in E flat, op. 119; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat, op. 110; Chopin, Berceuse, Fantasie, op. 49, two Etudes, Waltz in A flat, op. 34, Polonaise in A flat, op. 53.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Raymond Havens. Brahms, Scherzo E flat minor, op. 4, Intermezzo, E flat major, op. 117 No. 1; Baermann, Etude in C sharp minor; Henselt, Ave Maria; Chopin, Scherzo, E major, Etude, A flat major, op. 25, No. 1, Etude, G sharp minor, op. 25, No. 6, Impromptu, F sharp major, Ballade, F minor; Debussy, "Le Vent dans la Plaine"; Strauss-Godowsky, Paraphrase on "Artist Life" Waltzes.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees conductor. Bach, Motet No. 6, Praise the Lord, All Ye Heathen; Gevaert, Arrangement of Chanson Joyeuse de Noel; di Lasso, Villanella; Chabrier, A la Musique (for women's voices); Daniels, The Guests of Sleep; Bantock, On Himalay; Grechaninof, Autumn; Grainger, Arrangement of Irish Tune from County Derry (without words), Arrangement of "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday" (British folk song). Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, will assist.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M.—Last concert of the Tremont Temple Course. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Chamber concert by Eugene Ysaye, Leopold Godowsky, Jean Gerardy. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Song recital by Miss Ilma Ohner. Songs by Sibelius, Collan, Chadwick, Kahn, Foote, Fairchild, Cottenet, Lambecke, Berger, Heise, Svendsen, Grieg, Grandhal, Sinding.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA IN SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, assisted by Mischa Elman, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor; Korngold, Schauspiel overture, op. 4 (first time here); Saint-Saens, Concerto for violin, No. 3, B minor (Mr. Elman); Wagner, Overture and Venusberg music from "Tannhaeuser" (Paris version).

Ten years ago next month the Philadelphia Orchestra gave two concerts in Boston. The regular conductor was Fritz Scheel, now dead. Richard Strauss conducted two of his tone-poems and his wife sang groups of her husband's songs. The orchestra then made a favorable impression.

Mr. Stokowski conducted for the first time in this city. It is said that before he accepted the leadership, a season ago and after the death of Scheel, the orchestra fell from its high estate. If this is true Mr. Stokowski deserves high credit for the present technical proficiency of his men. The performance yesterday was characterized by precision and plasticity. Only in the third movement of the symphony was there a rigidity that approached stodginess. There are excellent solo players, as the incomparable first horn, Mr. Horner, whose playing in Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" 10 years ago is still remembered; the admirable first flute, Mr. Daniel Maquarre, formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and others in the string and wind choirs. Mr. Rich, the excellent concert master, was, we believe, born and brought up in Boston. The different choirs are well proportioned and effective. It remains to speak of Mr. Stokowski as a conductor.

He has indisputable talent. He has a musical nature. he is thoroughly acquainted with his scores, he is wholly free from sensational tricks. His authority over the players is marked, and they follow his wishes in a loyal spirit.

Mr. Stokowski is young and enthusiastic. There were too many triumphs yesterday of enthusiasm over the true character of the music. This was especially noticeable in the performance of the symphony, which was unduly strenuous throughout. It is true that the conductor's interpretation improved as the concert went on. In the purely orchestral pieces there was no genuine "piano" until the final pages of the Venusberg music. Much of Brahms's Symphony is robust, but there are contrasts in it that were not brought out. There was a lack of tonal gradations. There were few nuances. The song-theme in the first movement was almost as boisterous as the stormy chief motive. It seemed in this symphony that Mr. Stokowski was intoxicated with the roaring sonority of the orchestra; that he exulted in riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm. It was not until the end of the concert that his orchestra was poetically expressive in varied ways.

Now it is not an atrocious crime to be a young man, or even a young conductor. Mr. Stokowski, like other conductors in the early years, will learn by conducting. The task of restoring technic to an orchestra may lead a man to neglect for a time the graces. He may think he is not yet able to "poetize," as Mr. Nikisch found he could when he received the Boston Symphony Orchestra from Mr. Gericke's hands. Enthusiasm is greatly to be desired. The conductor without it cannot expect to sit down at the table of the Muses. But uncontrolled enthusiasm is soon tiresome, in a reformer or a conductor.

The overture was composed when Korngold was 14 years old. This overture to a drama has no specific title. It sounds as though the play might be "The Siege of Jericho." Master Korngold has evidently given his days and nights to the study of Richard Strauss's scores. It would be more profitable for him to study Mozart, Auber, Saint-Saens, to see what genuine effects can be gained by simple means. The instrumentation of the overture and the fluency in writing are extraordinary for a boy. This is readily granted. The musical thought, however, is of little value. The overture deserves an honorable place in the Museum of Infant Prodigies. And if Master Korngold could make such a noise when he was 14, what will he not do when he is 28? The thought is appalling.

Mr. Elman again displayed his rich and beautiful tone, his facility, his willingness to be sentimental, lush, his desire to win popularity at any cost. This concerto demands first of all a certain elegance of interpretation, and this elegance that gives character to the first and the third movements was lacking.

The audience applauded heartily conductor, orchestra and solo violinist.

PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

Gives Its Second Concert—Gratifying Progress Shown by Players.

The People's Orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement gave its second concert yesterday afternoon in Huntington Avenue Theatre. Jacques Hoffmann conducted, and Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, was the soloist. The orchestral pieces were as follows: Rossini, overture to "Semiramide"; Haydn, Andante from the "Surprise" symphony; Saint-Saens, selection for "Samson and Delilah"; Johann Strauss, waltz, "Wine, Women and Song"; Weber, overture to "Der Frieschutz." The orchestra, made up of young people of both sexes who are taught at this settlement, showed gratifying progress as well as earnest endeavor. The work that is being done cannot be too highly commended. Not only does it foster musical interest and serve in developing musical talent, but it makes for civic righteousness by interesting youths and boys who might otherwise find amusement only in the streets and in places where they would find nothing good.

Mme. Sundelius, accompanied by Gustave Sundelius, sang Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Sinding's "The Daisies' Secret," Lang's "Irish Love Song," Brewer's "Fairy Pipers," Grieg's "Solveig's Lied," a Swedish folk song, Grondahl's "Mother, Little Mother," and with the orchestra Arditi's waltz, "Se Seran Rose." Mme. Sundelius has for some time had more than a local reputation. Gifted with a beautiful voice, she has gained in emotional quality and in the art of interpretation so that she is now reckoned among the leading lyric sopranos on the concert stage.

The concert gave great pleasure to the audience.

CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

Miss Nielsen Indisposed and Miss Sharlow Takes Her Place.

An indisposition prevented the appearance of Miss Alice Nielsen at the 12th Sunday evening concert at the Boston Opera House last evening, and her place on the program was taken by Miss Myrna Sharlow, whose songs were received enthusiastically. The house was well filled.

After the overture from "William Tell" by the full orchestra, Miss Cara Sapin, contralto, sang an aria from "Alceste." Miss Sharlow followed with

[illegible] "Madame Butterfly," and [illegible] were an aria from "Don [illegible]," by [illegible] Fornari, baritone. Miss Sharlow then gave a group of [illegible] songs.

The second part of the concert was [illegible] by "The Funeral March of a [illegible]" by Gounod, and the "March of the Little Lead Soldiers" by [illegible] the orchestra. Taddeo [illegible], tenor, gave an aria from "Nozze di Figaro," and Miss Sharlow [illegible] an aria from "Pagliacci," Mr. Fornari gave a group of Neapolitan songs, and a quartette, consisting of Miss Sharlow and Messrs. Fornari, Wronski and Alfredo Ramella, tenor, closed the program with the "Good Night" from "Martha."

All the artists responded to encores.

Some time ago "Oldest Inhabitant" wrote to The Herald complaining about the neglect of slippery sidewalks, and the indifference of house owners, tenants and others toward the comfort and safety of pedestrians. A contemporary thereupon suggested a plan of reform.

And now "Oldest Inhabitant" writes:

"Would not the proper course be the repeal of chapter 540 of the Acts of [illegible], which removed the previously existing liability of city or town for injuries suffered on sidewalks by reason of snow or ice? Under that liability the objects of the ordinance, chapter 47, section 42, enjoining upon owners the prompt and proper care of their sidewalks, got themselves fulfilled, by the active prodding of the police. Officers no longer show any zeal in giving warning, since they are not serving the city by doing so, and I am informed that large property owners insure at low rates their somewhat remote risk and are naturally indifferent."

A Note on Slang

"H. J. L." remembers that about 25 years ago he often heard the slang word "cure," and probably used it himself. "As I remember the significance of the expression 'She's a cure!' I should translate it into modern slang 'She's the limit!' He then speaks of the difficulty of translating slang into "good English." If the slang is good it often passes into dictionary English.

"For example, if someone says today: 'That's going some!' we know exactly what he means. How would he have said it in the days of our callow youth? I fail to recollect any slang phrase having just the same significance, and probably the idea had to be expressed in real English.

"Speaking of words and phrases, for which it is hard to find synonyms, the French have a word, 'nuque,' which means a feature often beautiful and graceful in woman. The French poet can deal with it. But imagine a poet writing in English and trying to set forth in 'simple, sensuous and impassioned' language, the nape of a lady's neck!"

Nape and Poll.

But what's the matter with "nape" and why is it not so fit for poetry as "nuque"? Perhaps "H. J. L." would prefer the word "poll" with its various forms, one of which is "pole"; for "poll," which means "the human head" also means "the crown of the head" and also the nape of the neck. In William Lisington's translation of Apuleius, made in the middle of the 16th century, we find eloquent praise of woman's hair, and from the page we quote these sentences.

"O how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold, it encountreth with the beames of the Sunne, and pleaseth the eye marvellously. Sometimes the beauty of the haire resembleth the colour of gold and honey, sometimes the blew plumes and azured feathers about the pooles of doves, especially when it is either adorned with the gumme of Arabie, or trimmely tuft out with the teeth of a fine combe, which if it be tyed up at the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same, as a rose that yeeldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comelinesse than if it should be sparsed abroad on the shoulders of the woman, or hang downe flittering behind. Finally there is such a dignity in the haire, that whatsoever thee be though she be never so bravely attyred with gold, silkes, pretious stones and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her haire be not curiously set forth thee cannot seeme faire."

"Arkansaw."

"Constant Reader" writes again about the correct pronunciation of Arkansas. He states that when what is now Arkansas was a territory its name was "Arkansaw." The act of Congress, approved on March 2, 1819, specifically provided that the territory should be called the Arkansaw territory. "It is a curious fact that in all the acts of Congress which were passed in reference to Arkansas while it was a territory the name of the territory was given not as 'Arkansaw,' but as 'Arkansas,' the act, for example, which admitted the territory into the Union as a state, and which was approved on June 15, 1836, beginning with the words, 'Whereas, the people of the territory of Arkansas.'

Our correspondent gives evidence to prove that the proper patrial noun or adjective is "Arkansan," and not "Arkansan." He then inquires into the origin of the story which is the basis of the play entitled "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveller," and quotes Prof. John H. Reynolds, the author of "Makers of Arkansas History."

A Famous Traveller.

"According to Prof. Reynolds, the 'traveler' was Sanford C. Faulkner, a wealthy planter of Chicot county, who 'lost his way and by chance came upon an old, leaky, dilapidated log hut, under the eaves of which the squatter, seated upon a whiskey barrel, was sawing upon a squeaky old fiddle.' Then follows an outline of the famous colloquy between the 'traveller' and the squatter. That is practically all that Prof. Reynolds gives as the story upon which the play was built, and it is seen that, as I have said, the story as he gives it is of the meagrest kind, details as to time, place, etc., being wanting. Prof. Reynolds says that that story and the wide vogue which has been given to it through the play have done no little injury to Arkansas in that it has led outsiders to take the fiddling, whiskey-soaked squatter as a typical specimen of the denizens of the state."

A Moral Reflection.

"Thomas Hardy, 74, takes Bride of 30." This is one of life's little ironies. Let us hope that material will not thus be furnished for a grim masterpiece.

Feb 17 1914

In a magnificent dwelling encompassed by the whole of the East, I have accomplished my immense labor and passed my illustrious retirement.

My Room.

My room is always shifting. The walls are always changing shape, but they are not of red hot iron as those of the torture chamber in old Toledo, nor do I fear any open hole in the flooring or any hidden trap. From one window I see the spire of the Old South Church, and sometimes it is so near that I can play with the clock hands. From another I look across the Hadley meadows and the Connecticut river to the college buildings in Amherst, and to the south of them is Mount Holyoke, which once was to me as Everest or Aconcagua.

The decorations of the walls are thoughtfully changed once a week. I have seen there hanging all the women portrayed by ancient painters. The picture of Meleager and Atalanta, the work of Parrhasius that the great Emperor Tiberius preferred to a million sesterces and placed in his own bedroom, cheered me for a month. There were also two of the paintings that made Poe shudder when Roderick Usher, the hypochondriac, showed them to him. One week the room will be Japanese, another week it will be in Queen Anne style; and the next I am in an old New England parlor, with sea shells on the mantelpiece, a mourning wreath in a glass case, and on a slim-legged table there are curiously carved chessmen brought from the Orient by a seafaring uncle. And there are books, now folios, now rows of novels written in France. The yellow backs lighten the room, but I should like to have one of the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi."

And so I never leave my room. My valet brushes my coat once an hour and then I think I am in a railway car on the way to Damascus. My food is simple, though in dreams—I am always dreaming, for our real life is in sleep—I eat the dishes served at pompous Roman feasts, or go marketing with the lady of brilliance and symmetry whose throat recalled the antelope, whose breasts were like two pomegranates, and then I am the porter of Bagdad who saw strange sights and heard the wild tales of the three Kalandars.

I do not leave my room, because I do not wish to lose it. My friend Fitz James O'Brien, returning home one damp, oppressive night, found fantastic strangers in his chamber and they swore that it was theirs, and, throwing dice for it, Fitz lost, nor could he ever find that room. If I lost mine, where should I go?

A Shakesperian Scholar.

As the World Wags:

Here is one of the results of the higher education in Pennsylvania:

"Will you please send me the play entitled 'Katharine and Petruchio.' It is taken from Shakespeare's play 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' but I can't give the author." F. E. C.

Boston, Feb. 14.

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

As the World Wags:

The explanation of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" as I have heard it is that the lassie's one hand was busy balancing the basket of clothes or whatever on her head and the other with holding up her petticoat out of the water at the ford. It was there that the lads watched for her and kissed her. I think that this explanation was given me by Scots who professed to know.

S. W. HATHEWAY.

And yet in all the illustrations of the poem that we have seen the girl is passing through a field of rye. Will some one tell us where the "River Rye" is in Scotland?—Ed.

A Cape Cod Bucolic.

There has been a good deal of talk lately concerning the weather, for there has been considerable weather during the past fortnight. The 12th, 13th and 14th days of February are said to be borrowed from January, and it is accounted a good omen if these days are as stormy as possible. In Aberdeen, the third Thursday of February is said to be the "warst day in a' the year." A snowy February presages a good year. "When the cat in February lies in the sun, she will creep behind the stove in March."

The weather inspired Mr. Owen E. Lewis of Osterville, Barnstable county, a prominent Progressive in his town, to write the following original "pome":

It was in the month of February nineteen fourteen.
I'm still living on the farm where things are sometimes green.
To-day the 12th of the month it's 10 below the ought
And everything is frozen up tight, even the coffee pot.
The horns upon our cow fell off, the hell we hear no more,
Our pigs have ceased to squeal and grunt, the frost has nipped their snore.
In the stall where our horse once stood, there's nought but mane and tail,
He, like all the rest, for a warmer clime set sail.
The bleat of our little lamb froze up, the wool it turned to snow,
And the only thing that's still alive is Maud the mule, you know.
I took a look into the poultry house where my choicest birds—I peep,
And the sight I saw before my eyes! I started in to weep.
I looked for my own pet hen, who laid those eggs so nice,
And in the nest where she should of been, I found a cake of ice.
Old Ben, the cock of better days, was frozen to the roost,
That crowing that oft had called me in the morn, had also been cut loose.
Although it is the coldest snap since I went to school,
It hasn't been cold enough to freeze our Maud, the mule.

"Ruckus."

The Hon. William Joel Stone of Missouri wrote to the Hon. John Worth Kern of Indiana: "It does not seem to me that there is the least occasion for starting a 'ruckus.'"

Our esteemed friend, the philologist of the N. Y. Sun, inquires editorially: "Is there such a word as 'ruckus'?"

In certain English provinces the verb "to ruck" means to go about and gossip, and the noun "ruck" means a noise or racket. A ruck-a-tongue is a chatterer, a gossip (or gossiping talk), a scold, a foul-mouthed person. There is a noun "rucket" or "ruckut," meaning a loud, confused noise, used by Richard Jefferies in "Amaryllis," is it not possible that "ruckus" is a Missourian variant of "rucket"?

'WITHIN THE LAW' AT THE MAJESTIC

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Within the Law," a play in four acts by Bayard Veiller.

Sarah	Adora Andrews
Smithson	S. V. Phillips
Richard Gilder	Orme Caldara
Edward Gilder	Dodson Mitchell
Helen Morris	Dorothy Abbott
George Demarest	Paul Everton
Mary Turner	Jane Cowl
Detective Sergeant Cassidy	John Willard
Agnes Lynch	Florence Nash
Joe Garson	William B. Mack
Fannie	Mary Barry
William Irwin	William A. Norton
Eddie Griggs	Kenneth Hill
Inspector Burke	Wilton Taylor
Thomas	Arthur Palding
"Chicago Red"	J. H. Hylands
Dacey	Arthur Moore
Dan	J. J. Doyle
Williams	Roy La Rue

The first act is lifelike and dramatic. Edward Gilder, the proprietor of the Emporium, by talking with the judge, is the means of sending Mary Turner, accused and convicted of theft, to Auburn for three years, although the shop-girl is innocent. The characters are sharply defined: Gilder, with his pompous contribution to the ice-fund because the poor will suffer from the heat, his obsequiousness towards a rich and socially prominent kleptomaniac, his brusque business ways, his rough fondness for his son returning from Monte Carlo, where he almost broke the bank; Richard, the boy, joyous in life, not knowing the value of money; Smithson, manager or chief floor-walker; Helen, the girl that had been thieving and put the stolen goods in her comrade's locker and pocket; Mary, who, on her way to prison, is brought to her employer's office because she said she could tell him how to stop thieving in the shop.

There is action, there is portraiture of character, and there is realistic and effective dialogue. Mary's tirade, in which she tells of the girls trying to live on six dollars a week and accuses Gilder of encouraging theft because he will not pay higher wages, has rude eloquence, although economists might dispute her proposition. And in this tirade Miss Cowl acted with singular sincerity and force. She was convincing in speech, in facial expression; a pathetic and moving figure.

When the curtain went down on this act the spectator looked forward with reasonable expectation to the acts that should follow. The first act is well constructed, very human, dramatic, without claptrap. The acts that follow are extravagantly melodramatic, wholly preposterous, with situations that are old-fashioned, with dialogue that is often farcical, and in the last act, the weakest and most absurd of the four, rankly sentimental.

Mary, leaving Gilder's office, swears to have her revenge. Having served her term, and then failing to find employment, she becomes the queen and brains of a band of crooks. She is now rich, but still revengeful. She marries young Gilder. We are not told how she met him. She marries him simply for revenge, but the husband of an hour will not forsake her when his father and Inspector Burke tell him that she is a jail bird.

The inspector and Demarest, the district-attorney, are bound to railroad Helen out of New York. She and her co-partners have as yet always acted within the law. She lays her plots with a knowledge of the law and with the aid of law. But Griggs, a stool-pigeon of the police, induces her friend Garson to enter old Gilder's house to steal tapestries. The police are about to capture the gang when Helen enters, protests vigorously, and Garson kills the stool-pigeon with a pistol equipped with a Maxim Silencer. Young Gilder happens to be present. The pistol is found on him. Helen declares, after Garson and his companions have escaped, that her husband killed Griggs because he was a burglar.

How Inspector Burke worked the third degree and found out the truth; how the repentant Helen, who had been befriended by Mary, at last wrote a letter that cleared the heroine; how Garson was proud of the fact that he was the first to kill his man with a Maxim Silencer and wished a new photograph to be taken for the reporters, and how Helen at last confessed that she loved her Richard, must be seen and heard by the audiences that will undoubtedly crowd the Majestic for weeks to come.

For incredible as the last three acts are, there is excitement enough to hold the attention of the spectators and plot enough to keep them guessing till the end. The dramatist shot his bolt in the first act, which is that of a skilled dramatist. In the other acts the puppets are worked only for melodramatic purposes. They have no life of their own.

Agnes Lynch, a blackmailer, is introduced simply to be amusing with slang. As played by Miss Nash, she is amusing with her speech of the gutter and the crook, her reflections of justice and life in general, but she has nothing to do with the action and at times prevents a situation from being taken seriously. This is not the fault of the actress, but of a desperate play-carpenter not knowing what to do with his characters and desirous of popular success at any cost.

Miss Cowl, wholly admirable in the first act, was shrewd, quick witted, resourceful in her battle with the police. Mr. Caldara as young Gilder played with fervor. Mr. Mitchell gave an excellent characterization of the father. One of the chief features of the performance was the impersonation of Garson by Mr. Mack. Mr. Taylor fully realized the character of a police inspector in modern melodrama. The other parts were adequately taken. A large audience was enthusiastic.

'WEDDING NIGHT' AT SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Oh, I Say," or "The Wedding Night," a musical comedy in three acts, adapted from Keroul and Barre's "Une Nuit de Noces," by Sydney B. Low and Douglas Hoare. Music by Jerome D. Kern. First performance in Boston.

Baptiste	Richard Temple
Count Buzot	Joseph W. Herbert
Gabrielle	Nellie King
Hugo	Tyler Brooke
Madam Portal	Jefferys Lewis
Jules Portal	Walter Jones
Marcel Durand	Taylor Holmes
Suzanne	Alice Yorke
Henri	Joseph Phillips
Sidonie De Mornay	Cecil Cunningham
Claudine	Clara Palmer
Madam Pigache	Elizabeth Arllans
Joseph, Sidonie's Footman	Tyler Brooke
Jacques Laverdo	Richard Temple
Moving Picture Man	Ray Dodge

Although the piece in its present version is called a musical comedy, it is in reality a farce with music.

...he plot ... bewildering ... its ...xity. Sidonie de Mornay, a dashing ...ress, has been "entertained" in turn ... Mr. Manager, Count Buzot, Marcel ...rand, who has just married the ...rming Suzanne Jules Portal, the ...de's father, and Henri, Marcel's best ...n. To the consternation of every... the actress appears at the hotel in ...uvais just as the young people are ...out to set off on their honeymoon. ...dicrous complications ensue.

...he honeymoon is still further inter...pted. Marcel and Suzanne thinking ...emselves at last alone, in an apart...ent is Paris, discover it is Sidonie's. She returns unexpectedly. Matters are ...rought to a happy conclusion in the ...hird act, which takes place at Sidonie's ...illa near Paris.

The incidents of the piece are wholly ...n Gallic vein, but the tangled relation...ships exceed the customary and inevi...able triangle. As in all French farces ...here is the usual free use of doors and ...urtains, the usual rushing action. There ...re, too, the usual accessories of cup...boards, bathrooms, bedrooms and ex...change of garments.

As a whole the piece is entertaining. ... border line of decency is not as a ...e too recklessly crossed, yet in the ...acious dialogue there are moments ...of slight vulgarity.

Mr Kern's music is spirited, noisy ...sily forgotten. It, however, provides ...ployment for an imposing chorus of ...dsome young women strikingly at...ed. Among the most effective num...rs are "I Know and She Knows," "Katy-di" and "A Wife of Your Own."

The piece is excellently cast. Miss ...nningham's statuesque beauty is seen ... advantage as Sidonie. Her voice is ...lliant and well trained. She acts ...th humor and intelligence. Miss ...rke was attractive as Suzanne and ...esented the youthful bride as ap...priately trusting and ingenuous. Mr. ...es was amusing in the trying role ... the much harassed Marcel. Mr. ...nes was droll and active as Portal, ... elderly amorist. Miss Palmer ...ced vivaciously, while in minor parts Miss Lewis is Suzanne's lachrymose ...other and Mr. Temple as Baptiste, ...he hotel proprietor, provided addi...ional entertainment.

The settings are picturesque and the ...ostumes elaborate.

An audience of fair size was sincere ...n its expressions of enjoyment.

...aby Delys will begin an engagement ... this theatre in "The Little Parisi...e on Monday evening, March 2.

'THE BEAUTY SHOP' AT THE TREMONT

TREMONT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Beauty Shop," a musical comedy in three acts; book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf; music by Charles J. Gebest.

Vivian	Anna Orr
Gladys	Christine Mangasarian
Hiram Sharp	Harry Hermsen
Anna Budd	Tessa Kosta
Phil Faraday	Joseph Herbert, Jr.
Daniel Webster Briggs	Lawrence Wheat
Dr Arbutus Budd	Raymond Hitchcock
Garabaldi Panatella	Edward Metcalfe
Lola	Marion Sunshine
Lugubrio Soboni	George E. Mack
Caramba Maldanado	George Romaine
Natalie Panatella	Bernice Buck

"The Beauty Shop" is of more than ordinary interest as regards story, music and acting—not to exclude dancing. The plot—and there is more of this than in many pieces of the musical variety—deals with one Dr. Arbutus Budd, proprietor of a beauty parlor which—mirabile dictu—did not pay. And the beauty parlor was in New York. The trouble was too much credit on the ...rt of the customers and too much "Rector's" on the part of Dr. Budd.

Now, Budd had a ward and she had ... uncle—rich—they generally are in ...ys. Uncle dies, in far-away Corsica. ...ardian Budd, with an eye to the ...ey, proposes to Miss Anna, and the ... with troublesome adherents, set ...h for the fortune and inherit but a ...

...e second and third acts, in which a ... undertaker, out for a job, and ...iry Corsicans, beknived and blood...sty, make the acquaintance of the ...or, but go to illustrate the old story ...t a fryingpan and a fire. Dr. Budd ...ers, when too late, clamorous cred... back in New York to vendettas ... feuds and a blighted, too-willing ...le. To say how the doctor at length ...le love and duty and beauty coin... in a happy return home would be ...ir to the theatregoer. Let him find ...for himself.

... has been said, there is enough plot ...e the piece consistency, to give rea...ple cues for the songs. These last ... many and of varying merit, and ... all had some sense in the midst ...heir appealing nonsense. To speak ...neral terms, the music was pleas...n the noisier and flashier manner, ...gh in two notable exceptions, per... more than two, there was genuine ...dy, as in "'Twas in September"—... Miss Orr sang with dainty sweet...—and "My Tango Queen." "When ... Hear the Umpah, Umpah of the Band" ... one of several songs which pleased by its spirit and dash.

Raymond Hitchcock is his same self and that this "self" is pleasing to his audience was apparent. But, nevertheless, he is ably assisted by Misses Orr, Kosta and Sunshine, whose tango in the last act was a pleasing feature, and by Messrs. Wheat, Mack, Briggs and others. The three dance features were a hesitation waltz in act one, an attractive and original rendering of the Castle walk in the second and the tango already mentioned. The play was on the whole quite unreminiscent of the earlier play by the same authors. Its jokes ran much to puns, it depended for its effects upon the spirit in which it was acted, and this was spirited.. Although we have seen from "The Mikado" onward, amorous gentlemen meeting poor luck in brides whom they must accept whether or no, although the title of one song, "All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go," sounded like a line of the French milliner's in "The Girl of My Dreams," still the play is distinctly amusing, not highbrow, but thoroughly antiseptic.

"THE NEW HENRIETTA"

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First production in Boston of "The New Henrietta," founded on Bronson Howard's comedy, by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Cast:

Nicholas Van Alstyne	William H. Crane
Bertie	Douglas Fairbanks
Mark Turner	Lyster Chambers
Rev. Murray Hilton	Halbert W. Brown
Dr George Wainwright	Arthur S. Hull
Musgrave	Malcolm Bradley
Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke	Miss Amelia Bingham
Rose Turner	Miss Eileen Errol
Agnes Gates	Miss Patricia Collinge

Warmly as "The Henrietta" was received in the old days of Robson and Crane, continuous and hearty as was the laughter then over Robson's marvellous Bertie and Crane's ebullient Van Alstyne, the welcome last night to the play in its new dress was every whit as cordial and the appreciation of Mr. Fairbank's very different Bertie and Mr. Crane's same "Old Nick" was just as uproarious.

"New dress" best describes the changed piece, for all the essential frame work and body of the old play are preserved. The most obvious innovations are things like the auto that toots under the window while waiting to take Bertie and Agnes to the minister to be married, pictures of the latest skyscrapers on the walls of Van Alstyne's Wall street office, modern telephones, and, of course, the wonderful gowns of the ladies.

These last are most emphatically up-to-date, and each of the ladies displays several of them. But Miss Bingham's easily lead all the rest both in modernity and in her exhibition of their possibilities, owing to her physical endowments. When she falls in Van Alstyne's office you realize the truth of "Old Nick's" remark later about a "heavy drop," and you see that it requires no special histrionic ability for her to make it plain that she has all she can do to get up.

Mr. Crane's "Old Nick" is as brisk, cheery and humorous as ever and his appearance in the part tends to revive a belief in the possibilities of perennial youth.

Mr. Fairbanks's Bertie is wholly different in detail from Robson's, but it succeeds just as completely in producing the illusion of densest stupidity, falling just short of inanity, with slow-burning illuminations now and then of splendid "horse sense." His suggestion of unselfishness so complete that it does not realize itself is superb.

Mr. Chambers gives a vivid and admirably restrained portrayal of Turner, the villanous son-in-law.

Mr. Brown displays the real character of the stock-gambling parson, Hilton, successfully.

Mr. Hall is refreshingly straightforward and sincere as Dr. Wainwright.

Miss Collinge is fascinating to look upon as Agnes and she plays the part with charming grace and appealing sentiment. One is amazed at the inertness of Bertie when her arms steal about his neck and she kisses him.

Miss Errol is competent for the calls upon her as Mrs. Turner.

Miss Bingham would help the play if she would make her part of "The Henrietta's" new dress a little less up-to-date and would enter a bit more into the character of the sprightly Mrs. Opdyke.

MAGGIE CLINE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Maggie Cline, radiant in green satin, with her voice, her Irish flag, and her brogue, was the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's last evening, sharing honors with several other features of a capital all-around bill. Maggie w... dressed in a green draped and sil... skirt, green slippers, green stockings, and green silk knickerbockers — and didn't care who knew it. She said she weighed 220 pounds, and wasn't ashamed of it. It was a pretty agile 220 pounds, and got around the stage at a great rate in what she called the "Maggie Cline Tango," which "the Irish Queen" dared anyone in the audience to come up and dance with her. She sang "I'll Take You Back to Ireland," "They've None of 'Em Got Anything on Me," and gave a stirring performance of "Throw 'Em Down, McCluskey!" that might well serve to keep her figure from exceeding its present comely proportions. She suited the audience right down to the ground just as she was.

Musical features prevail in this week's program, for Louis A. Simon and company of 14 present an opera-comique called "The New Parisian Garden," full of pretty songs as well as of comedy; Will Oakland and company of four appear in a "singing novelty" full of stirring choruses; Goldsmith and Hoppe as "The Commercial Drummers" give a farcical skit with selections on various instruments; and Farley and Morrison made their first appearance here in character songs and dances.

John Josefsson and his Icelandic troupe have a place of honor in their exhibition of the national sport, "Glima," which is a form of wrestling. Josefsson defends himself, unarmed, against a boxer, an assassin armed with four or five "real knives," which he pulls out one after another as he is disarmed, against a ruffian armed with a revolver, and against three men at once. It was an exhibition of much skill, and was roundly applauded. George W. Day and company gave a comedy of his own in one act, called "In Dutch," capitally acted and full of humor. The Aerial Shaws, and Pathe's Weekly complete the bill.

'STOP THIEF' AT CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Stop Thief!". Carlyle Moore's farce in three acts.

Jack Doogan	William P. Carleton
James Cluney	Donald Meek
William Carr	Walter Walker
Sergeant of police	Frederic Ormonde
Dr. Willoughby	Carney Christie
The Rev. Mr. Spelvin	George Ernst
Mr. Jamison	Alfred Lunt
Joseph Thompson	Al Roberts
Police Officer O'Malley	J. Morrill Morrison
Police Officer Clancey	Robert Capron
Police Officer Casey	H. G. Williams
Police Officer O'Brien	John Sheehan
Nell	Doris Olsson
Caroline Carr	Augusta Gill
Joan Carr	Florence Shirley
Mrs Carr	Mabel Colcord
Madge Carr	Ann Faystone

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg."

Walther Von Stolzing	Leon Laffitte
David	Jacques Jou-Jerville
Hans Sachs	Paolo Ludikar
Sixtus Beckmesser	Robert Leonhardt
Veit Pogner	Herbert Witherspoon
Eva	Elizabeth Amsden

This production of "Meistersinger" has already been reviewed at length in these columns. It is notable for Mr. Caplet's excellent work with the orchestra, and for the elaboration and magnificence of Mr. Urban's settings.

Last night Miss Amsden sang Eva for the first time. Mr. Witherspoon, though he has been heard here in opera and concert, made his first Boston appearance as Pogner.

Miss Amsden was a comely figure as Eva and acted tht part simply and without affectation. Her voice, though charming in certain passages, was at times not quite true. It is in general too light for a Wagnerian role, and especially in the lower register, is often completely submerged by the orchestra.

Mr. Witherspoon's Pogner and Mr. Ludikar's Hans Sachs were both performances of general excellence—vocally the best of the evening. Neither in voice nor in bearing was Mr. Laffitte an ideal Walther, although in many respects his performance was deserving of praise. He was, first of all, too palpably an "auslander"—he did not fit into the German mosaic of the opera. Frequently also he followed nothing apparently but his own sweet will in his reading of the score and Mr. Caplet had much ado to keep pace with him.

The performance, which in the main was a very creditable and enjoyable one, was marred somewhat by the prominence of the prompter.

MISS GOODSON'S RECITAL

Pianist Gives Afternoon Performance in Jordan Hall.

Miss Katharine Goodson gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. We understand that this recital was for the benefit of Denison House. There was a small audience. The program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata in A major. Brahms, Intermezzi B minor, E minor, C major and Rhapsodie in E flat, op. 119. Beethoven, Sonata in A flat, op. 110; Chopin, Berceuse, Fantasie op. 49; Two Etudes, Waltz in A flat, op. 34; Polonaise in A flat op. 53.

While many prefer the sonatas of Haydn to those of Mozart and find these works of the two cast in the mould of C. P. E. Bach, there are a few of Mozart's sonatas that give an innocent and careless pleasure, as the one played recently by Mr. Bos, the one chosen by Miss Goodson and the one long thought to make a part of the Fantasie. Miss Goodson played the sonata with the requisite smoothness and fluency, and refrained from giving an emotional character that is not inherent.

Even Dr. Billroth, the sworn friend of Brahms, regretted in the year of the latter's op. 119 that Brahms had been taken with "a sudden passion" for writing piano pieces. "He does not sufficiently diversify his form in these little works. He ought to keep to the great style." The justness of this criticism is seen in the similarity of mood in the Intermezzi in B minor and E minor. The two drip with melancholy. Miss Goodson played them with genuine feeling and through the rest of the concert gave pleasure to the audience. The sonata by Beethoven is the one, which, according to some, is a sort of moral drama transcribed in music. There is no dedication, for as M. Vincent d' Indy observes: "Beethoven could dedicate this music ... expression of a convulsion in ... life only to himself."

Feb 18 1914

Miss Gaby Deslys, of whom some of our readers may have heard, objecting to Miss Gertrude Hoffmann's imitation of her and characterizing it as a "cheap burlesque," applied for an injunction in Cleveland and Chicago, incidentally for advertising purposes. An injunction should be granted against nearly all imitators. A young woman comes out on the stage with irritating assurance and imitates sisters and brethren in art. She is sure of applause, and when the man or woman aped is unknown, except perhaps by name, to nine-tenths of the audience, the applause is loudest. And it might be said after the majority of these imitations: "Not a bit like it." It is a pity that Miss Deslys is so easily offended, but art to her is sacred. Mr. Eddie Foy is not so sensitive. When George L. Fox in a burlesque of "Hamlet" imitated in a wonderful manner Edwin Booth, the tragedian went to see the show, laughed heartily, an unusual thing with him, and warmly complimented his imitator.

An Old Clipping.

As the World Wags:

The criticism of the critics in a recent issue of The Herald brought to mind the following, from an old scrap book I have, filled with clippings from the Boston Olive Branch, the Oasis, St. Louis Reveille, Graham's Magazine, Phil. Sat. Courier, the Yankee, Sunday Mercury, Sat. Emporium, Knickerbocker, Neal's Sat. Gazette, Morris's Nat. Gazette, Sat. Rambler, etc. Some of these clippings are dated 1845-46, others have no date, but most of them are quite interesting.

"An English critic says of the recently deceased author of 'Tremaine': While he reasons like a philosopher he makes love like a man, whereas in the case of Miss Martineau and Miss Edgeworth (to take the ablest of their class), however satisfactory their logic, all the caloric in the passion they talk about wouldn't raise a blister on the gizzard of a cheese mite; the Cupid of their mythology might be a fugitive urchin from a poor law union, and his torch is no more inflammable than a square foot of Wenham Lake ice."

Chester, Vt. ALOIS.

"Alois" asks these questions. Why was John Taylor called the water poet, and who was "Spoons" of the Sunday Mercury and did he originate the phrase: "Go it while you are young" that was so much in vogue 40 or 50 years ago?

John Taylor (1580-1654), a voluminous author, was called the water poet because he was for a time a waterman on the Thames. The sentiment, "Go it while you are young" is very old. Compare this phrase with Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," or with Horace's "Carpe diem." "Spoons," as we are informed by "Alois," wrote in a young lady's album:

Your rosy charms will soon decay—
Those blissful joys that childhood brings
By time will soon be done away—
So go it, lady, while you're young.

But who was "Spoons"?

Foreign News.

The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of Paul Deroulede's career and death, says: "His uncle was Emile Augier, the dramatist; and it is a curious fact that the costs which he incurred when prosecuted by the high court were defrayed by the royalties, which he had inherited, of 'Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie.'" This is a curious fact, for the author of the play named is Edouard Jules Henri Pailleron, and not Augier.

It appears that "sassiety ladies"—in London, members of the "smart" or "swagger" set—hideous terms in the vocabulary of so-called society—do not place any month on the date of their correspondence, but give the day of the year. Writing a letter today, they would put down "49, 1914." But what a nuisance when they write in August.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch doubts the drawing power of "Parsifal" outside of Bayreuth, and prophesies that most of the performances will end in artistic and financial failure. He believes that in a

... "Parsifal" will return "in ... to Bayreuth where alone it ... be given under ideal conditions." ... in London are already saying ... the opera is not so attractive "in ... theatrical sense" as the "Ring"—... other works of Wagner.

... Franklin's house in Craven Street, which is being demolished, was once famous as the home of the Society for the Relief of Small Debt ... established by Dr. William Dodd, a ... popular preacher "he was a kindly soul, ... he was hanged at Tyburn for forgery." Horace Walpole described Dodd ... in the pulpit "in the French style and very eloquently and touchingly." This was at Magdalen House, and the Magdalens sang a hymn ... He apostrophized the lost ... who sobbed and cried from their ... Lady Hertford and ... Pelham, ... I believe, the city ... took them both for Jane Shores." ... because he lived licentiously and was pressed for money. Dr. Johnson wrote in his behalf, also a sermon ... Convict's Address to His Unhappy Brethren,' which Dodd delivered in the chapel at Newgate.

Fashion Note.

We quote from a circular entitled ... Offering" which we received yesterday. "May we remind you of our newest Tango Pantellettos, Fig-leaf Chemise, Tube-Petticoats, special Decollete Outfits and Brassieres of all descriptions."

The reminder is not pertinent. It is ... for dancing men.

Gastronomic Note.

At the Porphyry, when there was a choice between pork chops and another dish of meat at luncheon, 10 out of 12 at the table joyfully ordered the chops on the ground that they were not allowed to eat them at home. And the literary man "among those present" quoted Robert Southey, who boasted himself as one

> Who in all forms
> Of pork—baked, roasted, toasted, boil'd or broil'd,
> Fresh, salted, pickled, season'd, moist or dry,
> Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souse, or brawn,
> Leg, blade-bone, bald-rib, griskin, chine, or chop,
> Profess myself a genuine philopig.

And Mr. George P. Bolivar said with tears in his voice that Mrs. Bolivar, the sharer of his sorrows but not his table joys, objected violently to beef steak with fried onions.

Feb 19 1914

MME. VILLANI OF MONTREAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House: Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Archibaldo	Mr. Marcoux
Manfredo	Mr. Ancona
Avito	Mr. Fontana
Flaminio	Mr. Giaccone
Un Giovanetto	Mr. Fusco
Fiora	Mme. Villani
Ancella	Miss Hellane
Una Giovanetta	Miss Sharlow
Una Vecchia	Miss Leveroni

Mme. Villani, who created the part of Fiora at Milan, sang at the Boston Opera House at an afternoon performance of "Il Trovatore" Nov. 26, 1910. Her companions then were Mme. Claessens and Messrs. Slezak and Galeffi. It is said that she was born of Italian parents at San Francisco. She made her debut in "Orfeo" at La Scala six years ago. For a time she was a member of the Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music, New York. She has sung in Mexico and at Havana, in South America and in Italy. This season she has been one of the leading sopranos of the Montreal Opera Company.

Miss Bori portrayed Fiora as a child wife little more than a wife in name. She was a sweet and pathetic figure, and gave the idea of innocence even when in the face of death she declared with womanly pride her love for Avito. Mme. Villani is a more heroic figure, and at the same time she excites the sympathy of the spectator. She is more heroic, more mature, in no way sophisticated, yet less a plaything of fate than the Fiora of Miss Bori. The two impersonations are different in conception, and each is interesting and convincing. In the scene when Manfredo farewells his wife, the passive respect, the amiable coolness shown by Miss Bori was singularly effective. On the other hand, Mme. Villani sang the love music with a riper fervor. It would be interesting to have the opinion of the librettist and the composer concerning the respective characterizations.

Mr. Marcoux took the part of Archibaldo for the first time. Mr. Ludikar's impersonation was much more impressive at the second than at the first performance, and as Mr. Marcoux is an uncommonly skillful actor in opera, he will undoubtedly elaborate his impersonation. Last night observing Archibaldo, we could not lose sight of Mr. Marcoux. In the soliloquy about Italy he failed to grasp the significance of the text and the climax was wholly orchestral, nor did his prayer that though blind he might not see, inspire awe. In the second act his conception was radically wrong. This Archibaldo, the murderer of Fiora, was an angry old man who killed in sudden frenzy. The Archibaldo of Mr Ludikar was not a mere strangler, nor was the deed done in a burst of temper. He was the instrument of retribution. He was the incarnation of avenging Fate. There was something supernatural. The executioner was not a mere actor; there was no thought of one taking the part.

Mr. Fontana, who again sang and acted with irresistible passion and pathos, and with rare intelligence, appeared here for the last time this season. He will be sorely missed and his return will be heartily welcomed. He has made many friends and has won the respect and admiration of the general public by his admirable art and by the dignity of his behavior as a singer and a man.

Mr. Ancona sang the music of Manfredo with purity of style. Mr. Moranzoni led an eloquent orchestral performance. It is a pity that this opera must now be shelved for a time. The production of it has been the great event of the season.

MR. HAVENS'S RECITAL

Pianist Who Studied with Baermann and Taught In West, Back.

Mr. Raymond Havens gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms—Scherzo, E-flat minor, Op. 4; Intermezzo, E-flat major, Op. 117, No. 1. Baermann — Etude, C-sharp minor. Henselt—"Ave Maria," Op. 5. Chopin—Scherzo, E-major; Etude, A-flat major, Op. 25, No. 1; Etude, G-sharp minor, Op. 25; No. 6; Impromptu, F-sharp major; Ballade, F-minor. Debussy—"Le Vent dans la Plaine. Strauss-Godowsky—Paraphrase on "Artist Life" waltz.

Mr. Havens is a young man who as a boy attracted attention by his pronounced musical instinct. He studied for a long time with the late Carl Baermann, and after teaching in the West has returned to Boston.

He has an unusually agreeable touch, a fine legato, and he phrased with clearness and intelligence. His technic was clean and answered the demands of his program. He also might be described as a careful player, not too academic, for his interpretation is not dry. While he might play with greater brilliance and deeper emotional feeling—and these qualities may easily come in the future—his performance at present is musical and his self-restraint is not wearisome. Brahms's Intermezzo admits a little faster pace than that taken by Mr. Havens. As played yesterday the music came dangerously near being lackadaisical.

The audience was warmly appreciative.

> In tears to her mother poor Harriet came;
> Let us listen to hear what she says:
> "Oh, see, dear mamma, it is pouring with rain,
> We cannot go out in the chaise."
>
> "Oh, think not, my child, as you grow up in life,
> That pleasures increasing will flow;
> Disappointment, and trouble, and sorrow and strife,
> Will follow wherever you go."

Medical Note.

"There are five micro-organisms chiefly associated with colds in the head—micrococcus catarrhalis, bacillus coryza segmentosa, bacillus Hoffmann, bacillus Friedlander and Fraenkel's pneumococcus."

And any one of them may get yer, if yer don't watch out!

In the Ball Room.

Elderly men that are obliged to attend balls on account of harassing domesticity or because they were tenderly attached to the hostess before she married another and now wish to revive their recollection of her beauty by seeing it in her daughter's face—"the children of Alice call Bartrum father"—these elderly men with a paunch and with pouches under their eyes throw sour glances at some radiant youth who is master of ceremonies. They say that his only book is the Social Register; that his taste in art is confined to the selection of favors. Alas, their dancing days are over, and to them as to Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist, a ball room is an epitome of all that is worthless and unamiable in the great sphere of human life. With him they believe that "the wild and original man is a calm and contemplative animal."

"Imagine this tranquil and passionless being," said Mr. Escot to Mr. Jenkinson, the statu-quo-ite, "occupied in his first meditation on the simple question of 'Where am I? Whence do I come? And what is the end of my existence?' Then suddenly place before him a chandelier, a fiddler and a magnificent beau in silk stockings and pumps, bounding, skipping, swinging, capering and throwing himself into ten thousand attitudes, till his face glows with fever and distils with perspiration; the first impulse excited in his mind by such an apparition will be that of violent fear, which, by the reiterated perception of its harmlessness, will subside into simple astonishment."

The Eulogy of a Beau.

The attitude of these lookers-on towards the hoppers and skippers is not unlike that of Mr. Philip Firmin towards young Walsingham Hely with his raptures, his affectations and his low dress. But these glorious regulators of social matters do much to preserve the suavity and the dignity of daily life. Not long ago a man named C. P. Little died in London. He had achieved a most difficult distinction in the world of the fashionable, the smart, the frivolous and the luxurious. So Mr. Filson Young says in his eulogy, and this eulogy is memorable. Mr. Little's ostensible duty was to chronicle the movements of conspicuous persons in the arena of amusement, but he was really a censor, a power.

"His world was the world of light, of artifice, of social splendor, and all that seems farthest from crude actualities; a world that averts its gaze from all such verities as pain and death. In this he moved, strange as it may seem, with seriousness, dignity and veracity. He saw himself as a kind of stage manager of the great social theatre, and in his florid yet correct appearance, his unfailing heartiness and unwearied assiduity in the doings of our Vanity Fair he combined something of Beau Brummel, something of the Regent, and something of the privileged Fool or Jester of a lighter-hearted age. Let us give him for once the title that he would have liked—Beau Little. The music plays on, the lights shine, the jewels flash and tremble, the vain show continues without a pause. It will be the poorer by his absence; and even among the superficial and the thoughtless, little depths and idle thoughts will regretfully concern themselves with him. For the heart that beat beneath his creaseless coat was a kind heart."

At Table Again.

Sir Henry Holland advised his dyspeptic patients to go out to dinner and eat made dishes. Herbert Spencer followed this advice and was benefited. And he gave it as his opinion that dining out may cure dyspepsia, "notwithstanding many dietetic imprudences, if the social surroundings are such as to yield great pleasure." A contributor to the London Daily Chronicle, remembering this, lunched at his club with a fellow-dyspeptic. They deliberately ordered the worst things: Roast pork, roly-poly pudding and Scotch ale. They laughed heartily at table and knew not inward shooting or dull or gnawing pain.

The mention of pork chops pleasing clubmen at luncheon has inspired several to write letters to The Herald and each one names his favorite dish. It is a pleasant, harmless game. Famous men have played it, and Plutarch, Peignot, Suetonius, Doran and Haffreson are not the only recorders of the individual tastes of the illustrious. Dr. Parr admitted that he was passionately addicted to four "luxuries": A shoulder of mutton not under roasted, and richly incrusted with flour and salt; a plain suet pudding; a plain family plum pudding, and "a kind of high festival dish consisting of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Mr. Herkimer Johnson's favorite dish is salt pork fried in cream with shredded and fried apples. He once confessed to us that he had never had enough Welsh rabbit at one sitting; either the rabbit was tough, stringy, uneatable, or the supply of cheese gave out, or he was ashamed to ask for more. We have seen the celebrated sociologist work wonders with a deep apple pie.

Perfidious Albion.

Is it true that the unwritten law of British diplomatic phraseology forbids even in 1914 the use of the title "Emperor" as applied to the first Napoleon?

Feb 20 1914

CECILIA GIVES

The Cecilia Society gave its second concert of the season last evening at Jordan Hall. Mr. Mees conducted. Alwin Schroeder was the assisting artist. Mr. Guckenberger was the accompanist and Mr. Bates the organist.

The program included works by J. S. Bach, Di Lasso, Gevaert, Chabrier, Daniels, Bantock, Gretchaninoff and Grainger.

Mr. Schroeder played pieces by Handel, Perrin, Couperin, Saint-Saens, Schubert and Arthur Foote's "Aubade," in manuscript, which was performed for the first time. Owing to the illness of Miss Schroeder, Mr. Schroeder's accompaniments were played by Mr. Foote.

The performance of Chabrier's "A la Musique" was a feature of the evening, while Di Lasso's "Villanella" was repeated.

A very large audience was hearty in its applause.

The next concert will he at Symphony Hall on Good Friday, April 10, at 8 o'clock, when "The Passion According to St. Matthew ... John ... Bach will be performed. The soloists will be Mmes. Kerns and Potter and Messrs. Douty, Connell and Cartwright.

TREMONT TEMPLE CONCERT

Program of Airs from Operas Pleases the Audience.

The sixth in the series of "Grand Opera" concerts in the Tremont Temple course was given last night, with a large and well pleased audience in attendance. The program consisted almost entirely of operatic selections, it being the opinion of the management that songs are no longer as popular as airs from well known operas. The plan met with the approval of the course patrons and may constitute the policy of the directors another year.

The program included the trio from "Faust," sung by Messrs. Ramella, Fornari and Mardones; aria, "The Spread of Slander," from the "Barber of Seville," sung by Mr. Mardones; sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," sung by Mmes. Frank and Heyman, Messrs. Ramella, Giaccone, Fornari and Mardones; English songs, sung by Miss Frank.

> I fear not, Fate, thy pendant shears,
> There are who pray for length of years;
> To them, not me, allot 'em;
> Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
> Midway, a palatable drink,
> But wormwood at the bottom.

The Quiet Life.

The "fair, stout, fresh-colored man, with round features," who wrote these verses, became in middle life a martyr to the gout, visited his friends in a sort of invalid chair, and died in the 65th year of his age "with all the calmness of a philosopher." It was his habit to breakfast at nine. He wrote and read till three o'clock. He then went to his club, perused the journals, talked by the fire with lawyers, merchants, members of Parliament and those amiable beings known as gentlemen at large. Some time after six he looked over the bill of fare and ordered "haunch of mutton and apple tart." Going afterward to the library he read till nine, ordered coffee and a biscuit, and again read till eleven. Then he went home and if a book interested him he read in bed till midnight without fear, for his lamp was safe and the bed curtains were of moreen. Thus he led a blameless life, during which he wrote certain witty poems that still give pleasure. In spite of the gout, which he did not deserve, for he was temperate in all things except wit, he enjoyed life. Why then did he rail against old age? Was it merely a rhetorical flourish?

Corrective Have-Beens.

There are advantages in what the flippant call old age. (Only the other day we read in a newspaper that some man of prominence in his village had died "at the ripe old age of 55.") Cicero in his gentlemanly way named some of them, but he did not dwell upon the privilege of reminding the young that they never saw this man or that woman, a certain play or opera.

For example, young Bulger, who has been going to the opera for three or four years, was enthusiastic a few nights ago at the Porphyry over a certain performance. He finally spoke of it as ideal. Old Auger looked at him with compassion and said: "My dear sir, you should have seen Galli-Marie, who created the part at the Opera-Comique, or Minnie Hauk, or Pauline Lucca, or Emma Calve when she first visited this country, or Mme. Tremelli, whose Carmen was sinister, demoniacal. As for the Don Jose—I am sorry that you did not see Campanini, de Lucia, Saleza, Lubert or Alvarez as the soldier. You of course never applauded Del Puente as Escamillo." And so when young Carruthers discussed in reverential tones the Hamlet of Forbes Robertson—Carruthers always speaks of him as Sir Johnston with unctious stress on the Sir—Mr. Salterbuck, whose parents feared in the sixties that he would wed a charmingly dangerous soubrette to whom he sent flowers and paid gallant attentions, remarked: "Hump! There have been some remarkable Hamlets in my day. I remember E. L. Davenport, Fechter, Booth, Rossi. No doubt your friend, Mr. Carruthers, is a graceful person, and from what I have heard he speaks his lines agreeably—but." Old Salterbuck should here have pulled out a snuff box and rapped it; instead of this emphasis to his words, he blandly accepted an invitation to "join" Carruthers, and after he had taken his first sip, he mellowed and admitted that he had enjoyed "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Seen Long Ago.

Another may delight in naming famous persons he has seen, as Hazlitt and his friends one night named men they wished they had seen. He tells of the old Emperor William, his son Frederick and the present Emperor sitting together in an opera box at Dresden amused by the awkwardness of the tenor in "The Daughter of the Regiment"; of meeting Bismarck on horseback, unattended, in the Thiergarten; of bowing to Humbert of Italy outside Rome when the King was driving with his wife by his side, as any honest couple in a country buggy; of observing Grant, Sherman and Sheridan in a parade, sitting in open barouches and evidently bored; of hearing Gratz Brown make his famous speech from the bal-

See Nebba in Bah-
F. or Mar? early
R & J -
Ubeng. in Geor
Meist -

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ny of the New Haven House in 1872, standing for two or three hours in e St. Paul Opera House that year enanced by the persuasive words of att Carpenter clad in a velvet coat d white ducks.

Now when this gossiper and Auger d Salterbuck sit together in a corner the Porphyry reviving old memories, e youngest members, hilarious round table, refer to them as old fogies, and wonder why they burden the club. Patience, ingenuous youths! The time will come when you will be garrulous in a corner, and to the newly admitted you will be known only as "old stiffs," tedious fossils.

The Amende Honorable.

As the World Wags:

Forgetful of the misadventures which from time out of mind have befallen those who have monkeyed with buzz-saws, I made certain comment upon 'Kat-Bote (o long, as oa in goat), and I found to my dismay that even in this cold weather there is an added chill when the cold shoulder is turned. I am chastened in spirit.

Kat-Bote (o long, as oa in cat-boat), spell your name as you please, be you lolling in white serge upon an awning-sheltered deck on Buzzard's Bay, pulling long amber ones from tall glasses, or be you, glistening in oilskins, pulling short green ones from the traps at Cape Porpolae.

As for your ballads, read them, recite them, sing them if you like, at the banquet, if ever there be one, or at an author's reading, which I for one would gladly attend. Really I should be glad to hear from you what conversation passed between the captain and the engineer or any other members of the ship's company; and in my turn I would be delighted to undertake to make clear to you in liquid rhyme if possible—at very least, in liquid—the true significance of the interesting converaation between the Governors of the neighboring Carolinas. What will you have?

There, I have tried to make amends. Now let's agree on something. Anent the sudden departure of Mr. Witherspoon and the consequent postponement of the banquet, shall we not join in commending the wisdom of the late Gen. Sherman as shown in his comment upon war? JOHN ALGER.

North Reading, Feb. 17.

Feb 21 1914

DON GIOVANNI

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Don Giovanni." Mr Caplet conducted.

Don Giovanni .....Mr. Marcoux
Il Commendatore.....Mr Mardones
Donna Anna.....Miss Destinn
Don Ottavio .....Mr. Taniongo
Donna Elvira.....Miss Amsden
Leporello.....Mr. Ludikar
Masetto.....Mr. Tavecchia
Zerlina .....Miss Teyte

When "Don Giovanni" was added to the repertory of the Boston Opera House a year ago this month Mr. Marcoux was injured taking a curtain call and Mr Blanchart replaced him at the other performances. Perhaps the recollection of this accident and one that happened to him in London when he was taking the part of Leporello made Mr. Marcoux a little nervous during the first scenes last night, but he gave a picturesque impersonation of the rake-helly Don. His delivery of the recitative was vivacious and significant in the nuances of expression, and his voice in pure song had body and was well under control. His singing of the Serenade deserved warmer recognition.

There have been many studies of this Spanish hero whose adventurous life soon became the inspiration of legends. Poets and dramatists have had their whl with him. Vernon Blackburn in a brilliant essay went so far as to describe how Mozart's hero should look and bear himself. He drew him as tall and attractively slim, his face a little melancholy, his dress, without superfluous ornament, proclaiming the finish of his taste, a gentleman every inch of him, with black hair, a pointed mustache, a peaked beard, exquisite in movement "His existence is excused by the sheer beauty of his expression." Should Don Giovanni be represented as an amorous pursuer of the ideal? Or is vanity his motive, as Armand Hayem suggested in his "Don Juanisme," when he said that the Don wishes to be preferred by all women, not one alone?

Mr. Marcoux has the excellent qualities of presence and grace. He shows the flippant, even the cruel side of the hero. He has the accents and the look of the skilled wooer Yet the sensuous side of the man is not perhaps sufficiently brought forward. In the first scenes there is the cavalier rejoicing in his avoidance of Elvira and his plot against Zerlina rather than the nobleman whose obsessing thought was the conquest of women. There was at first a suggestion of Don Quixote; there was also a suggestion of Capt. Hook, the pirate in "Peter Pan."

Miss Destinn and Miss Amsden have both seen here before in this opera. The former sang with dramatic force, with brilliance in the florid aria, and she rendered the Mozartian style. The latter sang charmingly in the first scene of the second act with [illegible] vocal quality, with the repose demanded by the music, the classic emotionalism of Mozart. In the trio and the quartet of the first act she was needlessly explosive. Miss Teyte was a delightful Zerlina. Voice, art and facial expression all gave life to Da Ponte's country maiden. The impersonation was true in every detail, whether the girl was tempted by Don Giovanni or was comforting Masetto.

Mr. Ludikar's Leporello was intelligently conceived. Some play the part as though Leporello were a buffoon, barely tolerated by his master. "Don Giovanni," according to the original title page, is "a jocose drama," but Leporello is much more than a glutton and a coward. In a small way he is something like his master, though he is not possessed with the same demoniacal spirit. He is cunning, cynical, but he has a more human humor. He respects the supernatural, and in the churchyard scene his cowardice is that of a believer. If he had been the gross buffoon that some portry, Don Dio Giovanni would not have given his his confidence or endured his companionship. All this was forcibly brought out by Mr. Ludikar, whose recitative was as significant as that of his master.

Mr. Tanlongo gave character to Don Ottavio, and this walking gentleman for once was an animated being. Mr. Tanlongo also sang the music tastefully and it suited his voice, although for some reason or other the air "Il mio tesoro" was omitted. Mr. Mardones was a sonorous Commandatore and Mr. Tavecchia's Masetto was more than a country lout.

Mr. Caplet conducted with a nice appreciation of the delicacy and the spirit of the score.

There was a return to the old custom in Italian opera. Several of the singers bowed their thanks after applause and for the moment forsook their roles. Even Miss Destinn was guilty of this. Brethren, these things should not be.

MESSAGER TO CONDUCT HERE

Retiring Director of Paris Opera Says He Will Lead Our Opera Orchestra.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 7 published a letter from its Paris correspondent which begins as follows:

"The suggestion having been made that M. Messager, the retiring director of the Opera, might find employment for his artistic energies in England, I put the question to him yesterday. 'No,' he said, 'I do not contemplate leaving Paris, except for a short season in America, when I shall conduct a series of performances at the Boston Opera House. I have certain concerts to give here, as well as my own work as composer to attend to; hence it is important that I should not be absent too long from the capital.'"

Andre Messager is now in his 61st year. After studying at the Niedermeyer School in Paris he became a pupil of Saint-Saens. He has been an organist in several churches. In 1898 he was appointed conductor at the Opera Comique and his reputation soon became European.

He was "artistic director" at Covent Garden from 1901 to 1907, and in the latter year he went to the Paris Opera as one of the directors.

An excellent musician and a conductor of marked authority and fine taste, whether the opera be by Debussy or Wagner, he has composed many works for the stage, of which "La Basoche," "Les p'tites Michu" and "Veronique" have been the most successful. "Veronique" in an English adaptation has been performed in Boston.

Messager married an English woman, Dotie Davis, who under the pseudonym of Hope Temple, is well known as a writer of songs. His latest achievement at the Paris Opera is the production of "Parsifal."

Newspapers commenting on the death of Zelda Seguin Wallace at Indianapolis say that she created "the title role" of "Carmen" in America, and acquired fame as the gypsy queen in "The Bohemian Girl." "Title role," by the way, is an abominable word, dear to the press agent. But was she the first to take the part of Carmen in this country? Clara Louise Kellogg is named by some, and in her memoirs she says that she sang the part several months before Minnie Hauck.

Miss Kellogg in her entertaining, and at times malicious, memoirs might have said more about Zelda Seguin, for they were closely associated in the seventies and Mrs. Seguin was a bright and shining light of the company that included Joseph Maas, George A. Conly, Jennie Van Zandt, Miss Montague, Peakea, William Carlton. We still see her as Lazarillo in "Maritana," charming in boy's dress; we still hear her pleasing voice in the once famous solo and the trio. She was also a fascinating Cherubino in Mozart's opera.

The Seguins were a family well known in England and in this country. Arthur Edward came here in the thirties and died at New York in 1852. His wife, Ann Childe, after a brilliant career, settled in New York, taught, and died there in 1888. She took the part of Arline at the Park Theatre in New York where "The Bohemian Girl" was first performed in this country (Nov. 25, 1844). Then there was Elizabeth Seguin, the mother of Parepa-Rosa, and there was William Henry Seguin, a bass singer in England.

A Sad Thought.

A Vermont correspondent sent to The Herald a clipping from the old Sunday Mercury, and asked who "Spoons," the contributor, was, and whether he originated the phrase, "Go it while you are young." We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

Who was "Spoons"? Alas, poor Spoons! I didn't know him, Horatio; but this skull might as well be his as any one's; so let it go at that.

Some poor benighted enthusiast may paste clippings into a book today; and a hundred years hence a future "Alois" might find the book—might also read with reverence and admiration some pearls of thought—transmit them by waveless telepathy to a printless paperless paper published by a publishess in an airless airship—and add—but who was this World Wag chap, anyway?

If "Spoons" had written today those immortal verses—immortal by reason of suspended animation in a scrap book—they might have been as follows:

Despair not, Miss; your rosy charms
Will last forever and a day,
If Lillian Russell sells you balms,
And Susie Cocroft takes your pay!
So go it now, and go it plenty—
At eighty-nine you'll look like twenty!

Boston, Feb. 18. H. J. L.

Art in Canada.

As the World Wags:

Will you please explain why it is that the author, or musical composer seeking copyright protection in Canada obtains it from the department of agriculture? Is it because up there authors and composers are inferentially farmers?.

Worcester, Feb. 7. N. H. A.

Lincoln's Aphorism.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "J. D. K." has fooled himself and fooled "some of the people some of the time" by attributing that famous aphorism of Abraham Lincoln to the Freeport speech in the debate with Douglas. It was not said at Freeport, nor in the debate, but in a speech at Clinton Sept. 8, 1858, of which only an abstract not containing it was published. In 1905 the Chicago Tribune and Brooklyn Eagle undertook to trace the conditions that assigned it to the Clinton speech, and found several people living who agreed that it was uttered there in some form. An account of this affair is in Nicolay and Hay's "Complete Works of Lincoln," vol 3, p. 349, and they were so far satisfied of its authenticity that they publish the famous saying in their "Lincoln Anthology Works," vol. XII., p. 4, as belonging in the Clinton speech. A. E. P.

Boston.

"J. D. K." on Feb. 16 wrote to The Herald: "The phrase in question occurs in a speech delivered at Clinton, Ill., Sept. 8, 1858. It can be found in 'The Works of Abraham Lincoln,' vol. 2, published by Newton & Cartwright, 156 Fifth avenue, New York."—[Ed.

Made in Germany.

As the World Wags:

Your "French description" of ollapodrida as "two cigars boiled in three gallons of water," and the description of bouillon given by Clew Garnet, "two buckets o' water and one onion," call to mind the "Recipe for German Coffee" which Mark Twain gives in chapter 49 of "A Tramp Abroad": "Take a barrel of water and bring it to a boil; rub a chiccory berry against a coffee berry, then convey the former into the water. Continue the boiling and evaporation until the itensity of the flavor and aroma of the coffee and chiccory has been diminished to a proper degree; then set aside to cool. Now unharness the remains of a once cow from the plough, insert them in a hydraulic press, and when you shall have acquired a teaspoonful of that pale blue juice which a German superstition regards as milk, modify the malignity of its strength in a bucket of tepid water and ring up for breakfast. Mix the beverage in a cold cup, partake with moderation, and keep a wet rag around your head to guard against over-excitement."

GALLIMAUFRY.

With "S" or "C"?

As the World Wags:

Coventry Patmore in "The Angel in the House," has a chapter headed "The Chace." I do not find "chase" with a "c" in the dictionary. C. P. H.

Boston, Feb. 18.

"Chace" is a form of "chase" as old as Gower's Confessions (1393). De Foe preferred "chace." Somerville's poem begins: "The chace I sing, Hounds, and their various Breed," and the poem itself is entitled "The Chace." Cowper used the form "chace" in his version of the Iliad. Stanley in his "Dark Continent" spelled chase with a "c." The form "chace" is in the Oxford English Dictionary, and so are the less common forms chaas, chas, chaise, chess, chasshe. The middle English spelling was with a "c."

MISS TEYTE IN 'BUTTERFLY' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Madama Butterfly.....Miss Teyte
Suzuki.....Mme. Swartz-Morse
Kate Pinkerton.....Miss Reeside
B. F. Pinkerton.....Mr. Laffite
Sharpless.....Mr. Blanchart
Goro.....Mr. Pini-Corsi
Yamadori.....Mr. Paolini
Lo Zio Bonzo.....Mr. Stilich

In consequence of the indisposition of Miss Garden, "Madama Butterfly," which had been announced for last night, was substituted for "Manon." The unavoidable substitution disappointed many who had hoped to hear "Manon" again and Miss Teyte as Cio-Cio-San in the evening. It is a pity that Massenet's Dresden china opera cannot take the place this week of "Monna Vanna," which will be performed twice on account of the subscribers.

It is also a pity that Mrs. Pinkerton is allowed to appear on the stage in the third act. This makes Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton more of a cad than is necessary. They order these things better in France, at least in Paris, where Mrs. Pinkerton is not seen on the stage. It is also a pity that Puccini did not adhere to his first version of the opera, in which there was no fall of the curtain after the vigil, and no opportunity for Cio-Cio-San to come before the curtain bowing and smiling, and thus dispelling any illusion.

Miss Teyte took the part of Cio-Cio-San for the first time in Boston. It is said that she is not wholly satisfied with her performance, for she is her severest critic. There are many admirable features in her impersonation. She is young, girlish, and her figure is that which we have been taught to associate with the Japanese. She is not restless. Too many play the part as though it were in a musical comedy, trotting with little steps all over the stage, or holding themselves in the strained attitude of women in old Japanese pictures. "Madama Butterfly" is, after all, not the "Mikado" with a tragic end. When Puccini's opera was first produced at the Boston Opera House all the persons on the stage, except the Americans and the Bonze, were constantly in agitation, with their tripping and their falling on their knees and their fanning themselves in their endeavor to be truly Japanese, forgetting that Puccini's Orientals are Italians thinly disguised in Japanese costumes; forgetting that the Japanese are singularly dignified, gravely courteous, not accustomed to show emotion. There has been a slight change for the better in this direction.

It might be said that while Miss Teyte's arrangement of hair was in the picture, the treatment of her eyes and eyebrows might have been elaborated, for the sake of illusion, but this is a secondary matter. She was a pretty picture, a sympathetic figure. This was a very serious Cio-Cio-San. There was no smirking, no giggling in the scene before the wedding ceremony. This marriage meant everything to her who was alone. It would be hard to say whether her acting or her singing was the more significant and eloquent. There were many fine points throughout the play. Her face and silence when there was mention of her father; her scene with the Bonze; her moment of abandonment just before she entered the house, were only a few of them. She sang with the utmost intelligence, underlining, as it were, the text, expressing a world of meaning in a few notes.

And so her performance was too intelligent, too carefully considered. It lacked genuine emotional quality. It was from the head rather than the heart. There was no "native moment," to borrow Walt Whitman's phrase. If Cio-Cio-San had really been so intelligent she would have foreseen the end when she agreed to become Mrs. Pinkerton, and after the lieutenant's ship had sailed behaved as Loti's Mme. Chrysantheme. While the spectator admired her art, vocal and histrionic, while he often had aesthetic pleasure in the delivery of a phrase or a bit of stage business, his attention was not fixed, his heart was not wrung.

Why should Miss Teyte, whose Mimi is wholly admirable, deeply emotional by its simplicity and poignant expression, be attractive, intelligent, but unconvincing and neither melodramatic nor tragic as Cio-Cio-San? Here is a question for Mr. Victor Maurel to answer, for he has pondered the psychology of operatic parts and the word "psychology" is always in his mouth. Is it, perhaps, because the music of "La Boheme" is conspicuously spontaneous and sincere, while that of "Madama Butterfly" is too deliberately contrived and sophisticated? All will agree that Miss Teyte's impersonation at present is indeed clever, but the word "clever" in the vocabulary of art is not the highest praise.

... an excellent orchestral ... The orchestra under ... has recently shown a ... ons that have often ... the past. The Sharpless ... and the Suzuki of ... are familiar. Mr. ... tastefully, and the music ... ple quality of his voice. ... a passionate bride- ... more highballs with Mr. ... might have given him the de- ... r. Mr. Pini-Corsi's Goro was ... thoughtfully conceived ... carried out with un- ... The lighting of the stage ... but we prefer the old set- ... of the second act to the present ... which is fantastical in an opera ... is supposed to be realistic.

RECITAL BY THREE ARTISTS

Ysaye, Godowsky and Gerardy Heard in Symphony Hall.

... Ysaye, Leopold Godowsky and J... Gerardy, assisted by Camille De... pianist, gave a recital ... on at Symphony Hall. ... was as follows: Beethoven, ... Minor, Chopin, Ballade in G-Minor, Nocturne in G-Major, Liszt, Gnomenreigen. Boellmann, Variations Symphoniques. Saint-Saens, La Muse et le Poete. Schubert, Trio in B-flat.

This concert afforded an unusual opportunity of hearing chamber music played by three of the most distinguished artists now living, each a master of his chosen instrument. There was a ... appreciative audience of good size, but the hall should have been crowded.

Mr. Ysaye has been heard here recently and Mr. Godowsky was in Boston last season. Mr. Gerardy has not visited America for several years. The individuality of the three men is pronounced. Yesterday, however, the playing of all three was sympathetically blended so that there were unity, precision and flawless ensemble while no instrument was unduly assertive at the others expense. There were memorable moments in both trios.

Mr. Godowsky's performance of Chopin's Ballade was remarkable for its steel, brilliance and virtuosity. He displayed rare delicacy and finesse in Liszt's "Gnomenreigen. Yet he is an intellectual rather than an emotional pianist. He excels in the crystalline clearness of his runs and in nicely contrived contrasts between piano and forte. As an executant he is at times forcibly metallic.

Mr. Gerardy's playing of Bouellmann's Variations was a feature of the afternoon. Seldom is a 'cellist so eloquent. The emotional beauty of his tone is haunting. It is in turn melting, noble, tender, sensuous. He has at his command an infinite variety of nuances. His admirable technique is but an accessory for his art as an interpreter. He has both artistic modesty and poise.

Mr. Ysaye, too, was in the vein. He was heard to excellent advantage with Mr. Gerardy in Saint-Saens' piece, which is included among the composer's later works. It was composed in 1909 and was originally written with an orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Decreus rendered valuable assistance in this piece and that by Boellmann.

"TOSCA" GIVEN AT OPERA HOUSE IN THE EVENING

Miss Amsden's Floria Full of Warmth and Feeling.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Floria	Miss Amsden
Mario	Mr. Tanlongo
Scarpia	Mr. Danges
...are	Mr. Sampieri
Il Sagrestano	Mr. Tavecchia
...tta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Tortorici
Un Pastore	Miss Gauthier

Miss Amsden's Floria is full of warmth and feeling. Indeed, one could scarcely be surprised that the vicious Scarpia should have sought to number her among his conquests. Into the scene in Scarpia's apartments Miss Amsden threw all her abounding vitality. Yet there was not too much frankness in the purpose. The audience showed its keen appreciation of her finished performance.

Mr. Danges sang Scarpia with convincing earnestness. He was, perhaps, less brutal than some who have sung the part, but there was no lack of fire in his passion. There were some fine points in Mr. Tanlango's Mario, which was sung on the whole most acceptably. In spite of the disappointment over the change in the evening's bill the attendance last evening was large.

... ery old play was produced in London ... st month, a play by Hroswitha, a ... ine nun of Gandersheim in the ... ry. The title of the play is ..." and the production is in... because on this drama ... nce founded his bril... mance "Thais," and "Thais" is best known in Boston ... opera goers through the personal revelation of Miss Mary Garden.

M. France knew the plays of Hroswitha and wrote delightfully about them. He described the pious playwright as "a very learned person, with a mind subtle and barbaric." She wrote comedies after the manner of Terence, and these comedies are unlike those of Terence, and do not resemble any comedy. When the marionettes of M. Signoret, through the intercession of M. Maurice Bouchor, played the nun's "Abraham," the naive story of Mary, the niece of St. Abraham, who converted her from a shameful life, M. France was greatly pleased. He had wished for this. The nun, he said, had no wit: she was as innocent as a poet. "If ever I obtain the honor of being introduced to the actress that is the leading woman at the Marionette Theatre I shall kneel at her feet, I shall kiss her hands and touch her knees and beg her to play the part of Mary in the comedy of my abbess. I shall say: 'Mary, the niece of Saint Abraham, was hermit and courtesan. There are in this part great situations which are expressed by a few gestures. A beautiful marionette like you will surpass in it actresses of flesh and blood. You are very little, but you will seem large because you are simple, while in your place a living actress would appear small. Furthermore, it is only you today that can express religious sentiment.' This is what I would say, and she perhaps would be persuaded. A truly artistic idea, a fine and noble thought ought to enter more easily into the wooden head of a marionette than into the brain of a fashionable actress.

"And if I must say all I think, actors spoil for me a play. I mean good actors. I could tolerate the others, but I cannot endure excellent ones, as those at the Comedie Francaise. Their talent is too great; it covers everything. There are only these, and they efface the work in which they play. * * * I dream of masterpieces wretchedly played in barns by strollers."

In an article wholly devoted to Hroswitha, the gentle ironist returns to his marionettes.

"I saw one night on a huge stage a woman of marked talent, wholly respectable, who, dressed as a queen and reciting verses, wished to pass for the sister of Helen and the heavenly Twins, but she was flat-nosed, and I knew at once from this that she was not the daughter of Leda. No matter how well she spoke and acted, I did not believe her. My pleasure was spoiled. With marionettes one never fears such embarrassment. They are made in the image of dream maidens." If they should represent a drama of Shakespeare, France would see the poet's thoughts unrolled in sacred characters on the walls of a temple. "I venerate their divine innocence, and I am sure that if old Aeschylus, who was very much of a mystic, should return to earth and visit France on the occasion of our Universal Exposition, he would have his tragedies played by Signoret's troop of marionettes. * * * For marionettes answer exactly my idea of the theatre."

France thinks that these comedies of Hroswitha were played by her and her sisters. With false beards some impersonated men. Not conceiving anything more beautiful than the religious life, the dramatist celebrated the praise of chastity, but she was not ignorant of the perils encountered by her preferred virtue, and in her plays the virgins were exposed to all sorts of trials.

When Anatole France wrote his romance, based on the play of Hroswitha and the story told in the Golden Legend of de Voragine, he changed the ending. Paphnutius, the Athanael of the opera, in the old play remains a devout and rigorously ascetic man to the end. The terribly ironical close of the romance is the invention of the novelist.

A Mediaeval Drama

We quote from the London Times an account of this play as produced in London.

"A true picture of hermit life in the Egyptian desert would probably be intolerable to modern senses; but the sacks heaped in the corner of the Savoy's apron stage; the coarse habits of the holy man's disciples, the wicker-baskets they were knitting, and their simplicity of mind gave all one wanted for an impression. After a brief and very quaint lecture to these backward pupils in the quadrivium, Paphnutius told them how his soul was burdened with the guilt of Thais and the eternal destruction of all the men who had sinned with her, and how he was resolved to venture into Alexandria to save her soul. To Alexandria accordingly he goes, looking very young and handsome in the worldly garments donned over his habit; and making his way to the house of Thais, where incense and dances and scattered rose-leaves and music are passing an idle hour for the lady of luxury, he begins by making love to her. And a very gallant and (one would have thought) experienced manner he had of doing it. But very soon the lover and the lover's garb were ... the holy man was re... led in his dingy habit with words of denunciation on his lips. The conversion of Thais (who was already a Christian by profession) must have seemed surprisingly sudden to anyone who failed to understand that in the mind of Hroswitha and her contemporary hearers, the change would have been divinely prepared before ever Paphnutius set out from the desert. Together they go from the evil town to the wilderness; Paphnutius hands Thais over to the care of an abbess and sees her walled up in a cell 'no bigger than a grave.' And Thais, though her flesh shrinks from the horrible place, puts on the penitent's garb and disappears from the world. Years pass, and Paphnutius is anxious to know the fate of his convert. He goes to visit old Anthony, and finds that a disciple of that ancient saint has had a vision of celestial bliss prepared for Thais. And last comes Paphnutius's visit to the repentant sinner, and her death in his arms.

"There are no half-measures about Hroswitha. She pits the wicked world against monastic virtue with no half-tones or saving clauses. But to a modern hearer the living merit of her play (which, whatever may be its Latin, is not the least Terentian in English) is the clearness and beauty with which she brings out the love of Paphnutius for his convert, the profound tenderness that underlies his appallingly severe treatment of her sick soul and sinning body. The last scene is loftily ecstatic. There is no doubt that Hroswitha was a good dramatist.

"The play, with all its accompaniments of plain-song from monks and nuns, worldly music from lovers and servants of Thais, dances and what not, was well acted both by Mr. Harcourt Williams, who realized all the elements in the character of Paphnutius, and Miss Miriam Lewes as Thais, who played her first and her last scenes extremely well. It was a great pleasure to see Miss Ellen Terry in the part of the Abbess, and Mr. Mark Hannam made a memorable figure of ancient St. Anthony."

From a Calm Observer

Mr. S. A. Merrill replied last Sunday to a letter published some days before in The Herald and signed "Indignant." The discussion was concerning the behavior of the audience at the Shubert Theatre one night when the King in "Hamlet" was forced to read his lines from the book. And now comes a letter in answer to Mr. Merrill.

To the Editor of The Herald:

To laugh, or not to laugh; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slips and stumbles of outrageous acting,
Or feel no sympathy for a poor man's troubles,
And by ridicule augment them.

Having been present at the performance of "Hamlet" in question, the letters from "Indignant" and S. A. Merrill appearing in your columns have interested me.

Granting that the management made a mistake (in the light of subsequent events) not to ask the indulgence of the audience before the play began, was the audience justified in "paying back" the management by adding to the trials of the evening?

Granting the company to be a mediocre one, was that any excuse for ridiculing one who was doing his best to aid in putting a thing through in the face of difficulties?

Is it not a strange and sad thing that the type of person who will fill the Shubert Theatre to listen to the immortal lines of the Bard of Avon should be lacking in the instinct to be indulgent, without being requested to be so, toward the unfortunate man who is murdering those lines? One might understand an audience attending the "Follies" being thus deficient. Yes many of us "love a lord." I have been told that we all "love a lover," and I believe large numbers of us love to see kindness and consideration shown to our guests even though they have no handles attached to their names. I believe Mr. Lacy is without a title. Alas, there are others of us who, when we have paid our money, must get a full return for it, regardless of unforeseen accidents and at the expense of our neighbor's pleasure. Why did not those who felt they were not still not quite repaid for their expenditure, after the performance was over, ask for a rebate at the box office? Perhaps they did.

A. P. CARROLL.

Boston, Feb. 15.

Goethe's "Faust" in German

Apropos of the performance of "Faust" in German at the Shubert Theatre Tuesday afternoon, the following letter is pertinent:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Goethe's "Faust" has been as great a drawing card in the German theatres in recent years as Shakespeare's plays have been there since they were first translated. Not infrequently the two parts of "Faust" are given on two successive evenings, and occasionally even three evenings are devoted to this play. This obviates the necessity of cutting out many splendid scenes, which must be sacrificed, if parts one and two are to be performed in one evening or afternoon each. Only the first part of "Faust" will be given in the matinee at the Shubert Theatre on Tuesday, Feb. 24, but Rudolf Christians has judicially connected a number of scenes and by most ingenious stage settings obviated the customary long waits between the various scenes, that the performance will take not much more time than an ordinary matinee, and there are comparatively few cuts.

The opera "Faust," with music by Gounod, is built only around the Gretchen intermezzo, and does small justice to the marvellous picture unrolled by Goethe. About as many commentaries have been written on the German play as on Shakespeare and the Bible, but intellectually it has remained unexplored, for its appeal is primarily emotional and elemental. Good English translations exist, but none has been able to keep the marvellous beauty of Goethe's diction. It falls upon the ear like music from another world. The easy changes of rhythm and many interspersed lyrics grip the emotions and clearly convey meanings which only the attempts at rational interpretations render confused. No play offers such difficult problems to stagecraft as "Faust," and nowhere, perhaps, is the success greater when they are solved than here. The uncouth roisterers in Auerbach's cellar drawing their drafts from holes in a table bored by Mephistopheles; the spilled wine and their frights at the ensuing flames; the caldron in the witch's kitchen boiling over, the magic potion administered to Faust, and many similar scenes are powerfully impressive, for in every case the dialect raises them above the level of melodrama. Judging by the accounts of those who saw Mr. Christians and his company in New York recently, all these scenes were very well done. Christians himself takes the part of Mephistopheles, and in his mouth the haunting yet virile charm of some of the best lines written by Goethe receive their full dessert. The Faust of Mr. Stoeckel gave rise to a heated discussion in New York because he wore no beard, contrary to a well established custom.

Possibly the richness of his facial play which the absence of a beard permitted accounted for much of the deep impression made by his impersonation. The Gretchen intermezzo was given entire and in the prison scene one could not help feeling the ideal connection between this German damsel's grief and that of Ophelia. With the angels proclaiming the salvation of the girl and Mephisto's call to Faust the first part ends. The full meaning of the poem, however, appears only in the second part, although it is frequently hinted at almost from the beginning. To the classic world many sins were forgiven and there was only one which meant death for man, namely an act of overbearing, however slight, in the presence of the gods. Man had to keep his place. Goethe's world may likewise sin in many ways without losing its hope of salvation, provided it avoids the one unpardonable sin of standing still. Onward, ever onward is man's only salvation. Roughly speaking the first part of Faust contains an account of the many missteps made by a man whose course is straight ahead. For anyone not thoroughly disgusted with each delay, but pleased to tarry by the wayside, each separate transgression would have meant death. It is the onward desire which saves Faust, even if it is, as at the end of the first part, at the call of Satan.

PROF. EDMUND VON MACH.

Cambridge, Feb. 18.

Personal Comment

Albert Carre, the new administrator-general of the Theatre Francais, has secured for the theatre "a closer monopoly" of the services of its societaires, those players who have a pecuniary interest in the institution. The minister of public instruction issued on Jan. 27, a decree modifying the famous Decree of Moscow, which contains the original constitution of the Comedie Francaise, and was signed by Napoleon in the Kremlin in 1812. "For the future Societaires will not be allowed to use their leave of absence for their personal profit, unless authorized to do so by ministerial decree, and the plays in which they perform outside the Theatre Francais must be on its repertoire." The regulations with regard to length of leave will be strictly enforced, and Societaires will be fined $30 for every day taken beyond their allotted time. After three days the fine will be increased to $100 a day. The question of performances by the whole company outside Paris, such as those given in Brussels in the fall, is still under consideration.

Miss Ellen Terry will lecture in Australia this spring. It will be her first visit to that country. She will leave England early next month.

Signor Angelini Giustiniani, who travelled specially from Rome to Bayreuth in order to be present at the first performance of "Parsifal" on July 26, 1882, recently gave an account of his impressions in the "Rassegna Contemporanea." He was surprised at seeing Wagner drive up to the theatre "in a carriage which also conveyed a large barrel of beer perched conspicuously on

…ox-seat by the side of the driver …s was carried into the theatre presumably with a view to slaking the thirst aroused in the gullets of Wagner and his friends by the performance of the masterpiece."—London Daily Chronicle.

Miss Marie van Gelder, who will give a song recital on Wednesday afternoon, was born in Amsterdam, Holland and came to this country at an early age. She studied singing with the late Augusto Rotoli, at the New England Conservatory. Teaching for a while after her graduation, she studied for the operatic stage, finally with Kneise at Bayreuth. She made her debut at Berne, and after one season in which she took 16 parts, she made a tour of Switzerland, Germany and Holland. For four seasons sho was first soprano at the Royal Theatre of Amsterdam. At the end of this engagement she made an extensive tour of Europe. Her repertorie includes nearly 40 roles, from Marguerite to Kundry, from Donna Anna to Senta.

Miss Pauline Chase, whose 1200th appearance in "Peter Pan" is approaching, started as First Twin and became Peter Pan himself on the second revival, and has only missed four performances since. Three others have been in the London cast since the original production; George Shelton, James English and John Kelt—the Smee, Jukes and Noodler respectively.

Maurice Renaud has been engaged for a series of performances at the Opera Comique, Paris. One of his roles will be Golaud in "Pelleas and Melisande."

A clarinet player named Filippo Fanin died recently in Venice. Thrifty and fortunate in his investments, he left nearly $100,000 which he willed to charitable institutions.

Debussy has written the music for a ballet "Fete Galante" based on poems by Verlaine. The composer had agreed to have his score ready on April 1, 1913. By the way, where are his operas based on two tales of Poe?

Mme. Ottilie Metzger

Mme. Ottilie Metzger, who will sing for the first time in Boston at Symphony Hall this afternoon, was born at Frankfort on May 15, 1878. When she was 16 she studied singing with Julius Hey; afterwards with Mme. Nicklass Kempner and Georg Vogel, and with Emanuel Reicher in Berlin she studied dramatic action. Her first engagement in opera was at Halle. In 1900 she was invited to join the company of the Cologne Opera House. Three years later, Sept. 1, 1903, she became a member of the Hamburg City Theatre company. She visited this country early in 1913 to sing with the Philharmonic Society of New York, Jan. 23, 21.

At Halle she began as a page in "Lohengrin," although she knew a large number of roles. She was then 20 years old, according to her own report. She appeared in operettas as well as operas, and one season sang Mimosa in "The Geisha" 85 times. All she received was $ a month and there were only six months in the season. Her salary was raised to $50 the second season.

Mme. Metzger has sung at Covent Garden, at Bayreuth, in Budapest, Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen and other cities. She has said that her favorite roles are Lenora in "Fidelio," "Carmen," in which she has often sung with Caruso, Amneris, Azucena, Adriano, the contralto parts in the later Wagnerian operas, Clytemnestra in Strauss's "Elektra," the Widow in Blech's "Versiegelt."

The daughter of a journalist, she married in 1902 the author Klemens Froitzheim, but when she came to New York she was the wife of Theodore Lattermann, a bass-baritone of the Hamburg Opera. By him she has a child about two years and a half old. Mr. Heinrich Chevalley, a Hamburg music critic, described her voice a contralto of "deep, sonorous, organ-like character," and this quality is preserved throughout her generous compass. "In the lower register the voice is particularly effective; striking in volume is this voice, which, full of vitality and sensuous warmth in the middle register, is crowned by radiant, strong and firm upper notes."

Filson Young and "Parsifal"

Mr. Filson Young wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette:

I hope, but I cannot believe, that London will keep its head over 'Parsifal.'

The critics will, I know; this is just one of those cases where the musical critics are much more likely to be right than the public. The reason why the public is likely to lose its head is because 'Parsifal' is the creation of an old man of transcendent genius, in the days when his genius was burning to its last embers. The old Wagner who wrote it was a man who knew more about effect, who had more experience how to play on his audience than any composer before or since. In his earlier works, effective though they are, he subordinated effect to artistic purpose; in 'Parsifal' he played effect for all it was worth. No wonder the … sensation-seeking world was … led to the narrow by a work in which the tenderest effects of religion, emotion, and sense were all subtly combined and employed. So they will be thrilled at Covent Garden tonight. But take my word for it (don't if you like), this is not the greatest Wagner. The man who made the music of the gods, the music of love, the music of the hearth, would have smiled at 'Parsifal' and sighed over the lovely things he had put into it.

"It is all to the good that Londoners are to hear it at last, done, as I am convinced it will be done at Covent Garden, supremely well. Not until the fuss it creates is over will they be able to appreciate Wagner in his true worth and greatness."

Opera and Concert

Mehul's "Joseph" was produced for the first time in England as an opera on Feb. 3 at Covent Garden and found antiquated. Its biblical character probably prevented an earlier production. The opera now is 107 years old. The Pall Mall Gazette found that the music suggests something of Gluck, with an additional gloss of perhaps the Mozartian influence. "It is all very placid and neatly written, and occasionally, especially in the ensembles, a touch of the dramatic creeps in; but the essentially undramatic nature of the libretto makes real force of expression almost an impossibility—at any rate, to a composer without a naturally vivid power of musical characterization." We heard "Joseph" at the Berlin Royal Opera in the early eighties. Pretty Lola Beeth, who visited Boston and sang in Mechanics' Hall 18 years ago this month, was the Benjamin, the only part for a woman singer in the opera. The music was restful; there was not even the thought of a passionate aria for Mrs. Potiphar, who is not mentioned by the librettist, and the one dramatic scene, the meeting of Joseph with his brethren, passes with spoken dialogue. A German company invading England in 1841 wished to perform "Joseph" at Drury Lane Theatre, but it was allowed to perform it only after the manner of an oratorio.

The Congregation of the Index, which has inhibited the works of M. Maeterlinck, used at one time to censor dramatic performances as well as books. Prior to the fall of the Temporal Power neither "Les Huguenots" nor "La Juive" could be played in Rome, and "Faust" was also forbidden owing to the prominent part played in the opera by Mephistopheles. Occasionally drastic changes were made in order to save operas from being banned. When "La Favorita" was originally produced in Rome the last act was played in a hospital instead of a monastery, and the monks were transformed into medical students. Apropos the Pope's approval of a new dance, which is not totally unlike the Tango, the comic opera "Boccaccio" was under the Papal ban. So its name was changed to "Fiammetta," and it was played all over Italy.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It is proposed to have an Arthurian Festival at Glastonbury, Eng., in August, 1914. The circular says: "It has long been thought that England should have its own National Festival Theatre for religious and choral drama, and that it should not be necessary to go abroad in order to have music drama presented under the right conditions. * * * At last the opportunity has come for producing an English music drama founded upon an Arthurian legend as told by Malory. Glastonbury, the ancient Isle of Avalon, affords the most ideal and appropriate setting for this venture. Glastonbury is, according to well founded tradition, the site of the first church in Britain, built by Joseph of Arimathea and his companions. Chalice Hill, Glastonbury, derives its name from the belief that the Holy Grail was built there. To Glastonbury the mourning queens brought Arthur himself after his last great battle to be healed of his wound, and here he and Guinevere were buried." It is proposed to produce in August, 1914, the first of a cycle of music dramas, entitled "The Birth of Arthur," the drama by Reginald R. Buckley and the music by Rutland Boughton. The conductor will be Thomas Beecham and the orchestra the Beecham Symphony Orchestra. There will be three performances. The cost of them, including the expense of building a temporary theatre to serve four or five years, is estimated at about $25,000. A more ambitious scheme has been sketched which would provide a permanent National Festival Theatre for the presentation not only of the cycle of Arthurian choral dramas in question, but music dramas by other authors and composers, folk-drama and folk-dancing, "thus fostering," as it is claimed, "the natural demand of English people for their own music." Those in sympathy with the project include Edward Elgar, Mr. Bantock, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Sir Frederick Pollock, W. L. Courtney, George Moore, Sir Henry J. Wood and many other well known people. As a matter of fact, no opera founded on an Arthurian legend has yet achieved great popularity or had a long life.

Franz Lehar's new opera, "Endlich Allein" ("Alone at Last"), which was performed for the first time at the Theater an der Wien, indicates that the author has for the nonce abandoned the light and superficial type of operetta. He carefully avoids easy, catchy effects, and adheres to romantic, poetic music. His latest work exceeds anything he has written in refinement and nobility, without, however, missing a certain popular strain. The finest part of the opera is seen in the second act, which is a musical duet, only the two chief characters appearing on the stage, and in which everything is either said or indicated by the music. A slow waltz, "The World Is Beautiful," is superb in its effect, and forms the leading motif in the opera. In the first act a real Lehar waltz, "Only Those Who Have Loved," was encored five times, while a charming gavotte, a march, and a tercett in the final act were received enthusiastically by the audience.

Mr. Lehar had neither a chorus, large dance ensembles, nor similar aids this time. Perhaps it was just because of this that his work had a success which was all the greater and more emphatic in that it depended entirely on its artistic merits and melody.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 2.

Another Viennese operetta, with music by Ludwig Rochlitzer, met with great success in Vienna, Jan. 31. The story is of an eccentric German nobleman who leaves the court for the seclusion of his hunting box, where he brings up his pretty niece as a boy.

Will the curious in such matters ever learn what the monetary value of the "Bayreuth master's" work has proved to his heirs and assigns? Surely the performing and publishing fees of his operas must have amounted to something colossal. It has been stated, for instance, that the Vienna Royal Opera has paid in royalties on performances of the Wagner operas since his death a sum of over £39,000, making an average of £1300 a year. Bear this figure in mind, and then think of the thousands of Wagner performances in all parts of Europe, to say nothing of America, in the past 30 years! In the case of Vienna it is curious to reflect, according to some figures lately published, that time was—during the composer's life—when the Imperial Opera authorities there paid him nothing in the way of royalties. But payment of £125 in each case was agreed upon for all rights of mounting "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser." When, in consequence of the success of those operas, "The Flying Dutchman" was added to the repertoire in 1860, the composer accepted a sum down of about £120. But by the time "Die Meistersinger" was completed, some nine years later, payment of royalties had become the established custom, and the contract in regard to that opera stipulated for the payment to the composer or his heirs of 7 per cent. of the gross receipts at every performance until 10 years after his death. But in 1875 a fresh agreement was signed, whereby the period was extended, both in respect of "Die Meistersinger" and the other music dramas, to 30 years after the master's death.—The Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Ottilie Metzger and the Apollo Club. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Concert by Mmes. Teyte and Beriza and Messrs. Tanlongo, tenor; Danges, baritone, and Henrotte, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Max Landow. Brahms, sonata in F minor, op. 5; Schumann, David's buendler taenze; Liszt, Consolation, St. Francis preaching to the birds, Ricordanza, and Grosses Concert Solo.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club (43d season) Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Parker, Blow, Blow; Hatton, Evening's Twilight; Zander, What I have; Wagner, Feast of the Holy Grail from "Parsifal"; Mosenthal, the Music of the Sea; Bullard, the Sword of Ferrara; Pache, Silent Recollection; Warren, Slumber Song. Mrs. Anita Davis Chase, soprano, will sing these songs: d'Erlanger, Morte; Vidal, Printemps Nouveau; Locke, A Norseland Song; M. Lang, On an April Bough; Brahms, Der Schmied, Wolf, Verborgenheit; Hludack, Der Lenz.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Marie van Gelder, dramatic soprano. Elisabeth's entrance Aria from "Tannhaeuser"; Liszt's "Mignon," the "Allelujah" from F. Hummel's "The Great Light," "Eros," by Kuerstener of New York, three songs by Rotoli, three songs by Chadwick, two by H. Wolf and Strauss's "Caecilie."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Schumann-Heink, assisted by Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Feb 23 1914

The man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz.

Whar there's dancing there's fiddling—whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness, and wickedness is sin.

When thou seest dancing, think of the bloody head of John the Baptist on the charger, and hellish longing will not fill thy soul.

H. Johnson at a Ball.

As the World Wags:

Although I am not a dancing man, I went to a ball a few nights ago, and went as an earnest student of sociology. I did dance when I was a boy, but only the Lancers and the schottische. The teacher was an elderly man with white hair. He played on a small fiddle, the kind called a kit. He was a nervous and cross person, and I remember that I asked my mother why his breath used to smell of fireworks. The waltz was not taught in our little village. "Round dances" were thought to be improper. After I went away to school, a man came from Springfield and announced that he would teach the waltz as it was danced in European capitals and in New York. He had a bald spot on the top of his head, a florid complexion and a waxed mustache. I saw him in vacation time and he looked like a sport. Deacon Kingsley said he was undoubtedly a man of sin. Respecting the wishes of my parents, I never learned to waltz.

Only my duty to the world, including subscribers to my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription), took me to this ball, for a male wallflower that will bloom only at supper time is to me a loathsome object. Then there was the expense of suitable preparation. I bought a pair of white gloves and had a trying experience in the shop, for the women that fitted me with almost maternal solicitude saw at once that I was unaccustomed to wearing gloves, and smiled a smile that, in view of the circumstances, was sinister. My shirt was immaculate, and although it was manufactured when it was the fashion to wear three studs, I had read in a London newspaper that two studs were the correct ornamentation. My vest fortunately covered the third and bottom hole.

And I wore my silker, the pride of my heart, and a crown that even the great white Tsar of all the Russias might covet.

The Hat of Hats.

It was made for me a few years ago, made to suit my personality, my architecture. It had, I use the past tense for a reason that will soon be unfolded—it had, I say, a very broad flat brim, yet it was not exactly like Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's, nor was it exactly like the hat of M. Henry Gauthier-Villars, known as "Willy" or "L'Oeuvreuse." It was the one luxury of my life, yet it was not appreciated by rude persons in subway stations and the foyer of the Opera House, and I did not venture to wear it in the day time when snow was on the ground and idle boys in the street. I repeat it: this hat was a plug of awe-inspiring dignity; it was magnificent, superb. Jonathan Wild asked his gang of undone gamesters, broken tradesmen, loose and disorderly youth. "What is the use of a hat further than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public?" He never would have said this had he seen my stovepipe.

A Noble Dame.

I have no heart to describe the gorgeous scene; the gay and reckless dancing, the surprising and revealing costumes worn by the women, young and old, the delicacies of the supper and the champagne of a blessed year; but I took copious notes, rich material for the magnum opus that will place me high among the immortal.

At a late hour as I was going to the cloak-room I passed my old friend Mrs. Golightly. She smiled and said: "Mr Johnson"— Ah, there was a time when she called me "Herkimer," and once, it was years ago, she faintly murmured "Herk!"— "Mr. Johnson, do you think I have done a wicked thing? At the last ball my velvet carriage boots were carried off by some careless woman, and I had to go home in an old pair that were not mated. I left them here tonight. See what I have taken." And she thrust out a foot that once I swore was Cinderella's. What could I say? I smiled what I thought to be a society smile, made some inconsequential foolish remarks, for, like Mr. Cheggs, I am bashful in the presence of ladies, and turned to get my overcoat and hat, which I had checked.

The Tragedy.

The overcoat was there; the umbrella was promptly handed to me; the overshoes had been spared; but where was my hat? A rapid glance, and I saw it was not on peg or shelf. It was not among the hats on the floor. The servant searched on tiptoe and his knees, moved by my supplications. At last, exhausted, he said: "Some gent must have taken it." This robber was indeed a "gent." My initials were in the hat which could not have fitted him. There was no other hat like it in the house. Immoderate indulgence in champagne could not serve as an excuse for such a rape. And what was I to do? George P. Bolivar, who stood by, laughed coarsely and said: "Take another one, old man; you mustn't catch cold." I tried on several. One was a fair fit. I took it—shameful confession, I took it. It was my first theft since, a youngster, I stole $3 from my mother's purse and bought jewelry and a six-bladed pocket knife, and hid them in a bedroom woodbox.

How can I now reprove Mrs. Golightly? And where is my broad-brimmed silker? Who will dare to wear

... I ... put on the ... which ... I stole ... conventional ... The hat of a man who ... to be incorrect in dress. And it ... a hall frequented by our "best ... it all this happened! If I had ... the night until the closing ... one of my accustomed haunts, I ... not now be mourning, refusing to be comforted, hatless, for the thing ... cannot justly be called a hat.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

South Boston, Feb. 21.

MME. METZGER AND APOLLO

Mme. Ottilie Metzger, contralto, and the Apollo Club of Boston, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Harold Osborn Smith was the accompanist for Mme. Metzger and Frank H. Luker for the club. Grant Drake was the organist. The program was as follows: Hammond, "Lochinvar"; Sibelius, "The Broken Melody"; Herbeck, "The Maid of the Valley"; Gibson, "A Summer Lullaby"; Osgood, "In Picardie"; Kremser, Prayer of Thanksgiving. Mme. Metzger sang these songs: Schubert, "Der Zwerg", Von Weber, "Volkslied"; Humann, "Die Kartenlegerin", Brahms, "Sapphische Ode"; Salter, "The Cry of Rachel"; Ware, "The Cross"; Holmes, "L'Heure du Pourpre"; Wolf, "Auf einer Wanderung," "Der Freund", Mahler, "Um Mitternacht," "Ich hab ein gluehend Messer"; Brecher, "Der Arbeitsmann."

The German contralto was heard for the first time in Boston. Her voice is not one of uncommon beauty, nor is it full of color, an organ for all emotions. Chiefly sombre in character, it is generous in compass yet it lacks warmth, richness and the haunting timbre of the true contralto. The upper tones are agreeable in character, but when forced for dramatic effect the voice becomes hard and the intonation distressingly false. Mme. Metzger's phrasing was often marred by poor management of breath. While, like many of her race, she gave much importance to final consonants, her enunciation in German, French and English was by no means ideal.

Nor was the singer fortunate in interpretation. Songs of a quietly emotional nature were too often merely lethargic, ponderous. In others of a frankly passionate character the singer was evidently overcome by her own emotion, but she failed to impart the composer's mood to the audience.

"The Cry of Rachel" as sung by Mme. Schumann-Heink is a song of heartbreaking pathos and epic grandeur. Mme. Metzger's performance was disappointing. There was, too, no sensuous appeal in her vigorous delivery of Holmes's "L'Heure du Pourpre." She was most effective when simplest, as in Von Weber's "Volkslied."

The singing of the Apollo Club was marked by beauty of tone and excellent enunciation. The parts were well balanced and the interpretations were musical. Mr. Denghausen's sonorous voice was effective in the obbligato solo of Hammond's "Lochinvar."

An audience of fair size was amiably disposed. Mme. Metzger added to the program and there were repetitions by the club.

OPERA SUNDAY CONCERT

Miss Teyte Chief Attraction and Sings Extra Numbers.

Miss Maggie Teyte, soprano, was the principal attraction at the operatic concert at the Boston Opera House last evening and was greeted by a large audience that was not contented until she had sung two extra numbers. Other soloists were Vincenzo Tanlongo, tenor; Henri Danges, baritone, and Pierre Henrotte, a member of the Boston Opera company orchestra, as violinist.

Conducted by Charles Stroney, the orchestra gave the overture from "Jubel," by Weber, which ends with the air that was borrowed from the German for "God Save the King" and "America" and, accepting this conclusion of the selection as of patriotic significance, the entire audience patriotically stood.

Mr. Henrotte's first number consisted of Debussy's "En Bateau" and Pierne's "Fantasie Impromptu." He responded to an encore. Mr. Danges sang a group of French songs and Miss Teyte's first offering of the evening was a group of songs by authors of the same nationality.

Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," Suite No. 2, was given by the orchestra as the first number of the second part of the program, and the audience was successfully insistent upon a repetition of the rhythmic "Farandole." Mr. Henrotte played Mendelssohn's Concerto and Miss Teyte sang Zandonia's "Serenata" and two songs by Cadman—"A Night Song" and "An Open Secret." Her singing of the latter was especially dainty and she was recalled time and time again, finally responding with two brief songs. Mr Tanlongo gave a group of Italian songs and responded to an encore. The closing number was the quartet from Puccini's "Boheme," by Miss Teyte, Messrs. Danges and Tanlongo, and Mme. Margherita Beriza, soprano.

Feb 24 1914

'MONNA VANNA'.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Fevrier's "Monna Vanna." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Monna Vanna	Miss Garden
Prinzivalle	Mr. Muratore
Guido	Mr. Marcoux
Marco	Mr. Ludikar
Vedio	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Borso	Mr. Deru
Torello	Mr. Grand
Trivulzio	Mr. Wronski

"Monna Vanna" was performed for the third time this season. Maeterlinck's play is so poetic and at the same time so dramatic that it may yet inspire a composer to set worthy music to it. The music by Fevrier is laboriously contrived. It does not aid in portraying character; it does not enhance the power or beauty of the situations; it is never an eloquent commentary on the action. As music apart from the text, it has little melodic charm, nor is it conspicuous by reason of workmanship. It is not necessary to speak of reminiscences or resemblances found in the score. Would that M. Fevrier had borrowed more liberally, with a keener eye to the emphasis of action and dialogue, or merely for decorative purposes!

Weak, colorless and tiresome as is this music, the performance last night aroused enthusiasm, and the mounting of the opera pleased the eye. Mr. Marcoux gave a remarkable impersonation of Guido. It was picturesque, romantic, convincing. While it had been carefully studied, for Mr. Marcoux has taken the part many times, it was apparently fresh and spontaneous. Not only as an actor was Mr. Marcoux impressive; his voice was skilfully employed and the singer gave to Maeterlinck's text a significance that was beyond the ability and the imagination of the composer. The audience was so impressed that Mr. Marcoux was obliged to respond several times to a personal curtain call.

Mr. Muratore sang fervently and brilliantly. He was knightly in bearing and acted with marked intelligence. Mr. Ludikar's Marco was in the true Maeterlinckian spirit, and Mr. Wronski sharply defined the character of Trivulzio. Again the part of Vedio, composed for a man, and performed by a man in Paris, was given to Mme. Swartz-Morse, without apparent justification.

Miss Mary Garden was again wholly admirable in the first act, as far as her portrayal of the woman was concerned. It is not easy to think of Monna Vanna played otherwise. When she was first seen here in the second act she comported herself as though the heroine were an Italian Thais and Prinzivalle the monk Athanael, a person to be tempted through the flesh. Last night she was more subdued in the tent scene, but her behavior was not enigmatical. The spectator had every reason to believe that she was then amorously inclined towards Prinzivalle, and Guido's fears before she left him seemed reasonable.

Miss Garden is a woman of so great intelligence that her dressing of the part in the second act is unaccountable. She flies in the face of the dramatist and contradicts all actresses that have preceded her. Monna Vanna is supposed to go to Prinzivalle's tent naked under a cloak. Miss Garden's costume, revealing bare arms, shoulders and "demesnes that there adjacent lie," might do for a students' ball in Paris. There is hardly any suggestion of a cloak, but there is a liberal exhibition on the part of Miss Garden. Wilson Barrett was more than once accused of being demented with the mania of showing the smoothness and whiteness of his skin, of choosing costumes that would display a large portion of his chest. Miss Garden's costume in the second act is an insult to the dramatist and to the intelligence of the audience. The heroine of Maeterlinck is not an "exhibitionist." It would seem that Miss Garden at times is possessed by the demon of the perverse; that she wishes to be original at any cost, different from others, defiant of a dramatist's wishes and commands, indifferent toward dramatic and poetic truth.

This afternoon at 4:30 o'clock Havrah W. L. Hubbard will talk on "Haensel und Gretel" before 2700 of the pupils of the Boston public schools. The idea of bringing opera to the attention of young people of school age by means of an illustrated opera talk is largely due to Mr. Jordan. Nearly twice as many applications have been received as there are tickets to be distributed, and they have been limited to members of the graduating classes of the grammar and high schools of Boston, 72 districts. The talk will be illustrated by F. M. Baxter, pianist, with arias, and a duet by Mmes. Swartz-Morse and Choiseul.

PIANO RECITAL BY MAX LANDOW

By PHILIP HALE.

Max Landow gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an appreciative audience of good size. The program was as follows: Brahms, Sonata in F minor, op. 5; Schumann, Davidsbuendertaenze; Liszt, Consolation, St. Francis's Sermon to the Birds, Ricordanza, Grosses Concert Solo.

Mr. Landow played for the first time in Boston on Feb. 8, 1910, and his program then consisted of Beethoven's Sonata op. 110 and pieces by Chopin, Schumann, Brahms and Liszt. From his programs and from his performance it is fair to infer that he takes the profession seriously, yesterday almost solemnly. Brahms's sonata is hardly a gay selection for a holiday, nor did Mr. Landow make any open bid for the applause of those delighting in sentimentalism or a pyrotechnical display. The "Consolation" by Liszt, is the fourth of a series of six pieces with this general title and the composer transcribed it many years afterwards for the organ. The Grosses Concert Solo has a curious history. Composed originally for piano solo in 1850, it was arranged 15 years afterwards for two pianos and then entitled "Concert Pathetique." Twelve years later Buelow revised it and made additions. In the early Eighties, Eduard Reuss, a New Yorker by birth, began to arrange the work for piano and orchestra, and Mr. Joseffy played the new version at a Thomas concert in New York in 1886. Then Richard Burmeister made a transcription for piano and orchestra and this was heard here with Mr. Burmeister, as the pianist at a Symphony concert led by Mr. Gericke in 1901.

Perhaps Mr. Landow was a little too thoughtful, too confidential in his interpretation of the sonata, with its reminiscence of Elsa and its curious anticipation of Hans Sachs—"Dem Vogel, der heut sang." There were moments of too marked deliberation, but the performance on the whole was musically poetic, and this might be said of Mr. Landow's playing throughout the concert. He has an agreeable touch; he has many fine tonal graduations at his command; his mechanism is clean and ready. He is a subjective rather than an objective player, and the greater the poetic intelligence of his audience the greater will be its enjoyment, for Mr. Landow is not a man that dazzles or stuns by his bravura. Indeed, he is less satisfactory in passages that demand sheer strength and brilliance, for there his tone loses in quality and his pedalling does not always bring clear results. The modesty of his bearing and his evident sincerity added to the pleasure of hearing him.

For now the dentist cannot die
And leave his forceps as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the vast biography.

Fashion Notes.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us yesterday that dressing for a ball he wore two studs in his shirt front. In this he was scrupulously correct. A London journal declares that there should be two "display studs in this year of grace and one does not need to be a supernut to know this. The one-stud front died a year or two ago and is not worn by the best people." Yet in the same column we read that at a city banquet in London this month fully 50 per cent. of the diners wore shirts with only one stud, and it appears that a reputable Fleet street outfitter—his firm has been in existence since 1786—makes such fronts for conservative old gentlemen, and to some he is obliged to furnish shirts with a back button for the collar. Mr. Johnson did not tell us whether he wore a watch chain. We like to think of him, a commanding figure, without a chain, without the enormity of a fob. Yet Mr. Winston Churchill at a City banquet in London was resplendent with a gold cable stretching from pocket to pocket, and thus excited remark.

From Bagdad.

Now that Trinity Church rejoices in a baldachin, the worshippers should be able to give full information to inquiring strangers and maintain the reputation of the city. A baldachin or baldaquin, was originally a rich embroidered stuff woven with woof of silk and warp of gold thread. In the middle of the 17th century the word was applied in English to a structure in the form of a canopy, supported on columns, suspended from the roof, or projecting from the wall, above an altar, throne or doorway, and it was so called because it was originally of the material just described. The word itself is traced back to "Baldaco," the Italian form of Bagdad, where the embroidered stuff was made.

Some apply the word to a covering over fireplaces and beds, also to a canopy carried in procession over the most honored persons.

That River Located.

As the World Wags:

In answer to a question in Monday's Herald, I will say that the river Rye is in the northwestern part of District Cunningham, Scotland, and flows into the Firth of Clyde. It is very nearly north of Ayr. EDWARD STICKNEY.

Chelsea, Feb. 18.

Railway Deadheads.

The story that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad was threatened with legislative action because a member of the Legislature was refused a pass takes us back to the good old days. We remember a newspaper editor of Keene, N. H., who, in the sixties and seventies, was in the habit of visiting relatives in Western Massachusetts without reference to their convenience. He would appear like a thief in the night, and when asked what took him away from home, he would answer: "Why, I have a pass, and what's the good of a pass if you don't make use of it?"

There is also the story of Artemus Ward, who as temporary editor of the Baldwinsville Bugle asked a railway superintendent for a pass.

"'You a editer?' he asked, evidently on the pint of snickerin'.

"'Yes sir,' sez I; 'don't I look poor enuff?'

"'Just about,' sed he, 'but our Road can't pass you.'

"'Can't, hay?'

"'No sir—it can't.'

"'Becauz,' sez I, looking him full in the face with a eagle eye, 'it goes so darned slow it can't pass anybody!' Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air, he told me to git out of his office. I pitied him and went."

"God Bless You."

Not quite 10 years ago a citizen was fined in Prussia for sneezing loudly in a street at night. A few weeks ago a jury of Bunzlau refused to condemn a citizen who had been arrested by the police for sneezing and "disturbing public peace." Thus Germany is gradually becoming civilized. Mohammed said: "If a man sneeze and say 'Alhamdolillah' he averts 70 diseases, of which the least is leprosy." The Hindus believe that sneezing and yawning are caused by evil spirits and they drive them away by snapping the thumb and forefinger as loudly as possible. But you should sneeze to the right, not to the left, and if you sneeze when putting on a shoe you should go to bed again. When the King of Mesopotamia sneezed there were acclamations in all parts of his dominions.

Foreign News.

Breakfast was served at 3:30 A. M at the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden and it consisted of sausages and "mash," eggs and bacon, devilled bones and beer. Many in Boston would welcome a supper thus composed for dancers in place of the customary preparations of lobster, chicken and all the Frenchified fuss. The beer should be drawn from the keg.

A few men in London are wearing tan gloves with black stitchings on the back.

Mr. H. G. Wells when asked: "What is the first step toward literary production?" answered: "It is imperative if you wish to write with any power or freshness at all that you should utterly ruin your digestion."

London is a queer place. The Pall Mall Gazette admits it. "The other night, in a well known West end bar, sat a middle-aged man, unwashed, unshaven, his hat broken, his clothes torn and shabby, his boots almost falling off his feet. A greater contrast to his surroundings could not have been imagined as he sat at a table and called for a drink which cost a shilling. But the sequel was more curious. Some other customers, resenting this man's presence, drew the attention of the commissionaire to him, and he then produced from some mysterious recess of his ragged coat a pocketbook that contained bank notes to the value of about £1500. What can have been the explanation of so strange an episode? The man himself refused point blank to be drawn into conversation and departed as great an enigma as he entered."

Mme. de Thebes, the prophetess of Paris, says that the signs are bad for this year. England is passing through a crisis, is in travail with the new ideas; Englishmen are effeminate; the militants are suffering from ferocious vanity. There will be trouble in Ireland and India. The stars are black and the earth is sick. Nothing is in its place. Progress, science, civilization complete the disorder, but at the bottom the mass is good.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Standing room only—and mighty litt[le] of that—prevailed at both matinee an[d] evening performances at B. F. Keit[h's] Theatre upon the holiday. The big [...] of the bill was the rural "meller dra[...] mer," as the program has it, entitl[ed]

[illegible] from the St[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] upon the old-fashioned blood-and-thunder melodrama of a half-century or more ago, with all the thrilling stage effects of that bygone period. There was the explosion of the fireboat "Richard Croker," only the name seeming a bit modern, and the rescue of the heroine and her fiance from the Sandy Hook bell-buoy, both of these thrillers.

The company carries its own stage, one of those double-decker affairs, with the stage manager, who also doubles as the orchestra and the storm-producer and rain-maker, holding full sway upon the second story. The manager was the hit of the bill and his announcement of coming attractions made when the "intermission" sign was hung out was a scream from start to finish. After the curtain fell with a bump at the conclusion of each act a little specialty was presented in front of the curtain by some of the members of the company, these specialties being of quite as ancient vintage as the "meller-drammer" itself.

Bert Errol, who would give Boston's own Julian Eltinge a hard run for first place in grace and dazzling costumes, sang several classical selections in Tetrazzini voice and made the audience doubt until, at last, he snatched off his hat and coiffure, so excellent was his impersonation and so feminine his voice. Wellington Cross and Lois Josephine, who have been doing their attractive song and modern dance specialty in New York for a solid year, are appearing at B. F. Keith's for their first week outside of New York and were enthusiastically received.

R. A. Rolfe's musical fantasy, "The Porch Party," was presented by a good-sized company including some very pretty girls, proficient at dancing. Others upon the bill included Ed Vinton with his dog comedian, "Buster"; the [illegible] troupe in head-balancing and [illegible] work, Jed and Ethel Dooley, in [an] act showing to good advantage their [versa]tility; Dale & Boyle, "The Belle [and] The Beau" and Ollard, comedy [ju]ggler.

GRACE GEORGE

SHUBERT THEATRE—Grace George and the Playhouse company of New York in "Jim's Marriage," a new American play in four acts by Forest Halsey and Olive Porter. First performance in Boston.

Bushrod Ellerby	Howard Estabrook
Thornton Ellerby	Clifton Preston
Tom Fosdick	Rex McDougall
Bill Jackson	Edward Mannery
[illegible]	Forrest Seabury
Jemima Manson	Grace George
Catherine Lawton	Beverly Sitgreaves
Angelica Ellerby	Josephine Lovett
Mrs. Ellerby	Maud Hosford
Dorothea Fosdick	Jean Shelby
Bridget	Camilla Crume

The play is old-fashioned in theme and slovenly in construction. Yet, in spite of these defects, it is entertaining, and the element of suspense is judiciously employed so as to maintain the attention of the spectator until the end. There are bright spots, too, in the dialogue, especially in that allotted to Miss George, while the character drawing is shrewd and [unerring].

The story is a thrice-told tale. Bushrod Ellerby, an estimable young man, zealous for the honor of his family, although something of a promiscuous oscillator, is confronted by Bill Jackson, a burly bartender who is in possession of a check forged with his mother's name while in liquor by Thornton Ellerby, a younger brother.

Unable to raise the amount, Bushrod marries Jemima Lawton, the wealthy daughter of a lard merchant, to whom he had paid attentions, although con[temp]tuous of her origin. He signs a promissory note for Jackson at the same time, making good his credit with [an]nouncement of his marriage.

Three months later the amount [is] [to] be paid. Bushrod will not use his [wife's] money for the purpose. Jackson [is] [insist]ent and fearing that the younger [Ellerby] will escape his clutches, inter[views] Jemima. She learns for the first time that she has been married for her [money] since her husband's note bears [the] date of the day she became en[gaged].

[The] young woman pays Jackson and [wins] her husband, only to fall into his [arms] in the last act.

[The] characters are familiar. There is [the] [irre]proachable son of the house, [the] [blac]k sheep younger brother, the [la]chrymose widowed mother; the [v]illain and his accomplice, the [illegible] and the loquacious and de[voted] [eld]erly servant.

[The] [firs]t act is the best of the four, [the] [mos]t dramatically effective. It pre[sents] [an] amusing picture of the endless [illegible] and bitter backbiting some[times] [u]nfortunately to be found in the [family] life of "our best people." In this [scene] Angelica Ellerby, a disappointed [illegible] and her sister Catherine, a [illegible], have at each other and at [the] others while their mother weeps. [The] play in conversation the piti[ful] [disapp]ointed of middle-aged femininity [and] [the] younger sisters whose only [illegible] [thei]r youth.

[The] [end]ing of the third act is worthy [of] [B]roadhurst's most impassioned [illegible] in his study of inebriety and [illegible] [ma]rriage in "Bought and Paid [For]." [He]re young Ellerby imprints [illegible], fiercely resisting and in [te]ars, a rapid [succession] [of] [sa]lutes, which he declares with a fine rhetorical flourish as he impulsively farewells her, are not "paid for."

The fourth act is poorly carpentered and Mrs. Ellerby's submission is too abrupt.

The feature of the performance was the admirable acting of Miss George. A finished actress of comedy, her emotional moments are always sincere, never overemphasized, never forced. She was effective by her sobriety of gesture, by the significance of her facial play. She was eloquent in action and in repose and she played throughout with consummate art. This Jemima was womanly, intelligent, wholly adorable. With quick perception she became at once familiar with each member of her husband's family.

With what tact and gentleness did she encourage the sour Angelica to harmless coquetry in dress. With what deft maternal instinct did she find an occupation for Thornton, a bumptious lad, given to wine and profanity, and obsessed with the idea that he was the natural successor to Uncle Bushrod, the family skeleton, referred to with awe and bated breath. Miss George was tender, too, in the scenes with the aged Mrs. Ellerby, charming in the portrayal of her affection for her husband. Many difficult moments in her part were played with a delicacy and lightness of touch which softened their inherent clumsiness.

Mr. Estabrook was manly in his impersonation of Bushrod, not wholly a grateful part. Miss Sitgreaves made much of a small part and displayed her usual skill in characterization. Miss Lovett was excellent as Angelica and Miss Hosford a sympathetic Mrs. Ellerby. Mr. Preston as Thornton, Mr. Mannery as Jackson and Miss Crume as Bridget gave efficient support.

An audience of good size was mildly enthusiastic.

Next Monday evening Miss Gaby Deslys, supported by the Winter Garden company, will be seen in "The Little Parisienne."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Noel Campbell Springer's farce without a name; three acts.

Howard Hentley	William P. Carleton
Walter McLane	Donald Meek
Mr. James J. Barnes	Walter Walker
Officer C[illegible]	Frederick Ormonde
Officer D[illegible]	Alfred Luta
Charles W[illegible]	Carney Chisle
Matthew Ward	Roy C[illegible]
J. Watson	J. Morris M[illegible]son
M. Ewell	George Ernst
Expressman	Albert Le R.
Carpenter	Robert C[illegible]
Joseph H[illegible]	A. Ro[illegible]
Florence H[illegible]	Doris Olsson
Mrs. Hope-Barrelton-How	Augusta Gill
Rowan Taylor	Lorraine Shirley
Jan	Mabel Colcord
Madame Z[illegible]	Anne Faystone

Perhaps the new farce—nameless as yet that Mr. Craig produced at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday, could best be termed an elaborate structure built on an insecure foundation: for the one turn out of which the entire series of accidents arises is simply this: A woman, hearing a telephone repair man say "She's dead," (meaning, of course, the instrument he had been desired to repair), immediately smells a murder and she, searching among the wholly innocent words that had passed between the suspected man and his "victim"—his wife—finds proof for her fears. Police are called, detectives summoned and the search for the "murderer" is on, when the telephone man could easily have shown them that there was no crime here. But he must not, since the play's story depended wholly upon his silence in this matter.

The ailing telephone was in Howard Hentley's New York apartment. Hentley was a young business man, newly married; and, when we first see him, he has just found the need for suddenly setting out for Detroit, where an important contract awaits his coming. The train leaves in 40 minutes, and in that time he must pack his trunk, postpone a dinner engagement and arrange his home's closing, for Mrs. Hentley is to accompany him. Their fine haste brings from them some talk to which gossip could attach a double meaning. A woman who has heard them through the wall follows the telephone man into the recently deserted apartment, hears him say "she's dead," and the chase proceeds. Detective William J. Barnes examines the furnishings for evidence of murder and finds that "she" was removed in a trunk. Reporters from the newspapers seek information and the details are properly magnified for print. Several people suffer arrest as Hentley's sharers in the crime. Things are going from bad to worse when Mr. and Mrs. Hentley return. They have missed the train.

Mr. Springer, who wrote the play, reveals some ability at putting his stories together; and to say that in this he has done as well as the average practised writer of farce is no small compliment to him, as we have never before seen his name on a play bill. His comedy, however, is so stressful that it is acrobatic rather than mental in movement, and there could be a finer distinction between the characters. There, are, too, some scenes that bear no relation to the story.

It would be foolish to demand a farce to be serious in any degree, but still drama is or should be, a tangible visualization of the underlying truth of life; and it is high time for a widespread effort among play makers to touch truth at one point or another. Does it not seem that the rank and file of dramatists have now nearly exhausted all the possible variations of comedy, melodrama and drama wherein the plots have been made with no deference to truth? And there need be no fear that if all our theatrical entertainments were written in such a deference, there would be a damaging sameness between them; for truth is a thing so manifold, that no man can see more than one phase of it, and each phase is largely distinct from all the others.

There was an enthusiastic audience yesterday afternoon to applaud both play and players. All in the company were commendable.

Feb 25 1914

Goethe's Drama Given at Shubert Theatre by Irving Place Theatre Company.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE — Goethe's "Faust," first part; in German, by the Irving Place Theatre company, Rudolf Christians director.

Faust	Otto Stoeckel
Erdgeist	Rudolf Christians
Wagner	Ernest Robert
Mephisto	Rudolf Christians
Schuler	Rudolf Archer
Here	Christian Rub
Margarete	Annie Simson
Martha	Frau Klerschner
Valentin	Ernst Holznagel

The performance was under the auspices of the Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Goethe's "Faust" was performed in German at the Boston Theatre on April 5, 1871, by a German company, including Marie Seebach, who took the part of Gretchen; Harry, who was the Mephistopheles, and Dombrowski, who took the part of Faust. There have been other performances in English adaptations, and before Mme Seebach's company visited Boston there was a ballet "Faust" performed by an Italian company at the Boston Theatre.

The German society of Boston is to be congratulated on the performance yesterday. Goethe's poem was presented in a form to excite interest in the drama as written without thought of the stage. The two prologues were omitted. The drama began with Faust's famous soliloquy on the emptiness of art. Then followed the scene with Wagner, the Kermis, the scene between Faust and Mephistopheles, the scene in which the student consults Mephistopheles masquerading as Doctor Faust, the scene in Auerbach's cellar, the scene in which the witch gives to Faust the boon of youth, and then came the tragedy of Gretchen.

It might be said that for the purposes of the stage, the scenes with Wagner and with the student might have been omitted, but in the latter Mr. Christians acted admirably in his answer to the student's questions. Here his facial play and his diction were wholly admirable.

The performance as a whole was marked by a sincerity that is rare. The objection might be made that Faust and Mephistopheles were often unnecessarily boisterous in speech. Faust, for example, often roared his lines. Mr. Stoeckel represented the dazed and disillusionized philosopher as a man in the prime of life, instead of the old and wearied sage in the opera. He was especially effective in his first scene with Mephistopheles, and it was then apparent that Faust was superior intellectually and as a man to the spirit that denied. Throughout the play Mr. Stoeckel acted with fine intelligence.

The Mephistopheles of Mr. Christians was interesting—the devil on the stage since the time of the mystery plays has always been the hero, now exciting laughter, now awaking goose flesh—but there was no suggestion of the awful irony, of the sinister view of life. Mr. Christians was for the most part a good-natured fiend. When he first talked with Gretchen there was the suggestion of a demon irresistible in temptation. The witch screamed and was merely melodramatic. The drunken fellows in Auerbach's cellar gave a vivid representation. Miss Simson as Gretchen was simple and naive, and Frau Klerschner gave an excellent impersonation of Martha.

The performance showed how deeply Boito appreciated Goethe's poem when he composed his "Mefistofele." It also showed how some of Goethe's greatest scenes were poorly suited to a performance on the stage.

The contrast between the meeting of Faust and Gretchen on the stage and in opera was strongly marked yesterday. Faust accosted Gretchen coming from the church as any buccaneer who was about to carry off his prize, and Gretchen hurried her reply as a maiden wholly confused. This was much truer to nature than the formal scene in opera.

My child, let us wander alone,
  When half the wide world is in bed,
And read o'er the mouldering stone
  That tells of the mouldering dead;
And let us remember it well,
  That we must as certainly die,
For us too may toll the sad bell,
  And in the cold earth we must lie.

A Yankee Fatalist.

As the World Wags:

The late Benjamin Franklin Swasey, a well known local writer of Exeter, N. H., and brother of Ambrose Swasey, the celebrated telescope builder and inventor, used to sing the following song while wandering about his old fashioned garden:

I eat when I'm hungry,
I drink when I'm dry.
If a tree don't fall on me,
I'll live till I die.

HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Boston, Feb. 23.

Amusing but Mistaken.

As the World Wags:

In connection with the word "nuque," I intend to stand to my guns. The word "nape" is not a synonym for "nuque" and may mean many things besides the nape of the neck. The Century Dictionary quotes from Tennyson's 'Princess'':

> She turned; the very nape of her white neck
> Was rosed with indignation.

Note that the word "nape" is not unqualified. And the divine Afflatus is not over apparent in these lines, anyway. The association with visions of a small boy being "taken by the nape of his neck and the scruff of his pants" is rather an extinguisher. Noses, lips and eyes are sufficient unto themselves, but "nape," alas, must have something to lean against. Alone, the word "nape" is suggestive of a fish store, which gives it a poetic flavor somewhat akin to that of tongues and sounds. If Tennyson had deemed the word "nape" capable of standing alone, e. g., as follows:

> She turned; her very white and lovely nape
> Was rosed, etc.

Why, then, on turning again to the Century Dictionary, one would find that nape is "the thin part of a fish's belly next to the head," white and lovely, perhaps, but not likely to become rose colored by reason of sudden emotion.

Now, as to the word "poll" or "pole," which you have suggested that I might prefer as a poetic term. You have stated that this means "the human head," "the crown of the head," and you have alleged that it also means the nape of the neck, in support of which allegation you have gone back to the middle of the 16th century for authority. Now, without wishing to cast aspersions, I submit that your quotation indicates that the word "pole," per se, does not mean the nape of the neck: "If it be tyed up in the pole of the necke." Assuming that the words "of the neck" were omitted, might not some imaginative reader see in his mind's eye a switch "tyed up in the" striped insignia of a tonsorial artist?

Again, the word "pole" suggests taxation and election day; also the white ones where the cars are supposed to stop, but never do—and all sorts of matter-of-fact things. The word may have poetic value in the heart of the Gentle Angler and his followers, but to others it is prosaic in the extreme. The poll, as an element in human anatomy, is now flippantly referred to as the bean or the coco, revered mainly because it may become the resting place for a new kelly.

The early poets, who were long on substance and short on titles, wrote "Lines to" most everything one can think of; but I never saw any lines to a "Lady's Nape" or a "Lady's Pole."

Medford, Feb. 17, 1914. H. J. L.

Nuque and Nape.

H. J. L. says that "nape" is not a synonym for "nuque." The word with the variants "nuche" and "nuke" is rare in English. We quote from a translation of Parey's book on surgery (1634): "The back part of the neck called the nuke or nape." Here is a sentence from Lyte (1578): "If it be applied to the nuque or nape of the neck."

If it be said that "nuque" is not an English word now in use, let us turn to a French dictionary, Gasc's, for example (page 389): "Nuque (anat.) nape."

A word about "nape." "H. J. L." thinks the word is not unqualified when used by poets, that in any case "nape must have something to lean against." In Hoole's translation of Tasso we find:

> In his right eye the fatal arrow drove
> And issued at his nape.

A later translator of Tasso in 1851 writes: "On the back and nape he struck them dead." The phrase "nape of the neck" came a century or more later than "nape" into the English language.

Yes, "poll" means several things and one of the meanings is nape. In an old translation of the Odyssey we find "the arrow pierced his neck from throat to poll." There is also the phrase, "poll of the neck," for there are always amplifiers, lovers of swollen speech. And why split hairs upon a creamy poll, which with locks coquettishly in order is a pleasing sight to young men and old men and even to the saints joyful in glory and singing aloud upon their beds.

"Arkansawyan."

As the World Wags:

The mayor of Fort Smith, Ark., the Hon. Henry L. Read, writes me that "it is proper to call a native of the state 'Arkansawyan.'" I send you an exact copy of the resolution proposed by the General Assembly in 1881, which is found on page 7 of William F. Kirby's "Digest of the Statutes of Arkansas, 1904." H. P. C.

Jamaica Plain.

[illegible] states that the question [illegible] had been thoroughly investigated by the State Historical Society and the Rhode Island Society of Little [illegible]. The resolution reads: "The only true pronunciation of the name of the state, in the opinion of this body, is that received by the French from the native Indians and committed to writing in the French word representing the sound; and that it should be pronounced in three syllables, with the final 's' silent, the 'a' in each syllable with the Italian sound, and the accent on the first and last syllables—being the pronunciation formerly, universally, and now still most commonly used; and that the pronunciation with the accent on the second syllable with the sound of 'a' in man, and the sounding of the terminal 's' is an innovation to be discouraged."

Feb 26 1914

ZENATELLO AND MME. GAY IN 'IL TROVATORE'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Il Trovatore." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Count Di Luna.....Mr. Ancona
Leonora.....Mme. Amsden
Azucena.....Mme. Gay
Manrico.....Mr. Zenatello
Ferrando.....Mr. Sampieri
Inez.....Miss Mandell
Ruiz.....Mr. Giaccone

Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Mmes. Amsden and Gay and Mr. Zenatello sang together in "Il Trovatore" at this opera house on March 13, 1912. As Ferrando, then played by Mr. Sillì, was about to identify the gypsy woman in the camp scene, the asbestos curtain majestically lowered itself and remained down for about an hour. This was no reflection on the performance for there was a break in the high pressure water pipe controlling the curtain.

There was no accident last night, and the occasion was conspicuous by reason of the return of Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello, who will remain through the season. They were warmly welcomed, for the Boston public has not forgotten that the two were as towers of strength in past years. Nor was the public unmindful last night of the recent tragedy in Mme. Gay's life—the loss of two daughters, who were her joy and pride, in less than a month. For such losses there are only two remedies, Time, the great healer, and work that brings with it, when faithfully performed, many beneficial results besides the material compensation.

Mme. Gay on the former occasion surprised some by portraying Azucena in a picturesque manner and not as merely a hideous hag. The part is a most grateful one melodically and dramatically, while Mr. Zenatello's objection to the role of Manrico—"All I have to do is to stand around and sing"—is a valid one, but what a wealth of melody, dramatic and lyric, falls to his lot in the superb fourth act!

The attitude of the audience, sympathetic from the start, warmed to the performance, which was smooth and spirited. Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello were received with the utmost cordiality, and were recalled again and again at the end of every scene. Mr. Zenatello was a gallant Manrico, whom it was a pleasure at every moment of his performance to see and hear. Mme. Gay again made the role of Azucena a picturesque one in more than mere make-up, and infused into song and action an intensity that made the time-worn part seem fresh. Mme. Amsden, Mr. Ancona and the others added their share to the excellence of the ensemble.

First of all I always had associates in clubs and clubs were established when I was quaestor, or the Idaen worship of the great mother being adopted. Therefore I feasted with my associates altogether in a moderate way but there was a kind of fervor peculiar to that time of life and as that advances all things will become every day more subdued.

On the Waiting List.

Mr. "H. J. L." writes: "I gather from investigation that the Porphyry Club is an exclusive institution; but I am fond of pork chops and would like to be a member. I couldn't guarantee the payment of dues, or any plebeian thing like that, but I've got a pedigree that would knock the tar out of the best prize pup that ever wore a blue ribbon. As soon as the frost is out of the ground I can dig up an ancestor who was planted in New Hampshire over 100 years ago, but I do not wish to go to this extreme unless it is absolutely necessary. By the way, is Mr. Herkimer Johnson a member? And is he posted?"

The Porphyry.

The Porphyry Club is a venerable institution, one not to be treated lightly. Some say it was founded by the famous neo-platonic philosopher shortly before his death in the reign of Diocletian, but as he wrote a treatise "Concerning Abstinence from Slain Animals" we are inclined to doubt the statement. Others maintain that the name was chosen to characterize the beauty of the clubhouse and the quality of the conversation held by the members, who live in the purple, as the children of the imperial family at Constantinople were born in the chamber called the Porphyra and therefore known as Porphyrogenites, "born in the purple."

There is no "daddyism" in this club. If a man is proposed, there is no question concerning his father or grandfather. He may not have had any ancestors. Melchizedek would have passed the elections committee in the twinkling of an eye.

And the list of members has been a remarkable one from the foundation of the club. Prester John and Capt. Kidd, Casanova and Voltaire, Artemus Ward and Goethe, H. M. Stanley and Daniel Pratt—but why turn to the hundred or two hundred pages of the section "In Memoriam" of the club book? We'll speak further about the Porphyry at a more convenient season.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is indeed a member, an honored member. He joined the Porphyry about 20 years ago and has never been posted. Having a fine sense of honor, he owes only tradesmen, and among them he includes his printer.

"Et" and "Ate."

As the World Wags:

To settle a dispute, I should like to have your opinion as to the proper use of the past tense of the verb to eat, and whether eat, pronounced "et," may be used correctly instead of "ate."

A says "et" is good usage in Boston, and would like to know whether it is a colloquialism, or originated in England.

B says "et" is irregular, "back woods," and bad English, and its use confined strictly to New England.

M. S.

Boston, Feb. 23.

"Et" is an obsolete form of the past tense "eat." It survives, however, in some English provinces. The Oxford English Dictionary and Wright's English Dialect Dictionary give the history of the verb "to eat," and publish many variants of the tenses. "Et" could hardly be called "bad English," but "ate" is the more approved pronunciation at present. We do not venture an opinion on the pronunciation of any English words, for the language of Shakespeare, De Quincey, Landor, Pater and Mr. Herkimer Johnson is fearfully and wonderfully made. Some of "our best people" in Boston say "et," and pronounce "been" "ben."

Forwarded.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson strikes us as hardly finical, so we would like to ask how he wears his cuffs. We conjecture that he wears them in the rugged manner of Col. Roosevelt. Of course we assume that no proletarian impulse made him ever wear the detached variety.

TARBELLUS.

Boston, Feb. 21.

For the Last Time.

As the World Wags:

I was reminded of the discussion about "gringo" by picking up the other day in a friend's house a book called "Tales for the Marines," by "Harry Gringo," (obviously a nom-de-guerre) published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, in 1855. The sub-title gave him as author of "Los Gringos."

Gringo in Spanish seems to mean gibberish. Can it have any connection with the French "degringolade"—a downfall or catastrophe? For instance, in "Trilby," when Dodor—Dodor I' irresistible—went into a retail business, he was said to have done for himself—"degringole."

A tale was told me the other day, a salty one, which, if true, is passing strange. A carpenter, a boy and a grindstone fell overboard, one after the other, while at sea. When finally discovered the three had found a rendezvous in the stomach of a shark. The carpenter was busily sharpening his knife on the grindstone, which was being turned by the boy, in order to cut their way out through the shark's stomach. Can any reader of these columns shed further light on this artless and convincing narrative?

Roxbury, Feb. 21. E. W. OTTIE.

Harry Gringo was the pseudonym of Henry Augustus Wise, an American naval officer (1819-1869). He became a commander, and later was appointed chief of the ordnance bureau at Washington. In 1868 he resigned on account of poor health and the next year died at Naples. We believe that he married a daughter of Edward Everett. Other books by him than those mentioned above are "Scampavias," "The Story of the Gray African Parrot" (for children) and "Captain Brand of the 'Centipede.'"

Littre says that the origin of the verb "gringoler" is unknown.

Feb 1 1914

We publish this morning a letter that should interest genealogists, historians, sociologists of high and low degree.

The Hicks Pedigree.

As the World Wags:

Silcox Fassett, Bart., requests the pedigree of Mr. Poseidon Hicks, Jr., and the editor of As The World Wags replies that Poseidon Hicks (presumably Senior) was not only a poet but an eminent drysalter, whom Mr. Thackeray met at the Perkinses ball—all this I read in a Herald clipping of January 30, handed to me by my faithful old secretary-servant on my return from a protracted canoe journey through the Everglades. Now, the name Hicks is written so gloriously in the history of Ireland and of northern Rhode Island that I am astonished at the ignorance of the Baronet and of Grover Graustark, whom the Baronet tries so futilely to enlighten.

It is true, I confess, that one of my ancestors was in trade, but he was a drysalter only by avocation; by nature and by vocation he was a poet. It is simply one of the innumerable paradoxes of history that his eminence as a drysalter has obscured his fame as a poet who distributed his due share of Attic salt; the parergon has outlived the ergon. That was, indeed, the same Poseidon Hicks who took Mulligan Aboo, the Mulligan of Bally Mulligan to the Perkinses, and who became engaged to Miss Bunion while seeing her home after the ball, but that was not the first of the line.

The First in Line.

The first Poseidon Hicks was an Irish gentleman of really regal descent. He died of exposure one rent day under circumstances which Clio has never been able to explain adequately. One version of his death is that he was found lifeless behind a stonewall, his sturdy forefinger caressing, even in death, the trigger of a shot gun, which was thrust through an artificial aperture in the stonewall, and which commanded the road which he had prayed the landlord would take. The other version, tinged, to my mind, with the rose-red romanticism of sickly sentimentalism, has it that he died of a broken heart, caused by the failure of the treacherous rent collector to travel the road at the expected hour. This second version has it, too, that the shot gun was double barrelled and loaded with iron slugs—a touch of that disgusting prolixity which ruins our finer literature.

Hicks Americanus.

The first member of the Hicks family to emigrate to this country was a victim of the Dorr war. A most fiery and dignified citizen he was (to his dying day he supported that law which made it necessary for a man to have $134 worth of property before he could vote for an alderman). Would you have a picture of him? Undoubtedly you and the Baronet have heard a late professor say in his florid manner: "Ossified! Ossified! From the Latin word ossis, meaning bone. Bone! Bone! Bone! The Latin language is dead, but the ossified man still lives. Oh, God! 'Tis wonderful! Oh, God! 'Tis wonderful!" It is a question in my mind if the first Hicks Americanus did not resemble that professor as much as the author of the Decline and Fall, who, Bagehot tells us, did not know the difference between himself and the Holy Roman empire.

At any rate this Poseidon Hicks died of double pneumonia brought on by the rigors of the northern Rhode Island climate. A fugitive from home, fleeing hither and yon to escape the heavy hand of a squad of soldiery which was drafting men between the ages of 16 and 60 to serve in the ranks of the rebel Dorr, he found refuge one night, footsore and half-starved—the Hickses even to this day can't be healthy without their hot dinners—in the protecting darkness of a hearse in a rural cemetery. By his remarkable presence of mind he escaped the clutches of those who were hounding him, and he lay there a whole day and night. In time he escaped to his home undetected, but only to expire a few weeks later happy in the knowledge that he had completely baffled those who would have had him wield arms against the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

A movement is now afoot to have an enduring tablet of bronze erected to his memory on the spot near Chepachet where recent researches have shown that the hearse may have stood. The Bunion-Hicks branch of the family observes his birthday even now. A hurried journey back to Rhode Island to attend a family reunion brought me into contact with my secretary and into possession of the baronet's inquiry.

POSEIDON HICKS, JR.

Boston, Feb. 24.

The Soubungo Trail.

As the World Wags:

I think Mr. Smith's suggestion that "waugan" being the Indian name for trap is the reason that the woodstore is named that by the woodsmen, as they are obliged to do their trading there and pay any price that may be asked. The idea of exorbitant prices runs through all their songs. For instance, in "The Old Soubungo Trail" we have:

I ain't got pipe nor 'backer,
Nor I ain't got 'backer box;
I ain't got a shirt, and my brad-boots hurt
For I ain't a wearin' socks.
But a waugan's on Enchanted,
Where they've got them things for sale,
And I don't give a dam, what the price it am,
On the old Soubungo trail.
Sou-bung-o! Bungo!
Way up on the Bungo trail.

Your description of Olla Podrida reminds of the phrase "old pot augor times" that I used to hear so often when a boy, but seldom hear it nowadays. I was never able to learn the origin. It was used to denote some remote period of time. Could it be possible that it was a corruption of Olla Podrida, or was it some dish as fearfully and wonderfully made?

L. M. O.

Belfast, Me.

"Mickle" and "Muckle."

As the World Wags:

In an editorial article on "More Nonsense on Beacon Hill," in The Herald of Feb. 17, is the expression, in quotation marks, "many a mickle makes a muckle." Is not that form of the expression incorrect? "Mickle" and "muckle" are variants of the same word and are synonymous with each other, are they not? The proper form of the expression, according to my understanding of it, is "Many littles make a mickle"; I find it so given as a proverb in Charles H. Spurgeon's "The Salt Cellars, Being a Selection of Proverbs, together with Homely Notes Thereon," and I think that the expression is given in that form under the word "mickle" in the Century Dictionary.

INQUIRER.

"Muckle" is a dialect variant of "mickle." The proverb is "many a little makes a mickle." It is thus given by Camden in 1605 and Steele in 1712. We have seen in English newspapers the form "Mony a pickle makes a muckle." We suppose that the pickle is not of the cucumber or the onion variety, but the word meaning a single grain or corn of barley, wheat or oats, or a single grain of sand. In Ray's "Collection of English Proverbs" (4th ed., 1768) we find "Many littles make a mickle," and similar saws in Greek, Latin, French and Italian are noted.

Feb 28 1914

MAHLER'S HUGE 5TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows: Mahler, Symphony in C sharp minor, No. 5; Wagner, A Siegfried Idyl.

Mahler's Symphony was played here in November last. It was played for the second time this season at the request of many, and the performance yesterday was even more brilliant than the earlier one. This was the fifth performance in eight years, an unusual record for a modern symphonic work of large proportions. Mr. Gericke, who conducted the first two performances, made cuts—for the symphony is inordinately long—and he changed the instrumentation of certain passages. Dr. Muck, who led two performances in 1913, produced the symphony as Mahler wrote it. It is a pity that the composer, excellent conductor that he was, could not have been one of the audience yesterday and heard the superb performance and the enthusiastic applause, the glowing tribute paid to his music, the interpreter and the orchestra.

It is not necessary to discuss again the symphony itself. It is undeniably long, and its extreme length is felt especially in the finale, partly because ears are by that time sated, partly because there are pages of comparatively little interest except perhaps to students of counterpoint. Nor is it blasphemous to say that the first and second movements would be still more impressive if the composer had been more concise. Yet he knew what he wished and he built his colossal works deliberately. He, no doubt, would have preferred that his fifth symphony should stand alone on a program; that there should be more than conventional pauses between the movements.

Many years ago Petronius, attacking masters of rhetoric, accused them of enormous, windy loquacity, and said that it emigrated from Asia to Athens and thus eloquence, corrupted, withered and soon became mute. The Abbe Morellet quoted this sentence in reproach of Chateaubriand, and now in 1914 the ingenious Raymond Bouyer re-

t hearing in Paris ... by ... d Strauss and the fourth sym- ... y of Mahler. He accuses the two ... sympathy for the enormous. He ... s that Mahler poured Russian tea ... the Viennese glass of Schubert, ... e Strauss, more of an occidental, ... as 'decorated his sonorous mountain with the most amiable flowers of Munich sensuality.'

And so the critics find in huge compositions the more material for copy, and may say that a symphony is only an ex- ... se for a feuilleton. Now that Mahler's fifth is well known to the public in Boston; now that audiences are somewhat acquainted with Mahler's musical idiom, why should we not hear one or two of the other symphonies? This fifth is of strange, massive and, as some think, doubtful architecture, with ornamentation now gorgeous, now vulgar. The honesty and the ability of the builder are indisputable.

The choice of the Siegfried Idyl was a happy one, if there was need of another composition on the program. While the Idyl was beautifully played, it showed that Wagner could be as prolix with re- ... d to a child as when portraying a Wotan or a Hans Sachs.

Production of "Otello" Fails to Attract a Large Attendance.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Otello." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Otello .... Mr. Zenatello
Iago .... Mr. Scotti
Cassio .... Mr. Pini-Corsi
Roderigo .... Mr. Fusco
Lodovico .... Mr. Mardones
Montano .... Mr. Pulcini
A Araldo .... Mr. Tortorici
Desdemona .... Mme. Weingartner
Emilia .... Miss Leveroni

"Otello," Verdi's greatest serious opera, and one of the great operas of the 19th century, was performed for the first time this season. The Weingartners made their first appearance, and Mr. Scotti, whose Iago has been applauded here, came over from New York.

It was natural to suppose that the theatre would have been full from pit to gallery. It is an unpleasant duty to state that the audience was a small one. Those who were present were enthusiastic, but so marked a lack of appreciation on the part of the public might well discourage the most enterprising and optimistic manager.

It is a singular fact, however, that Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" are not so popular as his "Aida" in any country where opera is given. The subject of "Otello," in Shakespeare's tragedy or in Boito's admirable translation for the libretto, is disagreeable to some, although they admit the fact that Otello was a Moor and not a sooty black. Then the musical treatment is disconcerting to others, who, wishing to hear obvious tunes, are indifferent toward dramatic expression through that form of musical speech which is a compound of recitative and the arioso manner.

The duet at the end of the second act may stir them from lethargy, but they yawn through the wonderful music in which Iago relates his night with Cassio, nor are they interested in the important part of the orchestra in the dramatic characterization. Even when "Otello" was performed here with Mme. Eames and Tamagno and Maurel in the cast, Verdi's opera was not so potent a magnet as "The Huguenots" or "Faust."

In arranging the libretto Boito did well for operatic purposes to begin at once with the arrival of Otello at Cyprus. Some have gone so far as to say that the tragedy has thereby a greater unity and is more impressive than the original. On the other hand, in the operatic version there is not the same opportunity for the explanation and development of character. The spoken sentence ... quickly, but the same sentence ... pts the composer to expansion.

... le Verdi made a great step forward in his treatment of the text, a step ... n advance of Wagner's theories ... practice he has been outstripped by ... ssy and Montemezzi. His librettist, ... ing with Iago's plot in Cyprus, ... unable to portray the Ancient so ... the audience would at once understand him, and therefore he interpolated the diabolical "Credo" in the second act. In Shakespeare's first act there are the soliloquies of Iago, his reasons, real or ... re, for hating the Moor.

Mr. Scotti's Iago, if it has lost a little vocal force, has gained in subtlety of expression and in authority. The scenes with Cassio were admirable, and in them Iago was appropriately the bright and gallant soldier, a man of the world, the seeming friend. In the scenes with Othello, he masked his villainy, and was not too melodramatic before the audience.

Mr. Zenatello sang and acted with ... e discrimination. He was especially fortunate in his treatment of the lyric ... es. Tamagno, who with his extraordinary voice, was overpowering, terrible in his explosions of rage, unique in his first entrance and in the famous "Farewell," made a sad mess of the beautiful love music in the first act. In the second and third acts Mr. Zenatello lacked vitality in the passages that demanded a ... l fury, and this was natural, for the singer has not yet recovered from the tragedy in his own household or from the unusually stormy voyage. He has never in this role, however, displayed a finer appreciation of nuances in dialogue, nor has his voice had a more tender and appealing quality in the incomparable scene with Desdemona at the end of the first act.

Mme. Weingartner and her husband arrived here only on Thursday night. There was little time for rest after a trying journey; there was little time for rehearsal. This may have accounted for moments in Mme. Weingartner's performance in the first act when her intonation was uncertain, but the music of Desdemona is suited to the singer's beautiful voice, and after the first act she sang effectively, with unexaggerated emotion and with marked skill. Her acting was in keeping with "the gentle Lady married to the Moor." Miss Leveroni sang well as Emilia and comprehended the part. Mr. Pini-Corsi was a vocally respectable Cassio, but the role calls for an actor of greater distinction in bearing. Last night Othello's jealousy seemed particularly ill-founded. The chorus did excellent work.

Mr. Weingartner, without time for adequate preparation, held the orchestra under firm control and brought out the beauties of the score.

A contemporary, speaking of Sir John Tenniel, said that his last cartoon concerning American affairs was his famous tribute to Abraham Lincoln after the assassination. But what about the cartoons with reference to the settlement of the Alabama claims?

Is there still dispute over the authorship of the poem that accompanied the cartoon representing Britannia standing over Lincoln's bier? It is generally attributed to Tom Taylor, but some say that the verses were written by Shirley Brooks.

There are some of us who remember that Lincoln was caricatured severely in Vanity Fair until the firing on Sumter. The Scotch cap and cloak worn on his first journey to Washington as chosen President figured prominently. Nor was Vanity Fair fond of the negro. When the war broke out, its patriotism was unflinching. The war that this weekly supported killed it. And it was a pity, for the text was singularly well written, so that even the Atlantic Monthly, which in those days saw little good outside of Cambridge, Concord and Boston, used to praise it. Among the contributors were George Arnold, "Hans Breitmann" Leland, Charles Dawson Shanley, Fitz James O'Brien, Artemus Ward, William Winter, and in the early numbers the initials of Aldrich are found. The only comic weekly in this country to be compared with Vanity Fair was Puck when H. C. Bunner wrote the editorial page and the elder Keppler drew the cartoons, but with the exception of Bunner's writings the prose and poetry in Puck were much inferior to the articles and verses published in Vanity Fair.

An American Bass.

Many will hear with regret of the death of Putnam Griswold, a bass singer who won fame in the Berlin Royal Opera House, at Covent Garden and in still more critical New York. We first heard him in Boston as Gurnemanz when Mr. Savage produced "Parsifal" for the first time in English on any stage, at the Tremont Theatre, on Oct. 17, 1904. We remember thankfully the majestic beauty of his voice and the benignant dignity of his impersonation. It was a performance that Emil Scaria, the first to take the part at Bayreuth, would have applauded. Griswold was born in Minnesota. He studied with Randegger in London, Bouhy in Paris and Stockhausen in Frankfort. He was an accomplished singer before he began his operatic career at Frankfort-on-the-Main, for he was intelligent and patient. He believed in a thorough vocal preparation. In this respect he differed from many young singers, male and female, Italian, American, French and German, who after a year think that they are fully equipped for leading operatic parts. Griswold's fame grew steadily with the years. Only a few weeks ago he took the part of Pogner at the Boston Opera House.

The Spanish Main—Again.

In chapter 7 of Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad" (in the paragraph beginning with the words "At short intervals") he speaks of "the Moorish rascals" as having coasted "along the Spanish main," what he means by "the Spanish main," as he there uses the term being, it would seem, the coast of Spain bordering upon the strait of Gibraltar. INCONSTANT READER.

Boston, Feb. 25.

Mark Twain was a humorist.—Ed.

Missing Lines.

As the World Wags:

Here is a song of the Sixties, one verse of which slips my memory. Perhaps some one can supply the missing lines. If so, I would be pleased to sing the song at the banquet.

When Paddy Doyle lived in Killarney
He courted a girl named Biddy 'Toole.
His tongue was tipped with a bit of blarney,
And that same to Biddy was a golden rule.
Both day and night she was his colleen
And to himself he'd often say:
"What need I care, for she's my darlin',
Sure she will come to meet me on the way."

One cold night in last November
Paddy set out to meet his love;
What night it was I don't remember,
But the moon shone bright in the heavens above.

Here follows an account of Paddy's trip. He had a bottle of usquebaugh on his hip, and as the bottle grew lighter Paddy became confused. Meeting a donkey on tho way, the song goes on to tell:

He hugged and kissed the hairy divil,
The jackass he began to bray—
"What need I care when she's my darlin',
Sure she came to meet me on the way."

Boston, Feb. 26. J. D. K.

Feb 22 1914

MARGHERITA D'ALVAREZ

A Contralto of Uncommon Range and Evenness of Tones. A Contralto with a Voice That Recalls the Traditions of Illustrious Predecessors. A Contralto to Whom Gautier Might Have Dedicated His Famous Poem.

LUISA TETRAZZINI

She Now Wishes to Forsake Coloratura by Which She Won Fame. A Conventional Actress in Tragedy, She Is More Spontaneous in Comedy. As a Singer of Florid Music She Is Brilliant and Uneven.

These 12 sopranos and contraltos have been chosen as leading operatic singers now before the American public. Some may wonder at the omission of certain names, and will ask why Mme. Melba and Mme. Nordica, for example, are not included. Mmes. Melba and Nordica are now seldom on the operatic stage, and they are survivors of the brilliant period when they were associated with Mme. Calve, Mme. Albani, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Jean de Reszke, de Lucia, Maurel and Plancon. Styles change in opera as in hats. The more modern operas demand actresses as well as singers. Actors with poor voices and moderate or little vocal skill are often preferred to accomplished singers who on the stage think first of their voice. Miss Garden is acclaimed as an actress, yet she can sing effectively when she is not obsessed with the wish to be "dramatic" at any cost. We do not say that the 12 singers chosen here are the greatest in all respects. We believe them to be the most deservedly conspicuous of those now singing in the opera houses of the United States.

Feb 2 1914

JOHANNA GADSKI

Always Painstaking, and at First Pale and Monotonous in Song and Action, She Has Steadily Grown in Vocal and Dramatic Significance, Till She Is Now Reckoned Among Leading Wagnerian Singers.

LUCREZIA BORI

Italian in Personal Attractiveness and in "Bel Canto," Northern Seriousness Joins with Native Seductiveness in Portrayal of Character. A Singer and an Actress of Marked Charm and Emotional Force.

LOUISE EDVINA

With a Beautiful Voice, Graceful, at Times Over-refined, She Excels in Lyric Roles, as Antonia and the Louise of the First Act. Now Seeking More Tragic Expression.

MARY GARDEN

An Actress That Sings; Always Interesting Even When She Irritates by Mannerisms, Exaggeration and an Insolent Defiance of Librettist's and Composer's Wishes. A Unique Figure on the Operatic Stage.

MAGGIE TEYTE

English by Birth, French in the Subtlety of Her Art, Celtic by the Mysterious Quality That Creates Illusion; A Lyric Soprano of Rare Emotional Force.

FRIEDA HEMPEL

Admirable in Coloratura, to Which She Gives a Soul. She Can Be Emotional in Purely Lyric Strains. As an Actress She Can Live the Life of Violetta or Rosina.

EMMY DESTINN

emia Claims Her, But Italy, Germany and English-Speaking Countries Gladly Pay Homage. Her Song Is "A Marvel, Made of Perfect Sound and Exceeding Passion."

MARGARETA MATZENAUER

A Singer with a Superb Voice That Allows Her to Be Brangaene or Isolde, Kundry or Amneris. As an Actress She Is Less Conventional Than the Majority Imported from Germany.

OLIVE FREMSTAD

A Contralto Who Determined to Be a Dramatic Soprano, She Has Triumphed Gloriously as Kundry and Isolde; and This Not Without Detriment to Her Natural Voice.

GERALDINE FARRAR

A New Englander with Northern Shrewdness and a Latin Temperament. Dramatic in Song and Action, Tempted Sometimes to Exaggeration in Detail. She Gives Character to Each Part, Even to Nedda.

March 1914

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK HEARD IN SONG RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

[illegible]e Schumann-Heink gave a song re[illegible] yesterday afternoon in Symphony [illegible]l. There was a very large audience. [illegible] stood and many were seated on t[illegible] stage. The singer was assisted by [illegible] Nina Fletcher, violinist, and Mrs. K[illegible] Hoffmann, accompanist. The [illegible] was as follows:

[illegible]art. Recitative and Aria from [illegible]" Bach, "My Heart Ever Faithf[illegible]" Bach, violin sonata in E-minor; S[illegible]mann, Cycle, "Frauenliebe und Le[illegible]" violin pieces. Wagner-Wilhmelj, "P[illegible]e slied." Wieniawski, Polonaise; [illegible] Gertrude Ross, "Dawn in the [illegible]t." Grieg, "The Mother Sings;" [illegible] "Down in the Forest;" Lerout, [illegible]; Delibes, "Bon Jour, Suzon."

[illegible] popularity of Mme. Schumann-[illegible] does not diminish with the flight [illegible]. Other singers come and go [illegible] applauded for a season, but [illegible] after year no matter what her [illegible] may be, Symphony Hall is [illegible]d whenever this contralto visits [illegible]t.. N[illegible] is this because she was [illegible] long time famous in opera. It [illegible] long ago that Mme. Shumann-[illegible] was heard again on the operatic [illegible] when she gave at the Boston [illegible] House the most dramatic per-[illegible] of Azucena that we have seen [illegible] Phi[illegible]pps was passionate [illegible] and action but of late she has [illegible] herself to song recitals, and by [illegible] throughout the land. She is [illegible] known and so beloved that [illegible] might be called an American insti-[illegible] The tribute gladly paid her is [illegible] woman as well as the singer, [illegible] the facts of her recent sickness [illegible] domestic troubles were fam-[illegible] audience of yesterday was in a p[illegible]ry sympathetic attitude.

P[illegible]ps the feature of the concert [illegible]g of Schumann's cycle. [illegible] sing it here before, but never [illegible] feeling than yesterday, never [illegible] a [illegible]r differentiation of senti-[illegible]ts. The verses themselves in the [illegible] of connubial intimacy seem singularly frank to English speaking people, who, shocked by certain sonnets in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "House of Life," stand aghast at the unblushing speech of the maiden in the German poem, "The Bridal Day." More than once there is a respectable, one might say consecrated sensuousness that is almost sensuality in Schumann's music, dreamer as he was.

This cycle tempts many to mawkish sentimentalism in the interpretation and sloppiness in the phrasing of the musical sentences. Mme. Schumann-Heink avoided these pitfalls. She sang as an accomplished artist, as a woman who had lived and loved and suffered. No one of the emotions expressed by poet and composer is foreign to her. And in the great hall she succeeded at once in establishing a confidential relationship between herself and the hearer, so that the songs of betrothal, the nuptial night, motherhood and widowhood were sung as by a woman to a woman, without thought of others that might overhear.

Mme. Schumann-Heink also gave pleasure with other songs. Bach's "Heart Ever Faithful" was sung with admirable simplicity, yet with various nuances so that the repetitions of the chief musical thought were not monotonous. There were songs besides those on the program, and Schubert's "Trout" gave special pleasure to the audience.

Miss Nina Fletcher, already known here as one of the most musical and best equipped violinists among American women, played Bach's Sonata with breadth and richness of tone and in pure taste. The Adagio was finely read. The familiar Air of Bach with which she answered the recall was performed with noble simplicity and genuine warmth.

Mrs. Hoffmann as accompanist gave valuable assistance.

Though opera-goers were disappointed perhaps that Mary Garden, through illness, was unable to appear in "Monna Vanna" yesterday afternoon, they were not nearly as furious as Mme. Lina Cavalieri, who sat in a box during the performance and watched her new husband, Muratore, make love to his divorced wife, Mme. Beriza, who substituted for Miss Garden.

The illness of Miss Garden precipitated a situation which was threatened a week ago when "Manon" was postponed. Mme. Beriza was the only possible substitute and Muratone the tenor, but Mme. Cavalieri on that occasion would not allow her husband to sing with his "ex-wife," and it cost him $1000 to give up the performance, but he did so.

Yesterday it was the same. Mme. Beriza is the only soprano who knows the part, and Muratore did not care to lose another thousand for sentimental reasons, so he "faced the music." Mme. Beriza was not at all anxious to sing, but she must sing whenever she is assigned. Although she has no resentment against Muratore, she hates Cavalieri, and is said to have threatened at one time to do her bodily harm. Muratore was uncomfortable to say the least, but not as much so as Director Henry Russell, who seemed afraid that Cavalieri would do something sensational. Mme. Beriza was demure, and was the only one who seemed to be having a good time. The cast was:

Monna Vanna	Mme. Beriza
Prinzivalle	Mr. Muratore
Guido	Mr. Marcoux
Marco	Mr. Ludikar
Vedio	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Borso	Mr. Deru
Torello	Mr. Grand
Trivulzio	Mr. Wronski

Mme. Beriza's performance was in marked contrast to that of Miss Garden, who plays and dresses the role of Monna Vanna as though it were Thais. Mme. Beriza was more nearly the heroine of Maeterlinck's drama. Her voice was husky in the lower register and she often favored it at the sacrifice of dramatic action. Although somewhat ill at ease in the first act, inclined to be stiff in moments of repose and conventional in action when she sang, she fell gradually more into the spirit of the part.

Her costume in the second act, where Monna Vanna is supposed to enter Prinzivalle's tent clad only in a long mantle, was in character, unlike that of Miss Garden, who wears in the tent scene a scarlet decollete robe which, with her action, would probably in real life have changed the entire course of the story. Mme. Beriza took the liberty of wearing two garments instead of one; but she was at least swathed from neck to ankles, with only her bare arm revealed. Her costume was a claret-colored mantle under a chiffon scarf of plum color, with gold colored sandals. Her appearance was a delight to the eye, and she was at every moment well within the picture, especially in the second act, where her action was perhaps the best. She was received and recalled with much cordiality.

The performance of the other singers is familiar here. Mr. Marcoux, in voice, action and appearance, satisfied every want of the eye and ear.

'TRAVIATA' GIVEN AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Traviata." Mr. Schiavoni conducted. The cast:

Violetta Valery	Miss Scotney
Flora Bervoix	Miss Manlell
Annina	Miss Phillips
Alfredo Germont	Mr. Ramella
Giorgio Germont	Mr. Blanchart
Gastone	Mr. Giaccone
Baron Douphol	Mr. Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny	Mr. Sampieri
Doctor Grenvil	Mr. Silich
Giuseppe	Mr. Ghidini

Miss Scotney may feel well repaid for the energies she expended in her Violetta last evening. There was a large audience out and it was cordial in the expression of its approval. Miss Scotney's abounding health is too apparent to make it easy for her to carry the illusion of one in frail health, but that is a detail. She sang with fine spirit. Mr. Ramella appeared as Alfredo, Mr. Tanlongo who was originally cast for part being still indisposed. He was warmly appreciated. Mr. Blanchart sang faithfully as always. The performance was well balanced.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Van Endert and orchestra. See special notice.

Parker Memorial Hall, 4 P. M. Mrs. Marie Sundelius, soprano; Ella Kalova Ondricek, violinist.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Mmes. Scotney and Gay and Messrs. Grand and Mardones of the Boston Opera House company. Horace Britt, 'cellist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15. Song recital by Miss Elizabeth Dodge, lyric soprano, assisted by Carl Webster, 'cellist. Handel, O Had I Jubal's Lyre; Spohr, Rose Wie bist du (Miss Dodge); Herbert, Andante and Finale from 'cello concerto (Mr. Webster); Verdi, "Caro Nome" (Miss Dodge); Dvorak, Waldesruhe; Goens, Tarantelle (Mr. Webster); Lehmann, extract from "Omar Khayam"; Strauss, Dedication; G. Faure, En Priere; Gounod, Serenade (Miss Dodge); Hollmann, Andante; Popper, Spanish Dance (Mr. Webster); Hungarian Folk Songs, Swedish Shepherd Song, Afton Water and Spanish Bolero (Miss Dodge).

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Last recital of Mme. Julia Culp. Schubert, Suleika I. and II., Das Haidenroeslein, Der Schiffer, Der Musensohn; Carpenter, Go, Lovely Rose, the Cock Shall Crow, When I Bring to You Color'd Toys, The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes; Old French songs, Pauvre Jacques, Lison dormait, O ma tendre musette, Martini's Minuet; H. Wolf, Gesang Weyla's; Und willst du deinen liebsten sterben sehen, Mausfallensprnechlein, Er Ist's.

Emmanuel Church, Newbury street, 3:30 P. M. Organ recital by W. Lynnwood Farnam. Liszt, Prelude and Fugue on the name Bach; Beethoven, Largo, D major (piano sonata No. 2); Harwood, Sonata in C sharp minor (based on the old church melody "Beata Nobis Gaudia"); Franck, "La Procession" (Miss Katharine Ricker, contralto); Karg-Elert, Choral Improvisations, By the Waters of Babylon, After a Trial of Short Duration, Lord Jesus Christ, Unto Us Turn, being Nos. 12, 30 and 13 of op. 65.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Longy Club, assisted by Mr. Theodoricz, violin; Mr. Rissland, viola, and Mr. Keller, 'cello. The program contains three works that will be heard for the first time in Boston. Strube, Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; Loeillet, Sonata for flute, oboe and piano; Juon, Chamber Symphony for violin, viola, 'cello, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano. Mr. Strube, long a valued member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is now professor of harmony at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Gertrude Belcher Trio (Carolyn Belcher, violinist; Charlotte White, 'cellist; Gertrude Belcher, pianist), assisted by Emile Ferir, viola. Brahms, Trio in E flat major; piano pieces, MacDowell, From the Depths, From a German Forest, Of Br'er Rabbit; d'Indy Quartet in A minor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice. Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola recital, by William Smith, pianola. The Apollo Quartet (Messrs. Whittaker, Hemenway, Newman, Logan). Pianola pieces by Chopin, Leonard, Liszt, Gillet. Vocal pieces by Johann Strauss, Leoncavallo, Van der Water, Verdi and Donizetti, with pianola accompaniment.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

So Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" will be added this week to the repertory of the Boston Opera House. The announcement brings with it pleasant memories.

Mme. Emma Eames sang here for the first time in opera as Juliet. It was at Mechanics building, March 16, 1892. Jean de Reszke was the Romeo, and in this part he was unapproachable by reason of his romantic bearing and perfect song. His brother was the Friar; Magini-Coletti took the part of Capulet and none too well. Martapoura, an accomplished actor, with a tremulous voice, was the Mercutio. The tenor, Montariol, who died all too young, was a fiery Tybalt. Viviani was the Duke. Jane de Vigne, a pretty little woman, took the part of Stephano. Mr. Vianesi conducted. In that same season Marie Van Zandt was heard as Lakme, Giulia Ravogli as Orpheus, Adelina Patti as Semiramide, Violetta and Martha, Jean de Reszke as Raoul, Faust, Walther (Tor "Die Meistersinger" was sung in Italian), and Lohengrin (in Italian). Mme. Albani was in the company, and so were Lassalle, the tenor, Valero, Carbone, an excellent Beckmesser, Mme. Fabri, Novara, Del Puente. Here is the cast of "Don Giovanni" as it was then given: Donna Anna, Mme. Cavary; Donna Elvira, Mme. Albani; Zerlina, Miss Van Zandt; Don Giovanni, Lassalle, Leporello, Ed de Reszke; Masetto, Carbone; Il Commendatore, Cerbolini; Don Ottavio, Campanini. But the performance, in spite of these names, was not a good one. Lassalle sang the music beautifully. His Don Giovanni was dramatically well bred and heavy.

And it was as Juliet that Mme. Melba sang here for the first time. It was at Mechanics building, March 1, 1894, Jean de Reszke was again the Romeo. Pol Plancon sang here for the first time as the Friar. Castlemary was the Duke, and his magnificent entrance was a feature of the performance. Olympia Guercia, a remarkably handsome woman and indifferent singer, took the part of Stephano. Some South American in his frenzy had given her costly jewels. Dufrich was the Capulet. Maugulere, commonly known here as Maguire, was the Tybalt, and Martapoura was the Mercutio. Nor should we forget the faithful and indefatigable Mathilde Bauermeister, who, as in 1892, took the part of the nurse. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. Mme. Eames also took the part of Juliet that season. It was a noteworthy company, which included Mmes. Melba, Nordica, Calve, Eames, Arnoldson, Scalchi, Guercia, Domenech; and among the men were the de Reszke brothers, de Lucia, Vignas, Plancon, Lassalle, Ancona, Castlemary. Mme. Calve made her first appearance here, and for the only time in her life she attempted the part of Mignon (March 6, 1901), and with an unfortunate result.

The part of Juliet tempted Mme. Calve after she visited this country, but she steadfastly refused to take it then, for, as she frankly said, she was too old, and her figure was not exactly girlish. Mme. Sembrich was less obdurate in her later years upon the stage.

I believe that Mme. Melba's last appearance here as Juliet was at the Boston Theatre, April 8, 1901, when her associates were Mmes. Bridewell and Bauermeister and Messrs. Saleza, Ed de Reszke, Plancon, Gilibert, Bars and Sizes. Edouard de Reszke celebrated that night his 25th year in opera. And Mme. Melba was the Juliet at the Boston Theatre Feb. 7, 1899, when Alvarez, the tenor, under Mr. Charles A. Ellis's management, made his first appearance in America as Romeo. Boudouresque was the Friar and Stehmann took the part of Capulet. On March 3, 1898, she was the Juliet to the Romeo of Ibos, and Mr. Campanari was the Mercutio. Mr. Rinaldini conducted. The Americans, Rains and Van Hoose, were in the cast. All in all, Mme. Melba took the part of Juliet in Boston six times.

Mme. Eames also sang with Alvarez in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Boston Theatre Dec. 12, 1899. The other chief singers were Mme. Mantelli, and Ed de Reszke, Plancon, Illy, Bars, Dufriche.

The opera was slow in making its way in this country. The first performance was at the Academy of Music, New York, Nov. 15, 1867. Romeo, Pencani; Friar Laurence, Medini; Capulet, Anonucci; Tybalt, Testa; Mercutio, Orandini; the Duke, Muller; Juliet, Minnie Hauck (sic). The performance was

Italian Mr Krehbiel in his "Chapters of Opera" (p. 107), discussing the first season at the Metropolitan (1883-84), says that the indisposition of Mme. Sembrich caused the abandonment of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," an opera that was new to New Yorkers, and was promptly brought out by Col. Mapleson with Mme. Patti in his spring season at the Academy of Music."

The first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in Boston was on Dec. 9, 1867, at Selwyn's Theatre. It was in Italian and Carl Bergmann conducted. The cast was as follows: Giulietta, Miss Hauck; Tebaldo, Miss Ronconi; Nurse, Miss Reichard; Romeo, Pancani; Tybalt, Testa; Mercuzio, Bellini; Lawrenco, Barili. The opera, then, began at 7:30, and the highest price for a reserved seat was $2.

A wretched hotch-potch called Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was performed here in English at the Globe Theatre in 1881 by the Emma Abbott Company. William Castle took the part of Romeo and Alonzo Stoddard and Severo Strini were in the cast. When this company visited Albany, N. Y., Brignoli was the fat and creaky Romeo.

The first performance in French was at the Globe Theatre on April 25, 1883. Mme. Derevis took the part of Juliet and Capoul that of Romeo.

There are radiant visions in opera that are not easily forgotten, and one of them was the sight of Mme. Eames as Juliet. Equally beautiful to the eye were her Hero in Mancinelli's opera and her Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro."

Mr. Barker on "Twelfth Night"

Miss Margeret Anglin's production of "Twelfth Night" will be seen at the Cort Theatre this week. Has this excellent actress pondered the preface of Mr. Granville Barker to his version of the comedy produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, in November, 1912? This preface is well worth reading, for Mr. Barker has a habit of speaking "right out in meeting." He does not care for the other plays asigned to the period of "Twelfth Night": "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It" and "Henry V." "I find them so stodgily good, even a little (dare one say it?) vulgar, the work of a successful man who is caring most for success. 'Twelfth Night' is, to me, the best play of Shakespeare's golden age. I feel happy ease in the writing, and find much happy carelessness in the putting together." Mr. Barker thinks "the play was designed for performance upon a baro platform stage without traverses or inner rooms or the like. * * * Scenery is an inconvenience." And he thinks the play was written with a special cast in mind, otherwise why should Maria be a diminutive person, unless the actor was to be a very small boy? Who took the part of the sweet-voiced Feste? Surely a man more than an ordinary comic actor.

Viola was played and meant to be played by a boy. Shakespeare's audience saw Viola disguised in Cesario's dress as Orsini saw the page. If Cesario is evidently to the spectator a woman, Olivia is a fool. "And it is the common practice for actresses of Viola to seize every chance of reminding the audience that they are girls dressed up to impress on one, moreover, by childish by-play as to legs and petticoats or the absence of them, that this is the play's supreme joke. * * * The Viola, who does not do her best, as far as the passages with Olivia are concerned, to make us believe, as Olivia believes, that she is a man, shows, to my mind, a lack of imagination, and is guilty of dramatic bad manners, knocking, for the sake of a little laughter, the whole of the play's romantic plot on the head."

Sir Toby is much more than a tosspot. He's a gentleman by birth and he has been a soldier. He is a drinker, and while idleness leads him to excess, the boredom of Olivia's drawing room, where she sits solitary in her mourning, drives him to such jolly companions as he can find: Maria and Fabian and the Fool. He is a poor relation, but Olivia's house will still be his if Sir Andrew is accepted as a husband. Nor is Sir Andrew wholly "a cretinous idiot." He is, after all, a gentleman, "the ideal of better men than he who yet can find nothing better to do. One can meet a score of Sir Andrews, in greater or less perfection, any day after a West end, London, lunch, doing what I believe is called a slope down Bond." Fabian and Feste are not young men. The former is a family retainer and has to do with horses and dogs. Feste is one of life's self-acknowledged failures. There was a refuge for them in those days. "Nowadays we no longer put them in livery." Antonio is the exact picture of an Elizabethan seaman-adventurer, a passionate fellow. "I am always reminded of him by the story of Richard Grenville chewing a wineglass in his rage." Curiously enough, Mr. Barker says nothing about Malvolio.

To this London manager the poetry of the play is passionate and exquisite. "It is life as Shakespeare glimpsed it with the eyes of his genius in the half-Italianized court of Elizabeth." The verse should be spoken swiftly.

This admirable preface prefixed to Mr. Barker's version of the play is easily procured. Walter H. Baker & Co. of Boston publish it.

Miss Anglin's Productions

When Miss Anglin ended her tour last February she visited the capitals of Europe and spent two months in Egypt, Sicily and Italy gathering ideas for her forthcoming revivals. On her return she engaged Livingston Platt to design the stage settings and costumes and arrange the lighting effects for the various plays named. Mr. Platt was for a number of years connected with the staff of David Belasco. He then spent three years in Europe studying the stage methods and lighting and color effects of Max Reinhardt, Gordon Craig and other innovators. Since last April he has been in the employ of Miss Anglin.

"In Miss Anglin's productions there are no canvas 'drops' or wooden 'borders' that so frequently go with 'repertory,' nor is there ponderous, unillusive 'realism.' Directly behind the proscenium comes the fore-stage, a section devoted to indoor scenes and bounded on the sides by "portals" or walls with doors set in them. Behind the smaller proscenium, which these portals make, are set the exterior scenes of the plays, with simple suggestions of walls, gardens, castles and palaces. In spite of the uniform schome of production the three plays vary radically in tone and effect. The decorations and lighting effects for each are set in a different key.

"'Twelfth Night,' for instance, is not Elizabethan, but Illyrian in it's treatment, with suggestions of the Moorish. The foliage is not green, but there is a suggestion of the Ottoman clime through the mauve gray of the shrubs and the blue of the cypresses.

"'As You Like It' is pure English—an old colored engraving of the country woodlands. The garden scene is an old-fashioned formal little dell, while in the Forest of Arden half a dozen great gnarled tree-trunks—two at either side—mark the setting, the rest closing in the stage to a mossy flower-sprinkled nook. Between these monstrous trunks shine vistas of shimmering green.

"'The Taming of the Shrew' is pure Renaissance. The portals, the slender pillars and the graceful arches carry the note of Italy to the fore-stage and the whole scheme is colored and lighted with the warm glow of the old masters. The costumes for each production fit into the general color scheme of the scenic equipment."

"Fanny's First Play"

"Fanny's First Play" has been a long time coming to Boston. It was produced at the Little Theatre, London, April 19, 1911, when the authorship was not announced. It was first seen at the Comedy Theatre, New York, on Sept. 16, 1912.

After the production in London, Mr. Shaw was promptly visited by a reporter.

"No," said Mr. Shaw, brushing aside the first question as to the authorship, "nothing shall ever induce me to betray the secret of the authorship of 'Fanny's First Play.' The performance last night was superb, and the audience enjoyed it last night as much as I did."

"How have the critics taken the scene in which they are introduced?"

"Well, it is rather hard on the ones that were left out; but it was impossible to put in everybody. Even those who were put in complain because their representatives did not make up like them, as Mr. King did so successfully in the case of Mr. Walkley. But the actors would have only been too delighted if they had had the same facilities. If the gentlemen whose features were not reproduced had given sittings and written their own parts, the same perfection of representation might have been achieved."

"But the author——"

"Why do you say the author? How do you know there are not half a dozen authors?"

"Is it really worth while to keep up this mystification, Mr. Shaw?"

"There is no mystification. For the competent critic there never was any from the rise of the curtain to its fall. But since the class of work to which 'Fanny's First Play' belongs, and the movement to which the Little Theatre belongs, has suffered so much from the incompetent ones, it is just as well to prove, by mystifying them, that they do not know dramatic chalk from dramatic cheese when it is no longer labelled for them.

"Look at the notices. Is there one critic worth his salt who has the smallest doubt as to the authorship of the play, or who treats it as an open question? Not one. It is the duffers who are mystified. All they know about work of the class that Miss McCarthy is producing is that it bores them and leaves them with a sense of being personally belittled. But whether the belittler is Shaw or Barker or Barrie or Hankin or Lowes Dickinson or Galsworthy, or even Ibsen, not to mention younger men like Ashley Dukes, Cannan, and McEvoy, they have no idea."

"But the public?"

"What on earth does the public care who the play is by? It distinguishes between the plays it enjoys and the plays it does not, not between author and author. There is not a reputation in the world that has more than a fortnight's business in it. After that, the notices and the names and the critics do not count. All the same, I wish the critics were a little more helpful, considering how much depends on even that fortnight when attempts are being made to get the drama out of its wornout grooves."

"Yet dramatic criticism is going from bad to worse?"

"Not at all. There are very good men coming along. I do not know who your critic on the Pall Mall Gazette is, but he is a remarkable man: he not only praises my work, but actually understands and enjoys it. Then there is the Manchester Guardian critic, C. E. Montague. Some points in my plays beat him; but he is a very fine critic.

"Desmond McCarthy has written some of the best criticisms of our day. The successor of myself and Max on the Saturday Review keeps its theatrical column well up to its traditions. Young playwright-critics like Dukes and Cannan carry the Shavian iconoclasm to the point of feeling bound to attack the founder of their faith unmercifully; but their writing is alive and keen. And there are one or two others whose names I cannot recall on the spur of the moment.

"Of course, there are still—there probably always will be—newspapers who class the drama as 'gayety,' and will entrust dramatic criticism to any habitual dead-head who shows some proficiency at billiards; but the tendency is to recognize the criticism of the theatre as a first-rate job requiring a first-rate man.

"Mr. H. W. Massingham, the editor of the Nation, has taken the dramatic criticism of his paper into his own hands on the retirement of William Archer, and does it so remarkably well that one wonders he ever wasted his time on the dreary work of pretending that reports of the matches of our political parties was political criticism.

"Besides these, all the best men of my own time are still in the field; so I see no reason to croak about the critics. Their pursuit is certainly a soul-destroying one if it is too long persisted in; but, comparing one period with another, the present is not one of the famine septennates of theatrical criticism."

"G. B. S." and His Prefaces

George Bernard Shaw, the author of "Fanny's First Play," which will be seen at the Park Theatre tomorrow evening, is the only living dramatists who write long and exhaustive prefaces for every play which he produces and publishes. No volume of Shaw's plays is complete unless each play his its preface duly preceding it—in fact, no volume of his plays can be bought that are not about two-thirds preface and one-third play.

For this he has been severely criticised, but he has returned to the attack and as he answers the dramatic critics in "Fanny's First Play" by writing a play about them, so he has answered his literary critics.

"There is a foolish opinion prevalent that an author should allow his works to speak for themselves, and that he who appends and prefixes explanations to them is likely to be as bad an artist as the painter cited by Cervantes, who wrote under his picture, 'This is a cock,' lest there should be any mistake about it. The pat retort to this thoughtless comparison is that the painter invariably does so label his picture. What is an art catalogue but a series of statements that this is the Vale of Rest, this is the School of Athens, this is Chili October, this is the Prince of Wales, and so on?

"The reason most dramatists do not publish their plays with prefaces is that they cannot write them, the business of intellectually conscious philosopher and skilled critic being no part of the playwright's craft. Naturally, making a virtue of their incapacity, they either repudiate prefaces as shameful, or else, with a modest air, request some popular critic to supply one, as much as to say: Were I to tell the truth about myself, I must needs seem vainglorious. Were I to tell less than the truth, I should do myself an injustice and deceive my readers. As to the critics thus called in from the outside, what can he do but simply that his friend's transcendant ability as a dramatist is surpassed only by his beautiful nature as a man? Now what I say is, why should I get another man to praise me when I can praise myself? I have no disabilities to plead; produce me your best critic and I will criticise his head off. As to philosophy, I taught my critics the little they know in my 'Quintessence of Ibsenism'; and now they turn their guns—the guns I loaded for them—on me and proclaim that I write as if mankind had intellect without will, or heart, as they call it. Ingrates! Who was it that directed your attention to the distinction between will and intellect? No Schopenhauer, I think, but Shaw.

"Again, they tell me that So and So, who does not write prefaces, is no charlatan. Well, I am. I first caught the ear of the British public on a cart in Hyde Park, to the blaring of brass bands, and this not at all as a reluctant sacrifice of my instinct of privacy to political necessity; but because, like all dramatists and mimes of genuine vocation, I am a natural born mountebank. I am well aware that the ordinary British citizen requires a profession of shame from all mountebanks by way of homage to the sanctity of the ignoble private life to which he is condemned by his incapacity for public life.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] should outlive his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] for making himself a [illegible] [illegible] view and the British [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] quoted the apology and [illegible] the fanfare. When [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her memoirs, she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in every chapter how [illegible] [illegible] her feelings to exhibit [illegible] [illegible] to the public gaze, but she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to decorate the book [illegible] a dozen portraits of herself. I [illegible] cannot respond to this demand [illegible] [illegible] modesty. I am ashamed [illegible] of my work nor of the way that [illegible] [illegible]. I like explaining its merits [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] who don't know [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bad. It does them [illegible], and it does me good, curing me of [illegible], laziness and snobbishness. I write prefaces as Dryden did and treatises as Wagner, because I [illegible], and I would give half a dozen of [illegible] plays for one of the [illegible] he ought to have written. I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workers afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me."

Brieux's New Play

The Paris correspondent of the London Times wrote on Feb. 11 concerning Brieux's new play:

"M. Brieux has accustomed us to a theatre of serious intent. He represents a reaction against the frivolous play, or the play with characters that are exceptional and in whose abnormal natures we are supposed to be interested. Nearly all his dramas deal with some custom and prejudice which work harm to worth and innocence. The stage is a platform from which he preaches reform. It is at once the virtue and defect of his system that each of his heroes is a puppet behind which he himself speaks. The result is often a sense of unreality as well as a certain impatience with the prophet.

"In his latest play, given at the Odeon last night, before an audience including the President of the Republic and Mme. Poincare, M. Brieux pictures the country. This 'bourgeois aux champs' (the title of the play) is an incorrigible talker and theorist named Cocatrix, who establishes himself in the provinces and attempts to rouse the peasantry to notions of hygiene, to superior farming methods and to a sense of their own downtrodden existence. He succeeds only in arousing their animosity and suspicion. Surely he must want to become a deputy; there can be no other explanation for so much zeal.

"The young actors of the Odeon have composed some sterling types of rustics, who form the background of the play. An old poacher, as presented by M. Denis d'Ines, who is entering the Comedie Francaise, is a particularly verisimilous study. Early in the play he gives a present of game to Cocatrix, who accepts it with gratitude, though he knows its origin; but when the old poacher pursues his operations on the estate of Cocatrix himself, that is quite another affair. Cocatrix is confronted with the difficulty of squaring his high sounding professions with the mentality and traditions of his neighbors. To them he is simply ridiculous, or an object of suspicion. He has given employment to a young man who has been imprisoned for obstructing the gendarmerie. He cannot express too much admiration for the young man's character. All men are equal, with a slight balance in favor of those who work. He shakes the young man's hand effusively, but when the recipient of this homage asks for his daughter in marriage, that, again, is another affair. In his dilemma the father gets no sympathy from an ennobled friend, who tells him that he has brought this punishment upon himself.

"But Cocatrix turns the incident to his own advantage. He can hardly refuse his consent, and so he exploits the union of his daughter with an artisan to flatter the crowd which demonstrates before his house. At the same time he [illegible] them all manner of benefits: a post office, a double tramway system, and the rest.

"The last moments are the best in the play, which otherwise lacks dramatic movement, and becomes rather dull and heavy in its atmosphere of bucolic discussion. M. Vilbert, who reinforces the Odeon troupe, plays the part of Cocatrix with exuberance, until he resembles Tartarin. The other roles are well studied."

To the Editor of The Herald:

"J. W." Is Reminded

Your correspondent, Mr. A. P. Carroll, who answers Mr Merrill's strictures upon the failure of the management to warn the audience before one of the performances of "Hamlet" by Forbes-Robertson at the Shubert Theatre that the king [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the tragedy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] over which the playwright had no control, and who chides Mr. Merrill for lacking the instinct to be indulgent, himself takes a fling at the character of the audiences attending the "Follies," as if almost anything in the way of discourtesy might be expected of them. So far as my own observation goes, one audience is as apt to be discourteous as the other. In fact, an audience, at the "Follies" is, on the whole, more fundamentally good-natured, for the reason that the people composing it are, as a rule, of the happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss, order, and not deep thinkers with furrowed foreheads and dyspeptic tendencies. It must also be borne in mind that there are as yet comparatively few considerate people in the world, in any order of society, either in Mexico or elsewhere; hardly enough to constitute what Arnold calls a "remnant"; and we shall have to put up with this unfortunate state of affairs for a long time to come.

Speaking of tragedies and their shortcomings reminds me of a performance of "Macbeth," as told by an old-time actor, a performance during which the stage manager was here, there and everywhere, coaching certain of the players. In the scene after Duncan's murder there was scarcely three minutes for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to wash the blood from their hands. Macbeth, on rushing from the stage in an agony of despair, said to the stage manager; "Oh, my dear sir, my dresser is not here." (The old man with water, soap and towel was at the opposite side.) "What shall I do?" "Here," was the quick answer, "come here," and Macbeth was dragged to a nearby dressing-room, where he plunged his hands into a jug of water. "There is no towel," he shouted. The stage manager snatched up the first semblance of cloth that he could find, with which Macbeth dried his half-washed hands, and dashed back to the stage again. With water and cloth still in his possession, the stage manager saw Lady Macbeth in equal perplexity at the foot of the stairs, who, hastily availing herself of the aid, rushed back to her place on the stage, the jug, etc., being deposited in an out-of-the-way corner. The next morning the proprietor of the theatre, on meeting the stage manager, said with a very grave countenance, foreshadowing the nature of a tragic volume: "Sir, I am sorry to tell you there are thieves in the theatre. When Mr. Simkins went to dress himself last night, at the close of the performance, his breeches were gone, and he was obliged to walk home to his lodgings through the snow without any!" It turned out on investigation that these were what had been seized upon to aid Lady Macbeth and her husband in their dilemma. The injury was repaired, but the story long passed current in theatrical circles as showing the dire result of too great haste.

J. W.

Boston, Feb. 24.

The parlor boarder chasseed tow'rds her on graceful limb;
The onyx deck'd his bosom—but her smiles were not for him.

Counsel of Resignation.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps you will be willing to print part of section 186 in Professor Sumner's Folkways as a sedative to the nerves of your male readers anxiously expectant as they are—almost terrified—over the next development in women's fashions.

"When a fashion reigns its tendency is to greater and greater extravagance in order to produce the admired and desired effect. Then the toleration of any questionable element in the fashion is extended and the extension is unnoticed. . . . No dress ever was more, or more justly, denounced for ugliness, inconvenience and indecency than the crinoline, but all the women from 1855 to 1865, including some of the sweetest who ever lived, wore it. No inference whatever as to their taste or character would be justified. There never is any rational judgment in the fashion of dress. No criticism can reach it."

This is the counsel of resignation of a great sociological scholar.

To your women readers your recent weighty discussion of the advantages of two shirt-studs or one ought to have provided food for thought. The caution of men in changing fashions is not wholly timidity. It partakes somewhat of determination of character, partly of a sense of loyalty to their old duds, and partly of a truer democratic spirit. Women may achieve independence of fashions through the ballot and the earning of their own livings outside the home. I hope so.

It would be ungrateful not to show an interest in the shirt-stud problem. My own bosoms yearn for three. Less smart than one they are safer. They prevent certain unseemly disclosures that have transpired where one stud is used in conjunction with a laundress who is not an artist.

PRUNELLO.

Brookline, Feb. 27.

And what did Dr. Holmes advise in "A Rhymed Lesson," delivered before the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Library Association in 184[illegible]

Be shy of breastpins, plain, well ironed white
With small pearl buttons—two of them in sight—
Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

"Well-ironed white." But where are the washerwomen of former years?

Penny Nails.

As the World Wags:

Why are nails sold as 4, 6, 8 and so forth penny?

This question I have asked quite a number of hardware men, clerks and many others, and not one has been able to give the answer. Builders and dealers know that the term, as used, simply means the length of the nail.

As there is to be a convention next week of the Boston Hardware Dealers and the making of nails is to be illustrated, it would be interesting to know how few know why the misnomer should be continued in use. Why not sell nails as they do screws, which are always sold by the actual length?

I suppose there isn't one person in a thousand who knows, or can tell, why a nail is called a tenpenny nail, and there isn't any good reason at the present time why they should be. I have looked the matter up. One authority gives a reason which is printed in a circular issued by a wholesale dealer.

A later authority says this reason is not correct. Perhaps you or one of your readers may be able to tell us, how this proposition descended to us.

G. E. MITCHELL.

Haverhill, Feb. 27.

Fourpenny, sixpenny, are here adjectives of price. These adjectives, applied to nails, denote the original price (in the 15th century) by the hundred. Thus fivepenny nail is one that costs fivepence a hundred. "These names persisted after the prices fell, as they began to do in some places before 1500, and they are now used to designate sizes of nails."

We find in the Oxford English Dictionary this definition of "fourpenny nail": "A nail 1½ inches long of which 4 lbs. go to the 'thousand' (i.e. 10 nominal hundreds or 1120." And so a tenpenny nail was originally a nail sold at 10 pence a hundred; but the term is now used vaguely in England to denote a nail of large size. Ostriches are said to be especially fond of them.—[Ed.

A Virtuous Bird.

Mr. Marcellus Graves showed us over his new house in which he takes just pride. In the dining room there is a painted panel, a picture of three swans, a fine work of art. Mr. Graves said it was a scene of jealousy; the female was coquetting with an old admirer, or possibly a stranger, while the husband was evidently ill at ease. We complimented Mr. Graves on the decoration, but after we left the house, we remembered reading a few days before the question in a London journal whether swans ever mate a second time and we also remembered a judgment rendered by Chief Justice Coke nearly 300 years ago. Swans were then regarded as valuable property. They were called royal birds, and the various marks assigned to the owners in the different waters were registered in a roll, or standard book. The penalty for stealing an egg from the nest was imprisonment for a year and a day, with a fine at the will of the King.

One owner in the 17th century sued another in order to assert his right to half the cygnets of a brood, and he proved the ownership of one of the parents, but admitted that the other belonged to the defendant. Chief Justice Coke based his decision on "the high moral and domestic character" of swans. "The swan is the husband of one wife and remains so till death. Consequently the children are of undeniable parentage." He ruled that each brood in question should be divided between the owners of the parents, and if there was an odd cygnet it should go to the owner of the female bird.

The study of the domestic relations of animals, including man, is always interesting. Mr. Erwin Cobb recently told Mr. Rudyard Kipling that the southern mocking bird has romance in his soul, but he's a bad lot and leaves his wife at home while he goes about serenading without thought of his obligations.

Yes, Sah.

As the World Wags:

Many of your correspondents argue for the pronunciation "Ar-kan-saw" for the word Arkansas, and insist that the Italian sound of "a" is the only "a" sound in the word. Does this seem correct to you?—saw; Italian "a." If the Italian "a" is correct, why not pronounce the word with the Italian "a"; as, Ar-kan-sah, and the native of the state an "Ar-kan-sah-yan"? C. V. W.

MME. VAN ENDERT

Mme. Elisabeth Van Endert, soprano, assisted by 60 players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Otto Urack, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mme. Van Endert sang, with orchestra, Agatha's air from "Der Freischuetz" and Elisabeth's entrance aria from Tannhaeuser,' and these songs with accompaniment: Mozart, Lullaby; [illegible], Pastoral; Bizet, Vieille Chanson; Beach, The Years at the Spring; Brahms, In stiller Nacht, Vergebliches Staendchen, Wiegenlied; Grieg, Ich liebe dich. The orchestra played these pieces: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Mendelssohn, Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Berlioz, Menuet and Dance of Sylphs; Wagner, overture to "Die Meistersinger."

Mme. Van Endert sang in a manner which displayed the natural beauty of her voice. It is pure in quality and, when occasion demands, brilliant, even dramatic. Her singing is spontaneous and marked by a youthful vivacity, freshness and abandon.

She sang Agatha's air fluently and Elisabeth's entrance aria with unusual fervor, authority and aplomb. Among the songs on the program Mozart's "Lullaby" was especially effective, while Bizet's "Vieille Chanson" was sung with archness, true coquetry and a dash of appropriate malice.

Mme. Van Endert's voice is sympathetic. She evidently has an emotional nature, controlled by taste and artistic sense. Her presence is ingratiating and it is a pleasure to see as well as to hear her.

An audience of fair size was genuinely enthusiastic. The singer was repeatedly recalled and added "My Laddie" and Strauss's "Serenade" to the program.

The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. Urack.

Concert at Opera House.

Maria Gay made her first appearance of the season in concert at the Boston Opera House last evening. She was given an enthusiastic welcome by those who braved the weather to hear her. The other singers were Evelyn Scotney, Jose Mardones and Alban Grand. Mme. Gay sang "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from Samson et Dalila," an aria from "Carmen" and a group of Spanish and Italian songs. Miss Scotney sang the Bach-Gounod Ava Maria with 'cello, organ and piano, and a group of English songs. Mr. Mardones's numbers were Rossini's "Pro Peccatis," with organ, and "The Palms," and Mr. Grand sang arias from "L'Africain" and "La Coupe du Roi de Thule." An agreeable feature of the program was three 'cello solos by Horace Britt, first 'cellist of the Opera House orchestra. Mr. Waller was at the organ and Messrs. Hirst and Rimini were the pianists.

[illegible]

'FINE FEATHERS'

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Fine Feathers, a Play of Today," in four acts, by Eugene Walter. Produced at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, Aug. 12, 1912.

Mrs. Collins	Rose Coghlan
Mrs. Reynolds	Florence Rockwell
Bob Reynolds	Robert Edeson
Dick Meade	Max Figman
John Brand	Wilton Lackaye
Frieda	Lydia Dickson
Nurse	Louise Roberts

"Fine Feathers" is not so well constructed as Mr. Walter's "Easiest Way," or even as his "Paid in Full." Nor is it so true to life as the first of these two dramas. Mr. Walter's besetting sin as a playwright is undue emphasis. He is not content with calling a spade a spade.

The play would be more forcible as a melodrama, for it is frankly a melodrama, if it were shorter. The greater part of the comedy might well be cut out. Frieda is a wholly superfluous character. Mrs. Collins serves in bringing about a situation, but this might be accomplished easily without her, although in that case we should not see that admirable actress, Rose Coghlan. Even Dick Meade, the cheerful friend, has really nothing to do with the play, except to lighten the gloom now and then. The playwright's lack of self-criticism is frequently shown, and in scenes where there should be swiftness of action, something irrelevant is introduced, so that the pace is slow, the audience is in an attitude of expecting something that hangs fire, and the effect is frittered away.

The motive is a simple one. Reynolds, a young chemist at a small salary, has a wife who longs for fine clothes. She loves her husband, at least she protests her affection, but she loves costumes, hats, the luxuries of life, much more. A promoter, Brand, tempts Reynolds by offering him $40,000 if he will approve a certain grade of cement to be used in the construction of a dam. Reynolds has a conscience and refuses. His wife finally threatens to leave him if he does not accept Brand's proposition. He yields for her sake. They leave Staten Island, to live in a Long Island suburb of New York.

He speculates, loses everything, drinks heavily, and signs a worthless check. At last he threatens Brand with exposure if he does not give him $50,000. Brand replies that if the two go to Sing Sing, Mrs. Reynolds will go with them as an accessory. The dam gives way and men, women and children are drowned. Reynolds, overcome by the thought that he is a murderer, sees only one way to save his wife and play the game. He thinks to square himself with the world and his Maker and also to

[illegible] his wife [illegible] by [illegible] suicide. The [illegible] on a [illegible] fully darkened stage. Before shooting himself he calls to the police and says that there is a case of suicide at his house. The moral seems to be that it is better to live in a little cottage on State Island with love and a salary of $25 a week than to be a gratter and provide one's wife with expensive clothes.

The dominating person in this play should be Mrs. Reynolds, but Mr. Walter does not clearly expose or develop her character. She is represented as loving her husband. She would not be unfaithful to him, no matter how great the pecuniary reward would be; yet she would leave him if he did not accept her view of Brand's proposition. Mr. Walter gives no reason for this incredible action on her part. In fact, her uncontrollable desire for luxuries is not shown beyond doubt and peradventure. As represented by the playwright she is a colorless person, nor was this wholly due last night to Miss Rockwell who took the part. After the chief scene between husband and wife, which is effective enough as a purely theatrical device for securing a "strong curtain," the play is straight melodrama, often interesting with conventional situations.

There may be such young wives as Mrs. Reynolds, but they have more character in their extravagance and folly. They are more picturesquely silly, more daringly criminal. The men are better drawn. There are husbands as weak as Reynolds. Brand is found in every city.

The play was well acted. Mr. Lackaye gave a striking impersonation of the crafty scoundrel. It was wholly without exaggeration and quietly impressive. Mr. Edeson played with sincerity and fervor. Mr. Figman acted with lightness of touch on the part of Meade, who is of kin to the guide, philosopher and friend dear to Dumas the younger and also to Mr. Pinero. Miss Rockwell, ineffective and unattractive in the first two acts until her final announcement, played in the later scenes with more authority and was a more sympathetic figure, irrespective of the playwright's lines.

It is a pity that Rose Coghlan wastes her talent on such a part as Mrs. Collins. There was hearty applause after the third act, and it must be stated as a fact that the "comedy" excited laughter.

MISS ANGLIN AT COURT THEATRE IN

COURT THEATRE—Margaret Anglin and her company in "Twelfth Night," by William Shakespeare. Cast.

Orsino	Pedro De Cordoba
Sebastian	Max Fisher
Antonio	Eric Blind
Sir Toby Belch	Sidney Greenstreet
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Wallace Widecombe
Malvolio	Fuller Mellish
Clown	Max Montesole
Olivia	Ruth Holt Boucicault
Viola	Miss Anglin
Maria	Lillian Thurgate

Simplicity, directness and naturalness are the keynotes of Miss Anglin's production of "Twelfth Night" and the result through the efforts of an unusually capable company is a performance that is a delight to the eye and a pleasing stimulus to the intelligence from the rising of the first curtain to the going down of the last.

The most obvious and striking note of simplicity is in the scenery. It might be called bare but it stops short of that in eliminating all that is useless and for a Shakespearian production amply adequate. The cutting out of superfluity in the scenes by concentrating attention on what has a bearing on the business in hand really gives a sense of sufficiency.

The actors in both action and speech illustrate directness most admirably, consistently with the exception of a very few lines delivered by one or two of the minor players, there is not a trace of "reciting Shakespeare." The masterpiece becomes a living representation of very animated human life.

Miss Anglin has chosen to look upon Illyria, where it all happens, as a place where Moorish and Ottoman influences prevail. This appears in both architecture and costumes. Whether this idea has been worked out in detail with strict correctness historically and ethnologically or not, makes no serious difference. It adds a charm of novelty to the production.

There are other novelties in the detail of the stage business, and one of them is that Miss Anglin makes Viola disclose toward the end of the duel scene with Sir Andrew that he is an arrant coward and she chases him about the stage and whacks him with the flat of her sword. That is a natural discovery for a bright girl as Viola to make, and the action adds zest to the scene.

The simplicity and directness of the company has its source in the example of Miss Anglin in her portrayal of Viola. She just lives the part and brings to the native attractiveness given her by the author, the charm and sweetness of her own personality. She does not make the mistake of some Violas in the presence of Olivia of displaying her consciousness of being a woman. She masquerades very convincingly as a youth and it adds much to the illusion of the play to have the scene natural for Olivia to fall in love with her.

There is a plenitude of vivacity throughout. Mr. Greenstreet as Sir Toby is much more than a brawling sot. He is full of life, action, good humor. He is funny in his cops, but does not overdo it.

Mr. Widecombe is most satisfactory as Sir Andrew. He is silly enough, but stops short of being a bore in that line. Miss Thurgate provides abundant animation as the mainstay of the plotters against the unfortunate Malvolio and all the players involved in the conspiracy help to make these scenes lively and runny.

Mr. Mellish is one of the best Malvollos sen in many a day. He makes the whole predicament of the foolish steward seem possible and natural and by keeping within the bounds of possibility and remaining entirely human he excites a certain amount of sympathy for the cross-gartered wretch, though not enough to destroy enjoyment in his discomfiture.

Miss Boucicault as Olivia and Mr. de Cordoba as the Duke act with sufficient dignity and appreciation to make their parts entirely serviceable in the production.

Mr. Montesole is a pleasingly wise and foolish fool.

MISS BURKE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Miss Billie Burke in a new play by W. Somerset Maugham, "The Land of Promise." First performance in Boston.

Norah Marsh	Billie Burke
Edward Marsh	Lumsden Hare
Gertrude Marsh	Lillian Kingsbury
Frank Taylor	Shelley Hull
Reginald Hornby	Norman Tharp
Benjamin Trotter	Thomas Reynolds
Sidney Sharp	Barnett Parker
Emma Sharp	Marion Abbott
James Wickham	Vincent Sternroyd
Dorothy Wickham	Gwladys Morris
Agnes Pringle	Mildred Orme
Clement Wynne	Leopold Lane
Kate	Selma Hall

The story of Mr. Maugham's new play, throughout the first three acts, is that of a young woman who is a fool and who pays the price of her folly. A fourth act, illogical and ill-conceived, brings about a happy ending, where it is well-nigh incredible that a happy ending could result. Throughout three acts the play is forceful and compelling. It shows Mr. Maugham in a new mood and one which goes deeper into life than do the flippant drawing-room comedies for which he is chiefly celebrated. The primitive brutality of the Canadian farmer in the third act may seem a trifle exaggerated, but it reflects nature even though it magnifies it as well. All this, however, is negatived by the last act, which is wordy, theatrical and quite as incredible, under the circumstances, as the charming "Vogue" costume in which Miss Burke chooses to array her adorable person.

In the first act we find Norah Marsh at Tonbridge Wells, England, disappointed of receiving a promised and much needed bequest from the lady whom she faithfully served as companion for 10 years. She remarks as the curtain falls that she doesn't know what she will do. But the audience knows (from the program) that she will go to Canada to join her brother, who is farming it in Manitoba and who has married a waitress. And here the second act finds her.

The first act is a conventional scene—English social life of the regular sort—with two or three transitory characters briefly but cleverly sketched. The second act is a new departure for Mr. Maugham and it must be said to his credit, and to that of the company, that it is exceedingly well done. The life pictured in the kitchen-living-room of the rude house which Edward Marsh has built for himself smacks of reality. The dialogue is convincing and the characters—Marsh himself the Englishman of gentle birth who has sunk, or shall we say adapted himself, to the life of the frontiersman; Gertie, his wife, cherishing bitterly her natural resentment against the sister-in-law who had opposed her marriage; Hornby, the tenderfoot; Trotter, the erstwhile bricklayer, who finds life in Canada well to his taste; Frank Taylor, the temporary hired man—all are drawn with a virility and power that show the author to have studied well his types.

So well is this scene written and acted that it seems hardly strange that Norah, goaded to desperation by the difficulty of her position in these strange and uncongenial surroundings, should in a moment of madness accept Taylor's offer of marriage and go with him to the inevitable life of drudgery of a frontier farmer's wife in the log shack which he has built for himself on his own quarter section. And the same is true of the act which follows, where Norah sees the worst side of her husband's character and learns that the ethics of the masculine type of the locality—if the character of Taylor be typical—includes little respect for women and a pretty poor sort of sportsmanship. The two acts are of a [illegible] which grips you. They have [illegible]. The last act is by comparison disappointing, and Norah's final speech, with its tiresome declamation and sentimentality, is the kind which makes you grab your hat and run for the door without waiting for the curtain.

Of the players only the best can be said. Miss Kingsbury's Gertrude is excellently done. Miss Burke continues to display her increased ability and emotional powers, in addition to her personal charm. Mr. Hull proves himself an actor of commendable versatility by playing the part of the uncouth and unlettered Canadian quite as well as he played the elegant young lord in "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." The capable work of the company makes of a play not without its defects a performance which is, on the whole, interesting and worth seeing.

AMUSING SKETCH AT B. F. KEITH'S

'Youth,' with Mrs. Gene Hughes, Heads Excellent Bill—Elephants Delayed.

Although the bill was devoid of its advertised headline act, two large audiences thoroughly enjoyed an admirable program at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. The missing headline act was that of Miss Orford and her troupe of trained elephants. It's the greatest and biggest animal act in vaudeville. So big in fact that it became stalled in yesterday's blizzard somewhere between Philadelphia and New York. Miss Orford, herself, was able to reach Boston but her troupe of African monsters with their attendants were missing, although a telegram arriving at the house late last night stated that Miss Orford's "company" had got through to New York and would arrive in Boston early this morning in ample time for this afternoon's production.

The excellence of the rest of the bill caused Miss Orford and her elephants to be, perhaps, less missed than would otherwise have been the case. Mrs. Gene Hughes and company in "Youth" presented a most amusing and pleasing sketch in which Mrs. Hughes plays the role of the grandmother, an ardent exponent of the theory that "you're only as old as you feel." Dropping in upon her daughter and her daughter's daughter, the two attired in ye backwood dresses both made from the same piece, the grandmother succeeds in eventually inducing her daughter and granddaughter to believe that they are young after all. Finally, dressed in some of the extra gowns that the grandmother has brought upon her visit, the two agree to a dinner party at Rector's and discover to their joy—or should it be to their sorrow—that they have both been "dead" for years and have only just begun to realize what life really is.

Ray L. Royce, who has been in Boston often in the past, if not in recent years, has the same laughable line of characters which he portrays. He assumes the role of the opposing attorneys and of the judge in the breach of promise case between the two, a butcher aged 70 and an unsophisticated maid of 64, subsequently turning his attention to the graduatory exercises of a country high school with the chairman of the committee, the principal of the school and the star student, all contribute to the fun and provide additional opportunity for Mr. Royce to show his versatility as a portrayer of characters. Then there is "A Night in an English Music Hall," with all the old favorites in the company of 14, including the troublesome youth who sits in one box and the inebriated chap in the box opposite. The Three Renards, although opening the show upon the program, came along well in the bill and certainly deserve a place well up toward that of the headliner. They are aerial acrobats and have an extremely attractive as well as novel specialty.

Devine and Williams in "The Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer" provided a lot of rapid-fire fun. Lightner and Jordan, two well-gowned young women, sang, danced and gave planologues. Raymond and Bain were good in "Locked Out" and Carson and Brown were quite the "dancing dandies" they were billed.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Speaking last Saturday of Tenniel and his caricatures of Abraham Lincoln in Punch, we alluded to Vanity Fair and its use of "the Scotch cap and cloak worn on his (Lincoln's) first journey to Washington as chosen President." We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

I regret to see that you have unwittingly plagiarized the late Joseph Howard in your reference to Abraham [illegible] Scotch cap and cloak worn on his first journey to Washington." Nicolay and Hay in their "Lincoln" say that "many caricatures and comments of that day were based upon the following sentence in a dispatch to the 'New York Times': 'He wore a Scotch plaid and a very long military cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable.' This description was the pure invention of a newspaper correspondent understood to be Joseph Howard, Jr., who later in the war was imprisoned in Fort Lafayette for publishing a forged proclamation, about the draft, in the New York newspapers."

The "Scotch cap and cloak" clearly belong to Joe Howard and I hope you will restore them to his shade. K. Y.

Boston, Feb. 28.

Lincoln "Disguised."

The caricature in Vanity Fair to which we referred is in the issue of March 9, 1861. It is a half-page picture of a cloak reaching from the ankles to a Scotch cap. There is this legend: "The New President of the United States: From a fugitive sketch." This caricature is opposite a full page cartoon by H. L. Stephens representing Buchanan as an iceberg melting as the sun with Lincoln's face rises and shines on it. On the preceding page is an article, "Movements of Mr. Lincoln," with a picture of him doing "The MacLincoln Harrisburg Highland Fling" in Scottish costume. "Although the kilt cannot be called a very definite article of costume, yet, as the definite article is worn by the chieftain for a prefix to his name, the adoption of the kilt can hardly be looked upon as a misdemeanor. The precautionary measure of 'letting his whiskers grow' taken by the MacLincoln, will now be fully appreciated by the public. Scottish chieftains invariably 'let their whiskers grow'; they are obliged by feudal tenure to do so." The report that Lincoln, to complete his disguise, had "let his whiskers grow" furnished the burden of a little poem, "The Song of the Presidential Pilgrim," in Vanity Fair of March, 1861. It begins:

Come ladies all and gentlemen, around my platform throng,
"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."
Depending on which principle, I mean, where'er I go,
To put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

And in the same issue of Vanity Fair in an article entitled "Mr. Lincoln's Flight" is this sentence: "By the advice of weak men, who should straddle through life in petticoats instead of disgracing such manly garments as pantaloons and coats, the President-elect disguises himself after the manner of the heroes of two shilling novels, and rides secretly, in the deep night, from Harrisburg to Washington."

In Vanity Fair.

We alluded to the story about Lincoln's first journey to Washington as President-elect to show that Tenniel of Punch was not the only one to caricature Lincoln; that certain Americans in the North did not hesitate to picture him grotesquely. In Vanity Fair of March 23, 1861, Stephens portrayed "Prof. Lincoln In His Great Feat of Balancing." In juggler's costume and in the centre of a ring Lincoln is endeavoring to balance Fort Sumter and the dove of peace which are at the ends of a crossbar on a long stick resting on his forehead. Seward as a clown stands by and points to him in admiration.

As far back as Oct. 27, 1860, Vanity Fair pictured Lincoln as a negro butting Breckenridge, while Douglas as a fat wench tries to interpose. "Old Abe" is stamped on a patch in the seat of Lincoln's trousers. The cartoon is entitled: "Sich a Gittin Upstairs" and there is this verse:

Miss Douglas heller out, Den she jump between us
But I guess she no fogit da day when Abra'm show his genus!
Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see.
Sich a gittin up stairs I neber did see!

A parrot in a cage cries: "Brecky's got a cracker."

After the firing on Fort Sumter, Vanity Fair, which had not favored the abolitionists and wished the Union preserved almost at any cost, was resolutely in favor of the war. It fought valiantly with pen and pencil, and one of its most brilliant contributors, Fitz James O'Brien, lost his life as a soldier in the Northern army.

Well Remembered.

Whether Joseph Howard, Jr., started the story about the Scotch cap and cloak, we are not prepared to say. Surely Messrs. Nicolay and Hay had no personal knowledge concerning the authorship. We remember well as a boy the Wideawake processions in our country town. We remember the talk about the "shameful necessity" of a disguise for the President-elect, the rumors that Lincoln on his way to Washington would be kidnapped, or even assassinated at Baltimore. Nor did these stories come then only from the New York Times. The newspapers read by the stanch Republicans in that part of the Connecticut valley were the New York Tribune, the Boston Journal—though some took the Advertiser—and

[illegible] it [illegible] something w[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] twenty years ago are [illegible] boyhood [illegible] and there were [illegible] remembering—the [illegible] the news of the battles, [illegible] of Lincoln.

[illegible] can gain [illegible] bitterness of the press [illegible] in those years by [illegible] the extracts from newspapers [illegible] volumes of Frank [illegible] Record." Even [illegible] newspapers of New York and New [illegible] gravely published statements [illegible] have been contributed by [illegible], they were so mani-[illegible]

"OTELLO" REPEATED AT THE OPERA HOUSE

"Don Giovanni" Put off Owing to Illness of Miss Destinn.

[illegible] of the sickness of Miss [illegible]n, Verdi's "Otello" was substi-[illegible] last night at the Boston Opera [illegible] for "D[illegible] Giovanni," which had [illegible]. The cast was the same [illegible] as that of last Fri-[illegible]. Mr. Amato appeared in-[illegible] Mr. Scotti as Iago. The other [illegible] singers were again Mmes. Wein-[illegible] Leveroni and Mr. Zena-[illegible]. Mr. Weingartner conducted.

[illegible] Wednesday night Gounod's "Ro-[illegible] and Juliet" will be added to the [illegible] of the Boston Opera House. [illegible] opera, once a favorite, has not [illegible] performed here for many years. [illegible] chief singers will be Mmes. Nielsen, [illegible]kaja, Heliane, and Messrs. Mura-[illegible] M[illegible]oux, Danges, Wronski, Grand, [illegible]n, Sampieri, Everett and Fusco. Mr. S[illegible]rony will conduct.

CASTLE SQUARE, March 2—"The G[illegible] of the Golden West," David Belas-[illegible] drama in four acts.

D[illegible]k Johnson, a stranger.......... William P Carleton
J[illegible]se Castro .... Donald Meek
J[illegible]k Rance .... Frederic Ormonde
[illegible] S[illegible] .... Walter Walker
N[illegible]k .... Carney Christie
As[illegible] .... J. Morrill Morrison
[illegible] Gambler .... Albert LeRoi
[illegible] Smith .... Frank Kellihor
[illegible] of the Pony Express.......... Montana Williams
[illegible]king Billy .... George Ernst
[illegible] Wallace .... Al Roberts
[illegible]wkie .... Mabel Colcord
The Girl .... Mary Young

In writing of a play so old as "The [illegible] of the Golden West" it is hardly [illegible] to touch an angle that has not [illegible]n found before. Dick Johnson, a [illegible]n it, is wanted for a series of hold-ups. He had met "The Girl" once and s[illegible] had always remained in his mind [illegible]n when, as now, the sheriff was so [illegible]t in his pursuit. He, too, loved the girl, but she would have none of him after finding Johnson. The robber is [illegible]ght; the sheriff his preparing his death when the girl, fighting for his life, persuades Sheriff Rance to play a game of cards with her that will de-[illegible]de Johnson's fate. She wins; thus the outlaw escapes Rance, only to suffer arrest at others' hands. But, of course, he is again freed and he and the girl set out for the east.

If Miss Young, acting the heroine, [illegible]ught rather too deep a covering of sentiment to her earlier scenes yesterday she nevertheless rose fully to the heavier [illegible]es, as in act two, just before Johnson's capture; as when the sheriff, [illegible] frenzied, insulted the girl, or again, as when she heard the two shots that injured the highwayman. Mr. Carleton, playing Johnson, is in a somewhat colorless role. There is here only a little shading, still he realizes [illegible] there is in it; so, too, does Mr. [illegible] role for Jack Rance. We wish we [illegible] have seen more of Mr. Meek, [illegible] he was powerful in his role. There is a capable cast for the other parts.

Mch 4 1914

Give us the man that is not ashamed of his business. Whether he is president of the United States or some other trust, a professor in a female college, a pianist (wandering or stationary), a lawyer, a bar-keeper, or a clerk in a bird store. We knew a manufacturer of corsets, practical, sanitary and alluring corsets. They had procured for him riches and reputation, perhaps notoriety is here the more fitting word—for in business, notoriety is sometimes more to be desired than reputation. The manufacturer was grateful—we have heard that he used to wear one of his corsets on state occasions. This man, honest, public-spirited, generous and thoughtful toward his employes, was once ridiculed because at an elaborate dinner in his own house ice cream was served frozen in a corset-mould. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who sat opposite us at table, frowned on a foolish person who tittered when the dish was passed, and turning to his charming neighbor, Mrs. Golightly, exclaimed in an exquisitely modulated voice:

> [illegible]oh, hide those hills of snow
> [illegible] thy frozen bosom bears.

A Little Spanish.

As the World Wags:

In looking over The Herald of Feb. 12 for quite another purpose the enclosed clipping caught my eye: "A Spanish friend called our attention to the fact that 'Plaza dos Toros' on the program is good Portuguese, but poor Spanish. It should read, he says, 'Plaza de Toros.'"

"Plaza dos Toros" is undoubtedly good Portuguese and poor Spanish and "Plaza de Toros" not much better, being very ungrammatical. Ask your Spanish friend if "Plaza des Toros" would not be better. W. H. K.

Brookline.

Our Spanish friend, and he is a man of large parts, smiled when we showed him this letter and said: "'Plaza de Toros' is right. 'Plaza des Toros' is wrong." Not knowing Spanish we do not enter the controversy. We merely remark that Richard Ford in his famous "Handbook for Travellers in Spain" (2d ed. 1847) describing the bull fights at Madrid, speaks of the "Plaza de Toros" (page 414).—Ed.

"Forecasted."

Mr. Henry J. Parkes quotes this sentence from a Boston newspaper: "The weather man confidently forecasted last night that Boston had lost another blizzard," and writes to The Herald as follows: "To decide a bet, will you please state in your columns whether this use of 'forecasted' is correct? A friend bets that 'forecast' is the only proper form. He says, 'forecasted' has no more authority than 'casted.' Who is right?"

"Forecast" and "forecasted" are allowed by the Oxford English Dictionary. The former is preferred, but, while "forecasted" is, perhaps, the older form, it is not obsolete. These instances of use are given: W. Perkins, "Cases of Conscience," about 1602, "Jonah forecasted dangers in his calling"; Mrs. Rollins, "New England Bygones," 1883: "They forecasted the sky." "Casted" for "cast" is found in old writers, as in Caxton; also in Tindale's Bible: "She casted this oyntment on my body" (Matthew, xxvi., 12).—Ed.

Tenniel and Gordon.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Sir John Tenniel reminds me of the cartoon which, of all his many, impressed me the most—the one which brought shame to the cheek of every Englishman. I was in London in 1883 and 1884. No one who was not there then could have understood the intense feeling expressed among men because of the abandonment by the government of "Chinese" Gordon, after his brave acceptance of the Khartoum job. I shall never forget the feelings with which I saw Tenniel's cartoon in Punch showing Gordon on the ramparts of Khartoum, seeing in the sky, as a mirage, the vision of the rescuing forces that were never to come.

OTIS STREET.

Newtonville.

"Mickle & Muckle."

As the World Wags:

I know nothing of derivations or of the authorities you quote, but you are quite right in saying that "Muckle" is a variant of "Mickle." Where I was brought up we spelled it "Mickle" and pronounced it "Muckle." The correct saying is "Many a pickle makes a mickle." "Pickle," pronounced "puckle," means small and I think is always used as to quantity and never as to size. "Mickle," however, is used either way. To the "guidwife" the "guidman" may be a "mickle fool," but the youngest of the family is her "wee mannie," and she adds a "pickle saut tae the bit parritch" that will make their morning meal. W. J. RHODES.

Boston, Feb. 27.

Pickle: 1. A single grain or corn of wheat, barley, or oats, e. g. a barley pickle, a barley corn. Formerly, also, a single grain or particle (of sand dust, etc.). 2. A small quantity or amount (of fluid, powder or anything quantitative); a little. (Followed by substantive without "of"—as in Scott's "Old Mortality": "I wad get my pickle meal." Mr. Rhodes's contention that "pickle" is never used "as to size" is erroneous.

"The correct saying is 'Many a pickle makes a mickle.'" Is it? Camden (1605) gives in a list of proverbs: "Many a little makes a mickle." Steele, in the Spectator, wrote: "Many a little makes a mickle." Westminster Gazette (April 29, 1905): "Mony a pickle makes a muckle." "Ray's Proverbs" (fourth ed., 1778): "Many littles make a mickle." Bailey's Dictionary (second ed., 1733): "Many littles make a mickle."—Ed.

Sez He.

As the World Wags:

In "The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys" in the Evening Herald of Feb. 21 the expression "I saith" occurs. Is such English as that to be found in the diary of the original Pepys? If so, the latter indulged in solecistic English, for the use of the termination "eth" in verbs is proper in only the third person and singular number. ANTIQUARIAN.

Boston.

Twain's Spanish Main.

As the World Wags:

Yes, Mark Twain was, as you say, a humorist, but in speaking of the coast of Spain bordering upon the Strait of Gibraltar as the Spanish Main he was not indulging in a "Jew desprit," as Artemus Ward would call it, but was stating what he thought to be a fact. Not a little of the chapter in which that passage occurs consists of a realistic description of his travels, does it not? Look at the chapter and see if you don't think so. That is the way in which I understand the chapter, and I think he was speaking seriously when he spoke of the coast of Spain bordering upon the Strait of Gibraltar as the Spanish Main.

INCONSTANT READER.

The coast of Spain bordering upon the Strait of Gibraltar may have been the Spanish Main to Mark Twain. It was and is the Spanish Main to no other writer, and to no sailor or geographer.—Ed.

"In His Name."

As the World Wags:

I note the following report in a column headed "Society":

"The Rock Island Club was the scene of one of the prettiest and most brilliant gatherings of the season Friday afternoon, the affair being a tango tea given by the In His Name Circle of King's Daughters."

This all adds to the joy of living when one is in exile on the island of Rock.

Feb. 26. HYACINTH SAGE.

ELEPHANTS AS SKILLED ACTORS

To paraphrase a saying of Joseph Allenton in the sketch of Mrs. Gene Hughes and company at B. F. Keith's Theatre, last evening, as he proclaims the arrival of the giddy grandmother, "The elephants have 'came'!"

After several days in transit, owing to the storm embargo, Miss Orford's troupe of educated elephants arrived in time to close the evening performance.

The act of Miss Orford and her elephants is something new to theatregoers, for all we have witnessed heretofore in the sawdust ring has been a tiresome repetition. The resources of the Keith stage, however, hardly measure up to the magnitude of the act.

Miss Orford, in an Egyptian dancing costume, is reclining and receiving the attentions of a monster pachyderm as the act opens, the latter fanning her in a most approved style. Dancing in all manner of steps by the three elephants follows, and there is wonder at the tenderness, the grace, with which Miss Orford is raised on their trunks and returned to the stage. Later the two largest lock trunks and give her a "swing."

But the most frivolous of the three is a hospitable fellow. He invites his friend to dine over the telephone, and he "speaks" loudly, so that all may hear. The guest arrives and there is a repast, remarkably lifelike in detail. While the meal is going on the "maid," appropriately garbed, provides a light and extinguishes the taper by stamping it out. She puts the "baby" in the cradle and tucks in the clothing after the manner of a fond mother; and finally the house takes fire; the alarm is rung in, the old hand tub arrives and the fire is extinguished by the elephants, while Miss Orford is rescued from the second story to the applause of an admiring audience.

Mch 5 1914

Gounod's Work Has First Performance at the Boston Opera House.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" at this opera house. Mr. Strony conducted.

The Duke of Verona .... Mr. Wronski
Capulet .... Mr. Grand
Tybalt .... Mr. Deru
Gregory .... Mr. Sampieri
Paris .... Mr. Everett
Romeo .... Mr. Muratore
Mercutio .... Mr. Danges
Benvolio .... Mr. Fusco
Stephano .... Mme. Swartz-Morse
Friar Laurence .... Mr. Marcoux
Gertrude .... Miss Rienskaja
Juliette .... Miss Nielsen

"Romeo and Juliet" has had a curious history in this country. When it was first performed in New York by an inf[illegible]r company and in Italian, only the c[illegible] song plea[illegible] A French com-[illegible] C[illegible] [illegible]meo, did little [illegible] popular. It is not necessary to speak of the foolish version used by the Emma Abbott company. At last the de Reszkes came, and when Gounod's work was performed with them and Mme. Melba or Mme. Eames, and Plancon in the cast, "Romeo and Juliet" became a favorite. Some went so far as to prefer it to "Faust." Jean de Reszke as Romeo was incomparable. The popularity of the opera remained as long as Mme. Melba or Mme. Eames appeared as Juliet, while the tenor was Saleza or Alvarez.

A revival of this opera after many years naturally brings with it memories, and it was not easy last night, interesting as the performance was in certain ways, to forget the romanticism of Jean de Reszke, the tenderness and passion with which he sang the love music, the spirit of his exile scene, or the elegance of the superb-voiced Plancon as Capulet the host, or the unctuousness of the pontifical Edouard de Reszke in the marriage scene, or the brilliance of Mme. Melba in the Waltz and her golden voice, which was emotional in itself although her face was impassive, or the apparition of Emma Eames exulting in her radiant beauty.

The years have passed and the voices are now nearly all silent. Without such voices, without the romantic spirit in which the opera was then performed, the music for the most part now seems old-fashioned and futile. The complaint was made long ago that the opera was in reality only one long sugary duet. The music of the first act with the exception of the meeting of the lovers is vulgar enough to be applauded in a musical comedy. And of all the pages few retain freshness.

There is the rapturous ornithological melody in Juliet's chamber. There is still the music for Friar Laurence administering the sleeping potion, and there are emotional phrases in the last act. But this year is 1914 and Gounod's opera is moribund, if not dead, soon to be put in the vault with the operas on the same subject by Vaccai and Bellini, and all the works in which Romeo was a contralto. Boston has seen female Romeo's in opera, as when Vestvali the magnificent appeared here in the Fifties.

Some of the minor parts were well taken last night. The Stephano of Mme. Morse was the best that we have seen. Romeo's page was in old times a tiresome young woman masquerading in men's clothes. Mr. Danges was a better Mercutio than some of his predecessors, but it is doubtful whether any baritone could do much with Gounod's music to Queen Mab. Mr. Deru was an excellent Tybal as far as his singing was concerned, as good, though not so spirited in action as the fiery Montariol. The chorus was effective; but after the duke's solemn warning should the followers of Montague and of Capulet at once enter into combat as soon as Romeo has left the stage?

The effect of the choral prologue was sadly marred by the chief soprano singing persistently flat. Mr. Strony had the orchestra well in hand. The scenery, which we understand was borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera House, allowed us to see that the stage after all is a large one, and there was ample room for the movements of a crowd. The scene of Juliet's garden was charming. The lighting of the group in the prologue was poorly managed. Why should the stage in the exile scene have been so dark?

The feature of the performance was undoubtedly the impersonation of Romeo by Mr. Muratore. He was loudly applauded, and the louder he sang, the more enthusiastic was the audience. It is also true that his voice is more agreeable in forte and brilliant passages than in pages of tender sentiment; for in the latter his voice loses in quality, becomes rather nasal, and at times it whines. His diction was admirably clear and intelligent. He was manly and all that; but his impersonation as a whole was not romantic, and Romeo was romantic with a tinge of melancholy. He was born under an unlucky star, and not without reason did Dr. Maginn in his Shakesperian paradoxes contrast him with Bottom.

Miss Nielsen took the part of Juliet for the first time. It has been said that the actress in this tragedy should be a young maiden until the chamber scene. The part should afterward be played by a woman who knew the spell of passion. In the opera there is no need, perhaps, of this differentiation. The role is taken in European opera houses, as a rule, by a young and often inexperienced soprano with a light and flexible voice. We have never heard a Juliet with deeply emotional tones. There is that stumbling block for such voices in the first act: the waltz song, with its absurd syllabic setting of the first sentence. Miss Nielsen is not at ease in coloratura music, and there was little lightness or girlish joy in her performance of the waltz. She is a lyric soprano and she sang, naturally, with more freedom and greater expression in the scenes that followed. She was especially fortunate in the balcony scene.

Mr. Marcoux was an impressive Friar. While his stage business was his own, while it differed from that of illustrious predecessors, it was not too deliberately original. The music suited his voice, which had more body and was more sonorous than it is in strictly baritone parts.

By PHILIP HALE

PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Fanny's First Play," by George Bernard Shaw. Produced at the Little Theatre, London, April 19, 1911.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

Servant	George Carr
Cecil Savoyard	William Lewis Sealy
Count O'Dowda	C. H. Croker King
Fanny O'Dowda	Miss Jean Stirling
Mr. Trotter	Walter Kingsford
Mr. Vaughan	Claude Rams
Mr. Gunn	Vane Sutton-Vane
Mr. Flawner Bannel	Gordon Ash

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

Mr. Robin Gilbey	Sidney Paxton
Mrs. Gilbey	Miss Kate Carlyon
Juggins	Ivan Campbell
Dora Delaney	Miss Eva Leonard Boyne
Mrs. Knox	Miss Katherine Pole
Mr. Joseph Knox	Arnold Lucy
Margaret Knox	Miss Dulce Musgrave
Lieut. Duvallet	Herbert Dansey
Bobby	Spencer Geach

When this comedy was produced in London there was no doubt about the authorship. It is barely possible that the Mr. Shaw of the Induction might have escaped detection, but the moment the respectable English middle class families were portrayed and the dialogue began to run, the impish personality of Mr. Shaw was revealed.

The comedy has been a long time in coming to this city. No doubt many of the audience yesterday afternoon had seen it in New York. There were few who were not acquainted with the whimsical plot, the delicious representation of leading London critics and the dialogue glittering with a brilliance that Mr. Shaw himself has never surpassed, not even in one of his prefaces. The enjoyment of the audience was as keen as though the performance were the first, and the excellence of the acting put away all thoughts of comparison. And as the story is familiar to many and the surprises should not be known to those who will go unacquainted with the play, there is no need of describing the comedy at length.

It is enough to say that the Count O'Dowda, an Englishman that has lived long in Italy, sojourning in England, gives a present to his daughter, educated at Cambridge, and this present is a performance of a new play. The author is unknown. Not only are comedians invited to Cambridge, but Savoyard, the manager, induces leading critics to attend the performance that a just verdict may be rendered. The talk of the Count, who is dismayed by present conditions of life, Savoyard's views about the theatre, the entrance of the critics and the scene between Fanny and Mr. Trotter, who is Mr. Walkley of the Times thinly disguised, furnish the matter for the Induction. Then comes the play in three acts. There is an epilogue in which the critics give their opinions and Fanny confesses her authorship.

No one will dispute the brilliance of the Induction and the Epilogue, not even those who are distressed by Mr. Shaw's irony in the play itself, for there are some who deplore the playwright's mental attitude and wish that he had "sanity of thought" and "conscientiousness of purpose." Thus they are almost as amusing as Mr. Shaw.

In the play are the Gilbey household and the Knox household. Young Gilbey is betrothed to Miss Knox. The former goes on a lark with the lively Dora Delaney and the two are jailed. Miss Knox, whose mother is insufferably pious—not truly religious, and here Mr. Shaw preaches in Aristophanic manner a great lesson—after attending a meeting where she is imbued with a longing for freedom, so exciting are the spiritual hymns, goes to a theatre, is bored, picks up a Frenchman and dances with him in a public hall. Students come in from a boat race and make a row. The police drive out the women with the men. Miss Knox bashes a copper and knocks out two of his teeth. She and the Frenchman are sentenced to serve time in prison.

Then there is the superb Juggins, the footman, who turns out to be the younger brother of a duke. Here again Mr. Shaw has the opportunity not only of ridiculing the snobbishness of the English middle class, or, rather, the class of highly respectable shopkeepers, but, in a little speech given to Juggins he preaches more real Christianity than is found in many sermons delivered from the pulpit.

These characters are much more than stalking horses behind which Mr. Shaw shoots barbed arrows against hypocrisy, snobbery, injustice. Each character is lifelike, not a mouthpiece for the author. Given Mr. Robin Gilbey, his speech and conduct are inevitable. His wife is a dear. With what tact, after her husband has abused Dora, does she inquire with feminine interest into the lace worn by the girl to put her at her ease. Knox is as sharply defined as his wife or daughter.

It may be said that Fanny's play is farcical, wildly improbable, a trap to catch guffaws. The play is a farce, 'tis true. It is a farce as the life that it portrays is farcical. Many young men are as caddish as Bobby, and unfortunately there is no Juggins to advise them, no Dora to stand by them and cheer shabby treatment by reason of her light hearted but not the less amusing. There are many girls, chilled or stifled at home, as was Margaret Knox. They, seeing her courage and joy in emancipation, will envy her, and go back to soul-destroying monotony.

And what is to be said of the glorious and loquacious Frenchman who in his eulogy of England is unconsciously satirical in Mr. Shaw's keenest vein?

This comedy is constantly amusing; it is at times irresistibly funny; it is a treat for the understanding, a joy for any one that is really fond of the theatre. The literary merit enhances the purely theatrical value; the dramatic interest is never lost in the scintillating speech. And here is a comedy, or farce if you prefer, that is satirical to good purpose. The satire lashes only that which is mean and contemptible. It is merciless towards false values, cowardly conventional habits of thought, and stupidly traditional practices. A play like this, acted as it was yesterday, restores confidence in the theatre, in the art of playwriting, in the skill of comedians and in the ability of a public, whose taste of late years has been debauched, to appreciate wit, humor, satire and the holding of the mirror up to nature.

It is an easy task to speak of the company of English players brought over by Mr. Granville Barker and the Shuberts. It would not be easy or just to discriminate, nor would it be easy to think of any character played otherwise. The men and women set in motion by Mr. Shaw are human beings, and though English, they are known to us all, with the possible exception of the Duke's younger brother, yet there may be "inside men" in Boston related to the untitled aristocracy. We all know the Gilbeys and the Knoxes. Foreigners in Boston have been as loquacious, irrepressible and unconsciously satirical as Duvallet. And can one fairly say that Mr. Dansey as the Frenchman was more conspicuous than the wholly admirable Mr. Paxton and Mr. Lucy; or that Miss Boyne, a remarkable Dora, was more effective in the art of impersonation than Miss Musgrave or Miss Pole? Could there be a more impressive Juggins? Nor should the exquisitely conceived impersonation of O'Dowda by Mr. Croker-King, the realistic portraiture of Savoyard by Mr. Sealy, or the "moulders of opinion" in theatrical circles be forgotten.

We have received the following letter from our valued and distinguished contributor and fellow-citizen, the Earnest Student of Sociology:

A Personal Question.

As the World Wags:

A few days ago some one that signed himself "Tarbellus" inquired in your column how I wear my cuffs; in the "rugged manner" of Col. Roosevelt, or whether from a "proletarian impulse" I prefer the detached variety. My first thought was to keep dignified silence, but on account of my devotion to science I am more or less of a public character. M. Marcel Schwob, in the admirable preface to his "Vies Imaginaires," insists that biographers should pay more attention to the things regarded by the superficial as trifles; they should follow the example of Aubrey and Boswell. Thus it is important to know that Erasmus did not like fish although he lived in a fishing town. "The art of biography should give as much value to the life of a strolling actor as to the life of Shakespeare." Aubrey quotes a Mr. Beeston as saying that the poet Spenser was a little man who "wore short haire, little band and little cuffs."

And so I feel it my duty to answer the question of "Tarbellus," not merely to gratify his curiosity, but for the information of generations to come.

Sad Sundays.

As a child I was prejudiced against anything starched. I well remember the Sundays when rude boys in the village made mock of me because a fond mother put around my neck a broad collar with pendent tassels. This collar sawed my flesh. In warm weather it chafed until it became pulpy, "dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant." I have only a faint recollection of cuffs, which were then called wristbands. I think I donned them when I went away to school. They were not reversible, but I remember when the reversible first appeared in shop windows and were applauded as "practical." The thought of being found dead with cuffs fair to outward view, but with the concealed part grimy, did not appal the sturdy villagers or the gilded youth of the neighboring town. My cuffs were sometimes a part of my shirt, sometimes detachable.

Autobiographical.

For I have known riches and poverty. There have been times when my weekly wash consisted of "a shirt and a drawer." There was a season when I rejoiced in a dozen beautiful linen shirts with collars and cuffs inseparably connected. A celebrated promoter in this city told me years ago that it was his dream to wear a clean shirt every day, a shirt that included cuffs and collars. At last the wish was realized—and yet he was not happy. He could not find any laundry, any washerwoman, white, black or yellow, to do the shirts justice.

Nearly 40 years ago in a queer boarding house in West 14th street, New York, my roommate, who now owns a summer palace on the Hudson, used to trim his cuffs with a pair of scissors before he made an evening call; but he had a proud soul—he was a Louisianian—and never wore a paper collar.

Yes, "Tarbellus," I wear detachable cuffs when I wear any, but I never wear the reversible. In the city, cuffs are expected. At Clamport there is a freer life. Not only is there the fatigue shirt that looks fatigued, there is no compelling reason for any collar or any foolish decoration of the wrists. We do not "fuss up" even on a Sunday or for a dance in the town hall. I have been told that in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati every self-respecting man carries a half-dozen clean collars in his pockets, for, on account of the smoke, his life perforce is one constant change. And now since soft coal is defiantly burned in Boston what profiteth it a man to leave home gaily with immaculate cuffs? The detachable are not a convenience but a necessity in this city.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

East Boston.

P. S.—My silker, the pride of my life, which I mourned as lost forever, lost at a ball which I attended as an intrepid sociologist, has been returned to me. I now think nobly of the world and the men therein. H. J.

Rye, Not Water.

As the World Wags:

The teacher in a suburban school told his pupils that if the boys in Scotland saw a group of girls wading a shallow stream they felt entitled to a kiss as under the mistletoe, and Burns probably had this in mind when writing his song. The chorus of the song appears to bear out this theory:

O, Jenny's a weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry,
She draigl't a' her petticotie
Comin' thro' the rye.

You asked what this verse had to do with Burns's poem. It is in the Houghton Mifflin edition. The word "rye" is spelled with lower case "r," which seems to favor the grain theory. There is no river Rye in Scotland. J. D. K.

Mr. Edward Stickney assured us last week that the river Rye is in the northwestern part of District Cunningham, Scotland, and flows into the Firth of Clyde. "It is very nearly north of Ayre."

But we nowhere find any valid reason for believing that the girl in Burns's song was wading a river or creek. The annotators do not make this suggestion. On the contrary, in the monumental centenary edition of Burns edited by Henley and Henderson (four volumes, Edinburgh, 1897) it is stated that "Comin' Thro' the Rye" is related to a song entitled "The Bob-tailed Lass." This song begins:

On Wednesday in the afternoon
I took a walk in the field.

and the ending is:

And I kindly took her by the hand
And I led her into the rye.

Furthermore, the word "rye" in Burns's song is always spelled, as "J. D. K." has noted in one edition, with a lower case "r."—Ed.

BY LONGY CLUB

The Longy Club gave its third and last concert of this season last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Strube, Quintet (M. S.) for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; Loeillet, Sonate in D Minor for flute, oboe and piano; Juon, Chamber Symphony, Op. 27, for violin, viola, 'cello, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano. Messrs. Theodorowicz, violin; Rissland, viola, and Keller, 'cello, were the assisting artists.

All the pieces on the program were heard here for the first time.

Jacques Jean Baptiste Loeillet was born at Ghent in 1653. He was an accomplished flutist and also played the clavecin. After a stay in Paris he went to London in 1705, where he joined the opera orchestra at the Haymarket. Weekly concerts of chamber music took place at his house. Loeillet has sometimes been mistaken or Jean Baptiste Sully. He died in 1728, in London, leaving numerous compositions and £16,000. On many of his printed works he styled himself "Musician of the Chamber of the Elector of Bavaria and Concert Master of Duke Ferdinand."

The sonate, played with exquisite art by Messrs. Longy, Maquarre and De Voto, is a charming composition in severely classical form. It has purity of outline, in stateliness and quaint dignity, while the composer, thoroughly familiar with his instruments, has written for them with the utmost effectiveness.

Paul Juon is not unknown in Boston. His chamber symphony is interesting and of marked originality. The four movements are sharply rhythmed and generally romantic in color. In each case the chief theme at first given out by one instrument is taken up in turn by the others. There are themes of secondary importance, variations and elaborations. The second movement, Andante Elegiaco, is perhaps the most beautiful. The third is singularly effective and the fourth rises to a stirring climax.

Mr. Strube's quintet evidently gave much pleasure to the audience, which was of good size. There was applause for the compositions and for the admirable playing of the club and the assisting artists.

GABY DESLYS

SHUBERT THEATRE—Mlle. Gaby Deslys and the Winter Garden company, with Harry Pilcer, in "The Little Parisienne," a musical play in three acts. Book by Joseph W. Herbert and Harold Atteridge; music by Felix Albini. The cast. R.

Henriette	Mlle. Gaby Deslys
Juliette	Miss Fritzi Von Busing
Joseph	Edgar Atchison-Ely
Marquis de Kergazon	Charles Angelo
Hugo, of the Varieties	Harry Pilcer
The Chevalier de Morny	Percy Lyndal
Georgette	Miss Louise Meyers
Martine	Miss Hattie Kneitel
Viscomte Max de Boisgommeux	Forrest Huff

The long deferred opening of the vivacious Gaby Deslys and her New York company took place at the Shubert last night. There was a large audience, generous applause and much laughter.

"The Little Parisienne" is lacking in both head and tail. There is a ridiculous ending. The part taken by Harry Pilcer is baldly inserted without the least attempt at relation; though we would not be denied the treat afforded by that gentleman in his dancing—or, rather, acrobatics.

Nor is this the only infraction, for the continuity of an uninteresting story is constantly broken in an attempt to provide opportunities for the many individual specialties. The dialogue, while often funny in a flippant way, is at times mawkish, as when the palsied old roue philosophises: "There is time for fidelity later on."

The music is for the most part commonplace, yet there are two or three numbers that catch the ear, and we must not forget the splendid character work of Louise Meyers and Hattie Kneitel in their Dutch specialty.

But Gaby—the bizarre—was the object of all eyes. Candidly, an analysis of her performance should more appropriately fall on the shoulders of the fashion editor rather than the dramatic reviewer. There is no gainsaying that her sartorial elegance and extravagance are her chief asset. To be sure, she dances gracefully and to her own enjoyment, and her endurance is not to be questioned.

Her voice, while not unpleasant to the ear, is not one of tonal beauty, and there is a decided limitation of range, yet it is one well suited to the purposes of a comedienne, and it is in this latter light that she should be regarded.

Her costumes and headgear (we could not consistently call them hats) are not the kind that excite admiration. They are glaring in their barbaric scheme, ridiculously incongruous and each new change prompts nothing but laughter. But Gaby has a pretty face and a sigh that would stir the soul of Michael de la Logerie, as did Mlle. de Souday.

She is never womanly, and delights in well studied effects at draping herself that she might almost cross the line of demarcation and mock the censor.

Henriette (Gaby Deslys) is the wife of the Marquis de Kergazon. The latter is a literary amateur, a bilious and aesthetic fellow, who takes himself seriously. His wife will not be "the dog" for his poems, and they follow their inclinations.

The viscomte, Max de Boisgommeux, a man about town, is infatuated with

[illegible] point [illegible] way [illegible] Marquis [illegible] a [illegible] wife [illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible] of the viscounte and arranges that his wife [illegible] he will be [illegible] round. The arrival of [illegible] the sweetheart of the marquis [illegible] servant Joseph, changes his [illegible] will not wait. He makes [illegible] Juliette to the chagrin [illegible] Joseph. But there is a substantial reward [illegible] Juliette and Joseph is appeased.

Henriette seeks the viscounte at his country [illegible]. The marquis follows, [illegible] embarrassed by the loss of his [illegible], he assails all who make love to [illegible] mistaking her for his wife, [illegible]. Returning to the home of her husband, Henriette loses some of her [illegible] ways. They both reluctantly [illegible] hands and we are told that "they will dine alone that night."

It is the admirable acting of this [illegible] cast of comedians that saves the play from being boresome—the zest and snap they put into their work.

Mr. Pilcer is always eager for his task and tears about in wild abandon. As we have already said, his is more an acrobatic dancing act than plain dancing. He tosses Gaby about with the utmost unconcern. His manner in motion [illegible] suggestive of the Apache kind.

[illegible] Angelo was the marquis. He [illegible] a splendid study of the fretful [illegible], and his few songs were well [illegible].

[illegible] if it appeared as the Viscomte [illegible] "Slippery Dick." He was after a pretty face. If he lost he displayed the matter fairly. If he won, [illegible] amusement for a while.

The Juliette of Fritzi von Busing was a coquettish imp. Her voice is a splendid organ, and she sang with marked effect. The Joseph of Edgar Atchison-Ely was another clever bit of comedy and we have already referred to the Misses Meyers and Kneitel.

The youth and beauty of the chorus might best be explained by the exuberant youth across the aisle who idiomatically exclaimed: "Some pips!"

Mch 6 1914

'TAMING OF THE SHREW' FINELY GIVEN AT CORT

By PHILIP HALE.

CORT THEATRE: Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," produced by Miss Margaret Anglin.

[illegible]a	Harry Barfoot
[illegible]	E. Y. Backus
[illegible]	Pedro De Cordoba
[illegible]	Eric Blind
[illegible]	Wallace Widdecombe
[illegible]	Harrison Carter
[illegible]t	Fuller Mellish
[illegible]	Max Fisher
[illegible]	Sidney Greenstreet
[illegible]	Max Montesole
[illegible]	Roy Porter
[illegible]asher	Brandon Peters
[illegible]a	Miss Anglin
[illegible]a	Ruth Holt Boucicault
W[illegible]w	Florence Wollersen

There are purists that might object to this arrangement of Shakespeare's comedy and certain details of the stage business as seen last night. Thus they might say that in the scene on the highway where Petruchio, Katharina and Hortensio are on their way to Padua, husband and wife with Lucentio whom they have met should leave the stage together, and Hortensio, remaining, should have his little say. They [illegible] ask what warrant there is for [illegible] Katharina as weary, or for the fall of the curtain to sentimental [illegible] while the husband lifts the reformed shrew in his arms and tenderly embraces her. This scene is perhaps [illegible] from the line in which Petruchio speaks of his "reverend care of her." And [illegible] they might object to the dispute concerning the time of day and Katharina's business with the clock, or the reappearance of the hungry Shrew to seize a loaf of bread while Petruchio is soliloquizing.

These objections and others might be [illegible], but who, seeing the performance, would answer them seriously? For the production was one of unusual beauty and the performance was full of life. The dialogue was spoken swiftly, as it should be, and also clearly. At first the [illegible] actors were unduly boisterous in [illegible], as if they wished to discount the [illegible] of Petruchio. Possibly they have been playing in a huge theatre. [illegible] Mr. De Cordova seemed to [illegible] of the acoustic properties of the Cort.

The scenery and costumes designed by [illegible] in exquisite taste, simple, [illegible] to the eye and not distracting the attention from the comedians. The scenery is of such a character that it allowed short waits, so that the performance was over at a [illegible].

"The Taming of the Shrew" has been [illegible] a comedy and frankly [illegible] farce. We have [illegible] in [illegible] as well as in [illegible]. [illegible] have taken the two leading parts. That Miss Anglin's production surpasses all the previous ones of the last 20 years [illegible] a rash statement. There may be dispute concerning the quality of the acting, there can be none concerning the production.

Miss Anglin was sufficiently shrewish. She lived up to Katherine's reputation in the exhibition of temper, in pouting, stamping and storming, and in the sullen fits that are more to be dreaded by the male than a whirlwind of words. She read her lines intelligently, and the famous speech that is so offensive to clamorers for women's rights, was delivered naturally, without a trace of elocutionary endeavor, and with a womanly fondness that argued ill for Petruchio's future independence.

Not without reason did he kneel to her in Lucentio's room, that with its furniture, the view beyond, and the sky transported the spectator into an Italian villa. But was not Katharina a girl of more aristocratic bearing? We are not necessarily thinking of the superb Ada Rehan. Miss Anglin gave an excellent impersonation in the main. Scolding, violent, weary or giving a lesson to the other wives, she was the accomplished comedian and the transformation from the shrew to the obedient and loving wife was not too sudden. But there were times when Katharina seemed to be "middle class" in her bearing and behavior. The temper was high, but the innate spirit might have been higher.

Mr. Blind was an uncommonly good Petruchio. He was not too fantastical. He was never a Hector of the pothouse. He played with unflagging vivacity, with a virility that must have won the admiration of every woman in the audience. He had a commanding presence even when he was silent. Best of all, he did not take the audience into his confidence. He played his part as though there were no audience before him.

The members of the company gave for the most part good support. Mr. De Cordoba was an attractive Lucentio. Mr. Mellish refrained from caricaturing the false Vicentio and Mr. Backus gave character to the real old Merchant of Pisa. Mr. Montesole was an amusing Grumio, dry in speech, nor did he overact his part, while Mr. Greenstreet, though amusing, was perhaps a little too fresh as Lucentio's servant. Mr. Widdecombe gave a carefully conceived impersonation of the old suitor, Gremio, but is it not possible that Gremio was a man of finer parts and of less fussy behavior?

The play will be performed for the rest of the week. It is to be hoped that the public will fully appreciate the manner in which these Shakespearian comedies are produced and performed at the Cort.

"P. B." went some time ago to a missionary meeting, and these words of an earnest brother remain in his memory:

"In that forlorn district the poor, benighted brethren wear no clothing. There drunken orgies take place frequently. My little band of helpers and I once visited this place. The poor creatures listened to our words of wisdom, and before we left we had the pleasure of pinning on many the white badges of Temperance."

A Help in Trouble.

We have received from New York a circular. It should be of interest to all men that are demented with the mania of speaking at public dinners. Note the manner in which the writer, a woman, addresses a "perfect" stranger, not a "gentleman friend":

My Dear Friend:

Were you ever at a dinner or an evening social gathering, and after everybody had told a story, your turn came and you had nothing to say, you could think of absolutely nothing! An embarrassing position, isn't it? You almost regret being present, under the circumstances.

I feel sure that you are a gentleman who fully appreciates and thoroughly enjoys genuine wit, a real funny story or poem (so do I) for we can't have too much of cheerfulness to brighten our gloomy hours.

I am trying in my humble way to make an honest living, but aside from that it is a source of gratification to me to offer you something I know will brighten your life, and help to keep away the gray hairs and wrinkles. Besides, I believe it to be good business policy to be able to tell a really funny story on any and all occasions; it makes you popular, wins friends, and many times proves a business getter.

I have compiled a number of afterdinner talks and comic stories delivered by New York's most popular speakers. A number of them delivered at "stag" affairs and decidedly interesting. They have never been published in book form. They can be obtained from nobody but myself. Any one of my stories told at any gathering of people or at any dinner is sure to make everybody feel thankful that they were present. Collection No. 1 will be mailed to you in a plain sealed envelope in original manuscript typewritten form for $1.

We add that satisfaction is guaranteed. Any one of these stories is warranted to provoke laughter in the breast of the [illegible] and [illegible]. [illegible] those whose laughter is ready and of the hair-trigger variety, they will beat their sides and stamp the floor in mirthful ecstasy. For 50 cents more collection No 2 will be sent. No story told by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is in the envelope.

A Biographical Note.

The following improving anecdote is taken from Mr. Henry Holiday's "Reminiscences of My Life," which has just been published in London:

"Rossetti dined one evening with friends who followed his lead in the matter of china, to such good purpose that the whole dinner was served in beautiful specimens, and, for the better display of these, was set out on the table. The salmon was served in a noble dish, evidently a precious example. When the cover was removed, Rossetti started, leaned over to examine the dish, took it in both hands, turned it upside down to see the marks on the back, leaving the salmon on the tablecloth, and exclaimed, 'The very dish I was going to get tomorrow!' The lady was so elated with her triumph at having cut in just in time that she quite forgave the irreverent treatment of her salmon and of her table cloth."

For Playwrights.

We have received another circular, and it came from Texas. At the top of the page is the portrait of a young gentleman, clean shaven, with a beautiful turnover collar of the sort seen in street car advertisements and the lucrative pages of magazines. The young gentleman's cravat is pleasingly speckled. And here is the text:

"Rather a thoughtful and not altogether pleasant cast of countenance, eh? Well, the fact is, he reads the plays of ambitious, amateur dramatists. He reads with an eye to possibilities of their being made technically attractive to producing managers. The authors of some of these plays know little of play structure and dramatic principles, writing mainly by general principles. Some of these plays are 200,000 words in length—as long as 12½ average plays combined! Yet, he must have the fortitude to assimilate them word by word. This is a task which is scarcely conducive to a model disposition; but his pleasure comes by showing an author just what is technically wrong with a play, thus helping the dramatist to help himself. He will read your plays at any time, for a very nominal reading fee of $2."

London Houses.

Real estate agents in London use words that may well excite the curiosity of visiting foreigners, especially Americans. What, for instance, is a "dwarfhouse"? We are told that houses of this variety are to be found only in the better parts of the town. And what is a "period house"? We are informed that it is any house typical in design of any recognized period in domestic architecture before the Victorian era. "Domestic" architecture! Yes, there is an architecture that might be described as wild.

A Typical Growl.

See how a conservative Englishman misunderstands our institutions and does not appreciate our blessings. The letter was published in the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Sir: I doubt very much if the American baggage check system would be appreciated over here. It is a necessity in the States, owing to the absence of porters. Each passenger has to handle his own 'baggage' (not luggage, please), hence the light 'grips' so common over there. All heavy baggage must therefore be 'expressed' by the check system.

"Your correspondent speaks of 'a small fee in advance.' I noticed 50c., i. e., 2s. per package, on the sample check. We can get ours collected and delivered for half that amount over here.

"If you expect to find your baggage awaiting you on your arrival you are liable to be woefully disappointed.

"No, I fear the conservative Britisher will still prefer to have his 'luggage' with him, and to tip the porter to put it on the taxi, and even then it won't cost him 50c. a package.

"A. BARTON KENT."

BY MME. CULP

Mme. Julia Culp gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Conrad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Suleika I.," "Suleika II.," "Vas Haidenroeslein," "Oer Schiffer," "Der Musensohn"; John Alden Carpenter, "Go, Lovely Rose," "The Cock Shall Crow," "When I Bring to You Colored Toys," "The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes"; Marie Antoinette, "Pauvre Jacques"; three 18th century songs arranged by Weckerlin; Hugo Wolf, "Pretel Ein, Hoher Krieger," "Und Willst su Deinen Liebsten Sterben Seben," "Er Ists," "Mausfallen Sprueclein."

A [illegible] audience was enthusiastic over the beauty of Mme. Culp's voice, her admirable singing, her exquisite and finished art as an interpreter. The singer is an ever welcome apparition in Boston.

Carpenter's songs display singular originality. Of the four on the program, "The Cock Shall Crow" was the least interesting. The other three are of great beauty, effectively written for the voice, of profound and subtle emotional significance. They are forceful, poetic, decidedly modern in spirit. Mr. Carpenter's musical speech is of his own devising. It is not merely a reiteration of the formulas invented by Debussy and the disciples of the later French school.

These songs depend much upon interpretation, upon the ability of the singer to establish and maintain the composer's mood. As was to be expected, Mme. Culp sang them with exquisite delicacy, true poetic significance and quiet intensity.

She displayed intelligence and finesse in her performance of the old French songs, but on the whole her art is less effective in songs of this character.

The singer was emotionally eloquent throughout the afternoon as well as technically at her best, nor could she be justly reproached for too deliberately calculating her effect. Repeatedly recalled, she was generous in adding to the program.

Mch 7 1914

Exquisite Performance of the Charmingly Fantastical "Mother Goose."

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a smaller audience than is customary. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E major, No. 1 (MS.)	Urack
Symphonic Poem, "Vy Sehrad"	Smetana
"Mother Goose"; suite	Ravel
Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1	Enesco

The feature of this concert was the exquisite performance of Ravel's charmingly fantastical suite. The suite was produced here by Dr. Muck at the end of last December and was played again in answer to many requests. The apparent simplicity of this music may lead some to regard the five movements as only pleasing trifles, and others may think that the orchestra had an easy task.

As a matter of fact, the suite is exceedingly difficult and requires the utmost nicety of expression. Nor are these movements only the result of a well equipped musician amusing himself. They show a rare sense of color, delicate playfulness, true fancy and masterly technic in composition. With an unusually small orchestra—small except for the pulsatile instruments used in "Laideronnette, Empress of the Pagodes"—Ravel works wonders. There are more musical ideas in these little movements than are to be found in many ponderous and thunderous modern symphonies and symphonic poems.

It was a pleasure to hear Smetana's stately "Vysehrad" again, with its bardic songs, its reminders of the citadel's ancient glory. There was a brilliant performance of Enesco's Rhapsody, brought out here two years ago by Mr. Fiedler, and missed yesterday by those who left the hall for tea and tango or a surburban train. The concert unfortunately was too long.

Mr. Urack conducted his own symphony, which, composed in 1912-13, was played yesterday for the first time. Seldom has a new work of such proportions been so enthusiastically received in Symphony Hall, and yet we believe that Mr. Urack ten years from now will burn the score—or keep it as a reminder that he, too, is mortal. It is easy to see why the audience applauded vigorously. The symphony is full of tunes—and Vernon Blackburn once defined a tune as a melody that is over ripe. Some of these tunes were by men who thoughtlessly preceded Mr. Urack. Or it might be said that Mr. Urack remembered their melodies and turned them into tunes. Too often he succeeded in vulgarizing the thoughts of his predecessors.

We are told that in Barmen he conducted 87 operatic performances and among them all of Wagner's music dramas. He has conducted symphony concerts. He has played as violoncellist in operatic and concert performances. His symphony shows all this. There are reminiscences of "The Ring." Debussy's Faun is heard in at least two movements. There are suggestions also—let us be courteous—of Bruckner, and there are hints at Tschaikowsky. Nor has a favorite formula of Puccini—one of his own invention—escaped the vigilant eyes and ears of Mr. Urack.

We do not accuse Mr. Urack of plagiarism; we do not suspect him of it. Necessarily and closely acquainted with much music, his thoughts have been influenced by others. But he should surely recognize motives and

[illegible] of Wagner in his [illegible] especially in the first move[illegible] no one could fail to be remind[illegible] than once of Debussy's "L'A[illegible] d'un Faun." In the second movement, an Adagio, we find a treatment of the brass that was hitherto peculiar to Bruckner. In spite of reminiscences, these movements are the best in the work.

It is true that Mr. Urack works his first theme to death; that the structure of the first movement is loose; that there is a lack of contrast and logically effective thematic development. It is true that in the second movement there is much that is banal. The organ is introduced chiefly to swell the din—and a fortissimo with the aid of an organ always excites an audience, even when it is constitutionally phlegmatic. Nevertheless, whatever originality there is in these movements is of a much higher order than that disclosed in the following Scherzo and Finale

Aside from certain effective rhythmic devices, the Scherzo is exceedingly cheap and vulgar. There are attempts at surprising instrumentation, but they are not cleverly contrived. The tunes are of the lower operetta species. We do not object to this music because it is light. We object to it because it is neither graceful nor sparkling. There are pages in this Scherzo that remind us of strolling musicians in the court of an apartment house on a holiday, playing "anything that comes out," while they watch anxious the windows.

The finale shows a lack of constructive skill, nor is the melodic vein of fine or impressive quality. The more sentimental theme is of the Liedertafel—in the village variety. There are crude modulatory passages. The sections are not firmly knit together. All through the symphony there is the evidence of experiments in orchestration; seldom is an original thought clad becomingly in orchestral dress.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Meistersinger von Nuernberg." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Walther.....Mr. Laffitte
David.....Mr. Jou-Jerville
Hans Sachs.....Mr. Ludikar
Pogner.....Mr. Wronski
Eva.....Mme. Weingartner
Magdalene.....Miss Rienskaja

There should have been a much larger audience, for Mr. Weingartner conducted the opera for the first time in Boston and Mme. Weingartner made her first appearance here as Eva. The former made no radical changes in the tempi already established at this opera house, but his control of the orchestra was marked, and there was the sharply defined rhythm and the poetic expression that characterize his leading and have given him his enviable reputation.

Mme. Weingartner's beautiful voice was skilfully employed, and she played the part of Pogner's daughter intelligently. Her Eva was a true German maiden.

Mr. Wronski's voice is not heavy enough for the music of Pogner. The impersonations by the other chief singers are familiar.

The chorus was again conspicuous for excellent work. Mr. Weingartner is reported as saying that he has never heard in Germany better chorus singing in this opera, and he called attention to the richness of tone and sonority. The tribute is certainly deserved.

"Die Meistersinger" will be performed for the last time this season next Monday night. Mr. Goritz of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose ability as an actor and singer has long been recognized here, will replace the admirable Mr. Leonhardt as Beckmesser. The other parts will be taken as they were last night. Mr. Weingartner will conduct.

It is to be regretted that after the great pains taken with this production and with the presence of Mr. Weingartner the number of performances must be limited. There are some that chafe at repetitions of operas no matter how important these works may be. They forget that repetition in these cases leads to a more intimate acquaintance with the music. An opera like "Otello," "Die Meistersinger" does not become [illegible] with frequent repetition. It is true that "Die Meistersinger" is inordinately long. Those who have heard frequently may derive fresh pleasure from it by hearing one evening only the first act, on another evening the third. By concentrating the attention, they may discover new beauties. Then there is the agreeable exercise of comparison. It would be interesting, for instance, to note the difference in the two impersonations of Beckmesser. Thus there would be new material for improving and lively conversation at table, in the car or at afternoon tea.

The opera this afternoon will be given with Mme. Melba and Mr. Messrs. Laffitte and Danges. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

The opera this evening will be "The Jewels of the Madonna." Miss Amsden, who was announced as the Malicella, is ill and her place will be taken by Miss Helen Stanley. She last appeared as the heroine of this opera in Chicago, when the Chicago Opera Company [illegible] Miss Stanley [illegible] her life as a singer in Chicago. Having sung in New York churches, she studied in Europe for opera. She was connected with the Murzburg Opera House for two seasons.

Joining the Chicago company last season she has sung the part of Prince Charming in "Cendrillon" and of Blanchefleur in "Les Ranz des Vaches." This season she took the parts of Thais and Salome (Massenet's "Herodiade") in Montreal. The other chief singers will be Mme. Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Blanchart. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

Certain authorities on male dress living in Heidelberg debarred an eminently respectable citizen from disporting himself in a public dance because he was wearing a black "dress tie." They insisted that he should change it for a white one "to conform to the best English style."

We all have seen strange sights at the Boston Theatre in the old days of opera and strange sights are still to be seen at the Boston Opera House—at least so that keen observer and earnest student of sociology, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, informs us, for our own engagements seldom allow us to indulge in theatrical or operatic amusements. Mr. Johnson assures us that he has seen honest and God-fearing citizens with dinner jacket, white cravat and plug hat; or with "dress shute," black cravat and a derby; or with dinner jacket, white cravat and a slouch.

Now long before the dinner jacket, house coat, Tuxedo, what-you-will, was invented, "the best English style" presented black, and only black, as the color for "dress ties." Edmund Yates tells us in his "Recollections" that in 1847 was the first season of the Royal Italian Opera House, into which the old Covent Garden Theatre had been metamorphosed, and the rivalry between it and the lyric establishment in the Haymarket was intense. It may be said generally that Her Majesty's was supported by the older, and the Royal Italian by the younger, section of operagoers; and I remember it was the fashion of the younger men to wear, in evening dress, black ties, in contrast to the large double-folded white cravats de rigueur at the Haymarket house," and he adds:

"As I was revising this chapter in proof I received a letter from Capt. Dawson Damer, who says: 'I have lost an old friend in Hayward. I only heard from him a short time ago; it was in regard to white ties. I asked him when they came into fashion. He replied: "One night, about 1850 (?), about the very last night of Vauxhall, the elder Miss Berry, Horace Walpole's flame, then aged 85, asked me to escort her there. She suddenly, on entering the gardens, looked at my white tie, and said to me: 'The last time I was here I came with Beau Brummell, who wore a white neckcloth for the first time. It attracted much notice, and there rose an inquiry whether Brummell had taken orders.'"

At the Opera.

Women might well ridicule the costume of the male, especially when he adorns himself for the evening. Why should not a man at the opera wear a tailless coat instead of sitting on his coat tails? The Apollo Belvedere or Alcibiades himself would not have been a glorious sight caught in the act of parting his coat tails before taking his seat, any more than he would be imposing if he were seen in red flannel underwear. Why should it be more "correct" to wear a silker than a Gibus hat to the opera? The silker must be held. If placed under the seat, the woman behind may warm her foot in it. If put in the aisle it is a shining mark for some humorous usher or spectator, proficient in foot ball. The Gibus was invented for the opera. It is generally known as an opera hat. It has had its seasons of glory, but of late the mysterious and concealed rulers of fashion have frowned upon it.

New York, Not London.

As the World Wags:

In speaking of the ridicule cast upon Lincoln in the course of the presidential campaign of 1860 Gaiusha Anderson on page 15 of his work entitled, "The Story of a Border City During the Civil War," particularizes "the outrageous cartoons of Harper's Weekly. In one of its issues he was depicted in ludicrous, not to say horrible, uncouthness of figure as drunk in a barroom. * * * In another issue of the Weekly he was portrayed as frightened by ghosts, his shocky hair standing on end." Is it a fact that those cartoons were in Harper's Weekly? I have examined a file of the Weekly without finding them.

What do you mean by the statement that our civil war killed Vanity Fair, the London paper? The paper has not yet given up the ghost, has it?

Boston, March 5. QUERIST.

We meant exactly what we said. The weekly Vanity Fair to which we referred was published in New York. The civil war killed it, partly because the expense of publication was too great (cost of paper, etc.), partly because the public was not then in the humor to support a comic weekly. The Vanity Fair of London is another affair.—Ed.

Three Questions.

As the World Wags:

Can you or any one of your correspondents tell me why the Latin inscription encircling the seal of the United States treasury, as printed on the government currency, reads "The Seal of the Treasury of North America"?

And I would like to know if the pronunciation "shanty," for "chanty," a sailors' song, is correct. It seems to be current here in Boston.

My third and last call for information relates to the snowshoe called a "ski" (or more properly, perhaps, a "skee"). I notice that persons who have been to St. Moritz are careful to call it "she"—and the sport "sheing." It would seem that this must be a peculiar local pronunciation. BACK BAY.

March 5.

Mch 8 1914

MELBA HAS TO DISAPPOINT

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo.....Mr. Laffitte
Marcello.....Mr. Danges
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcini
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Benoit.....Mr. Tavecchia
Mimi.....Myrna Sharlow
Musetta.....Mme. Beriza

A report that Mme. Melba was indisposed and would be obliged to rest was sent out from Springfield a few days ago and published in the newspapers.

It was announced early in this season that Mme. Melba would sing a few times at the Boston Opera House. The roles were named and it was stated that "Romeo and Juliet" would be revived for her sake. There was naturally a strong desire to hear her again in opera, especially in "Boheme" and "Romeo and Juliet." It was in the latter opera that she made her first appearance in Boston (March 1, 1894, in Mechanics' building). She took the part of Mimi when Mr. Ellis produced Puccini's opera in Boston at the Boston Theatre (Jan. 25, 1899), and as Mimi she was heard here last in opera at the Boston Opera House, Dec. 15, 1910.

This has been her only appearance at the Boston Opera House.

The rumor that she was not in good vocal condition and intended to cancel her remaining engagements in the United States reached Boston and disquieted her many admirers. They were reassured by her statement in the newspapers of yesterday morning that she did not sing in Springfield because she wished to be wholly in voice at the Boston Opera House on Saturday. "I really am fonder of Boston than any other American city." After this touching tribute the public breathed freer.

The house was sold out yesterday afternoon. Mr. Moranzoni took his seat, but before he raised his stick Mr. Hubbard appeared before the curtain and said that Mme. Melba came to the Opera House dressed for the part, and then found that she had no voice. To her great regret, she would not be able to sing. He then made the announcement that will be found below. Mme. Melba, escorted by Mr. Russell, appeared on the stage, dressed in street costume, and said a few words expressing her disappointment and her hope that she would some time sing at this opera house. Her vocal indisposition was apparent. Mr. Russell spoke in corroboration of what had been said and repeated the announcement concerning an extra and free performace of "Otello" next Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Myrna Sharlow, who took the part of Mimi at a Saturday night performance of "La Boheme" on January 31, replaced Mme. Melba. Born at Louisville, Ky., 20 years ago, she sang in "Kismet" when it was produced in New York. She has studied singing in St. Louis, New York and Boston. She joined the Boston Opera House company in the fall of 1912. This season she has taken small parts in "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Contes d' Hoffmann" and "L'Amore dei Tre Re." She has sung the music of the Priestess in "Aida," appeared as Frasquita in "Carmen" and attracted attention by singing Irma's song in "Louise." She has also sung at the Sunday night concerts.

The audience yesterday, kindly disposed from the moment of her entrance, encouraged her in every way. It soon realized that she had a voice of her own, a voice of fine and appealing quality, a voice well suited to the music of Mimi. The beauty of her tones led one to forget easily the absence of nuances for dramatic expression, and the modesty of her bearing and her unaffected simplicity atoned for the lack of emotional acting. This, too, may be said, that her natural taste and sound sense kept her from any too deliberate attempt to act. She is certainly a singer of much promise. It would be well for her in future to carry herself better, to stand and walk erect. She is young and comely, but stooping does not become her.

She deserved the generous applause. It required courage to face the disappointed audience. Her pluck, voice and personality put the spectators in good humor and saved the day.

Mr. Laffitte sang and acted with more than his customary spirit. Mr. Danges gave an interesting impersonation of Marcello, portraying the painter as a more refined and poetic character than is usual. Mme. Beriza acted with marked vivacity and without turning Musetta into a shrew of musical comedy. It is a pity that she has not had more of an opportunity to display her talent as an actress this season. Although Mr. Moranzoni's enthusiasm led him at times to forget the singers for the sake of orchestral sonority, his reading of the score was vivid and musical.

The room of the Bohemians in the first act was so light when Mimi and Rodolfo were looking for the key that their groping was ludicrous. The awning across the stage in the second act mars the general effect and destroys illusion. There is a realism that is not artistic and is only pseudo-realism.

The management makes the following announcement:

"In order to compensate those who were disappointed through Mme. Melba's inability to sing yesterday afternoon, Director Russell has arranged for their benefit a special performance of Verdi's "Otello" to be given at the Boston Opera House next Wednesday afternoon. The cast will include Mr. Zenatello as Othello, Mme. Weingartner as Desdemona, Mr. Ancona as Iago and Miss Leveroni as Emilia. Mr. Weingartner will conduct. The Saturday subscribers will be allotted their usual seats and can obtain their tickets by presenting their seat checks for yesterday at the box office. Holders of single tickets made their exchanges yesterday. All but the subscribers were given the option of having their money refunded, but few took advantage of it, the majority preferring to avail themselves of Mr. Russell's generous offer of two performances instead of one. The balance of the seats will go on sale to the general public at the regular prices."

"JEWELS" IN EVENING

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." Mr. Moranzoni conduced. The cast:

Gennaro.....Mr. Zenatello
Carmela.....Mme. Gay
Maliella.....Miss Stanley
Raffaele.....Mr. Blanchart
Biaso.....Mr. Giaconne
Cicillo.....Mr. Tini-Corsi
Rocco.....Mr. Pulcini
Stella.....Miss Heliane
Serena.....Miss Leveroni
Concetta.....Miss Sharlow
Grazia.....Miss Galli
Totonno.....Mr. Jou-Jerville

It was announced at the opening of last evening's performance that Mr. Zenatello had left a sick bed to take part. He has been suffering with laryngitis, but there was no one else to take the part, so he doctored himself up and went on. Gennaro is not a part for a sick man, but Mr. Zenatello made the audience forget his illness.

Because of the indisposition of Miss Amsden the audience last evening had the opportunity to hear, for the first time in Boston, Miss Helen Stanley. She sang the part last with the Chicago Opera Company, with which she sang last season. The audience last evening recorded its enthusiastic approval of her. The bill brought out a large audience, which was rewarded by an entirely satisfactory performance.

As "Don Giovanni" will be performed at the Boston Opera House this week, a few questions about the arrangement of the scenes may not be impertinent.

Why should Zerlina and Masetto with the villagers come tripping along in the street where Don Giovanni's villa stands opposite a building that is presumably an inn since Donna Elvira's dress suit case is taken in to it? The stage direction is: "The open country."

Why should Donna Anna sing her florid aria in the second act in the graveyard near the statue of her lamented father? The stage direction is: "A darkened chamber" ("camera tetra").

These absurdities are probably thought necessary for the sake of performing the opera within a reasonable time. Thus in Mozart's score after the scene in which Don Giovanni and Leporello sing in the graveyard there is a change and Don Ottavio and Donna Anna are in the "darkened chamber."

Mozart's opera seems long-winded, unless it is performed on a revolving stage or characters appear in succession without regard to the original stage directions.

The management of the stage in the last act when the Statue enters as Don Giovanni's guest is not creditable to the opera house. The scene instead of inspiring awe excites laughter.

"Damaged Goods" in London

Brieux's "Damaged Goods" was produced in London, Feb. 17.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "The solemnity of the theme, together with the sincerity of the treatment, would be proof against the most ribald imagination. As for the 'young person' the

...ing with which one leaves the performance is that a compulsory education which ignores these topics is an equal triumph of waste and of hypocrisy. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones said ... this well conceived prelude, this is not art for art,' but it is art for life, and rarely has a single-minded purpose had a more telling execution. Every ... nt and every speech is resonant with a power that sets intelligence and ...gination throbbing in harmony. It ...ld make churchmen ashamed of their pulpit to know that such leadership has been left to the stage. And a dramatic censorship which should try to curb such an appeal would range itself in the most sinister attitude towards public health and morality."

The Times said "The play is a telling tract, for all that it constantly sets us thinking how much better it would have been with less exaggeration in its principal figures. M. Brieux cannot, heaven knows, exaggerate the evils of the disease in question: and if only the play could get a hearing in the quarters where it is needed it might do good. But that is just the point with this, as with nearly all didactic plays. Are not those who are already aware of this horror and its effects the only people who are likely to go and see the play?"

The Daily Chronicle said: "The play cannot possibly do harm. There are, of course, numbers of weak-minded folk—perhaps an actual majority—who cannot hear of vice without either sniggering or being shocked. . . . If the play should stimulate some legislator or social reformer to help in fighting this undoubtedly dreadful scourge by practical means the main purpose is obviously fulfilled. . . . It is just a dramatised Blue-book. . . . As a tract, however, the whole thing is most forcible and able—valuable above all in its optimism."

Arnold Bennett's New Plays

"Bad manners in the world of fiction seem to be invariably accompanied by good hearts. An old man, for instance, who objects on principle to taking off his hat to a lady and prefers to puff his pipe in her face is sure to have a sterling nature. A young man who singles out a particular girl to be bullied and shaken is sure to love her dearly. Both these instances of the familiar contrast of a rough outside with internal value are to be found in this play which Mr. Richard Pryce has adapted from one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's stories about the Potteries. It is a tempting, if idle, speculation to wonder what would have happened to our contemporary fiction if Mr. Bennett, instead of beginning his literary studies in the Potteries had started them elsewhere, say at John o' Groat's or the Land's End. Certainly the world of novel-readers and playgoers would have lost many good things, but it might, as a set-off, have gained studies in a humanity less gauche and cross-grained. As it is these human bears and hedgehogs that he is, or once was, so fond of portraying are more credible and in every way more acceptable in his novels than in plays adapted from them.

"On the stage they are necessarily epitomized, unexplained by narrative, deprived of the atmosphere the novelist is able to create round them; hence they have a tendency to seem a little crude and garish in color. Take James Ollerenshaw, the old miser in this play, who is outwitted, tamed and to some extent (from the Potteries' standard, at any rate) civilized by his wilful and altogether competent niece Helen. No doubt in his novel Mr. Bennett tells you all about this old gentleman, accounts for his ways, reconciles you to him. In the theatre Mr. Norman McKinnel is compelled to fling the character full in your face, and though, thanks to his skill, your impression is by no means disagreeable, it is just a trifle overwhelming. And the "fireside concerns" of the pair—the tea stolen from the caddy, the kidney thrown on the floor, the purchases of cheese and "streaky" bacon—these too, you feel, must be quite absorbing in the book; in the theatre they seem, somehow, to be (for household details the phrase may perhaps be pardoned) rather small beer. Then there is Miss Helen herself, a little criarde, isn't she?

Miss Nancy Price does her best with her, tries to make plausible her passion for the young bear William (amorous passion in the Potteries apparently means bursts of tears, stamping of feet and banging of doors), tries, in short, to capture our sympathies for her; but it is obviously uphill work. Really one will have to go to the novel and find out what was the veritable charm of this theatrically somewhat irritating young lady. But one was not in the least taken aback by Mr. Norman Trevor's bear—it seems to be Mr. Trevor's stage mission to play bears—and from the moment he banged the front door in a rage you knew he was safe for marriage with the heroine. There is another well established favorite in the cast, Miss Rosina Filippi, displaying all her familiar humor and aplomb, and there are two pleasant young ladies, newcomers to..., Miss Mary Clare and Miss Miele Maata, to decorate minor parts. It is ... to say that the audience manifest ... hearty delight over the play. We infer that they had, very sensibly, read the novel." The London Times.

"Helen with the High Hand" was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Feb. 17.

At the Palace Theatre, London, the same week Mr. Bennett made his first appearance as a variety dramatist with a short play "Rivals for Rosamond." The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "Except that it is a little too long drawn out, it is a capital short farce. Mr. Bennett calls it a comedy, but the action is too arbitrary for such a classification, and farce is the word. Its rivalry of the correct young English War Office clerk and the fiery young Irish engineer for the hand of the fair Rosamund, a lecturer on cookery, makes capital fun, as if here and there the dialogue is a shade too 'literary' the greater part of it is neat and much of it is witty. And Miss Madge Fabian makes a most charming Rosamund and Mr. Ronald Squire a duly smart and vivacious war office clerk. Mr. Lionel Atwill, however, makes only a partial success in the part of the Irishman. He tackles the accent—apparently a Dublin one—valiantly and conscientiously, and often gets his vowel sounds pretty correctly, but the subtle tone-inflections are beyond most English actors. An Irishman should always be chosen for such parts, just as a Frenchman should always be selected for such characters as that which M. Raymond Lauzerte played with such distinguished success in 'Fanny's First Play.'"

Bernard Shaw's New Satire

The Daily Chronicle (London) published on Feb. 20 this news about Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion":

For several hours yesterday Sir Herbert Tree was shut off from all communication with the world outside his famous dome, and was not to be disturbed by anything short of an earthquake. He had with him George Bernard Shaw, who was reading to him the play, "Pygmalion," which is to follow "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's, and has already achieved great success in Vienna and Budapest.

Between the five acts of the comedy—a comedy with a substratum of seriousness, as Sir Herbert Tree described the piece last night to a Daily Chronicle representative—the actor and "G. B. S." were discussing "production" and cast.

Contrary to what might be expected from the title, but not from Mr. Bernard Shaw, "Pygmalion" is not another dramatization of that classic story whose statue has so frequently been used by young actresses as a stepping-stone to fame. Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" is one Prof. Henry Higgins, an expert in phonetics, and his Galatea is—one scents the comic journalist already on the track of it—"Covent Garden flower Gal"—atea.

The satiric wit of the author is largely directed, it would seem, against society's craze for making a pet of everything out of the common, and in "Pygmalion" we are to see the more or less upper class (Sir Herbert's own definition) admitting to its circle, with gushing enthusiasm, the flower girl, Eliza, the "impossibility of whom the professor (Sir Herbert Tree) has wagered he will make possible, even to curing her of her dreadful cockney accent.

Sir Herbert Tree was in an unusually reticent mood. "Expectancy, and suspense," he pleaded in excuse, "are half the battle of the theatre, and if you give away the things that matter beforehand they lose their zest and become things that do not matter so much on the important night. The piece is comedy—the wittiest of comedy, I need hardly say—with a substratum of seriousness, and, so far as I am able to judge, it is Mr. Shaw at his best. Prof. Henry Higgins is a beautifully human creature and quite a remarkably drawn character. Indeed, all the people in the play are wonderfully drawn. There is a particularly fine bit of character in Eliza's father, a dustman, and with regard to him Mr. Shaw and I have made a special engagement which I would rather not at the present moment discuss further. The play opens with a scene in Covent Garden Market.

The engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell for the part of the Cockney flower-seller is one that will arouse great interest among playgoers who have that cultured actress's stage record in remembrance. Never since her early Adelphi days, when she played a dosshouse inmate in a drama by Mr. George R. Sims, has Mrs. Patrick Campbell contributed to the Cockney element of the theatre, and people who recall her poetic Juliet and her ethereal Melisande will be almost aghast at the idea of her untuning that plaintive voice of hers into the strident Cockney tones of the "penny-a-bunch" ladies of Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Dawbarn's Paris Letter

Mr. Dawbarn writes to the Pall Mall Gazette about new plays in Paris.

"'Madame,' at the Porte St. Martin, by Abel Hermant and A. Savoir, is the story of a dear lady in the provinces who yearns to have her circle in Paris. This she accomplishes by means of attaching herself to her daughter's tutor, who fills the necessary chink in a household that has an excellent business head in 'Monsieur,' but no 'lion' for the salon. Unfortunately, the tutor becomes famous, has a play accepted, and marries an actress, spoiling the whole thing. When madame's pretty card house falls and her 'lion' escapes she is so disturbed that 'Monsieur' suspects unkind things. Reconciliations, however, take place, and madame returns to her provincial home. The dialogue is very clever, and the stage pictures are quite charming, but there is no play. 'Madame' is a very pleasing person, and we are more or less interested in her and her circle, but she is only the heroine of a pleasant feuilleton. The play's the thing after all, and, unfortunately, the play is not there.

Henry Becque's "The Shuttle," a little genre-piece in one act, was effectively mounted in the 'suggestive' method of modern stage-setting. The scene was a drawing-room, as Parisian as the people in it, and as piquant as the story told, but there was no elegant 'back drop,' and only a soft-toned curtain suggested the walls. The inner proscenium arch framed the stage-picture, and made it complete without the silly tormentors that still annoy the eye in the conventional theatres.

"An amusing piece, called 'Fr. Leleu's Will,' gave another opportunity for the Vieux Colombier Company to demonstrate that a play can be made natural without having to be 'naturalistic,' if the actor is only willing to cast off the myriad conventions to which he is so fond of clinging. The simple setting showed Fr. Leleu's house, the one-room dwelling of the thrifty French peasant, with the old bed in the corner where Fr. Leleu annoyingly dies without making a will. He succumbs to an overdose of 'eau-de-vie' which his servant had offered him in the hope that he would make her his heir. The good servant is not to be so easily cheated, however, and she calls in a neighbor, Fr. Alexandre, who sufficiently resembles the dead man to fool the notary, and together they arrange that the counterfeit Leleu shall make a proper testament. This works very well until the neighbor begins to turn the tables. When the notary comes he dictates the last wishes from under the bedclothes with sardonic humor, 'Leleu' leaves all his worldly goods 'to his neighbor, Fr. Alexandre,' and when the notary has gone, and Fr. Alexandre has jumped out of the window, there is nothing left for the servant to do but weep out her rage on the bed which had been the scene of her double disappointment.

"For the Marigny, the most Parisian of Paris institutions, has been dramatized by Paul Gavault. 'Le Mannequin' is a story of the monde chic, and the first act leads the audience into surroundings where it is most at home—a fashionable dressmaking shop in the Rue de la Paix. We see the pretty models wearing pretty gowns, and others who are about to do so; we see the wonderful sales ladies darting about with wonderful creations thrown carelessly over their arms; we see charmingly gowned clients go up in a little gold lift and come down more charmingly gowned still—and we don't bother to blush about the plot. Whatever dispute we may have with the author, we have nothing but praise for the costumer. Colette is, of course, a beautiful mannequin who is as good as she could be expected to be under the circumstances, and she keeps us interestedly following the swish of her dainty skirts through a rather uninteresting intrigue and a highly artistic setting. The second act takes place in the tea room of the autumn Salon, with a Futurist sculptural group facing away from the audience and posed in a most impertinent manner. When the playwright tires of flashing modish gowns and interested Boulvardiers upon the screen he turns the light of humor on the group. 'The minister is leaving the hall,' he makes the sculptor declare in horror to his friend, 'without seeing my group. What shall I do?' 'If you really want a prize for your work,' returns the cynical Parisian, 'be sure that he doesn't come back.' Colette leads us through a maze of rather thin dialogue and risky situations, finally ending in the proper and outstretched arms of the artist. Thus the play ends, and every one is satisfied."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Whittier and "Robin Adair"

There has recently appeared in our local papers a number of stories about dogs, but I thought the following story might interest your readers. This touching little incident occurred at a birthday celebration of Whittier, the celebrated poet:

The late Mrs. Julia Houston West, Boston's celebrated oratorio singer, who sang "The Star Spangled Banner" at the great "Peace Jubilee" after the civil war, was a guest at the poet's home, and after dinner Mrs. West was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair," singing it, as she could, with all the longing and heartbreak of the words and music in her voice. She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and seating himself by her side watched her as if fascinated, and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'" It was true. That was the dog's name, and he evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during Mrs. West's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she went out to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and saw her depart with every evidence of reluctance and distress.

HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Boston.

"Parsifal" and Its Meaning

Readers of the Daily Telegraph will have read recently several stories relating to members of the audiences which have crowded Covent Garden for "Parsifal" performances. Not long ago I took it upon myself to ask if these audiences came together from motives of curiosity, musical or "religious," or from other. The stories would have been amusing if they had not been so terribly pathetic. Can one of any enthusiasm, for instance, explain the mental attitude of serious people who ask each other at the end of an operatic performance which has lasted from 5 o'clock till 11:30 "if he really was Parsifal who appeared in the last act"? What can such folk have understood of the drift of "Parsifal"? A very welcome correspondent, an old frequenter of Bayreuth and the owner of a most extensive and intimate knowledge of the Wagnerian philosophy, who suffered agonies from the imbecile questionings of friends too idle to read for themselves (and heaven knows the literature of the subject is sufficiently abundant for all purposes), has sent me a letter from which I take the liberty of quoting some passages, in the hope that a little clearness will come to the minds of those who are in any doubt as to the drift of Wagner's meaning.

Says my correspondent: "Do these folk not realize that to Wagner came latterly in his life a great strengthening of the religious feeling which he had always possessed, even when he gave us 'Wotan'; and for him it took ultimate shape and form in the tragedy and the immense and immeasurable poetry of our Saviour's life? Do they know that Wagner's theory was that love and want of the highest purity bring death, that only in utter renunciation of life is life? To that theory he gave form in 'Parsifal.' Do they know that in none of his operas does there exist a happy love, for even in "Die Meistersinger," which was written to enhance the joie de vivre of happy people, while 'Parsifal' was written to console those who are not happy, Hans Sachs loves, suffers, renounces?" How many of those of whom our stories were related can have had a glimmering of the Wagnerian "idea" as here set forth? Would these stories have been possible had the subjects of them even attempted seriously to understand it? Of course not. It is true that no one is obliged to accept Wagner's theories, for obvious reasons. At least they might make the effort to try to understand them, not for Wagner's sake, but for their own, and in some case for the sake of their neighbors in the Opera House. Surely it is high time that operagoers should realize that Wagner's stage works have a deeper meaning than, say, Verdi's of the "Traviata" or "Rigoletto" type. There is no insurmountable difficulty in their way, for the literature that surrounds each work, and more especially "Parsifal," is superabundant.—Mr. Robin H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph, London.

Personal Notes

Miss Lili Boulanger, the composer, who took the prix de Rome last year, arrived in Rome last month to take up her abode at the Villa Medicis. She is the second woman to have this honor. The first was Miss Heuvelmans, distinguished in sculpture. The Pall Mall Gazette (Feb. 16) says: "Long habituated to the mixed classes of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the experience of continuing her student life in Rome in a college filled with young men did not present the same difficulty as in the case of Mlle. Boulanger, who has studied in Rome and lived with her family. The new 'Roman prizeman' wished to be allowed to live either in the town or in college with her mother. Neither arrangement was held to be feasible under the regulations; but both Mme. Besnard, wife of the director of the college, and Mlle. Heuvelmans have taken steps to 'feminise' the corner of the villa that will be occupied in a few days by the girl musician. Her room on the fourth floor, with a splendid view of the panorama of Rome, is known as the 'Etruscan tomb,' on account of the shape of the little dressing-room attached to it. It is there that Mlle. Boulanger will begin her life in Rome and produce her compositions, which will be played in due course, probably at the Paris Opera."

A few days ago I saw the "repertoire" of a young English singer, a past pupil of Jean de Reszke and Bouhy in Paris.

... also had studied a great number of ...peratic rcles in Berlin. For several ...ears this lady has been engaged in ...nportant opera houses in Germany. S...e, being British, sought an engagement here a year or so ago and was offered the munificent salary of £3 per week. Her "repertoire" included Brunnhilde in "Die Walkure," Erda and about 30 other and similarly important roles! Three pounds per week and in a travel...g company, too! It really seems possible that in course of time we Britons may be able to collect from the four corners of the earth a sufficient number of thoroughly equipped and routined opera singers of British nationality to form a fine "company." But, alas! it seems, also, that they will have all to be foreign trained, because of the first-rate importance of routine, of knowing t...ir work. But enough of this. Let us turn to something else, for this ar...t...le docs not purport to attend to one ...rticular matter.—Mr. Robin H. Legge, in the Daily Telegraph.

The latest prodigy in the musical world hails from Italy and is a con...ctor. For these two reasons Willy Ferre...o stands apart from most of his ...d. To Hungary and Russia we have ... to look in recent years for a more or ...s regular supply of youthful musical g...niuses, and they are usually either ...nists or fiddlers. Willy Ferrero pro...ves the exception in that he—most ...rrib...c phrase!—"wields the baton." ... seven-year-old Italian boy has ... giving a series of concerts in St. Petersburg and astonishing the Russian ..., accustomed though they must b... by this time to feats of the musical ... kind. Little Ferrero was also ...nded to direct a concert before t... T...ar and an audience of royal per...ges. There was an orchestra of ..., ...d the St. Petersburg correspon...t of Le Temps has furnished an in...te...ting account of the proceedings. To his I...perial Majesty was left the choice of th... program, and the first piece he ...ted was the "Tannhaeuser" over... Afterwards came a Grieg dance, f...wed in turn by Boccherini's Minuet ... a Farandole of Bizet. Twice the ... precocious conductor called a halt ...rder to explain to the instrumen...ts—in French—how he wished certain passages to be played. Little Fer..., it is said, throws off all trace of ...ishness as soon as he sets to work w...h his miniature baton. His expres...n becomes serious—even severe—and ... eyes take on a strange look of con...t...t...on. The latest "infant phenom...n," we hear, is about to visit Lon...n. ...e would cut an odd figure con...ng an orchestra, say, at the Albert ...—The Daily Telegraph, Feb. 14.

... Richard Platt at his piano recital ...ow afternoon will play several ... that are unfamiliar, as those by ...t Schmitt, Grovlez and Roger-D...e. His program is one of unu... interest.

mch 9 1914

...I. and Mme. Weingartner with Mr. Schelling, Pianist, Give Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the concert last night ... the Boston Opera House was as follows:

...erture to "Tannhaeuser"... ....Wagner
...erto in F minor for piano....Chopin
...tr'acte from "Rosamunde"....Schubert
...ngs Das Veilchen................Mozart
Der Nussbaum..............Schumann
Du bist ein Kind.........Weingartner
...o spiel Und Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde"......................Wagner

Mme. Weingartner sang the songs and Isolde's music; Mr. Schelling was the pian...t; Mr. Weingartner conducted and ...layed tho accompaniments of the son.... There was an audience of good ...ize that warmly appreciated the char...r of the concert.

...he orchestral selections were all ...r, nor did Mr. Weingartner at...t by any unexpected and surpris... reading to give them the air of ...ty. His interpretation was char...d by sanity, and he gained legit...y his effects. We have seldom ...rd ...o impressive a reading of the ...e to "Tannhaeuser." It was dis...ed by the utmost clarity, by an ...ty of treatment that preserved ...tinuity of tho musical flow, by ...ul preparation of climaxes so ...y seemed inevitable. In matters ...i there was care that was not ... There was always a fine regard ...r p...ortion, as in the due prominance ... to the figuration for the violins ...t t... return of the Pilgrim theme.

A...d Mr. Weingartner also showed his ...ity as a conductor in the En... from Schubert's music to "Rosa... and in the accompaniment of ...st His eloquent interpretation ... Tristan" music was made known ... season.

...eingartner was in good voice, ...eauty of that voice was fully ... The songs were sung intelli... by a Lieder singer, not an ...oprano venturing into an un...l. Mozart's "Veilchen" is a ...ta and admits somewhat of ...treatment, but Mme. Wein... not overstep the boundary or ...h importance to any one ex... sentiment. Her husband's "Du bist ein kind," the third of three lovesongs in opus 28, is a song of deep and intimate feeling. The simplicity of the accompaniment allowed the rich tones of the singer to work their emotional spell. The effect was so pronounced that she was obliged to add two songs to the group.

Mr. Schelling gave a recital here a year ago last January, and before that he was favorably known as pianist and composer. His performance of the Concerto was admirable throughout. The interpretation of the second movement was noteworthy for its exquisite poetic feeling, and that of the Finale for irresistible rhythm and brilliance. The romanticism of the music was preserved without taint of sentimentalism, without undue virtuosity. Recalled, Mr. Schelling played a Nocturne of Chopin with charming tonal quality. We prefer a little less deliberate announcement of the chief theme and a little quicker pace.

Pension Fund Concert Greatly Enjoyed—Well Chosen Wagner Program.

In Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon a concert in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony Orchestra was given by its players, Dr. Muck conducting. The program, a Wagner one, was as follows:

Overture to "Tannhauser"
Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Introduction to Act III. "Die Meistersinger"—Dance of the Apprentices; Entrance of the Mastersingers; Homage to Hans Sachs.
Siegfried's Passage to Brunnhilde's Rock, "Siegfried"; Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey, "Gotterdammerung" (Arranged by Hans Richter)
"Siegfried Idyl"
Kaisermarsch

This list could hardly have been improved upon for a concert at which a large portion of the audience were not regular patrons of the Symphony concert, and in which there were likely to be many persons to whom extreme examples of Wagner's style might easily be wearisome. It showed the composer in varying moods and manners, but the dominant notes of the selections were beauty and delicacy of sentiment rather than an overplus of sound and fury, which might have been chosen and would not have appealed so well to a "popular" throng.

That the audience appreciated both the program and the way in which it was delivered was plainly shown by the remarkably close attention paid to the music, as if the listeners were afraid to lose a single phrase or note, and by the hearty, long-continued applause that followed each number.

Of the orchestra there is need of saying little. As usual at the pension fund concerts, the players threw themselves into their work with even more than their accustomed fire. Every bit of their individual skill was brought into play, so that with Dr. Muck giving the best of his inspiriting leadership and the men following him with responsive unity, the performance was as near perfection as is humanly possible.

With such a program and such a performance discrimination regarding separate numbers is idle, yet there was perhaps a shade more beauty and finish in the "Meistersinger" and "Siegfried" music than in the rest. As for the bombastic "Kaisermarsch," the audience seemed to care less for it than for the rest.

Ex-President Taft, according to report, said in his sixth lecture at the Boston University Law School: "The position of the judge is like Caesar's wife. He must be all things to all men."

And Mr. Taft was at Yale College in the class of '78!

He enjoyed the advantages of a classical education. He was obliged to attend morning chapel at an unseemly hour, also Sunday services, and he surely heard Paul's epistles read in the pulpit. Just where in the first epistle to the Corinthians is there any allusion to Caesar's wife, Pompeia? Nor should Mr. Taft say such things about her at this late day. Caesar himself was more gallant. When asked by the accuser at the trial of Clodius why he had put her away, he answered, possibly with a view to quotation centuries after he was dead, "Because I will not that my wife be so much as suspected."

For "Back Bay."

As the World Wags:

Perhaps I can answer two of "Back Bay's" questions, asked in your column of last Saturday.

1. The pronunciation "shanty" for "chanty," a sailor's song, is certainly correct. "Shanty" is the spelling approved by leading lexicographers, though Clark Russell and Kipling prefer "chantey." W. E. Henley in his excellent essay on Longfellow describes the poet as hearing "the melancholy song of the chanty-men." Miss Laura Alexandrine Smith in her "Music of the Waters," which includes many wo...g songs of the sea, always spells the word "chanty"—without an "e." The word itself is thought to be a corruption of the French "chantez."

2. "Back Bay" says that persons who have been at St. Moritz call "ski" "she" and the sport "sheing." He asks if this is purely local. Two pronunciations of "ski" are given by the Oxford English Dictionary: "She" and "skee." The former is given the first place. The spelling "she" and "skee" are also admitted. There is this note: "In modern Norwegian and Swedish 'sk' before palatal vowels has the value of 'sh.'"

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

South end, Boston.

The Herald published in good faith on March 2 a telegraphic dispatch from New York which stated that Miss Maggie Teyte, on account of "a nervous breakdown," had on March 1 announced that she had cancelled her tour to the Pacific coast and would sail on the 4th for England. The dispatch also contained this sentence: "It is said Miss Teyte has cancelled all her engagements until January, 1915."

Mildred Kester, Miss Teyte's secretary, has written to The Herald: "Miss Teyte has simply suffered from an attack of the grippe, and, being tired out by a very long season, was advised to take a rest for two months, after which time she will sing again."

F. W. Bancroft.

Frederick W. Bancroft, who died here last week, was known to many throughout New England and in the Middle states and the West. Reared in Montpelier, Vt., and being in comfortable circumstances, he suddenly through a defalcation found himself obliged to support himself and others. He did not fret or whine or take undue advantage of the sympathy of his friends. Although his health was always delicate he stoutly went to work. He had a light and pleasing voice; his taste was refined; and he had the gift of quickly making friends and retaining friendship. Having studied intelligently in this country and later in Italy, having sung in church choirs, since his voice was not heavy enough for opera, or for important concert work, he devoted himself to singing Irish, Scottish and English ballads and folk songs. He had a lively sense of humor; his voice was suited to music of a gently pathetic character, and so he used to describe himself as "a serio-comic vocalist." People of all classes and conditions enjoyed his entertainments, and he prospered. He found time to translate the text of foreign songs for music publishers. These versions preserved the spirit of the original, helped the singer by the disposition of vowels and consonants, and respected the musical thought and rhetorical emphasis of the composer. Thus Mr. Bancroft lived a useful and happy life. He did not regret past fortune; he was not unduly and uncomfortably ambitious. His cheerfulness was not assumed, nor was it aggressive. Kind, generous, thoughtful of others, a true artist in his modest way, he will be missed by many. He will long be mourned by those who knew him well.

What "Collins"?

The letter of thanks to a hostess for a pleasant visit is generally described as the bread and butter letter. We hear that in England today it is called "Collins." What Collins? Not William, the author of the Ode to Evening. Not Wilkie, whose "Woman in White" and "Armandale" used to send shivers down the respectable backs of our maiden aunts. Not Mortimer, whose delightful and fantastical romances are not so widely read as they should be. Not John, after whom the best of all summer drinks was named. Again we ask: What Collins and why?

Galton and Bertillon.

Was the late Alphonse Bertillon "the author of the finger-print system"? Sir Francis Galton in his "Memories" wrote as follows: "I had communication with M. Bertillon suggesting that he should consider the introduction of finger-prints into his own system, but the idea did not commend itself to him. Afterward I sent him further information on what had been more recently done, to which he answered on June 15, 1891, that he was much disposed to add my method to his own * * * but he feared practical difficulties. * * * It has been stated more than once that the finger-print system was initiated by M. Bertillon, so I have mentioned these historical details."

mch 10 1914

'AS YOU LIKE IT'

By PHILIP HALE.

CORT THEATRE—"As You Like It," produced by Miss Anglin.

Duke.......................E. Y. Backus
Frederick...................Harrison Carter
Jaques......................Fuller Mellish
Amiens......................Harrison Carter
Le Beau.................Wallace Widdecombe
Charles.....................Max Fisher
Oliver......................Eric Blind
Jaques......................Brandon Peters
Orlando.....................Pedro de Cordoba
Adam........................Harry Barfoot
Dennis......................Roy Porter
Touchstone..................Sidney Greenstreet
Corin.......................Max Montesole
Sylvius.....................Max Fisher
William.....................Max Montesole
Rosalind....................Miss Anglin
Celia.......................Ruth Holt Boucicault
Phebe.......................Florence Wollerson
Audrey......................Lillian Thurgate

The production again demands high praise. The scene of the lawn before Duke Frederick's palace and that of the forest with the brook were charming, and the arrangement of other scenes reduced the waits to a minimum. The acting, however, was not generally of so high an order as in "Taming of the Shrew."

Mr. Barfoot's Adam was effective in the old fashion, and his reading of the lines took us back to the days when an actor in Shakespeare was expected to speak intelligently and intelligibly. Mr. Blind was an excellent Oliver. His narration in the fourth act was capitally done, naturally, without any attempt at rhetorical effect. Mr. Widdecombe's Le Beau was much better than his Gremio. Mr. Mellish was on the whole a satisfactory Jaques. His delivery of the famous speech, which he made while paring an apple, was appropriately conversational, but toward the end, alas, he "spoke a piece," as though his comates were judges at a school exhibition.

Mr. Greenstreet's Touchstone was not our old guide, philosopher, friend. Touchstone was a man of the world, a club man, a gentleman. His view of life was tolerant, optimistic. His wit was dry and shrewd rather than unctuous. At court he probably read Montaigne. He smiled whimsically, but it is doubtful whether he ever laughed. He certainly never guffawed. The women would not have taken him with them to the forest if they had not regarded him as an equal. He was a court jester, but so was Chicot, one of the finest gentlemen in Dumas's gallery. No doubt he had lost his fortune. He saw in Audrey qualities that he missed in the ladies of the court. Furthermore Touchstone was sincere. Jaques was a poseur and wore his melancholy as a strange garment—to attract attention. It seemed to us that Mr. Greenstreet misconceived the character of Touchstone.

Mr. de Cordoba was gallant in bearing and agreeable in speech, better in the opening scenes than in his wooing. Mrs. Boucicault was a quiet and affectionate Celia. The part admits of more archness. Some of her lines might have been spoken with more vivacity. It was refreshing to see an Audrey that did not recall Mme. Paola-Marie as Bettina in the first act of "The Mascot."

And what shall be said of Miss Anglin's Rosalind? There were some fine moments in her performance, as when she rebuked Phebe, a part well taken by Miss Wollerson; as when she heard the news of Orlando's misfortune. After Rosalind donned man's attire she was still evidently feminine. Her disguise would at once have been detected, even by Phebe. Her sudden confusion and coyness, her running after Orlando and then shrinking from him, all this was pretty but out of keeping. Not that Rosalind should be a "roaring girl" of Elizabethan comedy; not that she should talk in tones of brass and indent the ground with her foot, but the spectator should see the reasonableness of a disguise that deceived all the dwellers in the forest save Celia.

Mr. Barker believes that the lines in Shakespeare's plays should be spoken swiftly. In this we agree with him, but they should be spoken clearly. Miss Anglin was not always definite in speech. Rosalind's words have point to them, and they are to be heard. Nor did Miss Anglin succeed in sinking her own personality in that of the character. The spectator wondered why Orlando and the others did not at once know that Rosalind was a woman; they also could not understand why the exiles did not recognize Miss Anglin.

An audience of good size applauded heartily. "As You Like It" will be performed on Thursday and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee. Tonight and at the matinee tomorrow the play will be "Twelfth Night." "The Taming of the Shrew" will be performed on Wednesday and Saturday nights.

RICHARD PLATT

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Richard Platt gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. There was an audience of good size, friendly disposed and appreciative. The program was as follows:

Haydn: Andante with variations; Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor; Grieg, Ballade; F. Schmitt, Perfum Exotique, Tziganiana, Brises; Grovlez, Westminster Abbey; Roger-Ducasse, Barcarolle, Dohnanyi, Rhapsodie in C major; Chopin, Valse, E minor, Andante Spianato and Polonaise.

Mr. Platt, known here as a pianist of sound parts and serious purpose, had the courage to play a group of pieces that with the exception of the Rhapsodies were unfamiliar to concert goers. Since Schmitt's "Tragedy of Salome" was played at a Symphony concert, there has been some interest taken in this composer, and his Psalm heard at a Cecilia concert inspired respect in spite of the inadequate performance.

…it the … pieces played by Mr. Platt evidently come under the head of … They are impressionistic, but timidly, and vaguely so, and there is a constant falling into the conventional. There is this to be said for the "Exotic Perfume": At first faint and unquestionable, it grew stronger and stronger. Mr. Schmitt himself probably does not hold these compositions in high esteem.

Gabriel Grovlez's "Westminster Abbey" is the first of three "Impressions of London." The Park and a Sunday Evening at Thames Embankment also impressed the composer. In "Westminster Abbey" he introduces a fragment of a piano fugue by Handel, possibly a reminiscence of the organ heard there. Two men are seldom impressed alike, and although this piece has more character than the sketches by Schmitt, few American visitors to the Abbey would be reminded either of a service or the Poets' Corner by this music. Grovlez, born at Lille, in 1879, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory, travelled as a virtuoso pianist, and for 10 years taught the piano at the Schola Cantorum in Paris. He has conducted at the Opera Comique, also at Lisbon, and recently at the Theatre Des Arts, Paris. He has had charge of the music.

The Barcarolle by Roger-Ducasse is a futile piece, melodically labored, and saying little or nothing, while Dohnanyi's Barcarolle does not fulfil the promise of the opening measures.

Mr Platt has an agreeable touch and musical intelligence. There was much to praise in his performance of the pieces by Mendelssohn and Grieg. Too often, however, in the course of the concert he made an excessive and disturbing use of the damper pedal.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Mikado," an operetta in two acts, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Mikado of Japan	Arthur Cunningham
Nanki-Poo	Arthur Aldridge
Ko-Ko	De Wolf Hopper
Pooh-Bah	Herbert Waterous
Pish-Tush	John C. Thomas
Yum-Yum	Alice Brady
Pitti-Sing	Gladys Caldwell
Peep-Bo	Maude Mordaunt
Katisha	Sara M. Edwards

An audience of good size warmly welcomed Mr. DeWolf Hopper and the Gilbert and Sullivan festival company last evening.

The performance was spontaneous on the part of principals and chorus. The music, played with spirit, under Mr. Paret's direction, charmed again with its freshness and wealth of melody. Throughout the evening familiar numbers, persistently applauded, were obligingly repeated.

Mr Hopper's Ko-Ko was delightful from beginning to end. His makeup, his voice, his facial play excited the liveliest merriment, which was further enhanced by his agility, antics and gambollings. He was not extravagant in gesture nor did he merely clown the part. An intelligent and experienced comedian, he made his points quietly, without over-emphasis, and was thereby the more effective.

His keen sense of humor was additionally displayed in a little speech at the end of the first act. This was not the least enjoyable moment of the performance.

The other masculine members of the company were in every way excellent. Mr. Waterous was pompous, disdainful and condescending as Pou-Bah. Mr. Aldridge displayed a pleasing voice as Nanki-Poo. He was a manly if not wholly a romantic lover. Mr. Cunningham was appropriately jocose as the Mikado and Mr. Thomas was a commendable Pish-Tush.

Of the three little maids Miss Caldwell as Pitti-Sing was the most effective in song and action. She played with girlish lightness of touch, abandon and true coquetry. Her gaiety was irresistible. Miss Brady has a light and pleasing voice, but her Yum-Yum did not rise above the conventional. Miss Edwards was an ineffective Katisha.

The chorus was admirably trained. Both scenes were picturesquely and beautifully staged.

"The Mikado" will be repeated this evening and on Saturday afternoon and

Hoffmann Quartet

The Hoffmann Quartet presented an exceptionally interesting programme at their second concert in Sleeper Hall last night one embracing compositions of Mozart, Arthur Foote and Cesar Franck.

The members of the quartet have played together for many years and their art has ripened with their experience. They now play with a quality and sonority that is only too rarely found among contemporary quartets. At times—and, above all, due to the surprisingly beautiful tone of the viola—their ensemble sounded like a great organ.

Arthur Foote's treatment of his melodious Tema Con Variazioni was not only interesting to those whose ears delight in clever contrapuntal activities, but

…brought out some lovely … the finest old school tradition, old school as opposed to the modern French. It is good to find a composer who is indeed a modern and yet who realizes the limitations of the string quartet and its inability to bring out modern orchestral harmony. The Piano Quintet of Franck is a glorious thing. In its broad harmonic sweep, the inspiration of its melodies, flung one upon the other with the painstaking negligence of a genius, it stands out as one of the very greatest bits of chamber music. Although the quintet form has persisted, it has been performed with each part trebled, when it was led by Mr. Loeffler with immense success. Mr. Gebhard was powerful and capable at the piano.

CASTLE SQUARE—"Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace"—Robert H. Davis's play in four acts, with Livingston Platt's scenery.

Capt. Mowbray	William P. Carleton
David Cairn	Donald Meek
Col. Jardine	Walter Walker
Mr. Jernican	Frederic Ormonde
Charles, a footman	George Ernst
Isobel	Doris Olsson
Vickey	Florence Shirley
Mrs. Jardine	Mabel Colcord
Miss Potts, a spinster	Anne Faystone
Mrs. Gorringe	Mary Young

BOSTON THEATRE—"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a comedy in three acts, by Graham Moffat. The cast:

Bunty Biggar	Molly Pearson
Rab Biggar	James Finlayson
Susie Simpson	Polly Griffin
Tammas Biggar	J. E. McGregor
Weelum Sprunt	William Lennox
Eelen Dunlop	Mabel Stanton
Teenie Dunlop	Violet Dale
Jeems Gibbs	Hudson Liston
Maggie Mercer	Clara Coleman
Dan Birrell	James Emmet

LASKY'S GIRLS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Jesse L. Lasky's "Red Heads," easily the best of Lasky's numerous and varied productions, are at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, playing a return engagement, and at each of yesterday's performances they made every bit as much of a hit as when here earlier in the season. As in all of Lasky's companies, girls, good-looking girls, predominate. In this little musical comedy all the girls are red-heads, selected because of their Titian locks, to serve as models in Jacob Kaufman's wholesale ladies' clothing establishment. There's the chorus girl, the lisping girl, the bashful girl and numerous other of the many varieties among those who apply and are accepted as satisfactory models at 12 per. Then, too, there's the runaway heiress, who hails from San Francisco, and is being tracked by detectives. She falls in love with a San Francisco buyer who drops in to look over the Kaufman models, and so the detectives are thwarted.

James B. Carson in the role of Jacob Kaufman couldn't have been better in business methods, in dialect, and in everything else. Dorothy Sadlier, the lady sleuth from San Francisco, and Eleanor Sutter, the runaway heiress from San Francisco, who is being sleuthed, were also excellent. In the course of the sketch a number of good musical numbers are introduced, the "I Have Just Dropped in to Say Hello" song being particularly catchy. But all the others received well-merited encores.

Miss Sallie Fisher, one of musical comedy's brightest stars, has a prominent place on the bill, and she appears, gorgeously gowned, in several of the songs that she has helped to make famous. Her "Dearie" song was loudly encored, as was the "My Hero" song from the "Chocolate Soldier." Something entirely new is the act of Chieftain Caupolican, a full-blooded Indian, as his every feature and move so convincingly tell. Chieftain Caupolican tells something of Indian life and sings two or three selections. The Pederson Brothers, aerial comedians, do some truly startling work upon the flying rings, entirely unique and extremely difficult. Morris Cronin presented an electrical spectacle with many startling effects, and in the course of the melange a boxing match between two midgets was presented, the boxing waxing so vigorous that the real carmine was drawn last night before the bout was half over. Hines and Fox, in songs and character work; Charles Thompson, character juggler; Bessie and Harriet Rempell in "When We Grow Up," along with events of the day in moving pictures round out the bill.

The Elephant is the most largest Annymile in the whole world. He eats hay and kakes. You must not giv the Elephant Tobacker, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded.

A Sagacious Beast.

Of course Boston should have performing elephants for the pleasure of its citizens, citizenesses and the children, but three are not enough. There should be one for 10,000 inhabitants. When the venerable gods and supermen of India set themselves to writing their sacred books, they consulted the elephant. Victor Hugo tells us this, and he was learned in all things. Even three elephants might be of assistance to the mayor and all others in civic authority.

Naturalists in past centuries recounted strange things about the elephant; how he had no joints; that his complexion was like to the air that he dwelt in. "Elephants keep lore and discipline of the stars, and in waxing of the moon go to rivers, and when they be besprung with liquor they salute and welcome the rising of the sun with certain movings, as they may, and then they turn again into woods and lands." They are afraid of mice, and they "dread and flee the voice of the least sound of a swine," nor can the elephant endure a dragon.

They have medicinal virtues. Elephants' blood is good for rheumatism and sciatica. Mixed with the ashes of a weasel, it cures leprosy. Powdered ivory worked with rose water and camphor into little cakes is precious against spitting of blood. The powder with honey taketh away spots on the face and drunk with goats' blood expels gallstones.

Atrocious charges have been made against the elephant, especially by Charles Reade in his "Jack of All Trades." Let us rather remember the words of Mr. Edward Topsel: "There is no creature among all the beasts of the world which hath so great and ample demonstration of the power and wisdom of Almighty God as the elephant, both for proportion of body and disposition of spirit * * * being like a living mountain in quantity and outward appearance, yet so handled, as no little dog become more serviceable and tractable."

Long ago we urged the importance of having bulbuls in the Public Garden that their songs might be heard by lovers on the benches and in the swan-boats. With bulbuls and elephants, what more could the citizens desire?

TH' UNWIELDY ELEPHANT
To make them mirth us'd all his might and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis.

Trollope's Barchester.

Readers of Anthony Trollope will be interested in this note published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 21: "The death of Canon Lear of Salisbury—late archdeacon—must bring to mind to all readers of Trollope the church struggles in 'The Warden' and 'Barchester Towers,' with the long fight between Mrs. Prowdie and Archdeacon Grantley. Of course, Salisbury was Barchester. There are those who claim it as Winchester, but even a Winchester anthologist recently admitted that no case could be made for the claim."

Lincoln and Harper's.

As the World Wags:

Referring to inquiry by "Querist" in The Herald of March 7 issue, I have no doubt that the cartoons referred to in the book written by the Rev. Dr. Galusha Anderson are the ones which appear in Harper's Weekly of March 2, 1861, page 144, in which President Lincoln is depicted with a drained glass in his hand making merry with some drinking companions, and in the issue of March 9, 1861, page 160, where his attitude and bristling hair betoken great fright, which Mr. Seward explains "is only an attack of anger." Other cartoons, uncomplimentary to President Lincoln, appear in issues of Jan. 1, 1863, p. 16; Jan. 17, 1863, p. 32, and Jan. 31, 1863, p. 80. Harper's Weekly, however, was generally loyal in its support of the President throughout the war, and was unequivocal in its support of him for renomination and re-election in 1864. RECORDER.

Arlington, March 7.

American "Rounders."

The comments on baseball published in London journals that have just arrived are entertaining. The Pall Mall Gazette remembers that a quarter of a century ago King Edward, when Prince of Wales, visited Kennington Oval to see an exhibition game between Chicago and All-America, so that King George in going to Stamford Bridge only followed the example of his father.

And here are other notes published in the Pall Mall Gazette: "To the stranger the most curious feature of baseball is the so-called 'coach,' who dances on the boundary line encouraging his side and opportunely reminding opponents of past slips. His great aim is to 'steal the striker's goat,' i. e., his courage, by a well-timed gibe. Unsportsmanlike, to our ideas, but they think otherwise on the other side, and the coach is as indispensable to a 'ball game' as the clown to a circus. 'Match,' by the by, is unknown in America. It is always the 'ball game.'"

Note this delightful, conservative and insular view: "The general impression of baseball as played yesterday at Stamford Bridge seems to have been that it is 'not cricket.' It was interesting to see the extent to which our American cousins have developed the old English village game of 'rounders,' and, of course, there was any amount of brilliant work to admire. A game, however, which seems to depend for its thrill largely upon 'rag' and riot among the spectators is not for us as yet. It is a matter of temperament. The 'knock-'im-down-an'-kick-is-'ead' type of sportsman is still rare with us."

Mch 12 1913

Little Children Among Soloists Show Good Work of School in Salem Street.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Pupils and People's Orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement (110 Salem street, North end) gave its third annual concert last night at the Hotel Copley-Plaza. There was a large and deeply interested audience. The object of the concert was to raise money for the maintenance of the school and to show the progress made and the general results of the training to the contributing members and friends.

The orchestra, conducted by Jacques Hoffmann, played the overture to "Il Matrimonio Segreto" by Cimarosa, a Berceuse by Jaehrnfeld, and the Morris Dance from German's incidental music to "Henry VIII." Concerted music was played by J. and A. Karabelnik, A. Gurwich, Ada Worshofsky, C. Paris, Etta Wein; solos for violin or piano by Beatrice Worshofsky, Henry Gagin, Max Fishman, Helen Harris, Riva Chaikin, Rosa Fruitman, Samuel Cooper, Celia Lewis, George Cohen, Cedalia Paris; Igino Merolla sang Donizetti's "Bella Siccome un Angelo"; Francesco Profita, Donizetti's "Una Furtiva Lagrima"; Ruth Freed, Brander's "Oh, How Lovely," and Miss Freed and Mr. Profita sang a duet, "Il Convegno," by Lucantoni. The other composers represented were Danclea, Lynes, Moffat, MacDowell, Weber, Schumann, Demuth, Svendsen and Strube.

Some of the soloists were little children who performed their tasks with an earnestness and sincerity that showed just pride in their work and genuine musical instinct. There was a refreshing absence of self-consciousness; there was little or no suggestion of a performance that was merely perfunctory.

The program contained this note: "The object of the settlement is to give children and adults of limited means an opportunity to secure a good musical education under proper settlement influence." It was also stated that the number of pupils is now 211 and there is a waiting list of 229. The story of the Settlement, which was organized in November 1910 and incorporated in 1911, was recently told at length in The Herald. The record for the years 1910 to 1914 is now published in pamphlet form. On the title page are these words of President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot: "The Boston Music school settlement is an investment with a sure profit. There is no doubt about the benefits or the happiness it brings. Its work is of proved utility, for it rests on common qualities in human nature and permanent needs in human society. This settlement offers an admirable opportunity to invest private money in the happiness and contentment of children." And on the back of this page is a graphic description of Salem street and the neighborhood taken from an article by Mr. E. N. Vallandigham, which was originally published in The Boston Herald. Mr. Vallandigham wrote in November 1911. "Perhaps no great musical genius has yet appeared among the pupils, but from some of the poorest homes in the quarter have come children with remarkable native talent and an enthusiastic love for music." The concert last night was a strong corroboration of this statement, if corroboration was needed.

Perhaps the most instructive report in the pamphlet is that of the associate director, Mr. Daniel Bloomfield, who shows, by giving instances, how the family life of the neighborhood has been affected through the agency of music. "We find the child reaping the benefits which musical education gives—training of the eye, the hand, the imagination, judgment, precision. The child while still in his plastic stage learns accuracy and acquires desirable habits of life through personal contact with standards and ideals which make for better manhood and womanhood. The hearty response of the children to this form of education may be measured by the work during the past and by the waiting list, now numbering over 200. The scope of the work is limited only by our means."

It is to be hoped that the concert last night not only brought to the settlement a substantial sum, but showed the audience, by the good work already accomplished, the need of putting this settlement on a firm foundation and extending its influence, an influence that will be felt musically and also in the civic life. The children and youth that took part in the concert and others that are already in the school will escape the education furnished by the street. It rests with the philanthropic to see that many others now eager to be admitted may soon have the opportunity.

NEW [illegible] FOR OLD

(The vogue of weirdly [illegible] tempts the [illegible] to spread [illegible] the [illegible] dress ballroom to everyday [illegible])

When as a Futurist my Julia poses
All merely beauteous maids to her
must bow:
She scorns their cherry lips and cheeks
of roses;
She spurns the sapphire eyes and
marble brow,
The teeth of pearl, the jetty lash, the
hair
Of gold, that used to make a maiden
fair.

For Julia's been with Lilith in Gehenna,
And borrowed there fresh woads and
pastels new.
How ghoulish now her cheeks of raw
sienna,
How snaky is her neck of cobalt blue!
How lush the locks of crimson lake,
that crown
Her forehead's warm voluptuous Van-
dyke brown!

What feeble fairness of effete tradition
Can touch her ghastly charms when,
all aglow,
The golden teeth flash out, like tints of
Titian,
Between her lurid lips of indigo,
And strawberry lashes languorously
screen
Her super-feline eyes of Lincoln-green?

"With Natural Distinction."

As the World Wags:

I have observed that correspondents of The Herald have from time to time pointed out features in the newspaper that especially please them. Jones turns at once to the obituary column; Brown to the shipping news; Robinson to the admirably conducted sporting department; and Smith, who thinks he has some obscure and wasting disease, consults daily the medical oracle.

Will you allow me to say that on Sunday, as soon as I buy my copy of The Herald and am comfortable in my room, I drop all the news sections to read the stories in the magazine. The love stories cannot be too passionate; the detectives cannot be too shrewd. I am now looking forward eagerly to the continuation of "the Jerroldson Case." Lanagan, the extraordinarily gifted "newspaper slueth" fascinates me. Last Sunday, as a sociologist, I was struck by this passage. "He (Lanagan) was one of those lean, tall, thin faced, but strong profiled men, with a head of black hair, who wear evening dress with a natural distinction."

May I ask Mr. Edward H. Hurlburt, the ingenious narrator, whether a short, slim, chubby faced man with gray, sandy or chestnut hair, or without hair, cannot wear a "dress shute" with "natural distinction"? It should be remembered that Mr. Lanagan's suit was a hand-me-down, "bought out right at a ready made store" in San Francisco. Is there no hope for a pie-faced man with, say, red hair if his suit is made for him by a fashionable tailor, one whose "clients" are among "our best people"?

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Everett, March 9.

A Travesty of Virgil.

As the World Wags:

Forty odd years ago school boy students of Virgil in New England were reading with delight a recently printed, anonymous travesty, in pamphlet form, of certain parts of the Aeneid. It is many, many years since I have seen it, but considerable passages of it remain in my memory, and I have often thought of appealing to you in the hope that from that vast deep of erudition over which you preside, you might be able to call up some sprite who would reveal the author's name. It is, then, something like a curious coincidence that a recent letter of mine, printed in The Herald regarding Prof. B. O. Peirce has led a former teacher of his in the Beverly High School to write me some particulars of my friend's career there and to suggest that Peirce was one of the authors, if not the author, of the work in question. I have grave doubts as to the correctness of this attribution, though the fact that those who know Peirce best in his later years never heard him refer to this pamphlet is not sure proof that he was not concerned with it. If he did have a part in this joke, it would not harm his reputation to have the matter known; for the fun of the thing, though scarcely subtle, was clean and vigorous, and the closing lines of the pamphlet, as if in reparation, were serious and of such beauty as to put the whole Aeneid in a new and better light for some of its plodding readers.

I quote from memory, after 43 years, the version of Jove's message to Aeneas and the account of Dido's death:

"Mercury, my son, put on your shappo quick
And drop on Carthage city like a streak;
Aenaes is there, a-hanging around Dido,
And I want to know what he means by it, I do.
Tell him to pack up and be off for Italy;
For, if he don't, I'll larrup him most mightily."
Then Hermes puts his winged India rubbers on,
And, quicker'n you could articulate Jack Robinson,
He faced the Trojan, busy as a bee
Repairing Dido's washt[illegible], and says he,
"[illegible] drop that hammer like a hot pertatter
And put your feet [illegible], [illegible] that's the
matter.
The Fates ordain that you get up a nation
Whose fame and power shall ring throughout
creation,
And Jove says if you don't obey this message
He'll knock you stiffer'n a Bolony sassage."

The lines that I shall now give I have thought might be from some well-known serious translation of the Aeneid; but two Latin scholars whom I have lately consulted were unable to place them, and, as they did not, according to my recollection, have quotation marks in the pamphlet, I think they must have been the work of its unknown author. I should like to know who he was and what he wrote afterwards.

Then Juno, pitying her agony,
Sent Iris down, the suffering soul to free.
The dewy Iris, on her saffron wings,
With thousand radiant encolorings,
Shot through the vapors with immortal speed
And stood above the death devoted head.
"This lock to Pluto's realms I bear away
And now release thee from the ruined clay."
So saying, she cut the thread of golden hair,
And life departed on the sightless air.

EDWIN H. HALL.

Cambridge, March 7.

Sh!

As the World Wags:

I noticed recently a question in The Herald about the pronunciation of "ski." There is a Norwegian word "ski" meaning a snow skate, and a Swedish word "skid" or "skida," meaning a skate. Although the Swedish grammars give the pronunciation of "sk" followed by a soft vowel as equivalent to our "sh," the Swedes modify this value, so that to an American "ski" is more like "fwee" with a soft breathing out sound to the "f."

It would be interesting to find the Morse pronunciation of these consonants. J. F. C.

Somerville, March 8.

A Lesson in Spanish.

As the World Wags:

W. H. K., in your issue of March 4, is mistaken in one of the elementary points of Spanish grammar when he proposes "Plaza des Toros" as correct Spanish. The only "des" in the Spanish language with which I am familiar is the second person singular of the present subjunctive of the verb "dar," "to give."

Spanish, unlike French, Italian and Portuguese, does not contract the preposition plus article, except in the masculine singular, "del." The masculine plural meaning "of the" is "de los."

The use of the article in expressions of place in Spanish seems to be arbitrary. Cf. Plazada, de Moros, Parque de Palacio, Calle de Carretas, Calle de Preciados; and Calle de los Coloreros, Paseo del Prado, and Puerta del Sol.

Malden. C. B.

A Biographical Note.

Let us now praise famous men. Mr. James Camden-Neild inherited his father's fortune, and with it the lesseeship of the rectory of North Marston. The lead roof of the church was in bad condition. Mr. Neild covered the cracks with strips of painted calico, for, as he said, they would last his time, and he sat on the roof all day, eating hard boiled eggs, to see that the workmen did not "sojer." He left to Queen Victoria when he died £500,000.

Give Concert for South End Institution in Jordan Hall—Large Audience.

A concert by members of the Boston Opera Company, for the benefit of the South End Music school, took place yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Henri Danges, baritone, was first on the program. His manly voice and excellent diction were effective in an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade."

Mr. Danges was followed by Miss Dolores Galli, who gave much pleasure to the audience by her dancing to the music of an excerpt from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." She was later seen in two numbers, Delibes's "Una Polka" and an excerpt from Coppelia."

Mme. Lucille Weingartner was to have been heard in several songs accompanied by her husband. It was therefore a disappointment when Director Russell made the announcement that she was too ill to appear. Mme. Maria Gay, who kindly consented to replace her, was warmly greeted. She sang Faure's "Les Berceaux" and a Spanish song which was insistently redemanded.

Mr. Weingartner, as was to be expected, played admirable and poetic accompaniments.

The other artists to appear were Mr. Ludikar, who was heard in a group of Bohemian folk songs, and Miss Scotney, who sang Ronald's "Down in the Forest," Lehman's "The Swing" and Brewer's "Fairy Pipes."

The singers and Miss Galli were repeatedly recalled and the program was lengthened.

Mr. Strony's accompaniments were excellent.

Mch 13 '17

'OTELLO' IS —"Don Giovanni" at Night.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Matinee, Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Otello	Mr. Zenatello
Iago	Mr. Ancona
Cassio	Mr. Pial-Corsi
Roderigo	Mr. Fusco
Lodovico	Mr. Mardones
Montano	Mr. Pulcini
Un Araldo	Mr. Tortorici
Desdemona	Mme. Villani
Emilia	Miss Leveroni

Mme. Weingartner has been suffering from a severe cold. She was unable to sing at the performance of "Otello," given yesterday afternoon to recompense those disappointed at the absence of Mme. Melba last Saturday, and Mme. Villani came hurriedly to take the part of Desdemona. In "L'Amore del Tre Re," she made a deep impression by her dramatic singing and acting. Yesterday her intonation was occasionally and slightly impure, but this in view of all the circumstances was a negligible failing. She gave a striking impersonation of the part, singing and acting with genuine emotion; in fact, we have seldom seen so convincing a performance in the fourth act. The apprehension of something terrible, the melancholy of the "Willow" song, the wild cry to Emilia—these were admirably expressed.

Mr. Zenatello has not been in good condition since he first appeared as Othello. He sang that night when he had the high fever attending an attack of grippe. He should not have appeared last Saturday night in "The Jewels of the Madonna," but there was no one else to take his place. Yesterday his voice was more like the voice of last season, and he managed it with uncommon skill. It is a pity that he has felt it his duty to sing, for those who had not heard him before must have gained a false idea of his ability. We beseech him to humor his voice until it is fully restored, for in many roles of the present repertoire there is no one to succeed him. His Othello is now one of the most striking figures in opera. His impersonation has gained in breadth, subtlety and passion. Tamagno's voice was unique in its tremendous impact. His entrance in the first act, his farewell to the camp, his oath at the end of the second act and the savagery of his final scene are never to be forgotten; but in the love music, that music "where—through"—to quote Vernon Blackburn, "sex seems laid bare in sound," he bleated and sang false, and in the scenes with Desdemona after his suspicions were aroused he was merely brutal, without any nuance of expression, without a touch of sarcasm or irony. Mr. Zenatello's Othello is not incongruously intelligent; nevertheless the Moor of Venice was not wholly a dolt, and Verdi's music for him is not the prolonged roar of a tortured animal.

Mr. Ancona is a most amiable Iago. The others were as before. Mr. Weingartner brought out fully in every way the tragic eloquence of the score. And it was all done with such quiet mastery, such an absence of intruding personality. There was not only the firm control; there was the poetic spirit, the vitalizing imagination, the irresistible magnetism.

Last night "Don Giovanni" was performed for the last time this season. The chief singers were Mmes. Destinn, Amsden and Nielsen and Messrs. Marcoux, Ludikar, Tanlongo, Mardones and Tavecchia. Mr. Weingartner's masterly and reverential treatment of the score was made known to us last season. Nor is it necessary to speak again in detail of the various impersonations, though it should be said that Miss Nielsen, although she has also been suffering from the prevailing epidemic, showed her skill as a singer of Mozart's music and acted vivaciously. The part of Zerlina is, indeed, well suited to her.

We have heard the objection raised against Mr. Marcoux's Don Giovanni that it is "too French." It is not easy to determine exactly what the objectors meant by this. Lassalle, a Frenchman, took the part in Boston 22 years ago this month. He sang the music charmingly, was spirited in recitative, phrased with surpassing skill, and the voice itself was oily and sonorous, but although he showed a certain elegance in acting, he recalled the story told of Salomon, the Berlin baritone, who was in love with the daughter of an innkeeper. The father was opposed to the match and said that singers, loose, undisciplined and roisterers, were not created for the happiness of their wives. He was persuaded, however, to go to the theatre one night to see his daughter's adored one, who happened to be taking the part of Don Giovanni. After the performance the worthy citizen turned to the girl and said: "You can have your Salomon. He seems to be a highly respectable man, one in whom I can put confidence. He will never be a Don Juan, or else I am grossly mistaken."

We have seen other Don Giovannis here within the last 25 years: Theodor Reichmann, whose Don was described by Mr. Apthorp as having "the elegance of the South Cove," Theodor Bertram, a solid German singer who afterwards killed himself; Scotti, who was not conspicuous in the part, and Victor Maurel, the most fascinating of them all. Mr. Marcoux's impersonation is certainly picturesque and interesting, though it is lacking in irresistible sensuousness.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"H. M. S. Pinafore," an operetta in two acts, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Sir Joseph Porter	Arthur Cunningham
Capt. Corcoran	John C. Thomas
Ralph Rackstraw	Arthur Aldridge
Dick Deadeye	De Wolf Hopper
Bill Bobstay	Herbert Waterous
Bob Becket	C. W. Phillips
Josephine	Alice Brady
Hebe	Gladys Caldwell
Little Buttercup	Sara M. Edwards

The conduct of myself is—what?
A bagatelle, a trifle, not
A matter for persistent care,
But something which, when I can spare
A minute, may, perhaps, be scanned
With profit. On the other hand
The conduct of my friends, my neighbors,
Demands my best, untiring labors.
My ways, alas! are fixed, were fixed
When God first took the trowel and mixed
The mud of which He fashioned man,
A part of the predestined plan.
Fate ties my hands; I cannot move
Except in the appointed groove.
To grumble argues little wit:
I see my weird and bow to it.

"Scooch."

As the World Wags:

What is the origin of a word pronounced "scooch," meaning to stoop with bent knees? It was known in ordinary talk in Maine in my childhood, and must have been a corruption of some word, probably stoop, though the position meant by "scooch" was quite different from that of stooping. A friend thinks "scrooch" was used to indicate the same posture as is conveyed to the writer's mind by "scooch."

Boston, March 9. P. N. A.

The verb "scouch," or "skouch," or "scooch," meaning to crouch, stoop, bend down, is a dialect word still heard in certain English provinces and in the United States. In New York city the term was "scouch." In North Carolina and Arkansas, "scrooch" is preferred and some have thought "scooch" to be a variant of "scrouch." "Scouch" is probably derived from the old French verb "escouchier," to lie down, literally to couch down. The word "scoocher" is given as an Americanism; "to take a scoocher," i. e. to slide down a snow-slope in a squatting position, but we have never heard it. —Ed.

Help!

As the World Wags:

Isn't there such a word as "culheag"? I don't find it in any dictionary. I think that it is an Indian word and that it means some contrivance with which the Indians trapped wild animals, such as bears, wolves, minks, wildcats, etc.

Boston, March 10. ROCKINGHAM.

A Seaman in Distress.

As the World Wags:

I learn from a postal card received from New York and dated March 7 that "the increased cost of peanuts necessitates advances on the following items:

"½c. per lb: Boston Baked Beans and American Shot.

"¼c. per lb: Spanish Roasted Peanuts, Yankee Terrors, Nits and Roly Poly."

Thus, as you see, the cost of living continues to go up. What on earth are the poor to do when the price of Yankee Terrors goes up a quarter of a cent a pound? Where does the man of fixed income come in with Nits advanced to this preposterous figure, and with Roly Poly at any such prohibitive price the boarding house and restaurant for the man of moderate means can hardly survive.

Are Boston Baked Beans manufactured in New York from peanuts? And what are table nits? I am aware of the fact that the egg of an unpleasant parasitic insect is called a nit, and that the name is applied to the insect in a young state. Are nits anything like Keats? I blush for my ignorance, but what are Yankee Terrors? Truly this is a little world of great and appalling mysteries. ABEL SEAMAN.

March 10.

The Only Survivor.

As the World Wags:

The opening of the new Hunt gallery at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts reminds some of us older Bostonians that Mr. J. J. Enneking is the only survivor of the artists who were in Hunt's famous club of Ten. T. I. L.

Boston, March 11.

The Unknown Collins.

A few days ago we asked why a "bread-and-butter" letter is often called in England a "Collins." Is not the name taken from the Rev. William Collins, the formidable prig in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice"? After wooing Miss Elizabeth Bennet in vain and immediately after his rejection proposing to Miss Charlotte Lucas, the reverend gentleman leaving Long-

[illegible] Mr. Bennet that he would [illegible] receive from him a letter of thanks for the marks of regard during his visit. "The promised letter of thanks arrived * * * written with all the solemnity of gratitude which a [illegible] abode in the family might have prompted." But when did the [illegible] letter dreaded by all visitors come to be known as a "Collins"? And is Jane Austen's novel so familiar in these days that the term is intelligible to all Englishmen and English women?"

"To the Nines."

And why should "up to the nines" mean "to perfection"? "Dressed up to the nines," "you do things up to the nines," etc. Charles Reade wrote, "Polished to the nine."

Another Rival.

The swell hatters in London have invented a rival to the silker, plug, topper, stove pipe, chimney pot, beaver, or what you will. It is made of silk plush but the shape is more like that of a bowler. It might be called a square-crowned, silk-plush hat. Cork lined, it is light, and it is said to be more suitable for wet weather than the conventional plug. We do not believe it will drive out the stove-pipe, which has survived years of abuse.

Gastronomic Note.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard, dramatist, novelist, journalist, noted in his autobiography July 7, 1864: "Stroll through Covent Garden market, tasting bananas for the first time, a vegetable sausage tasting like marrow flavored with pineapple."

Mark Is Dead.

As the World Wags:

In chapter 15 of Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad" (in the paragraph beginning with the word "Napoleon"), he speaks of "the Magil of Arabia." Please explain that word "Magii." Does he mean "Magi," and do you think that his use of "Magii" instead of "Magi" is explained by the fact that he was a humorist—in other words, was the use of "Magii" intended as a "Jew desprit"? INCONSTANT READER.

mch 14 1914

FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave the third and last concert of its seventh season here last night in Jordan Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Dvorak, Quartet in C major, op. 61; Bach, Suite in C major for 'cello alone; Beethoven, Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2.

If we are not mistaken, this work of Dvorak was first played here by the Adamowski Quartet in November, 1890. It is not one of his most characteristic compositions in the field of chamber music. The thematic material in the first movement is of a poor quality and is over-developed. The Adagio has little or no personal flavor, and its chief excuse is a certain euphony. The Scherzo has more character. The Finale has the Slav spirit, a reckless spirit, and if the movement had been scored for an orchestra, it would be still more effective. The quartet as a whole is insignificant, nor could the skill of the players give it for the moment plausible importance.

There was a time when Dvorak was hailed as a great composer. Even in Germany his name was coupled with that of Brahms. But how is it with his music today? Only one of his symphonies is often heard; the greater portion of his chamber music is neglected; his choral works have practically disappeared from the repertoire of societies. Even "The Spectre Bride" no longer gives the hearer goose-flesh. Some of his overtures still give pleasure by their color and sonority. When he let his Slav blood run riot; when he showed a barbaric taste for rhythm, dash and color; when he forgot academic rules and was frankly a peasant in music, then he was most effective. The pictorial tone-poems composed in his later years are sad rubbish. His genius was shown in his frankest and untrammeled works, and some of his songs the world will not willingly let die. Perhaps the indiscriminate applause in England made this natural child sophisticated; and then there was Hanslick of Vienna proclaiming that this Slav was something more than a mortal. Long delayed success was cruel toward him.

Mr. d'Archambeau played Bach's suite in a masterly manner. The technical proficiency of this admirable artist, the richness of his tone, and his musicianlike phrasing have long been recognized, and it would now be impertinent to dwell upon these qualities. The spirit in which he played the suite was nobly romantic in the classic manner, for Bach is still a romanticist as well as a classic. There was the large simplicity, the intimate tenderness, the free nobility, the serene cheerfulness which we associate with the more inspired chamber works of Bach. And Mr. d'Archambeau played with ingratiating modesty and convincing sincerity.

It might have been well if the Flonzaleys had farewelled their hearers for a season with the Adagio in Beethoven's quartet, one of the three dedicated to Rasoumowski and written in the year of the Fourth Symphony and the violin concerto. In the performance of this Adagio, the qualities that set the Flonzaleys apart from other string quartets, however worthy they may be, were revealed in full measure. There was little thought of the performers who breathed the breath of life into the printed pages. There was Beethoven's music in the splendor of its solemn beauty. Only great artists in complete sympathy can so subordinate individuality and recreate the musical thoughts of a master.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give three concerts next season in Jordan Hall on Thursday evenings, Dec. 10, 1914; Jan. 28 and March 11, 1915.

"PIRATES OF PENZANCE" REVIVED WITH SPIRIT

Large Audience Enjoys Operetta at Shubert Theatre.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Pirates of Penzance," an operetta in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Richard	Herbert Waterous
Samuel	John C. Thomas
Frederick	Arthur Aldridge
Maj.-Gen. Stanley	Arthur Cunningham
Edward	De Wolf Hopper
Mabel	Alice Brady
Kate	Gladys Caldwell
Edith	Gertrude Self
Isabel	Florence Lee
Ruth	Sara M. Edwards

A good supply of resignation is of the first importance in providing for the journey of life. It is a supply which we shall have to extract from disappointed hopes; and the sooner we do it, the better for the rest of the journey.

Botolph or B'tolph.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Nowman, the lecturer, is not the first man of cultivation whose correct pronunciation of the name St. Botolph has been questioned by an ill-informed Bostonian. I was present when a well-meaning friend told him that he was wrong in accenting the first syllable in Botolph—Mr. Newman was referring to the St. Botolph Club—and the only correct pronunciation was with a heavy accent on the last syllable. I afterwards told Mr. Newman that there are Bostonians who thus mispronounce the Saint's name. Where is there any authority for the mispronunciation?

St. Botolph's town! Hither across the plain
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austre, etc.
—Rudolph.

Boston, March 10.

Yes, we have heard well-dressed Bostonians who have "enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education" accent the last syllable in Botolph, but we were neither grieved nor excited. What is it to the Infinite? We have heard Tremont pronounced in two ways and no doubt the two pronunciations are heard here daily. But the street is there. Some regretted the change Bothnia street to St. Cecilia for street car conductors used to shout "Bothin-ia," also "Bothinea" with an accent on the "c." Such mispronunciations add to the joy of life and prevent the citizens from getting into a deep rut. We have never been able to ascertain the correct pronunciation of the word "Boston."

Made Land.

We have been told by duly authenticated members of the St. Botolph Club that the name of their saint is accented on the first syllable. He was a fine old fellow, however he himself pronounced his name. And not without reason does the St. Botolph Club house stand where once there was waste wet land. For when Botolph returned from Belgic Gaul with news of the religious clubs he had seen abroad, Ethelmund, the King, gave him a piece of land near Lincoln, "a forsaken, uninhabited desert, where nothing but devills and goblins were thought to dwell; but St. Botolphe, with the vitue and sygne of the holy crosse, freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants, and by the means and help of Ethelmund, built a monasterie therein."

Virgil Travestied.

As the World Wags:

'Rah for that old Aeneid translation! Well, I recall it floating round in the Roxbury Latin school in 1878 or '79, and the sight of Mr. William C. Collar chuckling over it, too. Now let me add a "quote" from memory likewise, starting in where "Pius I." was having his shipwreck scare (his water-wings evidently had been forgotten).

Forthwith Father Aeneas, striking a tragical attitude,
Cried: "Thrice and four times better off in point of beatitude
Are those whose lot it was to die, the Trojan walls under,
Torn by Greek fire and twenty-pound parrots asunder!
Why did I not fall by the right hand, Son of Tedious?
Why didn't they kill the last man of us, just to obleeze us?
To have died with Sarpedon and Hector were grand, and poetic
But this sort of thing smacks a trifle too much of emetic."

Then, too, those illustrations! Don't you recall that very scene where Mercury comes down and finds Aeneas "Repairing Dido's washtub?" What a magnificently condescending poise of body Hermes had as he so negligently lifted his winged hat in salution of the crouching, scared, wizened-looking cooper with spectacles, beneath him, the hammer dropping from the nerveless hand, the hoop flying up from the rickety tub! Good though they were, however, they fell far short of another set of illustrations, in pen and ink, that circulated round the school at about that time. The "Son of Tedious" was not in it, nor any of his tribe, but they fairly flayed Aeneas as I recall; and in an old autograph album I still treasure a copy of one of them, said Aeneas in tears, with soppy handkerchief and bending knees trying to explain to Dido why he feels obliged to take the Italian tour without her; and the haughty scorn of that Carthaginian queen standing stately and silent needs no legend of description. Who was the artist? Let's see; he's over in Harvard now, full professor of a variety of things. Just ask Prof. Charles H. Grandgent. He knows! JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

Boston, March 11.

No, we do not remember or recall text or illustrations. We never saw the pamphlet or the pictures. The great majority of such travesties are dull reading. Charles Cotton's version of Virgil, though indescribably coarse, is occasionally funny.—Ed.

We Don't Know.

As the World Wags:

What is the origin of the expression, "his sword knows no brother?" Within the last year or two I have not infrequently seen the expression used in the newspapers. HAMPTON.

Editorial Amenities.

The Daily Chronicle remembers former interchanges of courtesy in the newspaper world of London: the Standard called the Globe "our blubber-headed contemporary"; the Times alluded to the Chronicle as "a squirt of filthy water," and according to the Morning Herald the Courier was "the spavined old hag." It was Horace Greeley, however, that used to say editorially to Henry J. Raymond of the New York Times: "You lie, you little villain; you know you lie."

Commend us to Mr. Slinkers of the Bugle Horn of Liberty in Baldinsville. Artemus Ward described him as "a polish'd skarcastic" writer. "Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road.

"'The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't bald headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it?' This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance and his sister Sarah is very much one eyed. For a genteel home thrust Mr. Slinkers has few ekals."

mch 14 1914

PADEREWSKI AND MUCK VIE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Paderewski was the soloist. The program was as follows: Chadwick, Symphony No. 3, F-major; Rubin Goldmark, Tone Poem "Samson" (MS.); Paderewski, piano concerto in A-minor.

Mr. Chadwick's symphony, which won for him a prize in 1894, was played for the first time at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in October of that year. It was to many yesterday an unfamiliar work. Harsh things have been said about prize compositions, and the strictures upon them have often been just but this symphony was thoughtfully conceived and the ideas were carefully elaborated.

Edward MacDowell once said to me that of all the Americans writing music at the time, Mr. Chadwick had the finest sense of form and the greatest contrapuntal facility. The workmanship displayed in this sympathy is solid; the musical thoughts are clearly and definitely expressed; the thematic development is logical. That portions of the work show the influence of Brahms—the influence is strongly marked in the first movement—is not to the discredit of the composer of 20 years ago. No doubt Mr. Chadwick would write a symphony today in another vein, for the prevailing musical speech now has a different idiom. In 1894 only an academic work would have [illegible] a New York conservatory.

Mr. Rubin Goldmark, born in New York and now living there, was favorably known here by his overture to "Hiawatha," which has been played at Symphony concerts, and by chamber music brought out by the Kneisels. He is a nephew of Carl Goldmark, but there is little orientalism in "Samson." This symphonic poem endeavors to portray in tones the character of the hero, his undoing at the hands of Delilah, and the vengeance taken by the blind prisoner on the Philistines. In his notes Mr. Goldmark says that the composition is intended to be "programmatic only in its broadest outlines." Nevertheless, there are passages that are supposed to picture certain details of the story, as Samson's "tugging at the temple walls."

Mr. Goldmark is a well grounded musician. He thinks for himself. Musical ideas are his own, and so is his manner of expression. Unfortunately in this symphonic poem the various themes are not strongly impressive. Would it not have been better to announce the Samson motive at once, and might it not have a more heroic character? The music that is supposed to portray Delilah is not sensuous or irresistibly seductive. No one of the chief motives has a decided profile. And in all the sections, whether there is portrayal of character and moods or pictorially descriptive music there is an absence of imaginative force. "Samson" is carefully worked out, one might say laboriously; but there is little to hold the attention of the hearer; there is little that makes a decided impression.

Mr. Paderewski's concerto was played for the first time in this country by Mme. Julia Rive-King at a Symphony concert in Boston. When Mr. Paderewski first visited the city in 1891 he played his concerto. Coming to Boston in 1893 he played it again and four years afterward Mr. Alberto Jonas gave a performance of it. Yesterday this work seemed fresh, modern, beautiful, exciting. It is perhaps unfortunate for the concerto itself that Mr. Paderewski plays it, for what other pianist can do it justice?

The performance was a memorable one in every way. Mr. Paderewski was fully in the vein. Never has he been here more romantically brilliant. Never has he played with more irresistible rhythmic feeling or with more beautiful quality of tone. His exquisite cantilena was as remarkable as his demoniacal bravura.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Paderewski has ever had a more sympathetic and inspiring accompaniment. Accompaniment is hardly the word, for, as Mr. Apthorp pointed out long ago in his analysis of this concerto, the greater part of its structure and development is confided to the orchestra.

In the performance the orchestra vied with the pianist in splendor of eloquence, and Dr. Muck played on this orchestra as Mr. Paderewski played on the piano. There was this rare combination; the music itself was worthy of pianist, conductor and orchestra, all exulting in the revelation of art, all virtuosos imbued with the purest musical spirit and inspired by the divine frenzy that distinguishes the true artist in words, music, painting or sculpture from the accomplished and highly respectable artisan.

There was the customary scene of enthusiasm and Mr. Paderewski was generous as ever in responding to the imperative demand.

Weingartner Conducts Bizet's Opera for First Time in Boston.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Carmen."

Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Don Jose	Mr. Muratore
Escamillo	Mr. Danges
Zuniga	Mr. Grand
Morales	Mr. Everett
Lillas Pastia	Mr. Agnini
Carmen	Mme. Gay
Frasquita	Miss Heliane
Mercedes	Mme. Swartz-Morse
El Dancairo	Mr. Devaux
El Remendado	Mr. Giaccone
Micaela	Miss Sharlow

The performance was in many respects a brilliant one. Mr. Weingartner conducted Bizet's opera for the first time in Boston. Mme. Gay took the part of Carmen for the first time this season. Mr. Muratore had made a marked impression as Don Jose in the otherwise tedious and dull preceding performance. Mr. Danges took the part of Escamillo for the first time at this opera house. It was natural to suppose that these circumstances attending the performance of a favorite opera would have filled the house. Unfortunately this was not the case.

Mme. Gay was in excellent voice. We have never heard her sing with more artistic freedom, with finer tonal quality, or with more dramatic significance. Her interpretation of the part was more effective than in past season, for the caprices, moods, passions of the gypsy were more deftly expressed. There was still a sufficiency of animal spirits in the opening scene. Some might well prefer a characterization in the first act that is more intense and less frivolous. But aside from certain details in the hul-

[illegible] there was a [illegible] passion until the [illegible] the death that had been decreed.

Mr. Muratore's impersonation of Don Jose has admirable qualities, vocally and dramatically. He was loudly applauded for his singing of the romance in the second act, but this was by no means the commanding feature of his performance. This romance is not a dramatic aria and it demands a more delicate treatment. But Mr. Muratore was a soldierly figure and he acted and sang with a fervor that as a rule was artistically controlled.

Mr. Danges was a picturesque and graceful Escamillo, much more than a fatuous baritone with the too familiar song. Miss Sharlow was a sympathetically simple Micaela. At last there is a Morales who sings in tune; at last there is a Zuniga whose voice has authority. The concerted music was well sung.

It has been said that an Italian should conduct Italian works; a Frenchman, French, and so on through the nations. Ten years ago the late Felix Mottl conducted "Carmen" in Boston with Gallic spirit and last night Mr. Weingartner gave a singularly interesting and vivid reading of the score. The nationality of a composer matters not to him, for the best music is universal and knows no geographical boundaries. A great conductor is sensitive; he feels the prevailing spirit of each opera. He does not conduct "Der Freischütz," which is typically German of the romantic period, as he would conduct the flamingly melodramatic "Tosca" or an Italian opera written in the grand style as "Aida" or "Otello." It was not surprising, then, that Mr. Weingartner fully appreciated and brought out the grace, the elegance, the lyricism, the coquetterie and the passion of Bizet's score.

Every day almost carries some news unto our ears, as how the sun was eclipsed, meteors seen in the air, monsters born, prodigies, an earthquake in Helvetia, Calabria, Japan, or elsewhere, an inundation in Holland, a great plague in Constantinople, a fire at Prague; a comet in Germany; such a man is made a king, a bishop another, another hanged, deposed, put to death for some murder, treason, theft, oppression; all of which we do hear at first with a kind of admiration, dubitation, consternation, but by and by they are buried in silence; thy father's dead, thy brother robbed, wife runs mad, neighbor lieth killed [illegible] 'tis heavy, ghastly, fearful news at first, in every man's mouth, table talk but after a while, who speaks or thinks of it?

A Hard Question.

As the World Wags:

What is the probable origin of the word "club"? I am not referring to a night-stick, baseball bat, nibblick, or [illegible], but to the motherly institution which feeds and shelters us so long as we are able to come across before the middle of the month—and no longer.

Also to women's clubs, which are different, but getting to be the same. Also to other kinds, of which there are many.

It never occurred to me until a short time ago that this word had an origin—I thought it had "jest growed" like Topsy. But my curiosity was aroused by an article published about the middle of the last century; and I consulted a few rather recent authorities which I have in my possession; and even in these found a diversity of opinion.

Wherefore, thought I, "Here is a subject worthy of the efforts of the literary vagabonds who wag the world, and verily I will broach it."

"Which I did," as Little Benny writes in his note book. H. J. L.

Boston, March 12, 1914.

We have not found a satisfactory derivation. Perhaps the word "club" at first meant a "clubbing" of the expenses of an entertainment or of contributions towards it. The history of the noun meaning "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions" is obscure. Definitions are easier to find, as "a club is something with which a mutual admiration society kills time." We believe this definition was evolved by Mr. Abel Seaman.—Ed.

The Sprite Appears.

As the World Wags:

When, something like 49 years ago, I was preparing for college, there fell into my hands a copy of "The Aeneid in Modern English," to which your correspondent referred in The Herald of yesterday. It greatly amused me as I was then reading Virgil. About 17 years ago I met the wife of the writer of the travesty and was presented with a copy of it, which now lies by my side, being a pamphlet of 22 pages. It is "A Free and Independent Translation of the First and Fourth Books of the Aeneid of Virgil: wherein are unfolded The Travels of Aeneas, The Origin of the Roman Empire, The Stratagems Employed by the Goddess Juno (Happily Without Success) To Nip that Important Enterprise in the Bud, The Counterplots of the Goddess Venus and Her Mischievous Little Son Cupid, and The Furious Love and Romantic Death of Queen Dido." Thus the title page gives a foretaste of the richness that follows, some selections from which your correspondent quoted with remarkable accuracy, as I find by referring to pages 19 and 22 of my copy. The pamphlet is illustrated with appropriate cuts by Thomas Worth. It was printed and sold at The Weekly Herald Office, Boston. Its author was a Mr. Vail, the editor of that paper, who made the paper one of the brightest journals of the day. It was quoted everywhere, as are some of the witty papers of this day. • • •

I am happy to be the "sprite" whom your correspondent wished you would call up to reveal the name of the author of this modern translation of the Aeneid. LEWIS W. HICKS.

Wellesley, March 11.

Other correspondents name Mr. J. H. Vaill (sic) as the author. We thank them for their letters.—Ed.

"Pod Auger Years."

Some time ago a correspondent asked the origin of the phrase "pot auger days," or "pot auger years," which he used to hear, a phrase synonymous with "the good old years." We were talking yesterday with a Bostonian, who, like Baptista Minola of Padua, is an affable and courteous gentleman, and, more than that, rich in curious information. He suggested that our correspondent probably heard the phrase "pod auger," as he himself heard it many years ago in New Hampshire. The pod-auger was an auger with straight channels or grooves in the body. When the spiral groove came in the pod auger soon became an old-fashioned tool. Our informant had never seen one, but he had heard it mentioned. The word seems to me an Americanism, for the only reference to it quoted in the Oxford Dictionary is taken from the Century Dictionary, but the tool "pod-bit" is mentioned in Knight's Dictionary of mechanical terms.

The "Divine" Sarah.

M. Jules Lemaitre sent prose, not poetry, for the Sarah Bernhardt festival on the occasion of her receipt of the Cross of the Legion of Honor: "I love Sarah Bernhardt because of all the unknown I feel to be in her. She might go into a nunnery, discover the north pole, be innoculated with rabies, assassinate an emperor, or marry a negro king, and I should never be surprised at anything she did. She is more alive and more incomprehensible by herself than a thousand other human beings."

Punch's Cover.

There was a discussion some days ago concerning the designer of the cover of Punch. The Herald then stated that the designer of the cover known all over the world was Richard Doyle, and that there were various covers in the early years. Mr. Roland Austin gave the following information in Notes and Queries of Feb. 28:

"The first number of Punch was issued on 17 July, 1841, the cover being designed by A. S. Henning. In the early years it was customary to change the cover every six months, and in January, 1842, the first was replaced by a design of H. K. Browne's, which in July was abandoned for the third design, by William Harvey. Sir John Gilbert designed the fourth cover, January, 1843, and Kenny Meadows the fifth in the following July. The cover of the first issue of the year 1844 was the work of 'Dicky' Doyle, who in January, 1849, improved on this and produced the delightful design which has been used ever since, and, one hopes, will never be superseded. On 1 Oct., 1913, Punch appeared for the first time with the cover printed in color."

Sociological Note.

Here is an example of English humor found in the London Daily Chronicle:

At the ladies' club, to which men are admitted as guests, there came a cold young man, and there were bets as to his thawing. One ingenious girl made her book, and got the young man into a taxi, from which she promised to drop him on the way. Then she began to cry. "What's the matter?" asked the man. "Oh! Nobody loves me, and my hands are so cold!" wailed the girl. The man thought. "Well, your mother loves you!" he replied consolingly, "and God loves you, and if you sit on your hands they'll get quite warm."

Mch 15 1914

MMES. GAY AND WEINGARTNER

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Il Re	Mr. Sampieri
Amneris	Mme. Gay
Aida	Mme. Weingartner
Radames	Mr. Laffitte
Ramfis	Mr. Mardones
Amonasro	Mr. Ancona
Un Messaggiero	Mr. Fusco
Una Sacerdotessa	Miss Sharlow

Mr. Zenatello did not sing yesterday afternoon, for he has not yet fully recovered from the grippe. The useful and versatile Mr. Laffitte took the part of Radames. We do not remember hearing him in this role. His voice had sufficient virility and he sang effectively in the more heroic passages as well as in measures purely lyric. This studious tenor, who was at first somewhat reserved when he sang in his native French, has gained in warmth of expression and action, and often has still greater freedom when singing in German or Italian. Here is another question to be considered by Mr. Victor Maurel pondering the psychology of the singer.

Mme. Weingartner's Aida is known to the Boston public. Her costume has excited discussion. It is certainly a striking one. Whether a slave at the court of the Egyptian King, even if she were a familiar attendant on Amneris, would have worn it; whether as a daughter of the Abyssinian Amonasro she would have been allowed to dress in her own manner; whether the coiffure is Egyptian or Abyssinian; these are questions for ethnologists, archaeologists, and Egyptologists. We have all seen Aidas strangely attired and few becomingly. As we remember Mme. Emma Eames, she exulted in a wardrobe that must surely have turned the Princess Amneris green with envy and was probably the starting point of the jealousy that afterwards included poor Radames.

After all, performance is a matter of more importance than a costume. Not until the Nile scene did Mme. Weingartner show traces of her recent indisposition. Her extraordinarily beautiful voice—the timbre of it is unique—was not forced in the trying finale of the second act; it was clear and brilliant in the stormiest measures; but in the Nile scene the intonation was not always pure. This was due no doubt to the severe strain put on an organ that had not fully recovered its strength. With this exception, not a serious one, she sang with convincing expressiveness and musical and rhetorical intelligence.

Amneris was brilliantly portrayed by Mme. Gay. The impersonation is now more varied, more plastic, more emotional, than in the past, when the singer was too often in a scolding vein, thinking to crush Aida and persuade Radames by vocal vigor. The improvement was especially noticeable in the scene with the slave girl just before the triumphal entry and in the final scene with Radames. Not only did Mme. Gay sing in the grand style, she was also subtle in song when subtlety was required. Her facial play was more significant and the impersonation in every way had more true vitality.

Mr. Ancona sang and acted in a spirited manner, nor did he forget that Amonasro must have had barbaric dignity and was not necessarily akin to a Wild Man of Borneo who had somewhere taken a course of lessons in singing. Mr. Sampieri after the first scene was a respectable monarch, respecting unduly perhaps the opinions of his daughter and the priests. Mr. Fusco is the only Messenger that we have seen who really took much interest in his errand, and did not sing-song his narration. Mr. Fusco raises this man a few lines to the level of the Messenger in a Greek tragedy. Mr. Mardones was clean-shaven, sonorous and impressive. Neither alarums without, returning and victorious troops, the love affairs of a princess, nor the treachery within, disturbed his pontifical composure.

Mr. Weingartner again showed us many wonders in Verdi's score. Take for example that thrilling ascending progression for violins in the duet between Amonasro and his daughter after he has raised her from the ground. Until Mr. Weingartner visited us no one brought out this orchestral effect in such a dramatic manner since the late Oreste Bimboni led the fiery performance given at the Boston Theatre by Mapleson's ill-fated Imperial Opera Company. There were many instances yesterday of like attention to matters of detail that too often escape a conductor, and on the other hand there was a breadth and a sweep in the management of passionate scenes and great ensembles. Thus the finale of the second act beginning with the march was continuous, not episodic. It is a privilege to be educated in hearing and in appreciation by Mr. Weingartner.

The stage management was at times slack, even slovenly. The chorus in the Temple scene should be constantly reverent in the solemn prayer, not looking over shoulders, or making side remarks. The uplifting of arms by the ballet should be synchronous.

The entrance of the Priests in the Triumph scene was not impressive; nor was their behavior as they took their places near the King. The troops were not conspicuous for martial bearing or precision in marching. In the first scene of the last act Mme. Gay was obliged to act as stage manager.

MISS NIELSEN AS CIO CIO SAN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Madama Butterfly	Miss Nielsen
Suzuki	Miss Leveroni
Kate Pinkerton	Miss Reeside
B. F. Pinkerton	Mr. Tanlongo
Sharpless	Mr. Blanchart
Goro	Mr. Pini-Corsi
Il Principe Yamadori	Mr. Pulcini
Lo Zio Bonzo	Mr. Sillich
Yakuside	Mr. Tortorici
Il Commissario Imperiale	Mr. Neumarker
L'Ufficiale del Registro	Mr. Fusco
La Madre di Cio Cio San	Miss Mandell
La Zia	Miss Rieger
La Cugina	Miss Mussini

Miss Nielsen's first Saturday night appearance at the Boston Opera House brought out a large audience last evening to hear her take the part of Madama Butterfly. Miss Nielsen has rarely had a more enthusiastic audience. It was her first appearance in the part this season and many of her admirers made sure that she understood their appreciation. The ideal Cio Cio San should be a little more petite. Yet Miss Nielsen was an altogether attractive Japanese girl and her voice was tenderly pathetic in the second and third acts.

Mr. Tanlongo's Pinkerton was sung with the ease and precision that has come to be expected of him. Miss Leveroni was a faithful Suzuki. Mr. Moranzoni shared in the audience's admiration.

Many neglected the Shakespearian performances at the Cort Theatre during the last two weeks. It was a pity, for Miss Anglin produced the comedies in a manner seldom seen here, and the acting as a whole was interesting. Perhaps it is true, as the devotees of detective plays and musical comedies say, that Shakespeare spells ruin to a manager, and it is possible that "Twelfth Night" bores a class of theatregoers who find it slow and sentimental, and yawn except when Sir Toby is on the stage and Viola first appears in male attire. This is the more probable because there are some in Boston who find "Fanny's First Play" tedious and wonder why so many are amused, and why there are some who go repeatedly with keener and keener enjoyment. "The Taming of the Shrew" is certainly a good knock-about farce. As for the third comedy produced by Miss Angelin in a memorable manner, "As You Like It," Mr. Granville Barker finds it "stodgily good," the work of a too successful dramatist. We are more inclined to side with Theophile Gautier and his famous rhapsody in "Mademoiselle de Maupin." Miss Anglin should have introduced some local pugilist as Charles the Wrestler. This might have drawn a crowd. Years ago in New York Mr. Jem Mace appeared as Charles and allowed himself to be thrown in a manner that delighted the spectators.

There are some who will say that there is interest in Shakespeare's plays. "Look at the crowds that have seen Sothern and Marlowe." But the crowd went to see Miss Marlowe; it mattered not what the play was. It might have been "Ingomar." There would have been a crowd even if she had appeared as Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger." Miss Marlowe, not the play, was the thing. So it is with Miss Adams. Each one has ardent admirers who tolerate a play for the sake of their idol. Miss Marlowe, it is said, will leave the stage and Mr. Sothern announces his intention of playing only in comedy or romantic drama henceforth. This will be as it should be. When Mr. Sothern girded up his loins and donned the buskin, a good comedian disappeared from the stage.

Mr. Faversham made a costly experiment. He had the laudable ambition this season to play Iago. He produced the tragedy in a sumptuous manner. His Iago, according to report, was an extraordinarily original and vivid impersonation. The Othello was commended. Nevertheless Mr. Faversham came to grief and is now in lucrative vaudeville.

There is a certain interest here in Shakespeare. Curious souls are still questioning whether Bacon did not write Shakespeare's plays, Spenser's "Fairy Queen," Marlowe's tragedies, and what not besides. "New evidence" is discovered at least once a week.

In England there is a deep and abiding interest in Shakespeare's plays. The Herald has from time to time described the productions by Mr. Granville Barker and Sir Herbert Tree. There was recently the strange production of "Hamlet" by Mr. William Poel, and recently received English newspapers describe the doings of amateurs in the same play. And these productions induce enthusiasts, purists, chronic letter writers to pour their praise, condemnation, reminiscences into the columns of the London press. Here is an example. "A playgoer of exceptional experience, and one whose taste and judgment all who know him hold in very high esteem," wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette as follows:

"I have seen Granville Barker's production of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' which, frankly, appeared to me an example of the misapplication of quite exceptional cleverness. From this opinion, however, I except the final scene. Until that scene we had been given a new rendering of the play, which distorted the author's intentions and seemed to be adopted because it was new. The last scene was arranged in a way that was an inspiration. For the first time eccentric and impossible backgrounds were discarded for a scene which assisted the imagination, and you felt that the author would have approved and been grateful.

"Surely there can be little doubt what Shakespeare intended his fairies to be—elfin people, pigmies who hunt the worms in a rosehud, tease bats, chase spiders and lord it over nightingales. Instead of these we were given a set of adults made up like golden Indian idols, and an adult Puck made up like Shock-headed Peter with a hideous red nineteenth-century dress. Among these grown-ups there were four children, and they partly saved the situation.

[illegible], or decoration, de[illegible]. The cloth painted [illegible] conventional stars and [illegible] was as disturbing as the Japan[illegible] view of impossible houses which [illegible] for Quince's house and as [illegible] huge chandelier under which Ti[illegible] slept in the wood. What a de[illegible] contrast to all this was the [illegible] of Theseus' Hall!

"The whole text is certainly given, for I never found so much of it unintelligible. Whole speeches by Puck were given so rapidly as to be meaningless, and the same thing applied to the remarks of Theseus and his friends [illegible] watching the play. Donald Calthrop was asked to do the impossible but his Puck was, I think, as good as any adult Puck could be save for the serious fault of indistinctness. Dennis Terry spoke his lines well, but with a pathos I did not understand. I suppose he was overcome by their beauty. When he told Puck of the bank whereon Titania slept I thought he would have wept; and when he described the imperial votaress I expected to see him fall upon Puck's neck and positively howl! The clowns were all good and perfectly stage-managed. The one exceptional performance was, however, little Odette Goimbault's Pease-Blossom and First Fairy. I never saw anything more perfect. She never missed a point, and there was a touch of genius about her acting that justifies hopes of an exceptional future for her. The one thing I find it difficult to forgive Mr. Barker for is not casting her for Puck."

Why should there not have been a controversy in the Boston newspapers over the Touchstone of Miss Anglin's company—whether Touchstone should be fat or thin, dry in wit, or of an unctuous humor? When Sarah Bernhardt last played Hamlet in Paris the late Catulle Mendes and another elderly gentleman fought a duel, having disputed concerning the precise weight of Denmark's prince. It is not easy to imagine any two dramatic critics in Boston pinking or plunking each other on Boston Common because they could not agree about the personal appearance of Touchstone or Viola, Sir Toby or Rosalind.

Shakespeare's Jew

There will be a Shakespeare festival at Stratford-upon-Avon next month. The plays will be "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet" and, probably, "The Taming of the Shrew." Sir Herbert Tree, H. B. Irving, Mr. Bourchief, Miss Halstain are some of the leading actors. In London there will be a revival of "Love's Labor Lost."

Late in last month there was a production of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Court Theatre. The play was given without cuts or transpositions. Michael Sherbrooke took the part of Shylock. The Times said: "His malignity is horrible. And with it he is not in the least afraid of such comedy as is consistent with his reading of the character. He fawns and grins and cringes; he may positively be said to 'chortle' with evil joy as he drags off Tubal to the synagogue. He is the Jew of the comic stage and the comic papers, as well as the most meanly malignant Shylock that we have seen."

The Daily Telegraph described the production as remarkable, and "right, beautiful without any overdone magnificence, full of understanding and insight and originality, yet without a trace of crankishness or sensationalism, set forth in sensible reverence and love, acted sometimes brilliantly, always truly, and in so just and well governed and harmonious a proportion that one of the most hackneyed of all Shakespeare's plays revealed an actual new grace and charm—none the less new because it has been all the time." The comedy was brought over exactly as it had been produced by Mr. Philip Carr in Paris. "Mr. Sherbrooke's really wonderful Shylock is, at last, 'the Jew that Shakespeare drew,' the Jew that Shakespeare did not mean to be either an entire hero, or entire villain, or entire buffoon, but a vital and curiously convincing mixture of all three. Mr. Sherbrooke does not attempt to give us either the tragic Shylock of Irving or the 'dignity-of-business' Shylock of Forbes-Roberston, or the decorative Shylock of Sir Herbert Tree. He gives us a squat, repulsive, consciously alien, struggling, passionate figure—comic enough to remind one amusingly of a certain 'tramp cyclist' of 'the halls'—right enough in his logic of revenge, wrong enough in the instinct itself, leaving one with a sense of injustice in his downfall but exactly that afterthought of broadly human sympathy which Shakespeare himself felt and allows for."

And in this production Shylock was always in the background and the romance in the foreground.

Mr. Oscar Asche will have the courage to bring out "Anthony and Cleopatra." He says the play was a "big success" in Australia. "We made it spectacular, but cohesive. I don't believe in playing Shakespeare's plays in their entirety, because I don't believe the public wants it. Of course the spectacular must not drown the play. The entrance of Anthony and Cleopatra in the first scene as I give the play is most impressive, and the setting very elaborate. If I decide to do the play in London it will be because—and I hope I am not prejudiced in my opinion—I think Miss Brayton is splendid in it, and as a spectacle it is very interesting. I do not want to enter into the quarrel between the people who want elaborate setting and the futurists, but it is not my idea of holding the mirror up to nature to represent an Egyptian palace by a bit of black cardboard on a signpost with the words, 'This is an Egyptian palace,' and a bit of pink sky. And my ideas may be old-fashioned, but I have no sympathy with green hair or mauve lips."

Notes at Random

A reporter of the Dublin Evening Telegraph has talked with Lady Gregory, who, not wishing to close the Abbey Theatre while the main company was in America, started a school of acting. "I have always thought that the best thing in a public play," she said, "is that it should be heard. If you want it only to be seen you may as well go to the picture shows. The voice is the thing. Each day when our pupils come in they go through an hour's voice product on as a regular exercise, and they are also given exercises to do at home. Then Mr. Wilson, the business manager of the company, gives the pupils an hour's instruction in acting. He was for a little time with Mr. Moffatt in 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' and he found that Mr. Moffatt was teaching his players, avowedly in imitation of the Irish Players, to give up those tricks of making eyes at the audience and the restless movements of which we have got rid. The quieter you keep the gesture the more you want to get out of the voice for the ear. We are told," continued Lady Gregory, "that the Irish voice is more charming than any other. Certainly, they think so in England and America, and I myself think it is this wet climate of ours that keeps our voices so soft. But that being our characteristic we want to make the most of it, and that is why we are paying so much attention to the management of the voice."

The Tango is stated to be on the decline in France. It has flourished too excessively, and people are growing tired of it. The most promising of the new dances which have been discovered to supplant it is held to be the Tatao, which hails from China. The Tatao is described as a reaction against the "indecency" of the Argentine dances. It allows of no unseemly embraces. Partners face one another holding each other's hands, but with the index fingers pointing upwards, and in this position they dance. The Tatao has an advantage over the Tango in that it has only five steps. These steps, it is true, have discouraging names, but knowledge of them is not obligatory, and, moreover, they are very beautiful to watch. The third step, named Taouhynche, is said to imitate "the movement of waters ruffled by a soft zephyr." No one has said anything like that of any of the 72 steps of the Tango.—London Times.

In the operatic season at Drury Lane May 20-July 25 these operas will be produced "Der Rosenkavalier," "The Magic Flute," "Boris Godounoff," "La Khovanstchina," "Ivan the Terrible," "Prince Igor," "Le Coq d'or," "A Night in May," and Stravinsky's new opera "The Nightingale." There will be four ballets new in London. Strauss's "Legend of Joseph," Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" (founded on his "Antar" Symphony), and Leon Steinberg's "Midas." There will be seven or more other ballets. Chaliapen and other Russians will be the chief singers.

This reminds us that Mr. Espinosa at the Empire, London, has got together an all-English ballet. "Although I greatly admire Russian dancing, yet the technique shown by the Empire ballet is equal to anything which the foreigner can show. English girls are not given an adequate chance in ballets in this country. We applaud the foreigner, but our own dancers have to go abroad to meet with the recognition they really deserve. All that English dancers require is just a fair criticism and a due meed of encouragement. There is no dearth of talent—that is one of the happy discoveries I have made in the Empire company. The time is coming when the all-English ballet will be an established feature, and the majority of girls, instead of saying, 'What is the good of this to me? I shall not get a principal part; they only want foreigners,' will be able to find more opportunities for success."

Singers and Players of the Week

Miss Alma Gluck, who will sing at Symphony Hall this afternoon, first came to Boston as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House and took the part of Mimi at the Boston Opera House. That was in March, 1910. In February of the next year she sang the soprano music in Verdi's "Requiem" when it was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. She also sang at a Symphony concert in October 1911. For some time she has been studying with Mme. Sembrich.

The Kneisels will bring out a piano quintet by Arthur Hinton next Tuesday night and his wife, Katharine Goodson, will be the pianist. They were married in 1903. Six years ago at a Symphony concert she played her husband's concerto in D minor. She has played small pieces by him at her recitals in this city. Mr. Hinton, born in England in 1869, studied the violin with Sainton and Sauret, and composition with Davenport and Rheinberger. The Kneisels with Miss Goodson recently played this quintet in New York. A Scherzo by Adolph Brune will also be played at this concert. We are informed that he lives in Chicago.

Mr. Whiting's concert is of an unusual nature. Brahms's Liebeslieder have not been heard of late and to the younger generation they are practically unknown. The first set was composed in 1869; the second, in 1875. The former, waltzes for piano duet and ad libitum vocal quartet, was composed to verses from Daumer's "Polydora," translations or imitations of Russian and Polish folk songs. Clara Schumann was one of the pianists when the work was first performed in Carlsruhe. Then there will be Mr. Whiting's arrangement of old Irish melodies for a quartet.

Miss Werner, who will give a violin recital on Wednesday evening, gave one in Steinert Hall on Feb. 26, 1912, when she played Lekeu's Sonata with Mr. Strony. She has studied in this country and in Europe and in the latter continent has been associated with orchestras.

Miss Grace Warner, born in this commonwealth, will give her first recital here next Friday afternoon. She has studied the piano in Boston and composition at Radcliffe. Many of her children's songs have been published in the Youth's Companion, and some of her other compositions have been performed here at the "Pops."

Miss Gertrude Marshall, violinist, is favorably known here as a solo and quartet player. She has played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge. Miss Clark has studied the piano in Boston.

The Art of the Music Hall

Apropos of the closing of the Tivoli, the London Times published this editorial article:

"Within 10 days the Tivoli Theatre of Varieties will be closed; and very soon after that it will be demolished. According to modern ideas, the old house is none too comfortable. Its seats are small and the rows of them too close together. There are too many pillars in the auditorium. The ventilation, perhaps, is not of the very latest mode, and not adequate, it may be, to the needs of ladies in one of the few public places left where a man may smoke his pipe. The new house that is to rise on the same site will, doubtless, be bigger and grander and more modern and more luxurious; but will it hold the same place in our affections as the old house that is doomed? That largely depends, of course, upon what is to take place behind its new footlights. To speak gently of a departing friend, the present Tivoli is not loved for the sake of its auditorium. It is loved because, through all kinds of changing fashions, its management has continued to rely in chief upon the distinctive art of the music-hall. Within the last 10 or 15 years magnificent variety theatres have been built; old-established halls of song and dance have changed their nature. Standards of comfort and splendor have risen beyond reckoning before the curtain; behind it monster "productions," involving enormous expense and presenting indescribable display, have become the vogue. The Tivoli has clung to the old and inexpensive art of the music-hall. We say inexpensive, in spite of the salaries that have to be paid; for the most charming and the most troublesome thing about the art of the music-hall is that it is not dependent upon accessories. Parsimony cannot kill it, nor any money in the world disguise its failures. It is as effective and convincing before the shabbiest of drop-curtains as in the most elaborate and realistic built-up setting. Violently inapposite surroundings leave it unimpaired.

"The old art of the music-hall depends upon nothing but the performer. It does not even, like the art of the dancer or the actor, depend upon his degree of accomplishment. We do not mean, it need hardly be said, that there is no art in the music-hall 'artiste'; no need for personality in the dancer and the actor. At any rate in London Mme. Pavlova is worshipped quite as much because in her dancing she reveals the soul of Anna Pavlova as because she dances divinely; and, say the advocates of repertory or 'stock' what they will, a Sir Henry Irving cannot make himself into a good Romeo, nor a Nellie Farren into an absolute Lady Macheth. As for the 'artistes,' the kind friends who sing in the drawing-room the songs of Mr. Albert Chevalier or Mr. Gus Elen only show us how accomplished are the artists they call to our minds. They show us something else as well—that the old art of the music-hall does not depend upon the material with which the performer works. The most successful music-hall ditty ever sung was 'Champagne Charley'; was there ever greater nonsense—unless it be the very latest and greatest success in rag-time? The old art of the music-hall depends upon nothing except the performer and his personality. His voice, his art, his wit, his clothes all contribute something. A physical oddity is a great help.

"The grand requirement is some quaintness or intensity of spirit, of flavor—we might add of character, if the word could ever hope to be freed of its association with ethics. To be a 'character' or a 'curc,' as the nursemaids used alternatively to express it, was once the birthright of every Briton. In the eyes of foreigners a hundred years ago and more every Briton was a character, and no one was like any other. Each had his strong personal oddity or flavor; and it was in this quality that all the great English novelists, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Dickens, found their richest field, all the great English dramatists, with Ben Jonson at their head, found their liveliest comedy. Modern conditions, which involve a good deal less personal authority and a good deal more mixing with fellow-men of all kinds, seems to be robbing the British of this quality. Characters, cures are fewer than they were. They are to be found at their ripest only on the music-hall stage. That cause, if no other, would have won for the old Tivoli the affection of all wise men; for that reason, if for no other, all wise men will hope that the new Tivoli is going to be, behind the footlights, only the old Tivoli resurgent."

The Tivoli

When we first saw the Tivoli in London it was known chiefly as a place where genuine German beer could be obtained. The beer was described as "lager." "Digamma", of the Pall Mall Gazette commented on this fact:

"The present house will be pulled down and another one built on its site—a more compact house, if not necessarily a larger one, and certainly one in which every spectator will have a good sight of the stage and a comfortable hearing of what is said and sung on it. Such has never been the case in the present house, where much of the space that stretches away to the west of the stage is practically wasted so far as the perfect comfort of the spectators is concerned. In the new hall the stage will be on the west side instead of the south, as at present. The Tivoli was opened in the year 1888 as a restaurant with a lager-beerhall attached, and it continued to fulfil that purpose for two years until it was taken over by a Mr. Potter, who turned it into a music-hall. Thirteen months later, however, that Napoleon of the variety world, Mr. Adney Payne, acquired it, and it became known as the New Tivoli, Limited, and had a grand public opening on the night of July 4 (Independence Day), 1891. Since then it has, as they say, never looked back, and its present popularity under the management of Mr. Joseph Wilson, who has been in that position now for nine years, enables all concerned in it to look forward with confidence to its future as a rebuilt and improved theatre.

"My own recollections of it are not very numerous, and the liveliest of them is of the late Miss Bessie Bellwood singing a song about an organ-grinder and being hissed at the end of each verse, with the result that she became very angry and asked who were those geese in the gallery. I also have running in my mind an allusion to it in a Cockney poem:

"'The Strand lay still, no hansom rolling by
Disturb'd its rest,
The blood-red banner of the Tivoli
Stream'd to the west.'

"But Mr. Wilson reminded me last night in the course of a short conversation that such renowned lights of the variety stage as Harry Lauder, Wilkie Bard, Little Tich and many others practically made their fame on this little stage. Well, let us wish it a happy renaissance and a long and prosperous future."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Miss Alma Gluck, soprano, and Harold Bauer, pianist. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Concert by Mme. Melba, Mme. Weingartner and the orchestra of the Opera House. Felix Weingartner, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Last concert of the Kneisel Quartet this season. Miss Katharine Goodson, pianist, will assist. Hinton, Piano Quintet in C minor, op. 30 (first time here); Glazounoff, Interludium in modo antico; Adolf Brune, Scherzo from quartet in C minor, op. 38 (MS.); Bach, Suite in C major for 'cello alone (Mr. Willeke); Schumann, Quartet in F major, op. 41, No. 2.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Arthur Whiting, pianist, and the University Quartet of New York (Mrs. Charles Rabold, Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, William Wheeler and Edmund A. Jahns), under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association. Brahms, Piano Waltzes, op. 39; Brahms, Liebeslieder (Waltzes), op. 52-65; Whiting, Cycle of Old Irish Melodies (arranged by Whiting).

Steinert Hall, 8:15. Violin recital by J. Barbara Werner, assisted by Charles Strony, pianist, conductor at the Boston Opera House. Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Pugnani-Kreisler, Preludium and Allegro; Tschaikowsky, Melodie; d'Ambrosio, Aria; Debussy, En Bateau; Sarasate, Zortzico; Grieg, Sonata No. 2.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Miss Gertrude Marshall, violinist, and Miss Ethel Damon Clark, pianist. Grieg, Sonata in C minor for piano and violin; Saint-Saens, Concertstueck, A major (Miss Marshall); Mozart, Rondo, A minor; Liszt, Etude, F minor; Chopin, Scherzo, E major (Miss Clark); Chopin-Wilhelmj, Nocturne; Debussy, En Bateau; Wieniawski, Polonaise, D major (Miss Marshall).

Emmanuel Church, 3:30 P. M. W. Lynnwood Farnam's fourth organ recital. Ouseley, Prelude and Fugue in A major; Karg-Elert, Choral Improvisations, op. 65, From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee, No. 45, and What God Does Is Best, No. 51; Widor, Moderato and Cantilene, from the Roman Symphony; Bossi, Scherzo, G minor; Boely, Andante con moto, G minor; Cesar Franck, Choral No. 3, A minor.

FRIDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Grace Warner's piano recital. Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Schubert, Impromptu, F minor; Weber, Rondo Brillant; Schumann, Sonata, G minor; Palmgren, The Swan; Leschetizki, Intermezzo in Octaves; Chopin, Prelude, B flat major, Scherzo, B minor.

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"So Soemmerring is dead," said Goethe, "and he was only seventy-five paltry years old. What a bad lot men are that they haven't the courage to stick it out longer than that."

Young Mr. Gunnerson.

Mr. Gunnerson yawned and stretched himself in bed. He did not feel like getting up. His legs were curiously leaden. There was a dull pain in the small of his back. The day before there was a tingling in the fingers of his left hand. Yet he did not feel old in his mind, and after his bath, after he had shaved himself and had his breakfast the machinery would be in running order and he would be alert at the office and in fine form at the Porphyry's 5 o'clock. The physician had warned him against working under forced draught. Gunnerson no longer runs for a street car; he waits for one to stop before he dismounts. He is more moderate in the use of tobacco and firewater, but lobster salad and Welsh rabbits still tempt him and his stomach does not rebel.

No, he was not an old man. He still enjoyed the sight of lights in the burgess warrens as he crossed the Common and saw to the right the illuminated Dome. The costumes of women still enchanted or amused him. He was already wondering how Connie Mack was planning his campaign. The east wind was as cheering to Mr. Gunnerson as the wind on the heath was to George Borrow's gypsy friend. As yet no girl in a trolley car had asked him sweetly to take her seat.

He yawned again and suddenly remembered that he was in years nearly as old as his father when he last visited him. And how old that father looked at 61! A patriarch, a man that had heard Daniel Webster speak and sung the Harrison song by night; truly an ancient of days! The son had wondered if he himself would ever look so old. The elder Gunnerson died soon after that visit.

Was it possible that the father felt young, believed that he was young, and was only vaguely conscious that there was an inevitable end?

Young Gunnerson at last left his bed. The razor was dull. He tried another. How worn was the face in the glass! There were pouches under his eyes, creases in his neck. Was he not donning the mask provided by the long-established firm of Kidney, Liver and Heart? He must certainly have his hair cut. Then he would be taken for a man of 50, say 49. After he had found fault with the coffee and pooh-poohed the editorial page of the newspaper, he was in better spirits. He even asked his wife if she did not need more money for the week. But his eyes fell on an obituary notice: "Died at the ripe old age of 58."

Mr. Gunnerson left his house in thoughtful mood. The air braced him. At the corner he met Mrs. Golightly on her way to the riding school. She smiled on him and called him "George." And then Mr. Gunnerson walked jauntily down the street as though a brass band were playing a quick-step, and there were banners and cheering.

The Two Rockinghams.

As the World Wags:

Compliments of "Rockingham" (No. 1) to "Rockingham" (No. 2, of Boston Herald, March 12), with the suggestion that No. 1 has been publishing under that name for about eight years to the extent of hundreds of articles in the Boston press and some in London; that thereby he has acquired sundry interested readers (impersonally, the secret of personality being carefully guarded), and he therefore submits that he has acquired a pre-emption in the name; and, in any case, he hopes that No. 2 will kindly use some other name.

ROCKINGHAM No. 1.

Boston, March 12.

A Literary Note.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if any of your readers ever heard of a booklet entitled "The Sayings of Labienus on the 'Life of Caesar' by Napoleon III.," by M. A. Rogeard, translated by Md. C. Fournier? Historical criticisms under Augustus made a sensation in 1865 called "The Criminal Book" and "The Suppressed Critique on Julius Caesar." The author was condemned to prison and a fine of several hundred francs for possessing more mind and talent than his sovereign. The book was called "The finest specimen of literary criticism which France has produced for years."

M. E. MOORE.

West Newton, March 11.

"Nelly Bly."

"H. L. P." of Wollaston asks for the complete words of the bed song "Nelly Bly." We give them as they are in the copy before us. No doubt there are variants.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along,
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, and hab a little song.
Poke de wood, my lady lub, and make de fire burn,
And while I take my banjo down, just gib de musb a turn.

Chorus.

Heigb! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen lub to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly bab a voice like de turtle dove,
I bears it in de meadow and I hears it in de grove.
Nelly Bly hab a beart warm as cup ob tea,
And bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly sbuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
And wben she wakens up again ber eyeballs 'gin to peep.
De way sbe walks she lifts her foot and den she puts it down,
And when it falls der's music dah in dat part of de town.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear drop to de corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made of pumkins and de musb is made of corn,
And der's corn and pumkins plenty lub a lyin in der barn.

MELBA WARMLY

By PHILIP HALE.

The soloists at the concert given at the Boston Opera House last night were Mmes. Melba and Weingartner. Mr. Weingartner conducted. The orchestra played Beethoven's "Leonora" overture No. 3, the Prelude and Liebestod ("Tristan and Isolde," Mme. Weingartner, the singer); Weingartner's transcription of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and the overture to "Der Freischuetz." Mr. Weingartner's contrapuntally ingenious arrangement of Weber's piano piece was first heard here at a Symphony concert led by Mr. Paur if we are not mistaken, and it was played again the next season. It is cleverly made and is effective as well as amusing, nor should purists be shocked by the introduction of a little cadenza or by the passage that connects the dance with the repetition of the introductory measures, the "gentleman's invitation." This interpolation prevents the applause that always interrupts when the piece is performed according to Weber's original version. The transcription pleased the audience so much that a repetition was demanded and granted.

Mr. Weingartner gave a brilliant reading of the orchestral scores and played sympathetic accompaniments on the piano. In concert, as in opera, he not only allows the singer to have the feeling of utter freedom, but there is also the assurance of firm support.

Mme. Melba sang "voi che sapete" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and the "Ave Maria" from "Otello" with orchestral accompaniment. She was enthusiastically welcomed and applauded after each song. She repeated Mozart's Canzonetta and sang several songs, among them Tosti's "Good-by," also a song to her own accompaniment. While there were traces of her recent indisposition, an attack of laryngitis, her middle and lower tones had the timbre, the quality peculiar to her, that distinguished her voice from that of all other singers. She was evidently in good spirits, and she must have been moved by the warmth of her reception.

Mme. Weingartner had been requested to sing the "Liebstod" again. (It will be remembered that she sang it at the concert of the preceding Sunday.) She also sang Fontainailles's "Obstination," "Roches Maccesibles" (composer unknown), and her husband's "Schifferliedchen." She too roused enthusiasm by the beauty of her voice and her expressive singing, and especially by her interpretation of the two French songs.

The concert next Sunday night will be given by Mr. Weingartner, Mr. Kubelik, violinist, and the orchestra of the Opera House.

The announcement is made that Mme. Melba will surely sing tonight in the second and third acts of "Romeo et Juliette" and the third and fourth acts of "Boheme."

GLUCK-BAUER

Alma Gluck, soprano, and Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program:

Miss Gluck sang: Song Cycle, "Frauenliebe und Lebea, Schumann (Mr. Bauer at the piano); Oriental Romance, Rimsky-Korsakoff; Revery, Zimbalist; Liuba's Air from "Tsar's Bride," Rimsky-Korsakoff; Hopak, Mussorgsky, June Morning, Willeby; Green River, Carpenter; To a Butterfly, Powell; 'Way Down South, Homer; Red, Red Rose, Cottenet.

Mr. Bauer played: Sonata, B minor, Chopin; three preludes: Les Collines d'Anacapri, La Fille aux cheveux de lin, Minstrels, Debussy; Impromptu, G-flat, Schubert; Etude en forme de Valse, Saint-Saens.

The hall was filled and the audience was one of the most responsive, appreciative and insisted for recalls that has been there for a considerable time. It was most liberal and energetic in applause. Both Miss Gluck and Mr Bauer were generous in adding to the program. Some of the extra numbers were the most pleasing of the afternoon and that is saying a great deal, for their regular selections were extremely attractive.

Miss Gluck's voice was in fine condition and she added to its effectiveness by the charm of her manner, using just enough dramatic action to enhance the expressiveness of her song without overdoing it. She showed the wide range of her ability to express varying emotions in the Schumann cycle. She was equally successful in the songs with English words and by the varied nature of her songs she charmed her hearers with the remarkable beauty of both her lower and high notes. There are few singers whose tones like those of Miss Gluck shows clear, bell-like resonance combined with velvety smoothness, in all parts of the register.

Mr. Bauer played with his usual elegance of finish, combined with poignant emotional expression. His program did not permit him to show any extremes of brilliance or power, but his work abounded in beauty. He was at his best in the Schubert impromptu and some of his little added gems.

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MELBA WINS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second and third act of "Romeo and Juliette." Mr. Strony conducted.

The Duke of Verona	Mr. Wronski
Capulet	Mr. Grand
Tybalt	Mr. Deru
Gregory	Mr. Sampieri
Paris	Mr. Everett
Romeo	Mr. Muratore
Mercutio	Mr. Danges
Benvolio	Mr. Fusco
Stephano	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Friar Laurence	Mr. Marcoux
Gertrude	Miss Rienskaja
Juliette	Mme. Melba

Followed by the third and fourth acts of "La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. Tanlongo
Marcello	Mr. Danges
Schaunard	Mr. Puicini
Colline	Mr. Mardones
Mimi	Mme. Melba
Musetta	Mme. Beriza
Sergente	Mr. Tortorici

Mr. Leverett Arlington sat musing in front of the fire at the Porphyry last night after the performance. A tankard of ale was within easy reach. Suddenly he was aware of young men talking in the corner. He coughed apologetically and then lifted up his voice:

"I beg your pardon, but many of us enjoyed the opera tonight. It may be, as you say, that the upper tones of Mme. Melba's voice did not have the brilliance which once distinguished them, although you are too young to remember the splendor of those tones when she first visited us 20 years ago. It may be that she was at times short breathed. Yet many of my friends and I passed a delightful evening, and, if you will bear with an old fogy for a few minutes I'll tell you why. First of all, the large audience was enthusiastic, and operatic enthusiasm warms the blood of us old fellows. I have attended performances this season, excellent performances, when the attitude of the audience reminded me of the New Yorker's description of the Boston Opera House as 'The First Unitarian Opera House of Boston.' I should have said congregation instead of audience.

"Let me drink to old memories." Mr. Arlington raised the tankard to his lips, drank deep, and sighed.

"Twenty years ago this month, young gentlemen, Mme. Melba first sang here and the opera was 'Romeo and Juliet.' With her were Jean de Reszke, the most romantic of Romeos, and Pol Plancon, a Friar Laurence with a voice which for richness, pure sonority and pontifical dignity has only been equalled within my recollection by that of Nannetti, the Italian. That was a night never to be forgotten. And as I heard last evening the familiar music of the balcony scene and the wedding ceremony, there was often the same incomparable quality in, what the music critics call, I believe, the working part of Mme. Melba's voice. Again I was in Mechanics' Building; again I heard Melba in all her glory. Mr. Muratore sang with great fervor, and again I heard de Reszke beneath the balcony and his song of agony after the Duke's sentence. Mr. Danges, who I am glad to say is recovering his voice, was a better Mercutio than those we have seen before. Mr. Marcoux, with his ascetic appearance, gave a spiritual intensity to Gounod's rather vulgar music. The Stephano in time past, though she may have pleased the eye—and Miss Guercia was a gorgeous creature—did much harm to the ear, but Mme. Swartz-Morse sang her ditty admirably and bore herself like a gallant youth.

"The last time I heard Mme. Melba as Juliet was at the Boston Theatre in 1901 with Saleza, the tenor; Edouard de Reszke, an unctuous friar, and Plancon, the most stately of hosts in all Verona.

"Now, it is possible, as you say, that Mme. Melba wisely did not attempt to sing the waltz in the first act, and that this act was prudently passed over. I have heard her sing that waltz and the performance turned the clay of the music to pure gold. The first act is the poorest of the opera. It is cheap and common. Nor do I judge a singer solely by her ability to sing a florid air that was written deliberately as a trap to catch applause.

"I was not disturbed because two acts of 'Boheme' followed two acts of Gounod's opera. You should have heard the discussion over 'Boheme' when it was first performed here by Mr. C. A. Ellis's company in 1899. The Boston Theatre was packed, for Mme. Melba was to sing. With her were Pandolfini, tall, slight, who looked like a half-starved poet. His voice was light but true and expressive. Bensaude was the Marcello and Miss de Lussan, the Musetta. Would you believe it, in 1899 the crowd found fault with Puccini's music. It was not melodious; it was peculiar; it was ungrammatical; the subject was not suitable for grand opera. Why was Mme. Melba willing to take such a part. There was no opportunity for her to wear handsome costumes. And so on, and so on.

"And the last time I heard Mme. Melba in opera was in 1910 in 'Boheme' at the Boston Opera House with John McCormack, Miss Dereyne, Sammarco. Our friend Wallace Goodrich conducted.

"When Mme. Melba first took the part of Mimi, her song was emotional, for the voice itself had a strangely pathetic quality, a girlishness, a naivete, and yet a mature richness. It was not necessary for her to act in the conventional meaning of the word. She was simple, graceful, and vocally emotional. Last night she played with a spirit and a dramatic intelligence that surprised me. Not only were the tones inherently emotional, but she gave the music a rhetorical emphasis and showed a facial expressiveness that added greatly to the significance of her impersonation. She is an extraordinary woman, young gentlemen, and if you will take the pains to study her career, you will not talk lightly about 'loss of brilliance.' There are other things in the operatic world besides florid waltz songs and extreme high notes. I hope you applauded the excellent Marcello of Mr. Danges and admired the vivacity of Mme. Beritza. I wish that we had seen more of her this season.

"And so I enjoyed the evening, because I heard the Mme. Melba of this year with her associates and also saw and heard the Mme. Melba of former years with singers whose voices, alas, are now silent. The stage was peopled last night with more singers than those named on the play bill."

And Mr. Arlington, although the hour was late, called for another tankard. He looked about him. He was alone with his memories.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "The Poor Little Rich Girl," a play of fact and fancy by Eleanor Gates. First performance in Boston.

Potter	J. Palmer Collins
Royle	Viola Fortesque
Jane	Gladys Fairbanks
Gwendolyn	Viola Dana
Thomas	Harry Cowley
Plumber	Wm. S. Lyons
Organ Grinder	Frank Currier
Mother	Ella Rock
Father	Harry Cowan
Doctor	Harry C. Browne
Policeman	Jos. A. Bingham
Puffy Bear	Al. Grady
King's English	A. Alphonse
The Little Bird	A. Alphonse

The Land of Lights, where candles burn at both ends, and Robinhood's barn, where one goes 'round are no doubt long since familiar to a good many Boston playgoers, but it is to be hoped that they are still unknown to the majority, for "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is in town, and while the story is a charming one for any hearer it is especially so for those to whom the play is a complete surprise. The critic, being an omniscient person, is at somewhat of a disadvantage in such a case, as of course he has already heard all about it and misses the keen pleasure of coming on the unexpected.

The developments in Mrs. Gates's charming play are certainly most unexpected, and their working out is as clever as their conception is original. Just what they are, however, I have no intention of telling, as I made up my mind before I left the theatre that I would spoil nobody's fun as the stupid reviewers had spoiled mine. A pest take them all! It is enough to say that "The Poor Little Rich Girl" states the case of the unfortunate child who is left to the care of nurses and governesses by fashionable parents in an unusual and delightful fashion. It is a strong argument in favor of treating children as rational beings and giving them intelligent answers to intelligent and natural questions.

All this doesn't mean that the play has anything to do with the popular self and sex question. Far from it; although its arguments could well be applied to such matters. Nor does it mean that it approaches the problem play or the staged sermon. As the program states, it is a play of fact and fancy, and while the two elements run side by side, intermingling in a curious way, the background of fact is never allowed to spoil the fancy, but only serves to give it meaning and purpose and to add to the deeply human quality of the play. Its lines are by turns pathetic and deeply satiric, and strike now and

[illegible] which moves the audience [illegible] At the opening last night [illegible] received the play with [illegible] interest and enthusiasm [illegible] thing to do is to go and see [illegible] why its appeal is so strong.

The play was produced in New York in January, 1913 and has since been given in London. Very few of the original company are included in the company now playing in Boston, but Miss Viola Dana is still seen in the name part and the company is in general very satisfactory. Miss Dana's characterization has been highly praised and deservedly so. It is as simple and unaffected as a child would be in real life, and is not marred by the ill-conceived tricks, the wagging golden curls and other artificialities that frequently mar stage children.

The settings are not as good as they might be, and though praise should be awarded the swift striking and setting of the scene, many of them were unfortunately a bit ragged about the edges in such matters as the concealment of border lights and the arrangement of stage rocks and rills. The rill was an especially odious bit of old-fashioned stage clumsiness. In general, a good deal more imagination and charm might have been infused into this part of the production.

Such shortcomings are easily forgotten, however, in the recollection of the delightful lines and the brilliant conception of the author, and it is to be hoped that the play will have a long and successful run in Boston.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Little Cafe," a musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan. Music by Ivan Caryll. Founded on the French farce, "Le Petit Cafe," by Tristan Bernard. First performance in Boston.

Isabel .....Edna Pendleton
P[illegible] .....Toni Graves
P[illegible] .....Maurice Case
A[illegible] .....Harry Depp
[illegible] .....William Doyle
[illegible] Gaufrette .....Mildred Elaine
[illegible] Millefleurs .....Marie Empress
[illegible] .....Eddie Morris
[illegible] Tenbola .....Fred Graham
Prince Max of Gamania....John Deveraill
[illegible] Klink .....F. Stanton Heck
G[illegible]nard .....Joseph Monahan
Vesuchenu .....Joseph Monehan
Celeste .....Marjorie Gateson
P[illegible]bert .....Harold Vizard
Yvonne .....Alma Francis
Albert Lorifian .....John E. Young
Katzlolinka .....Grace Leigh

This musical entertainment is one of unusual merit and plentiful variety. It is handsomely staged and elaborately costumed, while the performance last evening was spirited on the part of principals and chorus.

"Le Petit Cafe," Tristan Bernard's farce, was first presented at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, in October, 1911. It was adapted for the English stage and given by Mr. Cyril Maude at the playhouse in September of the following year. C. M. S. McClellan's version with Mr. Caryll's music was first seen at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, last November.

The original French piece is rich in humor. With a slender plot Mr. Bernard displayed infinite ingenuity in inventing legally amusing situations. The dialogue is well turned, highly seasoned, in turn frankly and delicately Gallic.

Albert, a waiter at the Little Cafe, is left a fortune. The news reaches his employer before he is himself informed. The scheming publican, urged by a shrewd promoter, promptly coaxes Albert into signing a 20 years' contract to remain in his service. Albert hears of his inheritance. To the astonishment of the plotters he does not free himself by handing over to them a goodly portion of his newly acquired wealth, but decides, instead, to increase his fortune by earning the salary agreed upon.

This is the beginning of Albert's double life. By day he is a waiter, a mere "coming, sir," and "thick or clear" in the Little Cafe. By night he sees life and dallies with fair ladies in the Restaurant Grand Gala. He is relentlessly pursued in turn by Gaby Gaufrette, Queen of Night Restaurants, and melliluously named in the French version Belangere D'Acquitaire, Katzlolinka, a Hungarian singer, a former love of his waiter days, and Yovnne, the charming daughter of Philibert, host of the Little Cafe. The waiter's troubles eventually end in marriage with the latter.

Mr. McLellan was shrewd in thinking that Mr. Bernard's play would provide excellent material for musical comedy. The original story is barely outlined and the spectator is entertained rather by the spectacle, music and general performance than by scintillating dialogue. Still the plot is more consistent and amusing than that usually to be found in plays of this nature.

There is the pleasing spectable of Albert outwitting his employer. There are, too, the absurd difficulties which arise when he attempts to keep his friends of day and night apart, and in ignorance of his dual character.

Mr. Caryll's music is melodious, sharply rhythmed, varied and brilliant. Among the numbers which are no doubt destined to become popular are: "I Wonder Whom I'll Marry," "Do You Call that Dancing," "This Gay Paree," "The Moon is a Rose," and "Just Because I'm You." The song, "Serve the Caviar" in the second act is an ingenious interpolation, rendered with telling effect.

The first act representing the Little Cafe is realistically staged and recalls Parisian haunts of its kind. The Restaurant Grand Gala is sumptuously represented. Probably for additional variety Mr. McClellan has set his third act in The Gardens of the Chauteau Sans-Souci, Marly, a scene of picturesque beauty. In the original play this act takes place in the Little Cafe.

The company as a whole was capable. Mr. Young as Albert acted with the requisite impudence and sang with spirit. Miss Francis was a charming Yvonne. Her costume in the second act excited admiration and curiosity. Miss Elaine was good-natured and comely as Gaby Gaufrette, but she might well have displayed more authority and insolence. This insolence, by the way, was effectively portrayed by Miss Empress as Loulou Millefleurs, who was, besides, a striking apparition of exotic beauty. Mr. Graves, as Bigredon, the promoter, delighted the audience by his grimaces and clowning. He made no effort to Gallicise the part. Miss Leigh's Katzlolinka was properly vehement and impetuous. Mr. Depp made much of a small part and was constantly amusing.

A very large audience was hearty in its expressions of approval and after the second act Mr. Erlanger was forced to bow his thanks from the stage.

A feature of the evening was the display of alluring and attractively dressed feminity in the chorus.

CORT THEATRE—First performance on Monday, March 16, "Pretty Mrs. Smith," by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris.

George .....James A. Gleason
Frank Smith .....Harrison Hunter
Bobby Jones .....Sydney Grant
Letitia Proudfoot .....Charlotte Greenwood
Mrs. Smith .....Kitty Gordon
Forrest Smith .....Roy Atwell
Ferdinand Smith .....Edward Martindel

A good deal of interest had been aroused by the announcement that Oliver Morosco was presenting a "comedy with music," rather than a musical comedy, at the Cort Theatre tonight, and starring in the title role, beautiful Kitty Gordon.

The house, even for a first night, was very well filled, but we venture to predict that in the course of a week it will be fuller.

In the first place, the music is melodious and clever. People went away—as Kitty Gordon herself put it—"humming a tune," and there were many tunes to choose from. Then the production was masterly. In the few years since Mr. Moresco started as a producer of plays he has certainly learned to adapt himself to the clamorous needs of a modern public. The scene in the first act—a hotel veranda at Palm Beach—is one of the prettiest we have seen for a long time.

As for the play and the acting: With Miss Gordon, Miss Charlotte Greenwood and Mr. Sydney Grant in the cast, the most fragile plot might be carried through to a triumphant conclusion. When that plot is a good one, if worn a trifle thin, success of a kind is assured.

We cavil at the term, "a comedy with music," however, as a misnomer. A lady among the audience voiced popular opinion very fairly with her declaration that "'Pretty Mrs. Smith,' was the best musical comedy she had seen this season," and the fact is that more attention has been paid to the story than is usual in musical comedy and some of the music taken away. One is not sated with riches, but very well soothed and amused.

The story concerns a certain lonely woman who has had two husbands and is separated from her third because he seeks a divorce on grounds of jealousy. The two former husbands are supposed to be dead, but, of course, they turn up and just at the critical juncture, for Drucilla has just been re-united to husband No. 3. The scene in which this takes place, at the end of the first act, is very charming, and the song "Love Has Come to stay In Our House" will probably become more than popular.

How the three husbands meet and the final happy ending must be seen. It would be a pity to disclose the rather unusual denouement thus early in the history of the play, and Miss Gordon as Mrs. Smith must be seen in the part. Her acting has improved remarkably in the past year, and in the last act, where there is real call upon her emotional possibilities, she rises to the demands made upon her.

Charlotte Greenwood as Letitia Proudfoot is—in slang phraseology — "a scream," and we would especially commend Harrison Hunter as the fortunate husband who wins the lovely Drucilla, and Mr. James A. Gleason as the darky waiter, George. He gives a very clever study of this quaint person. Mr. Roy Atwell and Edward Martindale are each good in their parts. The cast is excellent. But now for the pill, a very small one for this large amount of pain.

The singers and the orchestra were not together throughout the whole performance. Possibly, of course, this was due to lack of rehearsals and will be remedied.

As for another and a graver fault, we would speak more decisively on a further occasion. Why, oh, why, with a pretty, sparkling comedy, clever artists, lovely gowns, and charming setting, should the whole play verge upon "risky" situations and covert allusions—some none too subtle, either— that have no vital connection with the plot?

This panders to a taste that the people of Boston, at least, are very far from anxious to cultivate.

SHUBERT THEATRE—The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company in "Iolanthe," with DeWolf Hopper. The cast:

The Lord Chancellor .....De Wolf Hopper
The Earl of Mount Ararat, Arthur Cunningham
The Earl of Tolloller .....Arthur Aldridge
Strephon .....John C. Thomas
Private Willis .....Herbert Waterous
The Train-Bearer .....Henry Smith
The Fairy Queen .....Sara M. Edwards
Iolanthe .....Gladys Caldwell
Celia .....Gertrude Self
Leila .....Florence Lee
Fleta .....Gladys McDonald
Phyllis .....Alice Brady

MME. AGUGLIA PLAYS "ZAZA" AT HUB THEATRE

Realistic Representation—All Parts Well Filled.

HUB THEATRE—Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company of Sicilian players opened a week's engagement in repertoire in "Zaza," a comedy in five acts by Pierre Berton and C. Simon. The cast:

Zaza .....Mimi Aguglia
Simona .....C. Zoppetti
Teto .....A. Ferrau
Signora Dufresne .....T. Cecchini
Natalia .....A. Dondini
Melania .....P. Biagiotti
Dufresne .....G. Sterni
Cascard .....C. Dondini

Mme. Aguglia, as tigerish and magnetic as ever, received a hearty welcome from her compatriots, most of whom had been faithful attendants at her engagement at the same theatre in January.

Zaza, a music hall star, playing in the provinces, falls in love with Dufresne and succeeds in captivating him. They live together. She hears later he is married. She goes to Paris and meets his little daughter. The child turns her from her purpose of informing Mme. Dufresne of her husband's infidelity. Then she sees that Dufresne cares more for his wife and child than for her and she leaves him and goes back to her former life.

Mme. Aguglia simulated the emotions of the unhappy Parisienne with fidelity and passion. She gave an intense vitality to the big scenes and played the lighter ones with the rough comedy that conforms with the character of Zaza. Her facial expressions and eloquent gestures conspired to render the meaning of the dialogue clear even to that portion of her audience to whom Italian was unintelligible.

The version of the play given by this company differs essentially from any that has been presented by an English speaking company in this country. Mme. Aguglia makes the first act saliently realistic by entering immediately upon the rise of the curtain and making up at her dressing table while the dialogue goes on close at hand.

Of her company, all parts were acceptably taken. G. Sterni, playing Dufresne, tried to do what was expected of him in a poor acting part. Mme. Zoppetti as Simona had little to do and no opportunity to enchant the audience with her charming personality as she did on the occasion of her last appearance here. C. Dondini was excellent, as he always is, and Mme. Biagiotti as Melania gave a clever characterization of Melania.

Tonight "La Cena delle Beffe," a tragedy in four acts, will be given.

CASTLE SQUARE — "The Crisis," Winston Churchill's dramatic version of his own like-named novel, in four acts.

Stephen Brice .....William P. Carleton
Eliphalet Hopper .....Donald Meek
Clarence Colfax .....Frederick Ormonde
Col. Carvel .....Walter Walker
Judge Whipple .....Al Roberts
Carl Richter .....J. Morrill Morrison
Jack Brinsmade .....Carney Christie
George Catherwood .....Alfred Lunt
Maurice Renault .....George Hunt
Tom Catherwood .....Montana Williams
Mr. Canter .....George Ernst
Josephus .....Robert Capron
Ephrum .....George Ernst
Auctioneer .....Montana Williams
Virginia Carvel .....Doris Olsson
Nancy .....Augusta Gill
Puss Russell .....Florence Shirley
Mrs. Brice .....Mabel Colcord
Maud Catherwood .....Anna Paystone
Eugenie Renault .....Beatrice Loring
Anne Brinsmade .....Sylvia Cushman

The play Mr. Churchill has fashioned from his own novel begins in a discussion of a dead issue and mellows into a sentimental drama set in war times. Slavery is, of course, the theme about which a warm argument rages in the first act; there is the tragic Stephen Brice to plead for universal freedom and Col. Carvel to speak against it; and when we have done with their informal debates we are led into another of the many love stories woven out of the southern rebellion.

It were obviously a bootless occupation to argue slavery today—whether for it or against it; still there can be no doubt that slavery was a question supreme in the public mind at the time of which Mr. Churchill has written; so that when he brings his characters to talk of it as they do he vivifies his play so much the more. "The Crisis" is not wanting a certain illusionary appeal; yet it is not to be thought far superior to many dramas based on the war, since here again we meet a northern soldier who, coming under a Dixie maiden's spell, will sacrifice all for her sake; here again there is a frank aiming to please our patriotism; here again we see how loyally the southerners stood to their cause.

Mr. Craig's players yesterday spoke as people from the Confederate states; theirs was the softness of speech native to the characters, and—what is more important—there was, too, a sense for shading in all the acting.

ANNA HELD STAR AT B. F. KEITH'S

Miss Anna Held, who is now playing a very limited vaudeville engagement at the very remunerative figure of $3000 per week, is at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, bringing with her the songs that she made famous and, incidentally, some 18 trunks full of the latest Parisian creations. Miss Held, who is appearing under the management of F. Ziegfeld, Jr., and carrying along her own musical director, was enthusiastically received by two large audiences yesterday. Each audience she favored with five selections, the concluding song of the series being her "Won't You Come and Play With Me," the first song in English she ever attempted and always regarded by Miss Held as one of her most successful. As the star of several shows, including "The Little Duchess," "Miss Innocence," "Papa's Wife" and others, Miss Held has, first and last, scored tremendous hits with many songs and she is using these entirely upon her present engagement.

Miss Held, of course, makes a complete change of costume after each song and shows an array of gowns of bewildering splendor. While she is off the stage some motion pictures of her are thrown upon the screen. One series shows her horseback riding in France; another series is taken while she is feeding the elephants and other quadrupeds at a zoo. At each performance yesterday Miss Held was given a wonderful reception, bowing her acknowledgments time after time.

Just before Miss Held upon the bill come those two old favorites, Charles and Fanny Van, in their amusing sketch entitled "From Stage Carpenter to Ackter." Always clever the two Vans present several new songs, doing them all well. Then Francis McGinn and company, with Mr. McGinn playing Officer O'Reilly, present "The Cop," a comedy upon the police graft in New York. Officer O'Reilly is, of course, the honest cop and because of his honesty, strange to relate, is raised to a lieutenancy. It is an interesting sketch and is well presented. Also out of the ordinary run of vaudeville acts is that of Bertie Herron and Bonnie Gaylord down upon the program as "The Two Corking Girls," corking presumably because they are burnt-cork artists, although subsequently they remove their complexions within full view of their audiences and to its huge enjoyment.

The Wilson Brothers—Joe and Frank—made everybody laugh in the skit "Go Out." Jane Ward and Billie Cullen—it was difficult to say which was the better—gave a pianosongologue that won much favor. Valveno and Lamore opened the show in "Bumping the Bumps," a grotesque gymnastic act. The Marconi Brothers looked the part of Italian street musicians with their accordions; Anita Diaz's monkeys did all manner of funny things, and the performance concluded with the De-Vole trio, daring aerialists.

Next week a special anniversary bill is to be presented in celebration of the opening of the B. F. Keith Theatre, just a score of years from next week Tuesday.

LAST CONCERT OF KNEISELS

The Kneisel Quartet gave its fourth and last concert of its 29th season last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a warmly appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Hinton, piano quintet in C minor, op. 30 (first time here); Glazounoff, interludium in modo antico; Brune, scherzo from quartet in C minor op. 38 (ms.); Bach, suite in C major for 'cello alone (Mr. Wilske, 'cellist); Schumann, quartet in F major op. 41, No. 2.

Mr Hinton's music is not unk[nown] here. His wife, Katharine Goodson, the pianist last night, played his piano concerto six years ago at a Symphony concert end smaller pieces by him have been on the programs of her recitals. Miss Goodson has also twice assisted the Kneisels in their concerts in Boston.

This quintet is well written and for the most part interesting in a highly respectable and orthodox manner. The musical ideas are not of great distinction in themselves, but they are treated clearly and frankly; there is independence in part-writing, and the composition shows a practised hand in the field of chamber music. The first movement is rather dry, and the second is rather Mendelssohnian. The motive of the slow movement is finely developed and this movement and the finale may well command the respect of musicians and the general public. Miss Goodson played the piano part con amore.

Glazounoff's Interlude is well known here, and the Scherzo of Brune was an agreeable companion number. Mr. Willeke displayed a full rich tone and a pure taste in the Suite of Bach. The peculiar intimacy of Schumann's music always finds sympathetic interpretations in the Kneisels.

The following works were played at the preceding concerts:

Nov. 4, Beethoven, Quartet in F minor, op. 95, Chadwick, Quartet in D minor, No. 5, Brahms, clarinet and quintet, B minor (Mr. Henri Leon Leroy, clarinetist).

Dec. 2, Mozart, Quartet in F major; Schubert, Posthumous Quartet in D minor; Franck, piano quintet. Mr. Michael von Zadora, pianist, played here for the first time.

Jan. 6, d'Indy, Quartet in E major, op. 45. Beethoven, Quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1.

These concerts have given much pleasure. Although the Quartet is no longer literally a "Boston institution," the fact that it was organized here and gained its international reputation when the members were residents of Boston will always be a source of local pride and the career of the Quartet will furnish one of the most important chapters in the history of music in this city.

Mme. Aguglia in "La Cena Delle Beffe" at Hub Theatre—A Gruesome Story.

HUB THEATRE Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company of Italian players in "La Cena delle Beffe," aplay in four acts by Sem Benelli.

Giannetto Malespini	M. Aguglia
Ginevra	C. Zoppetti
Lisabetta	T. Cecchini
Laldomine	G. Gatti
Fannietta	S. Aguglia
Cintia	A. Dondini
Neri Chiaramantesi	G. Sterni
Gabriello Chiaramantesi	Cecchini
Il Tornaquinci	G. Seragnoli
Fazio	R. Bongini
Il Trinca	P. Rosa
Il Dottore	G. Zoppetti
Il Calandra	H. Bilancini
Un cantore	E. Procchio

Sem Benelli has been recently conspicuous in Boston as the author of the tragic poem "L'Amore del Tre Re." He is also known as the writer of "La Maschera di Bruto" (The Mask of Brutus) and "La Cena Delle Beffe," literally translated "The Supper of Jokes," performed at the Hub Theetre lest evening by Mme. Aguglia and her company, probably for the first time in Boston.

This tragedy of vigorous action is not merely a play of unusual power. It is a historical picture of Florence, the Florence of the 15th century, with its joyous and bloody morals, its tempestuous life.

The "beffa" from which the piece is named was a Florentine joke, popular in the days of the Medici and practised with diabolical cruelty by the decadent youths of the time. The victim, however, was permitted to remember the outrage and to retaliate.

Giannetto Malespini is the victim of a "beffa" played upon him by the brothers Neri and Gabriello Chiaramentesi. Neri, a young bully of Herculean strength carries off Ginevra, Gianetto's mistress and also ducks him in the Arno. A supper arranged in order that the may be made is but the prelude to Gianetto's revenge.

He dares Neri to enter a resort of Florentine bravos. He accepts the challenge. Meanwhile Gianetto spreads the news that Neri has gone mad and ... visits Gineora. Neri is arrested and imprisoned, while his enemy taunts him with his supposed madness.

Gianetto's revenge is incomplete. He must exterminate both brothers. He ... Neri challenging him to meet and ... him in Ginevra's house. Neri kills Ginevra's gallant in darkness, only to discover that he has slain his brother. He goes mad and Gianetto gloats upon his successful revenge.

The piece attained extraordinery success in Italy, where it was given 400 consecutive performances. Translated by Jean Richepin, it was presented es "La Beffe" at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, four years ago, when Mme. Bernhardt took the part of Gianetto.

The play is a grim tragedy equalling in horror anything conceived by the Greek tragedists. The action is swift and vigorous. The third act is primitive, incredibly barbaric, with Neri, bound and imprisoned, tortured by en outraged father and two former loves.

None of the characters inspires sympathy. Neri is a swaggerer of monstrous bestiality. Ginevra is a traditional courtesan—cold, selfish end sensual. Then there is Gianetto and in the psychological study of this character lies the strength of the play.

Benelli's exposition of such a nature is as extraordinary as it is unflinchingly reelistic. Gianetto has every mental vice. He is sly, suspicious, smooth-tongued, an implacable enemy. Old in treachery and cunning in intrigue, he delights in the discomfiture and suffering of those ebout him. The victim of a detestable joke, his vindictiveness knows no bounds. He sets his traps with diabolical skill.

Mme. Aguglia played this part with her usual sincerity and native eloquence. She was a comely figure, but the illusion was slight. Nor did the flaming intensity of her acting suggest the physical weakness of Gianetto for he was physically a coward. In other words the part is not well suited to her.

Mr. Sterni as Neri acted with much intelligence and emotional force. Mme. Zoppetti'e Ginevra was a clever impersonation. Others in the cast were effective. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Tonight "Malia" will be performed.

When the time came round
That the Soul must leave the Body
All the Man's kinsfolk
Stood round the bed
Where the miracle was to be
The departure for the Journey.
And the heavy eyelids
Gave faint recognition.
And the leaden hands
Caught at the coverlet;
Then the Soul stood out
Invisible beside the Body
And shivered in the strange air.

Question of Etiquette.

As the World Wags:

I was spending lest Sunday evening in company at a friend's house in Lime etreet and the question came up whether it wes the polite thing for the man of the house to take off his collar and boots of a hot night. It seemed to most of us that he ought to stand it with the rest, out of respect for the ladies. EUGENE BLOSSOM.

Boston, March 16.

Too Fussy.

There is always a fly in someone's ointment. When Tenniel died everybody spoke of his cartoon on Lincoln's esassination, the cartoon "Dropping the Pilot," and the illustrations to "Alice in Wonderland." "Dropping the Pilot" was called his greatest achievement. And now some one rises to remark that the pilot, Bismarck, should not be walking down en accommodation ladder "The pilot, with his bag, clambers over the side and drops down a rope ladder into the waiting boat." We will next be told that the bag is full of pilot bread in cese he is cast away.

4,000,000 Copies.

An English writer states that the American book which has had the greatest circulation is "The Divine Plan of the Ages." Four million copies have been printed, and there are translations into French, German, Greek, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish. The English writer forbears from saying that this American book has been translated into English. The Saturday Review would not have let such a chance go by. Four millions! And we never even saw a copy. Do the readers of The Herald know the book, and can any one of them tell us in a stickful of type just what the Divino Plan is?

Fashion Note.

We are also informed that the Sylph figure and fashion will disappear next fall and the Junoesque will succeed them. This is good news for the sensitive and nervous persons who are shocked by the prevailing costumes of women, old and young, for in ancient gems and marbles the Juno Matrona is always represented in a primly modest dress, and while the costume of Juno Regina and Juno Moneta is magnificent. It is always decent. The robe invariably covers the body from head to foot. We have been given to understand by poets end sculptors that Juno was a large and stately person, rather slow in walk, but with a temper, haughty, revengeful. She also had the eyes of the ox. It is not easy to see how some of our sisters in this vale of tears will be able to dress becomingly in Junoesque fashion, but we are told that feminine lines next fall will be "more rounded and ample" than they are at present. Do curves and fulness of body depend on dress? Here is the subject for an essay that might be bound in one volume with the old pamphlet "The Influence of the Sun on Curbstones."

The Better Part.

Let us now praise famous men. The late Mr. J. J. Sackett of Myrtle Cottege, St. Peters, England, had lived for the 94 years of his life in the house in which he was born, and the house had never been moved. During that time he had slept under another roof only twice.

Contrast this molluscan existence with the life of Villiers de l' Isle Adam, who, after his 20th year, did not have his own hearth or table for one day; and for 30 years he wandered at night from one cafe to another. "His poverty, the frightful poverty of cities, had so marked and fashioned him that he resembled one of those vagabonds who, clothed in black, sleep on the benches of public walks. He had the livid color, spotted with red, the glassy look, the humble back of the poor." And yet he never knew his poverty; he was unconscious of his wanderings. "In thought he was always living in enchanted gardens, in marvellous palaces, in vaults full of Asiatic treasure, where shone the faces of royal sapphires and hieratic virgins." The exterior world did not exist for him. "His soul was full of lonely castles on the edge of lakes where the moon silvered enchanted swans." And so Schopenhauer exclaimed: "What palace, what Escurial, what Alhambra ever equalled in magnificence the dark dungeon in which Cervantes wrote his 'Don Quixote'?" No wonder thet Anatole France, thinking of Villiers's gorgeous visions and superb prose, cried out: "Go in peace. You have taken the part of the ideal, the part of Mary, the better part. Great passions are never sterile. A world of images has peopled the lofty solitudes of your soul."

Another Collins.

"K. P.," an English woman, writes that she heard an old maiden aunt explain the term "Collins" as applied to a bread and butter letter, by reference to a book, "Collins's Polite Letter Writer," which wes used by governesses in her schoolroom days to instruct "young gentlewomen" in the niceties of social behavior. We are inclined, however, to favor the theory that the term was derived from the Rev. William Collins in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

"I'll Spell You."

As the World Wags:

My kinsmen when they would relieve another of his task used to say: "I will spell you." Is this usage of the verb "spell" now obsolete here?

Boston, March 12. TARBELLUS.

According to the dictionaries the verb "spell" meaning to relieve, to take the place of a person in work, is rare in England. We have heard and used it ever since boyhood. In England as far back as the 16th century men were said to work "by spells." Carew in his "Survey of Cornwall" (1602) wrote: "Their toyl is so extreme as they cannot endure it above foure houres in a day, but are succeeded by spels." Did the word, noun or verb, with this meaning originate with seafaring men? The definitions in the older dictionaries point that way.

3. 19. 1914

MISS DUFAU

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Manon." First time this season. Mr. Tournon conducted.

Manon	Miss Dufau
Poussette	Miss Choiseul
Javotte	Miss Rieger
Roselte	Miss Gauthier
Des Grieux	Mr. Muratore
Lescaut	Mr. Danges
Le Comte des Grieux	Mr. Wronsky
Guillot	Mr. Giaccone
De Bretigny	Mr. Grand
L'Hotelier	Mr Tavecchia

The scene of the Cours-La-Reine was given lest night for the first time at this opera house. The act was performed at Mechanice building, when Sibyl Sanderson took the part of Manon, in March, 1895, and in the next season, when the chief singere were Mme. Melba, Jean de Reszke, Maurel and Plancon. It probably was performed when the opera wes produced at the Boston Theatre, early in 1886.

Now this scene is important in the development of the story, for the father of Des Grieux is introduced and we, as well as Manon, learn that the son about to take orders, will preach a sermon at the seminary of St. Sulpice. Manon then resolves to leave Guillot, who, to please her and take her away from de Bretigny, has brought the opera ballet to dance in the open air. She will go to St. Sulpice and dissuade her former lover.

Gaining this act, the audience lost the gaming scene, and the reunited lovers hastening from St. Sulpice are on the road to Havre, disgraced and in dire distress without apparent reason. Neither the act of the Cours-la-Reine nor that of the gambling table is of musical importance. For the former Massenet wrote a florid air and later a "Fable and Gavotte" so that any singer eager to shine in coloratura could take her choice. When the Cours-la-Reine scene is omitted, the gavotte is often sung in the gambling room. Lescaut's Madrigal emounts to nothing, but the scene between Des Grieux, the elder, end Manon is graceful and in the true spirit of the Opera Comique in Paris.

Miss Dufau of the Chicago Opera Company sang here for the first time. She has a light voice. The lower and middle tones are agreeable enough, but the upper ones are without body and wiry. The tones themselves are not emotional, but the singer often gave them dramatic significance. It was stated that the Cours-la-Reine scene was restored in order to give Miss Dufau an opportunity of displaying her proficiency as a coloratura singer. She had the opportunity and did not improve it, for her voice was then thin and acrid, end her singing of the florid passages was labored and crude.

She acted with considerable intelligence and her entrance and first scenes with Lescaut and Guillot were well managed, if her premise that Manon was thoroughly sophisticated when she arrived at Amiens should be granted. She might reply that many essayists uniting about the Abbe Prevost end his famous romance have confessed that Manon is still an enigmatical character as she was to Des Grieux.

Mr. Muratore sang with a fervor and a force that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. The force was too often unduly exerted. One would have thought that the Chevalier were Radames or any other stalwart operatic hero. More then once Mr. Muratore stepped outside the frame. He has excellent qualities, and among them an impressive voice of noble quality, but he has still much to learn as a singer. At present he either sings with full force, or in falsetto, end when he would be expressive in tender passages he usually bleats. Meny of us remember Mr. Clement's exquisite singing of the Dream in the second act. Mr. Muratore's diction is unusually good. He acts with spirit, and is a manly figure, elthough he is singularly awkward in the use of his hands.

Mr. Denges gave a dramatically excellent characterization of the rascally Lescaut. We should have preferred a graver and older Comte des Grieux, one after the traditional manner of the "pere noble." The music of the three joyous young women in the first act was sung with the fitting mockery and lightheartedness.

CONCERT BY MR. WHITING AND UNIVERSITY QUARTET

Mr. Arthur Whiting and the University Quartet of New York (Mrs. Charles Rabold, Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, William Wheeler and Edmund A. Jahn) gave an unusually interesting concert in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association. The program was as follows: Brahms's piano waltzes, op. 39, end Liebeslieder, op. 52 and op. 65; Whiting, Ballade in D minor; Study in A minor, Idylle in D flat major, prelude in D flat major; cycle of 10 old Irish melodies arranged by Mr. Whiting.

Mr. Whiting gave a fine performance of the piano waltzes. He played with the appropriete alterneting dash and tenderness, and brought out fully the romantic and poetic character of the music. The same may be eaid of his share in the performance of the Liebeslieder. Of his own compositions, the Ballade in rhapsodic style and the Study have not the spontaneity of the Idylle and the Prelude. The former seem lebored and too delicately extravagant. The latter have more genuine character.

The quartet of singers has been well trained. The voices blend, the ensemble is excellent in matters of technic, and the singers show aesthetic as well as musical intelligence. It is to be hoped that they will visit Boston again. Mr. Whiting's arrangement of the Irish melodies is a capital piece of work. He has preserved the flavor and has not given a too elaborate setting.

An audience that filled the hall was greatly pleased.

BENEFIT CONCERT GIVEN AT THE COPLEY-PLAZA

Opera Singers Aid Hillside Farm School and Home.

A concert by singers from the Boston Opera Company and others, in aid of the Hillside Farm School and Home for Orphaned and Neglected Children, was given yesterday afternoon in the ball room foyer of the Copley-Plaza. The program included Sarastro's air from "The Magic Flute," Kaspar's song from "Freischuetz," Novak's "Zal," Dvorak's "Bohemian Melody," Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," and Rubinstein's "Der Asra" (Paolo Ludikar); airs from "Mignon," "Gioconda," and a group of English songs (Miss Elvira Leveroni); violin solos—serenade from "The Jewels of the Madonna," meditation from "Thais," and a nocturne by Chopin (Mrs. Marguerite Pearsons Moss); polonaise from "Mignon," and songs by Campbell Lipson and H. Woodman (Mrs. Gertrude Holt); and interpretative dances, "An Egyptian Echo," music by Walter M Arno, the composer, at the piano, and Kreisler's Venetian Caprice (Mrs. Anna Eastman Frost.)

Fabio Rimini of the Boston Opera Company accompanied Miss Leveroni and Mr. Ludikar, and Mr. Arno played the other accompaniments. The ushers

Ann is not the only woman concerning whose age there have been anxious inquiries. In answer to several correspondents we give the following information, which is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Mme. Melba (Nellie Porter Mitchell) was born at Burnley on the "Yarra Braes," near Melbourne, on May 19, 1861. The date 1859 found in certain lexicons is erroneous.

Mme. Emma Eames (Mrs. de Gogorza) was born at Shanghai, Aug. 13, 1867. The date 1865 has been given.

Mme. Nordica (Lillian Norton, now Mrs. Young) was born at Farmington, Me., May 12, 1859.

Mme. Sembrich (Praxede Marcelline Koschanska, now Mrs. Wilhelm Stengel) was born at Wisniewczyk, Galicia, Feb. 18, 1858.

An Incredible Story.

We have received from Miss Hannah J. Patterson, chairman of the Woman Suffrage party committee, Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, Harrisburg, Pa., the following letter:

"In a public address a short time ago a speaker stated that when Margaret Fuller first appeared in a public library in Boston and asked for a book, she created a commotion in the city, that newspapers printed editorials to the effect that women should not spend their time in public libraries, and that ministers preached sermons the following Sunday morning with the same topic as a text. Can you give me any information as to the truth of this report?"

An Awful Bore.

We have received several letters about the pod-auger.

As the World Wags:

Sixty years ago in northern Vermont spring water was conducted to residences by "pump logs," made from fir boles of convenient length, bored through the centre lengthwise and laid, with ends joining, in a trench below the frost line. These fir boles were bored by experts who were in good demand. They went from place to place, with the necessary outfit, including a pod-auger. This tool was an iron rod eight or 10-feet long with a steel pod on the business end, shaped like the half of a short pea pod, one side of which had a cutting edge, and a sharp point at its end: no screw or thread, so the harder the operator pressed the thing the faster the work progressed. As often as this pod got full of clippings the auger was withdrawn and the pod emptied. I have watched this work for many hours. "Pod-auger" was the obvious name for the tool.

The name was often applied to an individual who was unusually slow.

W. H. CHEEVER.

Nashua, N. H., March 16.

Mr. Edward Messenger of Winchester writes: "The pod-auger I have seen and used. It is all in one groove like a carpenter's gauge with the cutting edge on one corner. The screw at the tip simply steadied the work of the tool. Any old blacksmith used to make them in New Hampshire."

Dr. S. H. Sanborn of Woburn also writes: "That expression—'the good old pod-auger days'—was used by a man making a political speech in New Hampshire—in a sarcastic way—more than 50 years ago; how much longer I do not know. I very well remember my father laughing over it, as the pod-auger was about as effective in making a hole in wood as a corncob would be. I have seen many of them. They were made with a screw like any auger, and the rest was sort of scoop shape. They were very poor tools."

The Brotherless Sword.

As the World Wags:

Brother Hampton may find the source of the phrase "His sword knows no brother" in Haggai II., 22: "And the horses and their riders shall come down, every one by the sword of his brother." Also in Thomas Campbell's poem, "O'Connor's Child":

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's,
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah, me! it was a brother's.

Boston, March 16. J. D. K.

The "Pi" Line.

As the World Wags:

In the elevator, Saturday night, a dyspeptic remarked: "The sight of that bread line has a depressing effect on me." An optimistic disciple of the art preservative replied: "Come up to the composing room and we'll show you a 'pi' line that will stagger humanity."

Boston, March 15. DR. FAUSTUS.

Another Sad Case.

As the World Wags:

I have read the story of James L. Chase. Such stories are interesting as well as sad. My own experience is as noteworthy as his. Having enlisted for three months, the first call, and through envy and jealousy prevented from being mustered in when my regiment was mustered for three years, I went along with my company at the express wish of the colonel, H. G. Berry. Captured the first prisoner, soldier, of the war. Served near four months, was court-martialed twice, had an honorable discharge, secured through Secretary of War Stanton. Draw a pension. And still my name is on the records as a deserter.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston, March 15.

P. S.—Was first man to sign the roll of my regiment.

That Virgil Travesty.

H. P. Patey of Newtonville writes concerning the travesty of Virgil that interested many: "This pamphlet was first published about 1870 and a third edition in 1907. The first was anonymous, but in the latter are disclosed many secrets. The translation was made by Theodore F. Vaill of Winsted, Ct., where he was editor of the Winsted Herald. He died in 1875. The illustrations were by Thomas Worth, who in 1907 was living in New York. Besides his cartoons and caricatures he has been a painter in water colors and oils. Is he living still? Where may his work be seen?"

We are indebted to Mr. Samuel Y. Nash of Boston for allowing us to see a copy of the first edition. The illustrated cover contains only these words: "The Aeneid in Modern American. Price 25 cents."

MME. AGUGLIA PLAYS 'MALIA' AT HUB THEATRE

HUB THEATRE—Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company of Sicilian players in "Malia," ("Bewitched") a tragedy in three acts by Luigi Capuana.

Jana.....Mme. Aguglia
Nedda.....T. Cecchini
La Zia Pina.....T. Angeloni
Caterina.....M. Gregoin
Nino.....G. Sterni
Massalo Palo Naiddu.....P. Rosa
Nicola.....L. Aguglia
Don Saveria.....R. Bongini
Mastro Nunzio.....O. Seragnoli

"Malia," was first presented in Boston by the Sicilian players in January, 1909 at the Majestic Theatre. Its artistic interpretation won the company merited commendation at that time.

Without doubt the best performance of Mme. Aguglia's two appearances here this winter was given last night. There was not a false note struck to mar a perfect blend of illusion and artistry.

The first act, laid in pastoral Sicily, shows the young peasant girl, Jana. She is simple, passionate, natural. She falls in love with the bridegroom of her sister. She does not understand what has befallen her. She is tortured and fancies herself bewitched. Family and friends try in vain to cure her by charms and by prayer. In the midst of her painful state of mind, Nicola comes to her, divines her secret that she loves him, and ruins her.

Her own lover to whom she was engaged before the strange infatuation for Nicola seized her, had pleaded in vain for an explanation. After the scene with her brother-in-law, her old love for Nino returns and the madness departs. Then she tells Nino why she cannot marry him and he guesses who the man was. In the last act he slashes Nicola's throat with a razor.

Aguglia gave a powerful interpretation of Jana. It is a part so suited to her personality that it might have been written for her.

Madame's brother, L. Aguglia, is a new member of the company and has much of his sister's talent. He played Nicola without making him villainous, but with the care-free attitude of an unmoral young man, taking what he wants and seeing no particular reason why he should not.

T. Cecchini, as Nedda, T. Angeloni as Pina, G. Sterni as Nini and R. Bongini as Don Saveria played their parts adequately.

"Santarella" will

Mch 20 1914

Miss Marshall Plays Violin with Sure Technic—Miss Clark at the Piano.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Gertrude Marshall, violinist, and Miss Ethel Damon Clark, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall last evening. Alfred De Voto was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Grieg, sonata in C minor for piano and violin; Saint-Saens, concertstueck in A major for violin; piano pieces: Mozart, rondo in A minor; Liszt, etude in F minor; Chopin, scherzo in E major. Violin pieces: Chopin-Wilhelmj, nocturne; Debussy, En Bateau; Wieniawski, Polonaise in D major.

This concert gave pleasure to an audience of fair size and friendly disposition. Miss Marshall has a pure and sympathetic tone and an evenly developed and sure technic. She plays intelligently and in a musical spirit. She might, however, play with greater freedom and with a wider range of expression. Like the vast majority of American women singers, violinists, pianists, she is reserved when a foreigner would be emotional. They shrink from confiding their own feelings through music to the public. And so, excellent as Miss Marshall's performance was in matters of technic, it lacked variety of expression and individual flavor.

Miss Clark has an agreeable touch. She played the piano part of Grieg's sonata with musical understanding and an appreciation of the Scandinavian spirit. It might be added that many movements of her hands and arms were unnecessary and wasted strength.

A few days ago some one who signed himself "Rockingham No. 1" objected to one of our contributors signing his articles "Rockingham," and he said that he, "Rockingham No. 1," has written a great deal—"hundreds of articles"—for the Boston press. This pseudonym was also known in London. He therefore hoped that "Rockingham" No. 2 would henceforth use some other name.

Taking up Notes and Queries (London) of March 7 we found an article signed "Rockingham," an engrossing little article, on "Human Fat as a Medicine."

And now we have received a courteous note from "Rockingham."

As the World Wags:

"In suffixing 'Rockingham' as a signature to my communication in The Herald of March 12, I did not know that I was trenching upon the prerogative of somebody who claims the exclusive right to use the word as a pseudonym. I live in a county which bears the name of Rockingham; so it 'came natural' to use 'Rockingham' as a pseudonym. I had never seen the word used as a pseudonym, so it is seen that I was innocent of any intent to infringe upon such a use of it by some one else. The dating of my communication at 'Boston' was not done by me.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

Felice Lyne.

Miss Felice Lyne, who will sing here tonight for the first time, was born at Kansas City. Her mother's father, Col. Hezekiah Purdom, owned and ran a newspaper at Bowling Green. Her father, mother, grandmother and aunt in 1911 were osteopathic physicians. Dr. Lyne moved to Allentown, Pa., and there her girlhood was spent. She studied the piano with Frank Fish of Kansas City and took singing lessons of Frank S. Hardman in Allentown. In 1907 she went to Paris and there she studied with Mme. Marchesi, Jean de Reszke, and also with d'Aubigne. In 1910 she met Oscar Hammerstein in Paris. She had already received an offer from Hans Gregor, then in Berlin, and there were other offers. She signed with Mr. Hammerstein and sang in New York in "Hans, the Flute Player." In the spring of 1910 she sang at San Sebastian, Spain.

It was on Nov. 26, 1911, that as Gilda in "Rigolette" she took London by storm. The other chief singers were Maurice Renaud and Orville Harrold. It was then said of her in the London journals that she was 20 years old, that she weighed 98 pounds and was only an inch over five feet in height. In the 13 weeks that followed her first appearance she sang 36 times in opera and four in concerts. Her other roles were Lucia, Olympia, Marguerite, Rosina.

It was not till the fall of 1912 that Miss Lyne became a full-fledged prima donna. Her manager, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, sued her.

Table Etiquette.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson, or some other student of manners, can enlighten us as to the etiquette regarding beans. I have seen solid citizens in the rural districts mash them to a pulp with a fork prior to surrounding them. Is this bad form or good taste or both? And should they be impaled a few at a time, or is it allowable to shovel them in? Mr. Halliday Witherspoon could undoubtedly tell us how a traveler on the road absorbs his "thousand on a plate."

Boston, March 18. D. GUSTIBUS.

"Santarella" Agreeably Performed at Hub Theatre by Italian Company.

HUB THEATRE—Mimi Aguglia and Italian company in "Santarella," a comedy in three acts by E. Scarpetta. The cast:

Nannina.....Mme. Agulia
Cesira.....G. Zoppetti
Rachele.....J. Angeloni
Carmela.....T. Cecchini
Teresina.....A. Dondini
Elvira.....D. Migliari
Carolina.....P. Biagiotti
Felice.....C. Dondini
D. Angelo.....P. Rosa
Eugenio.....C. Zoppetti
Celestino.....L. Aguglia

The story of "Santarella," or "Santarellina," which may be roughly translated as "The Little Saint," as it was given on the printed programs, is an abrupt departure from the general character of Mme. Aguglia's repertoire. It is pure comedy from beginning to end. Nannini, a young girl in a French convent school, studies music with the convent "maestro," Felice, who, under cover of the lessons, secretly teaches her the music of his opera, which is to be produced in Paris. A young officer arrives at the convent with a letter from Nannina's uncle, to the effect that a marriage has been arranged for her and she is to return home.

Nannina and her suitor are permitted to talk together without seeing each other, a screen being placed between them. The mother superior sends Nannina away in charge of Felice. Instead of going to her home they go to the first performance of Felice's opera. He leaves Nannina in the stalls and goes behind the scenes, where she, afraid to be left alone, follows him. Here Nannina is discovered by the prima donna, who is Felice's sweetheart, and in a jealous tantrum the latter refuses to go on with the performance. Nannina knows the music, and is pressed into service despite her protests. She sings, dances, and has a brilliant success, in which the young officer who has called upon her falls in love with her.

Nannina returns to the convent with Felice, and the next day the young officer calls to withdraw from the match, only to find that his two entanglements are with the same girl.

The performance was admirable throughout, played in true comedy vein without exaggeration, full of both brilliant and quiet humor. Mme. Aguglia as Nannina showed herself as gifted in comedy as in tragic roles. Mr. Dondini as Felice was thoroughly delightful, and the concerted action of the whole company was smooth and finished. The play tonight will be "The Daughter of Jorio."

Mch 21 1914

FELICE LYNE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Duca di Mantova.....Mr. Laffitte
Rigoletto.....Mr. Amato
Sparafucile.....Mr. Mardones
Conte Monterone.....Mr. Sillich
Marullo.....Mr. Pulcini
Borsa.....Mr. Giaccone
Conte di Ceprano.....Mr. Serpellon
Gilda.....Miss Lyne
Giovanna.....Miss Mandell
Maddalena.....Mme. Gay
Contessa Cerprano.....Miss Heliane

It was in November, 1911, that Miss Felice Lyne, appearing as Gilda at Mr. Hammerstein's London opera house, excited extraordinary attention. Even the venerable and sedate London Times sounded a headline trumpet in her praise. She was the sensation of the season.

Last night she sang in Boston for the first time, and triumphed gloriously. The audience was for once enthusiastic, with an honesty and a fervor that reminded many of the nights in Mechanics' building years ago. There has been no scene like that of last night in the Boston Opera House this season, or in any season preceding.

Miss Lyne's voice is not a large one, but it is singularly sympathetic and it makes its way without effort on the part of the singer. While it is comparatively light, it has body even in the extreme upper notes. It has been well schooled. Miss Lyne has a beautiful legato and the florid passages were sung without exertion, not merely as an exercise, clearly and with the appropriate dash. Her performance, however, did not depend on the "Caro nome," which is one of the weakest, most insignificant melodies in Verdi's operas, and it should be frankly stated that in the second act her intonation was at times slightly impure. This no doubt was due to natural nervousness.

We have seldom, if ever, seen and heard a more charming Gilda. She looked the part, she acted the part, she sang as Gilda might have sung. Here was a pathetic heroine who was young, slight, girlish, fair to the eye, pleasing

to the ear, a winning apparition with a voice that at once charmed the audience. Our Gildas too often have been bulbous and elderly ladies, who surely would have been left unmolested by even the Duke of Mantua in spite of their vocal acquirements. Furthermore, Miss Lyne's acting of the part was natural, never forced or strained. It evidently never occurred to her that she should act.

Mr. Amato's Rigoletto was an impressive performance. In the third act he was greatly assisted, or say inspired, by Miss Lyne, whose facial expression, management of body and simple pathos in song were wholly admirable. In the first act, with the exception of the jester's answer to Monterone, Mr. Amato's performance was disappointing. He was bustling, athletic, given to horse-laughter. There was little that was ironical, cutting, sardonic, malignant. His business after the curse had been launched against him was well nigh grotesque. In a word, he over-acted. But his first scene with Sparafucile and his monologue were treated with the finest art. There was a wealth of vocal and dramatic expression; thence to the end the impersonation was strikingly varied, authoritative and moving.

The Duke of Mantua is not one of Mr. Laffitte's best parts. This duke was lacking in lightness, gallantry and grace. His costume in the first act—when he reminded one of Hugo's Francois—the king that amused himself—and that in the third act were unusually effective, but the man himself took life and Verdi's music too heavily. Inferior singers have made a greater effect with "La donna e Mobile." As Mr. Laffitte sang the first verse there was no sharply defined rhythm, no artistic carelessness in song, and in the quartet, the most wonderful quartet in all opera, wonderful for its inherent musical beauty and its contrasts in dramatic expression, the fervor of the wooer was laborious.

It was good to hear Mme. Gay's mockery in the quartet. Mr. Mardones was a sonorous Sparafucile. It is a strange thing that the scene between Rigoletto and Sparafucile where the bravo makes his offer, no matter how well it is played and sung, seldom excites applause; yet it is one of the great scenes in Italian opera.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Amato, after the duet of farewell to his daughter, and after he had left his house and the stage, returned to acknowledge the applause. Mr. Amato is an artist and he should know better. Is he allowed to violate dramatic proprieties in this manner at the Metropolitan Opera House?

MISS WARNER

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Grace Warner gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Schubert, Impromptu in F minor, Weber, Rondo brillante; Schumann, Sonata in G minor (Presto, Andantino, Scherzo); Palmgren, The Swan, Leschetitzki, Intermezzo in octaves; Chopin, Prelude in B flat major, Scherzo in B minor.

The program was out of the common: the concert was not too long; the selections were not too ambitious. The Rondo of Weber took us back to the days when the piano pieces of this composer were more frequently heard. The piece is almost 100 years old, and used to be known as "La Gaiete." Over 40 years ago the indefatigable admirer of Weber, the excellent Prof. Jaehns, assured his readers that the Rondo was still fresh and brilliant in spite of changes in taste, and he prophesied that it would long remain so. We have heard Mr. de Pachmann play it, and occasionally it appears on programs as a test of speed rather than elegance; but the music should be played, first of all, gracefully, nor is brilliance here synonymous with speed in Boston.

Palmgren is a name not wholly unknown. The swan has received attention from several composers. Saint-Saens has made him sing melodiously. There is the swan of Sibelius, a black and gloomy bird. Palmgren's is a swan of a humble lay.

Miss Warner has studied intelligently and to good purpose. We should have preferred a more elastic treatment of Mozart's Fantasia, which MacDowell liked and played in a delightfully unorthodox fashion. And here, as in Schumann's Andantino, Miss Warner should not have given so marked an emphasis to the first note of a melodic figure. At times she gave to melodic phrases a certain hardness and rigidity which belied her own musical nature, for her touch on the whole is agreeable and she has a good range of dynamic gradations at command. Schumann's Andantino might have been interpreted with more romanticism. The performance was too objective. In such music Schumann is a dreamer and, telling his dream, he is shyly confiding, not a frank narrator. In brilliant passages Miss Warner showed clearness and facility. All in all, the concert was a pleasant one. An audience of fair size was duly appreciative.

Is Madame Pasta a favorite with the great vulgar? Not in the least. They hear her fame, but not her. What piteous, vacant aspects in the fine gentlemen in the pit the first night of Mademoiselle Sontag's appearance! And what would they not have given (before committing themselves beyond an applause which might be construed into a good-natured encouragement) to know what the newspapers would say the next day. * * * Look at the women in the boxes. Are they at their ease? Or do they not keep one fixed attitude, or else loll, and laugh, and stare without meaning? The great thing's not to seem to take an interest; and this is not difficult, where none is felt.

The Need of Silencers.

As the World Wags:

Now and again one gets an unexpected chuckle out of our professedly comic magazines. It happened to me the other day when I came upon a drawing representing a mother stilling the babble of her child with the remark, "Children should be seen and not heard"—the caption being "A Maxim Silencer." It has inspired me to wonder if some sort of maxim might not be devised to silence the babble of audiences at musical entertainments—something like, "Operas should be heard, and not talked at"—which would be a welcome change from the current impression that they, like the child, are intended only to be seen.

My sad experience, and I believe it is not confined to me, is that I am regularly forced to take my opera—and occasionally even my symphony—dissolved in what the French, with their piquant gift for onomatopoeia, call "brouhaha general." From my youth up I have heard that familiar tale of the woman who was heard to enunciate during an unexpected pause in the music, "I put butter in mine," but never until last Friday night has a similar experience happened to me, not once only, but twice in the same performance.

Flat and Unprofitable.

I cite these two examples as possibly amusing. The dead level of experience is not so diverting. Why, pray, do men and women pay $5 for opera seats when their sole desire appears to be to converse? It must be uncomfortable to have the music bothering around. How much cosier to exchange gossip comfortably at home over an open fire! I used regularly to sit forninst an imposing dowager down in left G, whose reason for attending Friday night performances at the opera seemed to be to see who else was there and what they wore.

"That Alice Brahmin Bean? Can't be! She'd never come to a thing like this in high neck. And do you mean to tell me that the creature with her is old Mrs. X.? Why, I thought she was dead! She ought to be—ought to have died long ago!"

But What Can Be Done?

Mind you, I shouldn't object so much if the conversation were only worth $5 a seat to hear. The trouble is that it isn't. I can hear talk like that for nothing. I shouldn't complain if it occurred only as an entr' acte, no matter how unrewarding it might be to overhear. But when it is poured monotonously into my left ear all the evening, from the first tap of the baton to the finale, I am moved to agitate for a Maxim silencer, or a city ordinance, or some other thing that shall serve. I have tried glaring, without avail. I am afraid to say "shut up," in evening dress. We have gotten rid of that abomination, the Symphony hat, after a rebellion as brief and ineffectual as that of the late Col. Shay's. It delights me, from my eyrie, to see the bonnets come off on a Friday afternoon and see the respectable iron-gray heads appear. As a mere man, I gloat over this exhibit of power in the law; and as a free-born democrat I envy the monarchical attitude of the usher who taps the forgetful matron on the shoulder and causes the curse of headgear abruptly to remove. But as one who devoutly pays his kopecks to hear singing and instrumental music, I seriously object to having it turned into a contribution to a heterogeneous conversazione.

I am aware that this plaint is not new, but I am not aware that it is unnecessary. If we can, by due diligence, save some, it may not be in vain to iterate and reiterate. Yours crabbedly,

Boston, March 19. PORPHYRIUS.

"Culheag."

As the World Wags:

The inquiry regarding the word "culheag" recalls my boyhood days in Carroll county, N. H., when and where my brother and I were wont to indulge in the pastime of catching wild animals in traps. I particularly remember an occasion when our home cat, which was a great favorite of my brother's, was caught and killed in a culheag which we had constructed for minks and muskrats in a swamp some 60 rods from our home. My brother's grief over poor kitty's tragic fate was poignant and long continued. The word "culheag," as used in our region, had no accent on either of its two syllables as compared with the other—that is to say the two syllables of the word were pronounced as though they had been two words, like the pronunciation of the two words constituting each of the compound proper nouns, "John Smith" and "New York."

The following description of a culheag is a part of chap. 7, entitled "Monuments and Relics of the Indians," of vol. 3, of Jeremy Belknap's "The History of New Hampshire": "The culheag, or log-trap, is used for taking wolves, bears and martins. Its size varies according to the bulk or strength of the animal. It is a forceps composed of two long sticks, one lying on the other, connected at one end and open at the other. Near the open end is made a semi-circular covered enclosure, with short stakes driven into the ground on one side of the logs, which are firmly secured by another stake on the opposite side. In this enclosure is placed the bait, fastened to a round stick, which lies across the lower log, the upper log resting on the end of a perpendicular pointed stick, the other end of which is set on the round stick. The animal, having scented the bait, finds no way to come at it but by putting his head between the logs. As soon as he touches the bait, the round stick on which it is fastened rolls, the perpendicular gives way, the upper log falls and crushes him to death in an instant without injuring his skin. To take martins, the hunters make a great number of these traps at the distance of about a quarter or half a mile from each other; they scent the whole space between the traps by drawing a piece of raw flesh on the ground; this scent guides the animal to the trap, which is baited with the same. The hunters visit the traps once in a day, and retire to their camp with the prey. There are two seasons for this species of hunting, namely, in December and March. Beavers are taken in iron spring traps, the Indians have learned to use these traps in preference to their own."

The foregoing extract from "The History of New Hampshire" is on pages 90-91 of the original edition of that work, and on pages 68-69 of the 1812 edition (Dover, N. H.) and 1813 edition (Boston).

CULHEAG.

MME. AGUGLIA AS

HUB THEATRE—Mme. Mimi Aguglia and her company in "La Figlia di Jorio," a pastorate tragedy in three acts by Gabrielle d'Annunzio.

Mila DiCorda.....Mimi Aguglia
Candio della Leonessa.....I. Angeloni
Ornella.....C. Zoppetti-Ristori
Anna Onna.....I. Bongini
Aligi.....G. Sterni
Lazzaro di Rojo.....P. Rosa
Il Santo.....O. Seragnoli

"The Daughter of Jorio" was given for the first time in America by Mme. Aguglia Jan. 19, 1909, at the Majestic Theatre. It has found its way to the operatic stage and Franchetti's opera based on D'Annunzio's tragedy was performed at La Scala Theatre, Milan, in 1906.

When first seen here the piece made a strong and abiding impression. Acted as it was last evening, with extraordinary sincerity and tragic force, by Mme. Aguglia and her associates, this impression was confirmed and strengthened.

The drama is one of relentless horror. Mila, the daughter of Jorio, accused of being a sorceress and a wanton, seeks refuge on the hearth of a young man about to be married, for she is pursued by a bestial mob. The young man, Aligi, a dreamer of dreams and a visionary, sees behind her, as he thinks, an angel, when angered he is about to strike her and thus violate the sanctuary. He saves her from the sensual crowd by placing a cross on the threshold.

Aligi and the girl are next seen on the mountains. She begs him to return to his bride. The two are superstitious and innocent. In the momentary absence of Aligi his father enters and endeavors to bribe or force Mila to his embraces. Aligi returns but is bound and carried off by his father's henchmen. Released by his sister he returns in time to save Mila by slaying his father.

In the third act Aligi is condemned to die. Mila proclaims his innocence and asserts that the murder was committed by her. Aligi is spared and Mila is burned.

Mme. Aguglia is seen at her best as Mila. In this play she is a tragic actress of the first rank. From the moment of her unusually effective entrance, a hunted creature fleeing blindly from an infuriated mob, her performance in every detail was significant and compelling. The beauty of her voice, the eloquence of her eyes, the elemental simplicity and grace of her gestures, all these were constantly impressive. Nor are the emotions of terror and hatred often portrayed upon the stage with such astounding vividness and fidelity to life as that displayed by the actress in the first act, when Mila fears for her life, and in the second when she shrinks from the living bestiality of Lazzaro.

Mr. Sterni played Aligi with quiet intensity, and in a poetic spirit. His love for Mila was almost reverential, a love which glorifies passion, in striking contrast to the animal desire his father felt for her.

Mr. Rosa's Lazzaro was unflinchingly realistic, pitiless in its brutality and masculine vigor.

Mme. Angeloni was an excellent Candio and Mme. Zoppetti-Ristori displayed her usual intelligence and art in characterization as Ornella. The minor parts were admirably taken, and among them Mr. Seragnoli's Santo, a patriarchal figure, was conspicuous. The settings were picturesque.

A large audience was justly and heartily enthusiastic over a memorable performance.

This afternoon "Fedora" will be repeated, and tonight D'Annunzio's "Il Fiaccolo sotto Il Moggio" will be presented.

Mch 22 1914

TOSCA WELL

Mme. Weingartner Had Expected to Take the Part, but Cold Kept Her from It.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Matinee, Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Floria Tosca.....Miss Amsden
Cavaradossi.....Mr. Zenatello
Scarpia.....Mr. Marcoux
Angelotti.....Mr. Sampieri
Il Sacrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta.....Mr. Glaccone
Sciarrone.....Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere.....Mr. Tortorici
Un Pastore.....Miss Gauthier

Mme. Weingartner expected to take the part of Floria, but she is suffering from a severe cold. Miss Amsden, who took her place, was in good voice and sang effectively. She has gained, since we last saw her in this opera, in command of facial expression and in significance of gesture. Mr. Zenatello is rapidly recovering from his indisposition, and yesterday he was often the dramatic singer so greatly admired last season. His Cavaradossi is a much more sympathetic figure than the puppet fashioned by Sardou for his detestable drama. The impersonation is now even more varied in expression. It is full of life. Song and action are inseparably connected. Mr. Marcoux's Scarpia is the same bullying figure, relying chiefly on force and the terror he inspires to gain his ends. We prefer a suaver, more insinuating, subtly hypocritical, yet sinister, villain. But why discuss the characters in this opera? They have no real life of their own: they are invented and set in motion simply to give a succession of shocks to the hearer. It may be remarked incidentally that Mr. Marcoux tripped up Floria in a manner that would have done credit to any professional wrestler; and he did this without injury to Miss Amsden's gown; and he so managed it that she fell gracefully on the dining-room sofa.

A few days ago Mr. Antonio Scotti, discussing his art with a reporter of the New York Times, said that in his whole career he had not worried so much over anything he was to do on the stage as when Floria interrupts Scarpia in his amorous pursuit by turning toward the audience and singing "Vissi d'arte." Mr. Scotti said: "In proportion as I have been able to show the gathering passion on the part of Scarpia, just in such degree does this moment bring awkwardness. The librettist and composer have conspired to blot the baritone out of the picture, just as if some one came and put a screen in front of him. What can I do? If I do anything noticeable, it will take away from the singing of the soprano, and, on the other hand, I cannot let things drop entirely, because the situation leads to the climax of the opera in a short time and the suspense must be maintained." Mr. Scotti solves the problem by gazing at Floria as if he had derived a new thought from her words, and then going to the window and vaguely looking out.

The situation is, indeed, undramatic. Mr. Marcoux treats it shrewdly. He stares at Floria as if wondering at her mental condition, smiles rather cynically as the song goes on, moves toward the table, and is there apparently more concerned about his coffee than disturbed or persuaded by Floria's commendable sentiments. After the song has been sung and the expected applause has died away, he is again impetuous in attack, having had a much-needed breathing spell. It might have been better for all if our friend the Baron Scarpia had beguiled the time by reading an improving book while Floria was meditating musically on the vanity of art and the disappointments of life.

Mr. Weingartner is always poetic, imaginative, as a conductor, but not at the expense of genuinely dramatic situations. He is so musical that he softened somewhat the inherent brutality of Puccini's melodramatic pages. He endeavored to idealize a six-penny shocker. Perhaps it is better, after all, to let Puccini groan and howl and roar to his heart's content. It is appropriate music for the repulsive libretto, a libretto that would be intolerable if it could be taken seriously. Playwright, librettists and composer are in a parlous state when the great scene that should

a [illegible] portrayal to a work is one of [illegible] cruelty supplemented by sadistic lust. In an ideal opera house "Tosca" would not be performed.

After the opera came the first act of Delibes's ballet "Coppelia." The cast was as follows: Swanilda, Dolores Galli; Franta, Paule Ros; La Poupee, Ina Caldwell; Coppelius, Giuseppe Cecchetti; Le Bourgmestre, Attilio Pulcini. Mr. Dubois conducted.

"SAMSON ET DALILA" SUNG

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila." Mr Tournon conducted. The cast:

Dalila ..... Mme. Gay
Samson ..... Mr. Laffitte
La Grand Pretre ..... Mr. Danges
Abimelech ..... Mr. Mardones
Un Vieillard Hebreu ..... Mr. Ludikar
Un Messager Philistin ..... Mr. Deru
Premier Philistin ..... Mr. Giaccone
Deuxieme Philistin ..... Mr. Grand

When she appeared last year at the Boston Opera House as Dalila, Mme. Gay sang at a subscription performance. Her appearance last night with Mr. Laffitte shows what good measure is being given the audiences at the Saturday evening performances. Mme. Gay won instant recognition from the audience and the spontaneity of the enthusiasm was apparent. Her success at her previous appearance is well remembered. Mr. Laffitte sang, as usual, with faithful comprehension. The cast was well balanced. The audience was large.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Infant Phenomenon, male or female, fiddler, pianist, or elecutionist, as a rule, is to be avoided.

Of course there is always the reply: "What about Mozart?"

It is not necessary to go so far back. Mme Teresa Carreno, who played at a Symphony concert last February, is now in her 61st year, and when she first appeared in concert here she was only nine years old. It was then said of her that her playing "would charm even if she were not a child" and John S. Dwight was moved to write about her indisputable gift: "O treat it reverently and tenderly, educate it, save it, and let not the temptation of dazzling success or gain exhaust it ere its prime."

Nor is Mme. Carreno the only musician now living who showed extraordinary musical instinct and surprising acquirements when a child. Josef Hofmann is another illustrious example Korngold is another.

The few become mature artists. The great majority are exploited for gain and gradually disappear, or suddenly lose interest and their power, or, having lived a feverish life, die prematurely. The swan often turns out to be a goose, a goose that for a season laid golden eggs.

Remarkable Little Girl In Boston.

There is today in Boston a remarkable little girl named Nedelka Simeonova. A Bulgarian by birth, she is 10 years old. Her father is a violinist in the Royal orchestra at Sofia.

When Nedelka—the name, they say, means "Little Sunday"—was about 6 her father thought of piano lessons. She did not wish to play the piano; she teased him for his violin. One day at a rehearsal or a concert a colleague stumbled and broke the father's fiddle box. As he had no money to pay for the damage—his wife guarded jealously the weekly wage—he offered to give him in recompense an old and small-sized violin, and this instrument passed into the hands of the child. The father humored her, and at the first lesson was amazed.

The little girl came with her father about five months ago with the hope of raising money for the Bulgarian Red Cross Society, and they were at once befriended here by an officer of the Balkan relief fund.

Child an Intense Patriot.

Young as she is, the child is an intense patriot. She speaks in English, which she has learned since she has been in this country, with even more fervor about her own land and its cause than about her music. The father speaks only his native tongue. To raise money for her people she has played in Boston and the neighborhood, also in Vermont.

Her playing even now is remarkable for breadth and beauty of tone, pure intonation, rhythm, feeling, facility and for an emotional expression that is almost incredible. She is no little parrot, though she has an astounding memory. She is no spoiled youngster with airs and graces, already greedy of applause. She is serious, wholly absorbed in her performance, whether the music be by Lalo or Sarasate.

Has Played Before the Queen.

Before she came to the United States she played to the Queen. The Bulgarians today are poor. The Government is poor. The four scholarships at the local school had already been awarded.

Nedelka Simeonova.

It would be a great pity if Nedelka's uncommon talent should go to waste. She could easily make money now by playing in vaudeville houses. An enterprising manager would quickly make a contract with her, for the child's expressive face and emotional playing would delight any audience. But what would be the result?

Violinists like Ysaye and Marteau have marvelled at her musical instinct and her present proficiency. There is now not so much need of public acknowledgment as of long and rigorous technical training, of a broad and thorough musical education. The father and child return home early in April. It is proposed by certain lovers of music in Boston to raise a fund for Nedelka's training, a fund that will be controlled judiciously.

That others, who are not acquainted with the great talent of this little girl, may become interested, a recital has been arranged. It will take place at the house of Mrs. Edwin S. Webster, 261 Clarendon street, Thursday, April 2, at 4 o'clock. The list of patronesses will be published soon, and in this case the word patroness is not a perfunctory and unmeaning term.

Giuseppe Buonamici.

Carlo Buonamici, pianist and teacher of this city, received a cablegram yesterday announcing the death of his father, Giuseppe Buonamici, at Florence, Italy. The father was born there in 1846. After studying with his uncle, Giuseppe Ceccherini, he became a pupil of Hans von Buelow and Josef Rheinberger at the Munich Conservatory. He was then 22 years old and at the age of 24 he was appointed a professor in that institution. In 1873 he returned to Florence, where he directed the Cherubini Choral Society, founded a famous trio and by pen and example championed the cause of Servian music in Italy. His reputation as a pianist throughout Europe was of the highest. His touch was exquisite; his performance most artistic. He was especially renowned as an interpreter of Beethoven. While he was at Munich he composed an overture, a string quartet, piano pieces and songs, which have been published. His piano studies and his edition of Beethoven's sonatas are highly valued. As a teacher and a man he was respected and beloved. There are pupils of his now living in Boston, who will bear witness to his charm of manner, sprightly and entertaining conversation, extreme urbanity. Not the least entertaining letters in the voluminous correspondence of Buelow are those addressed to his dear friend Buonamici.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS GIVEN AT TOY THEATRE

Three one-act plays were given at the Toy Theatre last night. The first, "Chuck," by Percy Macaye, had nothing to recommend it. Both author and players were striving for poetical effect which can only come from innate idealism and never from a decadent unveiling of the decencies of life. The acting was strained and unnatural. Mr. Pichell as "Abel" had possibilities, but made little use of them. Clifford Pember's scenery, however, was both pleasing and beautiful.

"Man Proposes," one of Sydney Grundy's comedies, was more to the liking of the audience, and the last play, "Right of Sanctuary," by Giuseppe Giacosa, was poignant and winning.

The operatic season ends this week and the concert season is drawing toward a close. Mr. McCormack will undoubtedly attract a great crowd to Symphony Hall this afternoon, for his voice and art please the musicians and the general public. Mr. and Mrs. Weingartner will appear tonight in concert at the Boston Opera House for the last time this season, but will be heard in opera during the week. Mr. Kubelik will play at the concert tonight.

The hours of the concerts given by Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Copeland on Tuesday are so arranged that melomaniacs may hear Mr. Kreisler for an hour and then go to Mr. Copeland's recital. The feature of the latter recital will be Debussy's new ballet for piano, "La Boite a joujoux." Mr. Farnam's organ recital on Thursday afternoon should interest all lovers of Bach. The programs of his series of recitals have been of an unusual character.

There should be curiosity to compare Mme. Beriza's Louise tomorrow night with the impersonations by Miss Garden and Mme. Edvina. Mme. Beriza has already shown that she is an accomplished and sympathetic actress.

"Bedroom" Scenes

In "Peggy and Her Husband," a new play by Joseph Keating, produced at the Royalty, London, Feb. 28, a divorced or nearly divorced husband seeks reconciliation with his wife by hiding in her bedroom wardrobe. Mr. Walkley of the Times remarked that criticism must try to be indulgent with the exhibition of ladies' undergarments while such a spectacle invited detail. "Indeed in the matter of deshabillage the Royalty easily outdoes the Criterion, for Peggy's husband, to be on even terms with his wife, begins to undress, too. Let all this be passed then, sympathetically, and with the manifest gratification of the audience faithfully recorded. But critical indulgence after all, has its limits, and these are exceeded when plays avowedly of mere amusement fail to amuse."

The Pall Mall Gazette published this editorial comment: "Mr. St. John Ervine makes a good point in the Daily Mail upon the vulgarity of the current bedroom play. 'What emphasizes the nastiness of these exhibitions is precisely the technical decency which makes them possible. The spectator is not offered nudity itself—which would offend the law. He is invited to dally with the idea of a nudity defined by implication as improper. In other words, his mind is expressly concentrated upon the moral essence of indecency.'"

Miss Gladys Cooper, the actress that took the part of the wife, was indignant at the attitude of some of the critics. She talked with a reporter of the Daily Chronicle.

"It appeared to be suggested," she said, "that the undressing scene was specially designed to cateh the attention of a certain section of the public. That was not true.

"I most certainly disapprove of disrobing merely for the sake of disrobing," she said. "This was an integral part of the play. An undressing scene that has nothing whatever to do with the central motive of the play is a very different matter."

Miss Marie Tempest, interviewed on recent stage scenes, said: "I am inclined to think that the importance of bedroom scenes one way or another is overestimated. The British public has become acclimated to them. Years ago, columns of abuse were written if an actress showed her ankle on the stage. Today the bedroom scene is taken for granted. While I do not approve of undressing that is not associated with the main plot, I can conceive of many brilliant bedroom scenes as essential to the perfect development of particular plays. In France, of course, nothing is thought of the decorous little intimacies associated with disrobing in theatre-land."

She continued: "If the public want bedroom plays, I suppose the public must have them. It seems to me that the matter is of very little importance, though, if an undressing scene is not concerned with the psychology of the play, it is bad art. After all," she concluded, "if we attack bedroom plays we should begin by attacking Sheakespeare."

Miss Viola Vanbrugh thought that disrobing acts that were an essential part of the play were quite innocuous, and," she pointed out naively, "I have played in a bedroom scene myself. I see no reason why a particular scene that is an important part of the play should be more objectionable because it is played in a bedroom and not in a library. It all depends on the motive."

Some may remember that Mendelssohn, always a prig, was shocked by the innocent little scene in "Fra Diavolo" where Zerlina begins to undress and sings before the looking glass to the amusement of the bandits hidden in her room.

A Book for Singers

"The Lost Vocal Art and Its Restoration," by W. Warren Shaw, is published by J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia and London. The author, who, we are informed, lives in Philadelphia, searches after the vital principle in systems of voice culture which formerly characterized the old Italian method, and finds that this old school was based on the science of psychology. He and Mr. David Bispham, who contributes an introduction, have little respect for singing teachers that are physiologists. They argue that it is the mind of the maker that makes a violin superlatively good, and then Mr. Bispham tells the old story about the painter, who said that he mixed his colors with brains. He attributes the saying to Reynolds instead of Opie. The strictures on the incompetence of many singing teachers are forcibly put and often just. The laryngoscope is dismissed as of no practical value to the vocal teacher. The chapters on control of breath and "voice placing" contain much that is valuable. Errors in theories of instruction are pointed out and the reader learns why certain principles adopted by many teachers are erroneous. That the old Italian instruction was empirical is also shown. Destructive criticism, however, is more easily made than constructive, and Mr. Shaw's theories, unfolded in the latter half of the book, might also be assailed. He begins sensibly by pointing out that no two voices can be trained in exactly the same manner, for all voices possess either different defects, or the same defects in different degrees. The individual case must always be carefully considered.

"The curse of the very prevalent mechanical system of voice building, which has proved so generally disastrous to good results, has been the persistent attempt on the part of teachers to train the voice by direct attention to the governing of one or more of the physical parts." Mr. Shaw believes in the inferior costal breathing, as de-

... from a nominal ... high chest breathing. "The protruding women in inspiration is an abo... nation and the clavicular breathing, except as an assisting agent, is totally inadequate." Exercises are given and one of the devices for developing poise, power and agility, is "the singing on an imaginary line," a device handed down in Italy by word of mouth. Mr. Shaw's book should interest singers and teachers. It will certainly excite discussion.

Mr. Goepp's Explanations

Mr. Philip H. Goepp has written a third volume, "Modern Symphonies," in his series "Symphonies and Their Meaning," published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. The composers discussed are Berlioz, Liszt, Saint-Saens, Franck, d'Indy, Debussy, Tschaikowsky, the Neo-Russians, Sibelius, Smetana and Dvorak, Bruckner, Wolf, Mahler, Strauss, Sgambati, Martucci, Elgar, Hadley, Strube, Chadwick and Loeffler, ... suites and symphonic poems are considered as well as symphonies. Mr. Goepp, in his preface, regrets that it is impossible for him to "treat all the wonderful ... of the Glazounoffs and the Kalinnikoffs; he speaks of the ... of Suk's music; ... 'it would have been a ... to include a symphony of ... Martinus Van Gelder.'"

It is evident that Mr. Goepp's taste is catholic and his aesthetic enjoyment world-wide, ... not cosmic. The analyses of the composition are not at all dry on the contrary, they are often ... and readers who are not versed in harmony, counterpoint and orchestration will be able to catch the spirit in which the composition was written, although they may not discover, hearing the work, all that Mr. Goepp has found and pointed out. If the author is at times sentimental in feeling and lush in statement, he is often shrewd and discerning. Here is an excellent example. He is speaking of cacophony. "The term is always relative, never absolute—relative in the historic period of the composition, or relative as to the purpose. One can hardly say that any combination of notes is unusable. Most striking it is how the same group of notes makes hideous waste in one case and a true tonal logic in another. Again, what was impossible in Mozart's time may be commonplace today. You cannot stamp ... as a mere whim of modern ... Beethoven made the noblest ... suffered ... understand... ... in his scores with ... effect. And then the license ... begets a greater in the ... Many of Mr. Goepp's pages are written with philosophical insight. The ... of thematic material in ... notation adds to the usefulness of the book.

A Bundle of Books

Mr. Albert Gehring's "Appreciation of Music," published in Cleveland — no name of publisher is given — is a condensation of lectures delivered some years ago at the College for Women at Cleveland. The various chapters are "intended especially for the large class of readers who are interested in music, but who have never made a study of it and are ignorant of its technical features." The chapters are thus entitled: "The Factors of Musical Appreciation, Counterpoint, Thematic Work, The Leit Motif, Musical Form, the Sonata and the Rondo, Instrumental Effects, The Combination of Factors." The musical illustrations are from classic composers, for Wagner is still now a classic. No one would infer from reading this book that Cesar Franck, Richard Strauss, Debussy, ... or Mahler had ever lived.

"Wilhelm Heinrich: Musician and Man," by Miss Edith Lynwood Winn, is published by C. W. Thompson & Co. of Boston. In the little preface written by Mr. Frank La Forge, we are told that this book is "a reminder of the sunny disposition, the uniting energy and the high ideals" which made Mr. Heinrich's career what it was. "It is also a reminder of the sincere artist and friend, always ready to help and encourage." This biography will be welcomed by friends of the singer—they were many ... in all parts of the world—and those ... did not know him personally will wonder at the courage and activity of the ... man. His repertoire was most extensive and it should be remembered that he was able to play all the accompaniments of his songs. His musical curiosity was unbounded. The extreme modernity of Reger or Debussy did not discourage him. It was his delight to ... audiences with new compositions. The record of his travels, his study of languages, his interest in everything human, his kindness and generosity towards others is simply and sympathetically told. The programs ... give only a small idea of Mr. Heinrich's knowledge of the songs of all nations and periods.

"How to Listen to an Orchestra," by Annie W. Patterson, Mus. Doc., B. A., University of Ireland, and published by James Pott & Co., New York, is intended for "a vast multitude of listeners ... who would never think of ... an academical treatise on ... listen'." The book is not for those that make music but for those for whom music is made. There are many illustrations—pictures of instruments, portraits of musicians, among them St. Cecilia, Apollo Musagetes and Sir Henry J. Wood. In the chapter about the organ we are told: "To the uninitiated it may seem extraordinary that one can learn to play with the feet." The book is easy reading for those who wish to know the difference between a bassoon and a bombardon. There is an index.

Mr. Cannon's Hot Shot

"The Joy of the Theatre," by Gilbert Cannon, is one of the "Fellowship Books" published by E. P. Dutton & Co. These books are a "contribution by various writers toward the expression of the Human Ideal and Artistic Faith of our own day. Mr. Cannon begins by asking in what theatre in the English-speaking world joy can be found? "Men create everything in their own image, and always get exactly what they deserve, neither more nor less. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. In art as in everything else, and the English nation deserves the English theatre." It seems that not joy but animal laughter or sentimental tears are created in the theatre and also in the church. Everybody, except a few artists, is both exploiter and exploited. The theatre has lost its importance. "The anarchy of the theatre has been the opportunity of the music-hall, which, during the last 10 years, has been organized rudely but generously, so that it has become, after a fashion, the vehicle of expression of the untempered genius of the race. All the best and most spontaneous acting in England is to be found in the music-hall, where the people can see the wonder of their own delight in material things." Nor can the theatre compete with the music-hall. There is now the belief that the theatre should be used only for laughter.

"That were well enough if such laughter were provoked honestly and in sheer fun, but in the decadent theatre of London, New York and Paris real fun is far to seek and there is a grim trade in laughter, in joyless mirth, relieved only here and there by the native drollery of some individual performer, who, relying solely upon his own personality, fighting against the soulless organization which brings him into the public view, is soon exhausted and brought either to impotence or to a dull conventionalization of his humor. And so it is with all talent, of actress and dramatists alike. It is sacrificed to this compact and trade in laughter." And thus Mr. Cannon goes on his joyless way for 58 well printed pages.

The few great dramatists of genius are Shakespeare, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Ibsen, Moliere, Lope da Vega, Tschekov, Synge. In England for generations Shakespeare's plays have been made as dull as his Polonius. "Under Irving a pageant with a strange, interesting and romantic figure wandering through it, under his followers and imitators, a pageant." The actor is indolent. Many modern plays have neither imaginative idea nor rhythm.

There is hope in theatres of the English provinces, in the Art Theatre at Moscow, in Little Theatres of Chicago and New York. Mr. Cannon has good words for Manet, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Isadora Duncan, the Russian ballet, and Messrs. Shaw, Galsworthy and Barker. "Germany is perhaps better equipped than any country in the number of its advanced theatres and in their scientific erection and their furnishing to meet modern requirements. Dramatists, however, are still too timid and self-conscious. They try to strengthen their plays by writing them with reference to the problems and the passing ideas and excitements of the day." and without thought of whether these things tend to develop their art.

Mr. Cannon believes that as the ordinary mind approaches art through storytelling, and seeks to attach a story to every picture, every piece of music that pleases it, the theatre if it is to live in a democratic community, must be prepared to meet the ordinary mind in this way. "At its barest, the theatre shows the common man his own vision familiarly, without elevation or depth. (The corner shop window finds melodrama 'true to life.') But the story telling instinct seeks sometimes beyond experience, always something marvellous; it seeks experience kindled by imagination." And because of this constant demand for imagination the best plays survive.

A Paris Letter

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows about new operas and plays:

"Mme. Edmond Rostand and her son, M. Maurice Rostand, have chosen an English setting for their new operetta which has just been presented at the Opero-Comique. 'La Marchande d'Allumettes,' as the piece is called, is designated as 'a lyrical tale,' and, like the 'Tales of Hoffmann,' is a dream play.

"An English village near the sea is the scene of the first act, with its square and its bright shops, gay with the happy, hurrying Christmas crowds. Holiday happiness and softly falling snow make a contrasting background for poor little Daisy, the 'marchande d'alumettes,' whose wares do not attract the busy people on their way home to Christmas dinner. The night falls and the shops close, and Daisy, almost dead with cold and hunger, strikes a match to create the illusion of cheer that the shuttered windows have closed out. The little flame builds a fairy world for her. The shops open and offer her their wares, people who repulsed her now return with friendly greetings, and the doors of the house of the duchess herself open and welcome her in.

"The second act shows us the dream well under way—so well under way, in fact, that it is almost too real to be a dream. Daisy stands before the brightly lighted tree loaded with gifts and decorated for the return of the young officer. He comes, and, of course, falls in love with Daisy. But, alas! the moment he takes her in his arms the lights fade and the dream is over.

"In the third act we are back in the snow-covered square, with Daisy too weak to realize that her happiness was only a dream. The young officer goes by, all ignorant of the part he has played in her life. Daisy opens her eyes, but too late to lose her happiness, for sleep changes to death, and thus the vision is unbroken.

"The Match Girl" is a tender little play—almost too tender; and yet, after all, not quite the stuff that dreams are made of. M. Tiarko Richepin is the composer, and as this is his first important work it is not strange that it is not altogether without faults. His melodies are pleasing, especially Daisy's solos and those of the officer, and we cannot blame the young composer if occasionally his music wakes us a bit rudely from the spell his gentler strains have cast.

"Daisy kept the audience interested while she was on the stage, but while the curtain was down another less romantic topic was being excitedly discussed in the foyer. French opera, it was reported, was to be boycotted in Italy, and the new Anglo-American syndicate which has leased the Champs-Elysees theatre are to blame. It seems that M. Tito Ricordi, who is to direct a season of opera for the syndicate at the Champs-Elysees theatre this winter, had included in his repertoire 'Tosca,' 'Madama Butterfly,' and 'La Vie de Boheme.' As these pieces are all being presented by the Opera-Comique, M. Ricordi was notified by the Authors' Society that this would not be permitted, and the angry director immediately answered with the ultimatum that French opera would be boycotted in Italy. Since M. Ricordi is one of the most powerful producers in his country, the threat was by no means an empty one. The affair has given rise to a great deal of angry discussion in operatic circles, and has been taken up in Italy as well as in France. 'No Italian theatre,' the Italian manager is quoted as stating, 'which produces operas by French authors or composers will be allowed to give any of the pieces of which I have control unless the Authors' Society here gives me satisfaction.' It is stated that M. Ricordi has already withdrawn his repertoire from the Nicolini theatre in Florence because they wished to produce 'The Damnation of Faust.' Because of his important position in Italy, this policy, if carried out, would virtually exclude French operatic production from the Italian stage.

"The premiere of 'L'Epervier' ('The Sparrow Hawk'), which took place last night (Feb. 25) signalled the arrival at last of an excellent play for a public discouraged by many disappointments. Francis de Croisset has given theatregoers, bored by hackneyed effects and wearied by the endless repetition of ancient plots, a pleasant surprise. The story revolves about a broken-down nobleman, Count Desatta, whose atavic promptings turn him to mend his broken fortune by the first means which comes to his hands. As his ancestors took what they wished because they were strong enough to do so, he takes by his skill in trickery at cards what the unfortunate 'sparrows' who come his way are too ... to keep. He loves his wife, and cheats for love of her. Then Rene de Tarnache comes into their lives, and falls blindly in love with the Countess Marina. Rene also discovers the dishonesty of the count, and, worse, learns that Marina is an accomplice, but the lady's relations with Rene make it impossible for her to force her husband to an issue without revealing her own infidelity. This, at last, she is led to do, and he leaves her.

"Rene wishes to marry her, but cannot, since she is not divorced, and the search for the missing husband has been futile. At last he returns of his own free will, a man broken by drugs, but repentant, and begging his wife for her love once more. He has been offered another chance and a new life in America. Marina goes through a terrible struggle, but his love wins, and she follows him into the new world. The last act is by far the poorest of the three, but not bad enough to spoil an excellent piece of workmanship. The first act reminds one of Sardou in its finish and effectiveness. The interest is awakened, and carried on until it becomes a strong emotion. The immoral nobleman and his guilty wife have been drawn with so skilful a hand that one feels regret rather than contempt for the woman, led on by a stronger personality, and this personality in turn blinded by unreasoning love and swayed by the power of heredity."

"J. W.'s" Gossip

To the Editor of The Herald:

Everybody nowadays seems to be writing reminiscences, many of them interesting, at least, to old-timers. "Handsome Jack" Barnes, who was here only the other day, gave us a sample, all too small, of his own past experiences, and now Henry James, who although not an actor is at least a playwright, has written a book about his boyhood days, when he used to visit the old Howard Athenaeum, where he saw Maggie Mitchell and Miss Kate Bateman. He says that when he crossed Cambridge bridge he found that Parker's was Boston, although A. Ward, I believe, mistook that famous hostelry for Harvard University, because he found so many students assembled in the basement. This was years ago, before the death of Mr. Burnham, of bookstore fame; who refused, on account of his teetotal principles, to sell his property, next door, to the hotel proprietor. I often think of this when paying the cashier for my liquid refreshment, on the very spot where Mr. B. so long kept his valuable, but over-dry, stock-in-trade. They say everything comes to him who waits, and the exception only proves the rule. Speaking of this reminds me of De Wolf Hopper's speech in which he tells of his theatrical company's experiences in the Canadian Northwest, in the course of a tour laid out by a manager who found more places not on the map than Christopher Columbus. The genial comedian asked an inhabitant if they ever had any summer there. "I don't know," was the reply, "I've only been here 11 months." The Saskatchewan is now in memory always associated with "The Pink Lady," just as the Houses of Parliament are with "Iolanthe." "J. B. C." in "A Sheaf of Memories" says that he was once asked by a London manager how it happened that Americans knew so much about the Houses of Parliament, and the reply was: "Because we Americans are all theatre-goers and we have all seen 'Iolanthe'." "That is right," said the manager; "I knew that was the reason, and I wanted to see if you did."

Regarding Margaret Anglin's Shakespearian performances, it seems indeed a pity they were not better patronized. "Twelfth Night" was finely given and carried one back to the days of Modjeska when she played the piece at the Hollis Street Theatre with a capable company. The contrast in numbers between the audiences at the Cort Theatre at a "Twelfth Night" matinee and at "Fanny's First Play" at the Park was surprising. I think that when Richard Mansfield first gave "Arms and the Man" it was another story. The theatre-going public then had very little use for Shaw, while now they can hardly see too much of him. Perhaps the vogue of "The Chocolate Soldier" had a good deal to do with the change. Speaking of "Fanny's First Play," when O'Dowda holds the centre of the stage, one keeps thinking of Ruskin and "Pearls for Young Ladies." The collector of these "Pearls" quotes Ruskin as saying: "The habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind, caused Mazzini to say of me that I had the most analytical mind in Europe. An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur." I was lately talking with a young woman, a student at a nearby college, and after exhausting social science, eugenics and settlement work, the conversation turned upon Shakespeare and Shaw. It came out that she had just seen Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet," and the one clear impression she brought away from the theatre was how too bad that the accomplished actor was so thin! His vivid presentation of the underlying tragedy of Hamlet's life, his attachment to Ophelia and the shattering of his faith in the loyalty of women, apparently passed by her like the idle wind.

As for "Twelfth Night," she thought Sir Toby Belch and Illyria "somewhat incongruous"; and Viola's charm, "what mattered it"? I told her the epilogue to Shaw's play reminded me of certain passages in "Monte Cristo," where Dumas sings his own praises. "The cart and the trumpet for me!" She said she feared I did not understand, and then she left me to my own devices. I wondered what she thought of that "daughter of joy," Dora Delaney, the music hall artiste, and if in her opinion there was no other avenue of escape from stolid English middle-class respectability than for a young girl brought up in it to do what Shaw represents the virtuous and artless Miss Margaret Knox to have done. Well, never mind. The play is vastly amusing. Master Bobby's escapade and the flight of "Holy Joe" reminded me of Richard Grant White's adventure in London one night as he was passing through a street which crosses the upper part of Regent street. A door suddenly opened and let a flood of light upon the pavement, and down a flight of stairs came, in some disorder, a little troop of men and women who were hilarious with some potation more subtle and exhilarating than beer. They were plainly all flown with wine. To his great astonishment, one of the fair Bacchantes rushed up to him and, flinging her arms around his neck, broke forth with expressions of admiration

[illegible] the gratitude [illegible] of which it would have been [illegible] to let [illegible] doubt. But he was [illegible] and [illegible] away. And so the adventure [illegible] with nothing to regret but the [illegible] of other people. The sins of other people! How large a space they fill in our mental horizon, viewed from that central point which we occupy in the universe.

J. W.

Boston, March 18.

Theatre Abstainers

Mr. Israel Zangwill has written the following letter to the Pall Mall Gazette:

Sir—Last week you quoted the "Church Times" as saying "there are more people who object to the theatre altogether than there were in the drab days of the Victorian era." In the spirit of Oliver Twist, I immediately purchased the paper and was duly edified to read that the event of the season was "Joseph and His Brethren"—a purely pagan play [illegible] "The Doctor's Dilemma"—an [illegible] exposition of the artist—"came as [illegible] delight to those who had [illegible] shocked by 'Androcles and the Lion,' a Christian mystery-play."

But what startled me most was the heading "The Drama—Retrospect." Of course, I soon realized that Lent was a full stop to the theatrical period of the church, but I am left wondering how absence of art promotes spiritual purification.

Do the pious take down their pictures in Lent, I wonder, or cease to read Wordsworth and Shakespeare? And does the old self-denying ordinance apply to the new cinema? May they witness "Shakespeare's Immortal Tragedy"—as the cinema posters advertise "Hamlet"—if the play is purged of words? May they have "Hamlet" without the prince of poets?

For these abstainers are, after all, temporary. The seriousness of the situation lies in the almost total separation between the Puritan classes and the stage. Nor, in an era of pyjama plays, can one say the "Church Times" is unjustified in warning us that the family party is being driven more and more from the theatre.

A generation may arise that knows not even "Joseph." But this is all the more reason why the church should rally to the higher drama, and even throw over its old-fashioned notion that literature and Lent are incompatible. For if there are plays that would profane Bank Holiday, there are plays that would hallow Good Friday—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" or "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," for example.

But if the dramatist and his work are left temporarily or totally outside the church consciousness, in what case is the church itself? Why, according to the "Times" advertisement of the Scripture Readers' Association, and the authority of Sir Charles Booth, "the great masses of the people remain apart from all forms of religious communion." Thus the total abstainers from the theatre are paralleled and even outnumbered by the total abstainers from the church. For the majority of the nation, then, there is neither theatre nor church. No wonder it is an age of joy-rides. Might not the two boycotted institutions be wise to join forces?

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Repertory Theatres

Miss Horniman talked recently with a reporter of the London Daily Chronicle, who asked her if repertory theatres were going to disappear. She answered briskly. "Of course not. The fact is there has been a decline in theatres during the last two years, but people do not go about asking whether His Majesty's and other theatres are going to disappear. What we suffer from most is the habit people have of labelling.

"Let me give you an example of a thing us without taking the trouble to find out whether they are labelling us correctly or not. A repertory theatre is supposed to be one where dull, freakish and rather improper plays are produced, none of which is worth paying to see. People think I am joking when I tell them that the repertory theatre in the true sense of the word has nothing whatever to do with that kind of play. It is simply a theatre which has a variety of plays in stock, which plays are performed from time to time. I call it a civilized theatre, and you will notice that the word 'repertory' never appears on my play-bills or advertisements. It is the public which insists on throwing it at me.

"A civilized theatre to which I paid a visit several years ago. It is in Dresden. I saw two pieces performed there, each in its way an English classic. They were, of course, played in German. One play was 'Charley's Aunt.' There is a repertory theatre in the true sense. I have seen plays by Goethe, Ibsen and Shakespeare, as well as an entirely new play, in one week at that same theatre.

"But it is impossible to conduct such a theatre without a permanent staff of 50 actors of skill and experience, and a staff of that number is extremely expensive to maintain."

"It is a great pity that so much talk [illegible] theatre and [illegible] who [illegible] in [illegible] actually [illegible] the stage. If [illegible] would only take a little more [illegible] with regard to finding out for themselves what [illegible] to see, and [illegible] it is good and [illegible] went when [illegible] to write to the [illegible], they would soon [illegible] would get [illegible] opportunity [illegible] does. I heard only a few days ago of people taking children to see 'The [illegible]' on the belief that it was a play like 'Peter Pan.'"

"The authors do better now that there is a theatre like mine than they did in the days when there was no repertory theatre. Young authors who write plays full of feeling and thought and sincerity can obtain at least a week's production at a repertory theatre, and receive royalties. In the old days, the only chance of production such plays had was at play-producing societies, for a single performance, from which the author derived no royalty at all. If I take a play—I read between 30 and 40 new plays every week—and it is performed for a week, it may happen that the piece is never heard of again; but it may also happen that it will go through the world as 'Hindle Wakes' did."

Miss Harriman will produce a new play by Galsworthy, "The Mob," at her Gaiety Theatre in Manchester, also Shaw's "Major Barbara."

Dickens Again on the Stage

The London Times of Feb. 14 made this announcement: "So great is the popularity of the revival of 'The Darling of the Gods' at His Majesty's Theatre that no change in the bill will be made for at least two months. A new play for production in the autumn has, however, just been acquired by Sir Herbert Tree. This is a dramatization from Dickens's "David Copperfield," so arranged that it will enable the leading actor to impersonate two characters—Peggotty and Micawber. This, of course, is not a new device for the stage. The most famous instance of dual impersonations is that of Lesurques and Dubosc in 'The Lyons Mail,' and in 1889 Sir Herbert Tree played Lucien Laroque and Luversan in 'A Man's Shadow.'

"The version of the novel to be presented by Sir Herbert Tree has been prepared for him by Mr. Louis N. Parker. On the completion of the publication of the novel in 1850 there was a rush of adaptations—there was no legal prohibition against the promiscuous adaptation of a novel in those days—three versions being given in the autumn of that year at London theatres—the Strand, the Surrey and the Standard. The best of the early adaptations was that by the Irish-American actor and playwright, John Brougham, produced in New York on Jan. 6, 1851. On Oct. 9, 1869, at the Olympic Theatre, the most noted of the London versions was seen for the first time. It was by Andrew Halliday, an expert dramatist of the day, and called 'Little Em'ly.' Sam Emery, the father of Miss Winifred Emery, was the original Peggotty. This version was revived at the Adelphi in October, 1875, when Emery was again Daniel Peggotty.

"Micawber is associated with many names which are well known on the English stage, including those of Edward Terry, Charles Collette, Joseph Eldred and James Fernandez, who played it in the Adelphi revival. The actor who made the character his own, however, was the late George Fawcett Rowe, an Englishman by birth, but American by training. In recent times there have been various versions of the story, the most noteworthy being that produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Aug. 1, 1903, when Mr. Charles Cartwright played Peggotty."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Vincent O'Brien, pianist. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Last Sunday night concert at the Opera House. Felix Weingartner, conductor; Mme. Weingartner, soprano; Jan Kubelik, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Vocal concert by Mary R. Tracy assisted by her pupils. Miss Euphrasia Hernan, soprano; Miss Anna Brennan, soprano; John Crowley, tenor; Richard Keefe, baritone; Enrico Fabrizio, 'cellist. Miss Tracy will sing arias by Catalani and Charpentier, and songs by Schubert, Carpenter, Spross; also old Irish and English songs.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler's last violin recital. See special notice.

Hotel Copley-Plaza, 4 P. M. Piano recital by George Copeland. Debussy's new ballet for piano, "La Boite a joujoux," and pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Violin recital by Percy Leveen. Miss Ethelynde S. Smith, soprano, and Mrs. Clara Tippett, pianist, will assist. Miss Smith, a pupil of Mrs. Tippett, has sung in New York, western cities, at the Maine Festival and elsewhere in New England. Young Mr. Leveen gave a recital here last season.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth annual Mammoth Festival Mandolin Concert, under the direction of G. L. Lansing and H. F. Odell. G. L. Lansing, banjoist; H. F. Odell, mando-'cellist; the Langham Mandolin Orchestra of 40 members, H. F. Odell, director; the Lansing Mandolin Orchestra of 40 members, G. L. Lansing, director; the well known Boston Ideal Club, John Thomas, humorist; and the grand Festival Orchestra of 300 mandolins, mandolas, mando-'cellos, banjos, guitars and other instruments which will render several compositions accompanied by the grand organ.

THURSDAY—Emmanuel Church, 3:30 P. M. Organ recital by W. Lynnwood Farnam. J. S. Bach: Prelude and fugue in G major; choral prelude in G minor ("Now Comes the Gentiles' Saviour"); third movement of sonata No. 4 in E minor, largo from 5th violin sonata arranged for violin (A. Bak), harp (A. Holy) and organ; allegro from concerto in A major ("After Vivaldi"); toccata and fugue in D (Dorian).

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Grace Senior-Brearley. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Debussy, preludes: Les Sons et les Parfumes, Les Collines d'Anacapri, Des Pas sur la neige, La Cathedrale Engloutie; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Brahms, Ballade, E flat major, op. 119; Alkan, Etude, "The Wind."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Nineteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second performance of the 8th annual festival mandolin concert.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

mch 23 1914

BY MRS. CLARK

Gives Pompilia's Story from Browning in Uncommonly Pleasing Fashion.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs Grace Fogler Clark gave the first of her Lenten readings from Browning at Miss Fogler's studio, 513 Boylston street, yesterday afternoon. She read Pompilia's pathetic story of her life, told to the nuns when she had only a few hours to live.

Mrs. Clark at first outlined in a clear and simple manner, with well chosen words, the plot of Browning's huge dramatic poem.

Music was then played for a few minutes in an adjoining room to put the hearers in a fitting and receptive mood, after which Mrs. Clark, tastefully costumed, and with a sympathetic background, sat and repeated Pompilia's own narration.

Recitations of this sort are often boresome. In many cases there is what the late Henry A. Clapp used to call "the deadly trail of the elocutionist" over the poem or play recited; or there will be an attempt to act the play, to give the poem theatrical emphasis, to make points. Mrs. Clark avoided the pitfalls. First of all she has an uncommonly pleasing, well modulated voice. It was a pleasure to hear the sadly abused English language spoken with such purity. If men and women singing in English only had the like mastery over the language, in enunciation and pronunciation, the thought of opera performed in English would not be so appalling.

The diction of Mrs. Clark was also excellent. There was no deliberate attempt to imitate the faint speech of Pompilia about to die, and wishing to clear the name of her one friend; there was no sentimentalism, no hysteria. The narrator, however, succeeded in this: the thought of Pompilia speaking was never out of the hearer's mind, and Mrs. Clark succeeded in bringing before the eyes of the audience a picture of the cruelly wronged and abused wife. In other words, the narration was not only intelligent, it was poetic and imaginative. The narrator was for the time Pompilia, nor was there anything to dispel the illusion.

Mrs. Clark's second recital will be at the same place on Sunday, April 5, at 3:30 o'clock. The poem will be "Saul."

M'CORMACK

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Vincent O'Brien, accompanist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program:

Recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and air, "Waft Her Angels," from "Jeptha" ..... Handel

Mr. McCormack.

Adagio ..... Ries

Mr. McBeath.

Intermezzo ..... Schumann
J'ai pleure en reve ..... Hue
Addio ..... Parelli
The Lord Is My Light ..... Allitsen

Mr. McCormack.

Andantino ..... Martini-Kreisler
Minuet ..... Beethoven

Mr. McBeath.

Ancient Irish Songs:
Down by the Sally Gardens ..... Arr. Hughes
She Moved Thru the Fair ..... Arr. Hughes
In Fanaids Grove ..... Arr. Hughes
The Next Market Day ..... Arr. Hughes

Mr. McCormack

Romance ..... Svensden

Mr. McBeath.

Arias:
La Maison Grise (Fortunio) ..... Messager
Finale, Act III, "Boheme" ..... Leoncavallo

Mr. McCormack

KUBELIK AT LAST OPERA CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Miss Scotney Sings in Place of Mme. Weingartner.

The last concert of the season took place at the Boston Opera House last evening. Owing to the continued illness of Mme. Lucille Weingartner, her place was taken by Miss Evelyn Scotney.

The following was the program:

Overture "Oberon," Weber, orchestra; concerto D major, Mozart, M. Kubelik; Si mes vers avient des Ailes, Hahn, Des Oiseaux, Hue, Miss Scotney; by request, "Invitation to the Dance," Weber; transcription for orchestra by Mr. Weingartner, orchestra; "Down in the Forest," Ronald, "Fairy Pipes," Brewer, Miss Scotney; concerto E minor, Mendelssohn, Mr. Kubelik.

It is a pity that for Mr. Kubelik's only appearance with an orchestra in several years he should have chosen the Mozart Concerto in D major. His tone was wonderful, and much of his work only possible to a master hand, but the Concerto itself is not popular and made less impression upon the audience than would have been expected from such a master of his instrument. Kubelik adhered to the European habit of refraining from giving an encore without vociferous applause, a great disappointment to an American audience.

The overture from "Oberon" was finely played by the orchestra under Mr. Weingartner's conductorship.

Miss Scotney was recalled three times after her regular songs and gave "Land of Sky Blue Water" and "When Love Is Kind" with great charm. She had a slight tendency toward flatness, but her artistic expression left nothing to be desired. She excels in the dramatic quality of her work.

Mr. Weingartner's transcription of Weber's ever pleasing "Invitation to the Dance" was delightful and with ready good humor the orchestra repeated it for an appreciative audience.

The second Concerto, being more tuneful, met with greater recognition. Mr. Kubelik returned to his wonted manner in this.

The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues even to the present time, in all its force amongst those nations who have not yet embraced Christianity. The people of Arracan, Peru, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochin-China, Japan, Java and Ceylon, still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; and a Welsh antiquary insists that by an emigration, which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Brahmins of India from Wales.

Wondrous Strange.

As the World Wags:

In the fair city whose name signifies everything that Mexico is not there is provided a palatial institution for the accommodation of those inhabitants of the state who are devoting their lives to the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers. By the kindness of a friend, I was allowed recently to visit one of the wards, where my attention was drawn to the conduct of one of the inmates, a man of about 60, around whom were scattered countless sheets of paper upon which he had been writing.

In reply to my query, he assured me that he was an earnest student and chronicler of the manners of his fellows, whereupon I mentioned several eminent sociologists, including our own Herkimer Johnson. At the sound of that magic name he arose, bowed profoundly, and said in low, but piercing, tones: "I, sir, am Herkimer Johnson."

Imagine my amazement! Herkimer Johnson a "nut"! Impossible! And, in fact, it was soon explained. The man had read of the life and work of Mr. Johnson and had become a worshipper at his shrine. Gradually he had come to believe in some modified version of the transmigration of souls, and now he is convinced that he and the original Herkimer interchanged personalities about one year ago. He himself had been a country storekeeper in his early days, and part of his delusion is that the outer shell of the one-time Herkimer is dispensing molasses and canned goods at the general store in Clamport.

Let the unthinking laugh at this incident, as they will. I, sir, consider it but a fresh laurel for the patron saint of this column. Napoleon, Washington, Queen Victoria—all these and many more have so impressed the world with their power and greatness as to inspire in the hearts of others such worship that it later became a delusion as to identity. Nothing is more fitting than that Herkimer Johnson should take his place with the immortals.

It is rumored that several colleges are to present Mr. Johnson with honorary degrees in June, but such is the simple greatness of the man that I am sure this incident will make a much stronger appeal to him than vari-colored academic robes.

GROVER GRAUSTARK.

Concord, N. H., March 20.

His Secret.

he World Wags:
the risk of looming large in your
v of bores which already includes
g Marke, the Harper in "Mig-
and others, I must send the fol-
g anecdote.
pianist recently performed superb-
recital at Chicago. At the con-
on of the recital a woman ap-
hed him, and, after the usual
nt of rapturous gush, asked: "To
, Mr. B., do you attribute your
ss"?
rning upon her with perfect gravity
reat man replied. "Madam, while
a youth I was threatened with
ysis of the medulla oblongata. This
it me to trust in God, and to that
bute my present eminence."
HYACINTHUS SAGE.
ck Island, Ill., March 17.

In Familiar Speech.

e World Wags:
king with a friend who used to be
ssourian, I have learned that in
as City a man who does loony
s, not because he knows no better,
beeause he likes to watch their
on people's expressions, is termed
ick." Probably "Millionaire-for-a-
McDevitt would be called a
." Is this locution limited to Mis-
? "Burr-head" is another morsel
iker slang—standing for "negro."
n its account of the Jeffries-John-
attle of some years since, one Kan-
ity journal referred throughout to
son as "the cinder." I don't find
f these nuggets in Mr. Thornton's
issued "American Glossary."
-all" as a plural is a familiar
alism of the South—and I like
ar it, especially when spoken by a
gia contralto. But my Kansas City
d tells me that in his part of the
try "you-all" is used as a singular.
n I ask him why, he answers:
hony: rhythm." Now, what do
ay t that? W. B. B.
w York city, March 18.

Pod Auger Again.

e World Wags:
pod auger was in times past the
device for boring holes in wood
el with the grain, and its use was
ry to fill the demands for the
tyle of wooden pumps and the un-
ound wooden pipes formerly used
water. The wooden pumps have
by with the advent of city water
lies, and so have the wooden un-
ound pipes, except in connection
the salt works, such as abound in
icinity of Syracuse, N. Y.
e pod auger was, as its name indi-
, an evolution of the form of the
ol, with a small gimlet point guid-
head. The cutting edge was like
of the toredo, which does such dam-
to piles in southern waters, unless
piles are so saturated with creosote
be distasteful to the appetite of
energetic marine worms. The pod
r made a smoother and straighter
than the later auger bit, and could
shioned by that master of (me-
) arts, the town blacksmith. The
length was about five feet, and the
le could be unscrewed and an ex-
placed upon it for boring
h long logs for pumps.
old militia companies were not
equipped and were sometimes
ed "pod auger companies," or this
amplified into "podaugraphers."
e famous Quaker guns, which were
fficient on the privateers during the
f 1812, their season-cracked throats
ing from a number of portholes,
made at the Charlestown
Yard during that war by Capt.
h Floyd, the town pump builder.
CHAUNCEY BOREM.
resc, March 19.

MAR 24 1907

ME. BERIZA IN 'LOUISE' AT

By PHILIP HALE.

TON OPERA HOUSE—Charpen-
's "Louise." Mr. Caplet conducted.
. . . . . Mme. Beriza
. . . . . Mme. Gay
. . . . . Miss Sharlow
. . . . . Mr. Laffitte
. . . . . Mr. Marcoux

Beriza took the part of Louise
the first time in Boston. It is a
that she has not been seen here be-
role and in other roles, for
an attractive personality and
an agreeable singer and a capable
For a time it seemed as though
were condemned to the impersona-
of Musetta with the slow waltz,
ged out beyond endurance by nearly
the conductors of late years. She
identally had the opportunity of ap-
ing as Monna Vanna, when the cir-
stances attending her appearance
e trying. Her impersonation of Mae-
linck's heroine made a deep impres-
and there was general regret that
had not played the part at the pre-
performances.
Louise is conspicuous, first of all
its simplicity. Louise is a familiar
Paris, not known to Americans
a hasty trip and debating
r they should first see Napo-
tomb or a famous dance hall, not
to Americans who take letters
ch families who at the time
are out of town or conveniently suffering from an unexpected bereavement, but students of all kinds know her. Sometimes she continues to live at home, a home of family jars; sometimes she runs away and is seen at last on an outer boulevard at night or is less wretched in a hospital.

Mme. Beriza's Louise is true to life. She is not an Anglo-American thinly disguised as a Parisian. She is not sophisticated. She is one of hundreds who early in the morning make the descent from Montmartre on their way to the dressmaker's or the milliner's. (By the way did the customers of the atelier in "Louise" ever receive their dresses in time? Discipline there seemed rather lax.) Being a Frenchwoman, understanding the type, sympathizing with it, Mme. Beriza gave a delightful performance, one that was realistic but with the saving touch of idealism, the poetic treatment without which realism on the stage is ineffective and dull.

Mr. Marcoux's Father is an admirable impersonation in every way. The two acts in which this character appears are by far the best. Charpentier is much more fortunate in portraying homely happiness and pot au feu domesticity than in his rhapsodies over Socialism and free love. And Mr. Marcoux is the honest workingman in costume, behavior, speech and sentiments. Last night he played the scene with Louise in the first act even more sympathetically and with more touching fervor than before. Mr. Laffitte sang freely and well in the first act and in the endless and tiresome "Paris" duet; would that Charpentier had never written it! But this Julien was outwardly a highly respectable person, a poet for a family journal, and the wonder was that Louise's mother objected to him.

It was a pleasure to see and hear Mme. Gay again as the Mother. She does no overact the part; her voice gives character to the inherently undramatic music. Her entrance in the third act was the one feature in the long and boisterous scene on Montmartre after Louise sang her sensuous air constructed after the manner of the late Monsieur Massenet.

The minor parts were as a rule satisfactorily taken. Miss Sharlow sang Irma's air in a charming manner, and the ensemble in the atelier was appropriately spirited. Mr. Jou-Jerville, however, was not a seductive night wanderer of pleasure or an imposing Pape des Fous. We never hear the rag-picker's lament without regretting the absence of Mr. Lankow.

All pulse are nought, beans, peas, vetches, etc.; they fill the brain (saith Isaac) with gross fumes, breed black thick blood, and cause troublesome dreams. And therefore, that which Pythagoras said to his scholars of old, may be forever applied to melancholy men, "A fable abstinete," eat no peas, nor beans; yet to such as will needs eat them, I would give this counsel, to prepare them according to those rules that Arnoldus Villanovanus and Frietagius prescribe, for eating and dressing fruits, herbs, roots, pulse, etc.—Robert Burton.

Faba, the Bean, is not far removed from a middle temperament as to cooling and drying. Its flesh is also somewhat detergent. It agrees, therefore, with expectorations from the chest and lungs.—Paulus Aegineta.

I eat beans now because I eat beans then.—The eminent Dr. Schwazey.

A Palpable Hit.

But how did Dr. Schwazey eat them? We little thought when we published a letter signed "D. Gustibus" inquiring into the proper way to eat beans—Boston baked beans, of course—and asking whether the leading books on etiquette allow the mashing of them on the plate, that we should touch the hearts and stomachs of the people. Out of the many letters received we select the following:

In Any Old Way.

As the World Wags:
The article of D. Gustibus, in your today's paper, especially interests me, for, in spite of the fact that I've been told so many times I don't "know beans," yet, as a Bostonian born I venture to think—even to say—that my grandmother instructed me to tackle beans according to their size and my environment; spooning them when small, forking them if ordinary size, peeling and cutting them if extraordinary size. Not even in bean soup should they be mashed, for floating beans prove conclusively that the bean soup is not all made of peas!

Spearing or impaling of them, grandmother says, is vulgar, and is permissible only on board ship in rough weather, where they can't be caught any other way. She says the term "has been" came from a crushed bean, and is not considered good form—for the bean!

Mother says that March is the worst month of the year for sickness, but a good month for sea food and beans.
JACOB FAITHFUL.
Boston, March 20.

From Dorchester.

As the World Wags:
I have not studied the latest fashion of eating Boston baked beans imported from France, but this is the way I enjoy the home made article. A generous plateful, with a dusting of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste, then "mash" them with a fork; a large slice of bread, well buttered. In this way you can clean the dish without chasing the last bean all over the plate with your fork, as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said he had to.
OLD DORCHESTER BEAN EATER.
March 21.

Peas and Beans.

As the World Wags:
To the query of "D. Gustibus," concerning the table etiquette of eating baked beans my own experience is offered, not as an authority, but a mere rush light upon the subject.

I didn't like baked beans very well as a child, but as they were a staple article of diet at our house from Saturday night to Monday morning it seemed desirable that I should learn to do so. By experimenting I discovered that mashing the beans to a pulp and seasoning them highly with salt, pepper and vinegar would make them very acceptable to my palate. But mother strongly objected to this mashing process. She said it wasn't nice and sent me away from the table for doing it; but that didn't really cure me; I slyly mash them to this day.

A dear old minister, who supped with us occasionally on Saturday night, whom we all respected very highly, liked his baked beans with plenty of juice, and I recall that he ate them with a spoon. And that reminds me of something that another old gentleman told me of his preference for a spoon as an aid in eating green peas. It seems that by a kind act he had rescued a child from a threatened danger, and the parents, who happened to be the big-wigs of the town, invited him to a dinner at their home as a partial recognition of his services. "It was all very fine," he said to me, "but I had a most 'tormentin' time eatin' the peas. I'm terrible fond o' green peas, and at home I always eat 'em with a spoon. But of course I knew it wasn't good manners at their house; so I tried to eat 'em with my knife; but my hands are gettin' kind o' shaky, and afore I could get 'em to my mouth every one joggled off on to my plate. I stood it as long as I could and then I grabbed a spoon and eat 'em comfortable same as I do at home."
RUEY BARTLETT STEVENS.
Roslindale, March 21.

Mr. Johnson at Table.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson eats green peas with a spoon. We have seen him do it. After all, it's the only sensible way to eat them. We share Mr. Johnson's liking for a bit of pork cooked with the peas. The young lions of the press tell us that Thackeray was over-rated in his time and is not worth while today, but some of us still read him, probably through force of habit, and we remember how the author of "The Book of Snobs" avoided Mr. Marrowfat, who had saved his life more than once, because he ate peas with the assistance of his knife. So did the hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter, a serenely beautiful woman, use her knife in lieu of a fork or a spoon, but she was a foreigner. At last he saw Marrowfat using his fork when duck and green peas were served at Sir George Golloper's, and there was a touching scene of reconciliation. Beans with a fork. Peas with a spoon. Personally we do not approve the mashing of beans. We like to attack a hillock. Nor should the beans be watery. Who was it that first said: "Most all pork with a good many beans"?

In Sudden Pauses.

There sat close behind me two mammoth women, who might easily have been taken for Levantines, gorgeously bedizened and full of a desire to "visit." Their voices rose superior to the "Carmen" overture, which certainly starts with vim and a plenitude of action in all departments, from wood-wind to tympani. And when, quite unexpectedly, silence like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound, the conversationalist, who for the moment had the floor, deftly plugged the yawning cavity caused by a half-rest in the score with that blessed word, "taupe," thundered forth fortissimo. She subsided in the general titter that ensued, but recovered during the first intermezzo sufficiently to inform a waiting world, pending another and equally unexpected pause in the orchestral dialogue, that she had "warmed over fish chowder for lunch" at the home of a Boston dame of most portentous reputation, whose name, in all charitableness, I withhold.

'LITTLE MISS BROWN' AT

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Little Miss Brown," a farcical comedy in three acts by Philip H. Bartholomae. First performance in Boston.

Day Clerk.....Ned A. Sparks
Porter.....William Ball
Telephone Girl.....Rae Bowdin
Eulalia Burke.....Vira Rial
Mr. Burke, her husband.....Charles Stanley
Philip Dennison.....Bruce Elmore
Bellboy.....Douglass Joss
Miss Wendel.....Elsie Hitz
Little Miss Brown.....Madge Kennedy
Night Clerk.....Sidney Macy
Maid.....Mattie Ferguson
Richard Dennison.....Albert Brown
Mrs. Richard Dennison.....Jean Newcombe
Joseph Clews.....Arthur Norbury
Robert Mason.....Sydney Seaward

Little Miss Brown, a gospel-eyed maiden, leaves home to meet her fiance in another city. On the way she loses her handbag and with it her money and her Joseph's house address. She is refused admittance at every hotel owing to her strange circumstances and the lateness of the hour. A friendly telephone girl at the Wendell advises her to masquerade as Mrs. Dennison. She deceives the night clerk and gains a room. Richard Dennison arrives and the real Mrs. Dennison soon follows. There are endless amusing complications followed by the usual happy ending.

Mr. Bartholomae's play is bright and entertaining. It is far superior to his "Over Night," "When Dreams Come True" and "Kiss Me Quick." Although the theme is the well worn one of mistaken identity, it is ingeniously worked out. The dialogue is brisk, not too flippant, on the whole exceptionally well turned. Nor has the auther in his little pleasantries on the marital relations found it necessary to be vulgar. There is also a refreshing lack of noisiness and rollicking horseplay, while each character reflects, however faintly, the refinement which is the distinguishing feature of Little Miss Brown herself.

The second scene in act two, when the unfortunate Mr. Dennison becomes more and more inextricably entangled in the web of misunderstandings, might well be shortened. Otherwise the piece moves rapidly, the attention of the spectator is constantly maintained, the incidents are continuously diverting and irresistibly humorous.

The play was acted last evening with spirit and distinction by every member of the company. Miss Kennedy was charming as the heroine. Her simplicity and ingenuousness were not forced nor was she absurdly coquettish in her efforts to appear unsophisticated.

Mr. Brown played Richard Dennison with much intelligence and quiet humor. Mr. Ball and Mr. Joss were effective and realistic as porter and bellboy. Mr. Sparks was amusing and imperturbable as the day clerk, but why does he indulge in wholly unnecessary vocal mannerisms merely to excite laughter? Miss Hitz as Miss Wendell gave a possibly unconscious imitation of Miss Julia Sanderson. Others in the cast whose impersonations pleased were Miss Newcombe as Mrs. Dennison and Miss Ferguson as the maid.

An audience of good size was warm in its expressions of approval.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Soldiers of Fortune"—Augustus Thomas's four-act drama from Richard Harding Davis's novel.

Robert Clay.....William P. Carleton
Capt. Stuart.....Donald Meek
Gen. Mendoza.....Frederic Ormonde
Mr. Langham.....Walter Walker
Teddy Langham.....Carney Christie
MacWilliams.....Al Roberts
Capt. Burke.....Morrill Morrison
Reginald King.....Robert Capron
President Alvarez.....George Ernst
Weimer.....Alfred Lunt
Ensign Macauley.....Robert Capron
Winter.....Frank Kelliher
Gen. Rojas.....Robert Long
Col. Garcia.....John Leslie
Fileo.....Albert LeRoi
Carlos.....George Hunt
Sergt. Paul Hernandez.....Montana Williams
Manuel.....George Hunt
Sandro.....Albert LeRoi
Hope Langham.....Miss Doris Olsson
Alice Langham.....Miss Anne Faystone
Madamae Alvarez.....Miss Augusta Gill

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a play in four acts, by Eugene Walter, founded on the story of the same name by John Fox, Jr. The cast:

June.....Isabelle Lowe
John Hale.....Eugene Weber
Bob Berkeley.....Jack Pendleton
Uncle Billy.....John Rennie
Old Hun.....Miss Eva Benton
Judd Tolliver.....Noah Beery
Dave Tolliver.....C. Paul Schwager
Loretty Tolliver.....Marguerite Abbott
Cal Heaton.....Barrett Greenwood

FESTIVAL BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

An encore or two went with every act yesterday at B. F. Keith's Theatre, where is being celebrated this week, by a bill of unusual length and of unusual excellence, the 20th anniversary of the opening of the present house—the first $1,000,000 house to be devoted to vaudeville.

The headliners upon this week's program are Claude Gillingwater, distinguished legitimate actor, and Miss Edith Lyle, with an excellent supporting company, in a one-act dramatic play entitled "The Wives of the Rich." The dramatic part comes in the dream of Bruce Benton, millionaire promoter, who doses off in his chair at home, his wife having gone to the opera alone, because he didn't like the opera and didn't like "the crowd" that was going.

In his dream he sees his wife return with the artist whom he has recently paid for painting her portrait, and while he conceals himself behind a convenient

drapery listens to their planning to elope. Subsequently he attacks the artist the wife telephones for the police, the police arrive to find the dead body of the artist. And then Bruce Benton is awakened from his dream by his wife's return from the opera. Dazed for a time, he realizes at last that it is all a dream, but he determines in his mind to turn over a new leaf, to do something more for his wife than to provide her with a home and every luxury. Ten minutes later they are on their way to Sherry's for the first midnight supper Bruce Benton and his wife have had together for years. The play gives opportunity for some extremely effective acting, in which Mr. Gillingwater and Miss Lyle shared the honors.

Elizabeth Murray, late star of "Madame Sherry," made another of the big hits of the bill in her dialect songs. Miss Murray is excellent at both darkey and Irish dialect, but is best at the former, and most of her songs were rendered in typical plantation fashion. John and Mae Burke in "A Rag-Time Soldier" have a sketch that is tremendously funny, with John featuring his own marvellous ragtime piano playing. Jim Tooney and Ann Norman proved a most amusing couple in unadulterated nonsense.

Another of the Jesse Lasky productions is at B. F. Keith's this week. This time it is "The Trained Nurses," with a dozen attractive young women, all attired in nurses' costumes, and the usual number of doctors and internes, including, of course, the one patient who is in love with a nurse. The "patient" has appendicitis symptoms that neither improve nor become more marked after being in the hospital for several weeks. The trained nurses introduce as the stars Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman, Mr. Bergman being the appendicitis patient and Miss Clark the attending nurse.

Joe Boganny's Lunatic Bakers gave their amusing acrobatic specialty, full of all sorts of thrills. Seymour's Happy Family proved a dainty little animal circus, with dogs in the leading roles. Les Cadets de Gascogne, French operatic stars, sang well, and La Pelarico Duo, terpsichorean experts, gave demonstrations of all the modern dances—the tango and the hesitation included.

Mch 25 1914

LAST RECITAL BY KREISLER

Fritz Kreisler gave his last recital of this season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: J. S. Bach, Suite in E minor, Sarabande, Double and Bourree from Sonata in B minor for violin alone; Tartini, Sonata in G minor ("The Devil's Trill"); Vieuxtemps, Concerto No. 2 in F sharp minor; Dvorak, two Slavonic dances; Smetana, Aus der Heimat.

Mr. Kreisler was in the vein and his program was an attractive one. He again displayed ravishing beauty of tone, flawless execution, the extraordinary virility and artistic sincerity which are, perhaps, the distinguishing features of his playing.

His performance of Tartini's Sonata was characterized by masterly phrasing and brilliance, while the pieces by Vieuxtemps, Dvorak and Smetana afforded an opportunity for more emotional expression.

An audience of good size was enthusiastic and Mr. Kreisler added to the program. Mr. Lamson was a sympathetic and efficient accompanist.

MRS. KAGAN'S READINGS

Mrs. Bertha I. Kagan gave the first of three interpretative readings in German from German classic poets yesterday afternoon at Miss Gertrude Fogler's studio, 543 Boylston street. She was assisted by Miss Phyllis Robbins, soprano. Mrs. Kagan, who is known as an accomplished teacher of diction, recited eight poems of Heine with excellent effect and added Wagner's "Beethoven," Goethe's "Easter walk" and Mosenthal's "Mozart." The poems of Heine selected by her have tempted composers and Mrs. Kagan's reading of them was instructive to singers who, not native to the German language, wish to sing in it before English speaking audiences. Her reading also gave pleasure to those who having an acquaintance with German like to hear it spoken in its purity. Miss Robbins sang in a simple and pleasant manner four German folk songs. Her costume was that of a German maiden. The next reading will be on the afternoon of April 14 at 3:30 o'clock.

PERCY LEVEEN'S CONCERT

Percy Leveen, assisted by Miss Ethelynde Smith, soprano, and Mrs. Clara Tippett, pianist, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. Young Mr. Leveen played the first movement of Mendelssohn's concerto, Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, and the Romance and Allegro Moderato from Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor. Miss Smith sang these songs: M. R. Lang, "Day Is Gone"; Mary T. Salter, "A Rose Rhyme"; Rummoll, "Ecstasy"; F. Foster, "The White Blossoms Off the Bog"; D. C. Rubner, "Pierrot"; H. Ware, "Sunlight"; and with violin, "The Moon and My Little Friend," by Constance Tippett, and Manney's, "I Love and the World Is Mine." There was an audience of good size which applauded heartily, so that the program was lengthened.

The Herald published last Saturday a letter from "Porphyrius," who complained of the conversation maintained by many near him at the Boston Opera House while the performance was going on. Unfortunately a paragraph headed "In Sudden Pauses" was then dropped in making up the page. This paragraph was published Tuesday morning.

The Herald has received several letters thanking it for the publication.

The Retort Courteous.

As the World Wags:

Reading this morning in your column in The Herald of the annoyance caused by people talking at the Opera reminded me of something that happened in Philadelphia a good many years ago. Old Dr. Heerring of that city was at the opera one evening and was very much annoyed during a solo by a man who sat in front of him and hummed an accompaniment to the singer. Dr. Heerring, turning to his friend, said: "I wish that fool would keep quiet." The man turned round and said: "Did you refer to me, sir?" "No," said the Doctor, "I referred to the man on the stage. I want to hear you."

ALEXANDER POPE.

Brookline, March 21.

Either Way.

As the World Wags:

May I add, apropos of the communication in The Herald of March 21, my own experience at a Symphony concert?

A woman near me continued a conversation in this wise: "You can take it as a pill, or an emulsion." In a pause of the music this was distinctly heard.

Brookline. C. L. H.

More Than One Crank.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps I am presuming that you will publish this. I think I fail to understand the object of the "Wags" column. "As the World Wags" would seem to me to refer to the present time. Most of the articles in this column appear to tell of how the world has wagged. And that my stories, several of which have not been published, were out of place, or of inferior merit. Any way, here goes.

As to augers. How many know the origin of the double crank auger? And why it was never patented? This auger was used in ship-building work for boring trunnel holes, or for iron or copper bolts in what was called fastening. It came into use about 70 years ago. I know the why and wherefore of it, but will leave the question open.

Boston. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

In eternity what we call the years are but as the twinkling of an eye. Alexander the Great and Mr. Bryan are therefore contemporaries and the battles of Marathon and Gettysburg happened on the same day.

Furthermore, in dealing with contemporaneous subjects we are sadly handicapped. Our largest encyclopedia was published in 1705; the Oxford Dictionary does not as yet go beyond "Trahysh" (S is still incomplete); and Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" has not left the printers. We do the best we can. Our motto is, "We struggle to please." The object of this column, dear doctor, as we have often stated, is to provide a wastepipe for the intellect of the leisure class, to disseminate useful misinformation and useless information and, incidentally, to raise the moral tone of the community.—(Ed.

"You-All."

As the World Wags.

The use of "you-all" was thus expounded to me when I lived in Texas. "It is used correctly only of two or more. Our use differs from yours chiefly in applying the word "all" to two persons as well as to larger numbers. I think this was the usage among those southerners who were careful of their speech. Nevertheless, such expressions as "Here's you-alls hat" are frequently heard. H. B. HASTINGS.

Boston.

Marie Jansen.

The New York newspapers announcing the death of Marie Jansen stated that she was 65 years old. We believe that she was much younger. When she was here at the Globe Theatre late in 1890 with Francis Wilson and Miss Laura Moore in "The Merry Monarch," she certainly was not 40 years old or near it. How shapely was her figure, how delightful her insouciance in those days! Mr. Francis Wilson now sheds the tear of sensibility over her and goes through the ceremony of laying a "little tribute of affectionate appreciation upon the altar of remembrance." (See the New York Times of March 22.) It is a pity that her associates in prosperity were not affectionately appreciative in a practical manner during her years of hardship and poverty. She made large sums for others; she amused thousands. And what was her ending?

"Sir, You May Wonder."

As the World Wags:

Reading recently an account of the Anglo-Saxon custom of "pledging," I wondered whether or no cowboys, bandits and plainsmen are left-handed when it is a question of manipulating liquor. The glass commonly used being smaller, and the amount of liquor wasted in case of an accident being practically negligible, it, apparently, has never seemed worth a companion's while to stand pledge. Therefore, one hand to the guns and the other to the commissary department. But which?

O that this cruel war were over, and Halliday were once more "in our midst"!

Boston. H. J. L.

Mch 26, 1914

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Il Re.....Mr. Sampieri
Amneris.....Mme. Gay
Aida.....Mme. Weingartner
Radames.....Mr. Zenatello
Ramfis.....Mr. Wronski
Amonasro.....Mr. Ancona
Un Messaggiero.....Mr. Fusco
Una Sacerdotessa.....Miss Sharlow

The performance of "Aida" gave the audience last night great pleasure. The opera itself appeals to the eye and the ear. Some enjoy it for the spectacle; others admire the art with which Verdi shaped his melodies so that they characterize the men and women of the drama and thus have dramatic significance; and there are those who are interested in the artistic development of the great Italian composer. "Aida" has this advantage, as far as popularity is concerned, over "Otello": the former contains a wealth of melody, fresh, spontaneous, haunting and at the same time expressive of the situation and the emotions.

It is hardly necessary at this late day to say anything about the impersonations of the characters by those who took part in the performance last night. They are familiar and have often been applauded.

Mme. Weingartner's Aida is thoughtfully considered, vocally impressive, picturesque. The costume that she wears as an Abyssinian princess, a slave at the Egyptian court, was recommended to her by a celebrated Egyptologist in Vienna. Mme. Gay's Amneris constantly gains in importance. The impersonation is dignified without rigidity or strut. The facial play and the singer's diction are alike eloquent.

Mr. Zenatello's Radames is justly celebrated. Handicapped soon after his arrival by a severe attack of the grippe, he has now regained brilliance and power, while in purely lyric passages he sings with consummate art. Mr. Ancona acts with spirit as Amonasro, one of the most striking personages in all opera, and the music suits his voice and sound manner of singing.

Mr. Weingartner's engagement is drawing necessarily to a close. Would that he had come earlier! Under his direction the orchestra has a homogeneity and a plasticity that have been too often lacking in the past. He preserves the continuity of the orchestral flow; he has a fine sense of proportion; he respects the singers, who feel under his baton elasticity, freedom and also a firm support in the accompaniment.

I trust now, for what I ought to read, to the advice of a few highly literary friends. But so soon as I am told that I "must" read this or that, and have replied that I instantly will, I am seized with an uncontrollable desire to read something else.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Decent fashions" is the latest announcement from Paris. There are really no limits to the craze for novelty.

Foreign News.

The Liberte of Paris, commenting on the slashing of the picture in the National Gallery of London, insists that "even though hacked by suffragettes, Venus will always beat Mrs. Pankhurst."

Operagoers who enjoy "Samson et Dalila" will be pleased to learn that descendants of Samson are now living on an estate near Lyons. Their coat of arms bears the broken column of a temple. This reminds us that an Italian, the Marchese Porro, goes back to Porus, the Indian monarch who fought with elephants against Alexander the Great. And what a prodigious swell this Porus was! "Many writers do agree," says Plutarch, "that Porus was four cubits and a shaft length higher and bigger than the elephant, although the elephant was very great, and as big as a horse." (Here is a problem for some bright-eyed boy after supper as he sits, restless, near his proud parents: How tall was Porus in feet and inches?) And when Alexander asked Porus, a prisoner, how he should handle him, Porus answered, "princely."

Mr. Bertram George Darby, a fire insurance clerk, in Kentish town, went to the dentist to have teeth drawn. The dentist, pulling, fractured the neck of the patient, who then died. The jury returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure." This reminds us of Dr. Tushmaker's sad experience, as related by John Phoenix. Dr. Tushmaker of Boston, having had trouble in extracting teeth, invented a machine. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The machine was put over an iron chair made stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building. An old lady came in to have a tooth drawn. Dr. Tushmaker tried his machine on her and at the first turn drew her skeleton completely from her body. The dentist took her home in a pillow case. He sold the machine to the contractor of the Boston Custom House. It was found that a child of three years could by a single turn of the screw raise a stone weighing 23 tons. Small machines made on the same principle were sold to hotel keepers, who used them for boning turkeys.

Picture Slashing.

Apropos of the attack on the Venus in the National Gallery, a London journalist names other cases of this indoor amusement. In 1909 portraits of Henry II. and the Duke of Montmorency were attacked by a man out of work. Eighteen months later, Rembrandt's Night Watch at Amsterdam was slashed by a discharged naval cook. Four months later an assault was made on a Michael Angelo portrait in the Louvre. Four historical pictures at Versailles were cut with a razor in September, 1912. In January, 1913, Constable's "Gleaners" and "Mrs. Constable," and two pictures by Richard Wilson were damaged by a house painter with a rule. The Portland Vase was smashed by William Lloyd in the British Museum on Feb. 7, 1845. He was described as a lunatic, also as a drunken mechanic. The cost of the glass was paid, the prisoner discharged, and the vase pieced together in a wonderful manner.

For the Last Time.

Mrs. Mary C. Holman of Hopkinton writes that Theodore F. Vaill, the author of the Travesty of the Aeneid, was born in East Lyme, Ct., in 1832. In 1862 he enlisted in the Litchfield county regiment. He was wounded before Petersburg in March, 1865. In the same year he became editor of the Winsted Herald. He died in 1875.

The Pittsfield Eagle, apropos of Mr. Hicks's letter published in this column, says that Mr. Vaill's name was Joseph H. and in this the majority of our correspondents agree. The Eagle states that he was postmaster for a time and held other public offices. It also speaks of him admiringly and affectionately.

"He had a large vocabulary and poetic gift of expression—an ability to round his sentences in classic form—that were a source of perpetual delight to readers and a model for those who loved to study style. His unusual talents naturally developed a rare felicity of verbal expression—the knack of thinking on one's feet as it has come to be known—and he was in constant demand as an after-dinner speaker and as the special guest at literary gatherings. It was his belief that he owed a certain duty to the public, in giving it the benefit of his thoughts and his charming phrasing of them, and thus he lived on and did his useful work."

Homer Travestied.

Mr. Phillips Barry of Cambridge reminds us of a much earlier travesty than this one of Virgil. "As long ago as the year 1797 there was published in London 'A Burlesque Translation of Homer,' in two volumes, comprising the first 12 books of the Iliad. A copy of this work is in the Boston Public Library, having been formerly in the possession of someone who with a penknife carefully erased all lines and passages which were tolerable only for 18th century decency. The opening lines may be quoted:

" 'Come, Mrs. Muse—but if a maid,
Then come Miss Muse, and lend me aid!
Ten thousand jingling verses bring,
That I Achilles' wrath may sing,
That I may chant in curious fashion
This doughty hero's boiling passion,
Which plagu'd the Greeks, and gave 'em double
A Christian's share of toil and trouble,
And in a manner most uncivil,
Sent many a Broughton to the devil.' "

And if any lad should ask who Broughton was, we refer him to the history of the ring—not the Nibelungen's.

For John Broughton (1705-1789) is known as the Father of British Pugilism. He was a fine fellow, 5 feet 11 in height and

weighing 196 pounds. Mr. Slack, however, beat him and the Duke of Cumberland lost £10,000 thereby. Broughton died, honored, and leaving about £7000, and at his funeral famous pugilists, among them Mendoza, were pallbearers.

Does not Mr. Barry refer to the parody of Homer by Thomas Bridges? The book first appeared in 1762 and there were later editions, the fifth in 1797. It is exceedingly coarse. "Slang and Its Analogues" by Farmer and Henley quotes freely from it.

MME. AGUGLIA'S GOOD-BY IN "THE IRONMASTER"

Large and Enthusiastic Audience Sees Italian Version of Play.

A large and enthusiastic gathering of compatriots bade farewell to Mimi Aguglia and her company last night at the Hub Theatre in an Italian version of Georges Ohnet's well-worn drama, so familiar to English and French theatregoers under the titles of "The Ironmaster" and the "Maitre des Forges."

The Sicilian tragedienne played throughout with her accustomed force and sincerity, though the unrestrained character of her acting and the broad manner in which the minor parts were interpreted by other members of the cast threw into somewhat high relief the artificial construction of Ohnet's clever but old-fashioned play, which depends for its effect largely on the contrast of the honest and single-minded ironmaster with the polished and treacherous society into which his marriage has thrown him. A great deal of Ohnet's drama has reference to social distinctions which have ceased to propose themselves as problems even in the convention-bound France, about which Bernard Shaw's naval lieutenant is propounding such startling paradoxes at the Park Theatre.

As the generous Derblay, G. Sterni was conventionally manly and bewildered though somewhat youthful in appearance. The humorous relief was in equally conventional hands with P. Rosa and Bongini. G. Gregolin gave a strong character rendering of an old employe.

Mme. Aguglia and her fellow-workers received constant and hearty applause throughout the evening, and she was the recipient of several floral favors from the Italian colony in Boston, to whom her season of drama has afforded excellent entertainment so strongly reminiscent of the home land.

Mch 27 1914

MRS. BREARLEY

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Grace Senior-Brearley gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. A small audience showed appreciation. The program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne (for violin alone); Debussy, Four Preludes; Les Sons et les Parfums, Les Collines d'Anacapri, Des pas sur la neige, La Cathedrale engloutie; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13; Brahms, Ballade, E flat major, op. 119; Alkan, "The Wind."

Mrs. Brearley, we believe, played here for the first time. She is a pupil of Leschetizky and for some years has played and taught in the West, so we are informed.

Bach's Chaconne, in its original form for the violin, is a thing to strike terror to the stoutest soul unless it is played by a violinist like Mr. Thibaud. Busoni's transcription for the piano is perhaps less inhuman than some of his other transcriptions, but since Bach wrote so much beautiful music for the piano, why should any pianist waste time on music that is denatured? Yet this seems a churlish remark, for the transcription gave Mrs. Brearley an opportunity of showing a sound, well-developed technic and musical understanding. Her performance was conspicuous for clarity, strength that was never aggressive, delicacy that had body; also for variety in expression.

Her performance of the preludes by Debussy was aesthetically less satisfactory, though she displayed as before a polished mechanism and true brilliance. The performance, especially of the first and third chosen by her, was too objective, too carefully defined, too deliberate and exact. This music should have been more vaporous and remote. An impression was turned into a fact. It is not given to everyone to interpret Debussy's music. It is a special gift. A pianist may excite admiration as an interpreter of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and not catch the spirit of Debussy. And in the Etudes Mrs. Brearley might have played in a still more romantic vein.

The prospectus of the summer season of opera at Covent Garden, beginning on April 20, has been published in the London journals. The long list of singers includes some that have sung this season at the Boston Opera House, Mmes. Destinn, Edvina, Melba, Sharlow, Leveroni, Messrs. Fontana-Ferrari, Martinelli, Everett, Sampieri, Scotti. The conductors will be Messrs. Campanini, Coates, Drach, Nikisch, Polacco.

Tennysonia.

The London journals have much to say about the reduction of the Times to a penny. A writer is reminded of Tennyson's answer to Lady Taylor, when she took a friend to see him and was grudgingly received. She jested with the poet on his manner, and he replied: "Madam, I am a poor man, and as I can't afford to buy the Times, I have it from the stationer's. He charges me one penny for it, which entitles me to keep it an hour. Why will people always select just that hour to come and call on me?"

Another story about Tennyson is told by Mr. Wilfred Ward in his "Men and Matters," recently published in London, a volume of essays that suggest to one reviewer "a literary suite of mahogany furniture, massy, spacious, ponderous and without the least concession to lightness or frivolity." Cardinal Vaughn, then a bishop, Tennyson and Mrs. Cameron, who was photographing people for the characters in "The Idylls of the King," were at Mr. Ward's father's house at tea. As soon as Mrs. Cameron saw "Vaughan's knightly face and figure, she called out to Tennyson: 'Alfred, I have found Sir Lancelot.'" Tennyson, not seeing to whom she referred, replied: "I want a face that is well worn with evil passion." At this the bishop was openly embarrassed.

What made Samuel Butler dislike Tennyson and all his works so heartily? In his Note Book he abuses him roundly. Perhaps it was the smug and priggish author of "The Idylls" that he detested, not the earlier Tennyson, the Tennyson of "Ulysses" and "Mariana."

Luxurious Vegetarians.

There was a Vegetarian Banquet held at a Fruitarian Restaurant in London a fortnight ago. The fish course was represented by "filet de Saisifis, Sauce Hollandaise and Artichauts Blanchaille." There was also "Cotelette de Bresil," consisting of Brazil nuts—O Charley's Aunt!—looking like a cutlet, and accompanied by a tomato. It was a joyful occasion. Dr. Bell deplored the fact that the vegetables were cooked. "As vegetarians they should take fruit and vegetables as God gave them, and not make them up into cutlets." The choir should then have sung:

> It was the time of onions—
> We plucked them as we passed.

Mr. W. A. Sibley said that vegetarianism did not mean living on vegetables. "It no more meant eating vegetables than a disciplinarian meant eating disciples." Fruit and vegetables would not sustain vigorous life. There was need of nuts, cereals, animal products. During the evening Lettice Newman—an auspicious name—furnished entertainment.

"I'd Be a Parody."

The young poets of Vanity Fair in 1860 gave their days and nights to Tennyson. They parodied the early poems. George Arnold was especially fortunate. Witness his "Opening Day":

> The splendor falls
> On cloaks and shawls,
> And showy goods in every story,
> The gas light snakes
> Its lurid flakes,
> And the Counter-jumper's in his glory;
> Blow, merchants, blow! set the big stories flying;
> Blow, merchants; answer, salesmen—lying, lying, lying.

Arnold parodied "Maud" in "The Conservative's Lament" (March 17, 1860.)

> I hate the dreadful nigger within the pile of wood,
> His name is the demagogue's weapon, dabbled with blood in its sheath,
> At Harper's Ferry still lingers a silent horror of blood,
> And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

Here is another verse:

> I remember the time when my bitterest bile was stirr'd
> By the Herald's gas and the dead-weight Times, and the Tribune's fright,
> When its white coat editor said in every column, he heard
> The shrill-edged shriek of Kansas divide the shuddering night.

Tennyson's "Oriana" moved Arnold to write "Fistiana."

> My heavy counter went aside,
> Fistiana—
> The false, false counter went aside,
> Fistiana—
> The cursed counter glanced aside;
> I missed his nob; my blow was wide,
> Fistiana—
> My blow was very wild and wide,
> Fistiana!

Then there was a delightful parody of "Claribel," purporting to be the original "found among the papers of a Reformed Counter-jumper."

Back to Tennyson.

Reading the account of this ghastly vegetarian banquet, we like to think of James Spedding and Tennyson dining together in London. "Yesterday," wrote Spedding to Lord Houghton, "I dined with Alfred Tennyson at the Cock Tavern, Temple Bar. We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one port and three cigars."

In the South End.

As the World Wags:

Over a mug of Union the other night we recalled the time when Morris Brothers sang "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and then, by contrast, my friend related that he dropped into a burlesque show at the South End last week. While he was seated in the front row, during the show one of the chorus girls, kneeling at the footlights, reached over and tapped him on the forehead, whispering, "Cheer up, Pop!" He was thrilled by the touch and on reaching home set down the following lines:

A MEMORY.

> Dear Elfin sprite; by thine art,
> Thy wondrous beauty, and the light
> Of lustrous eyes that flamed with love,
> You held me spellbound Monday night.
>
> O mischief maker of the hour,
> Who in my heart shall e'er reign queen.
> Pray tell me, on the level, now—
> What made you pat me on the "bean"?

Boston, March 24. J. D. K.

Mch 28 1914

SCHUMANN'S SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Nineteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

> Schumann, Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1.
> D'Indy, A Summer Day on the Mountain.
> Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish themes.

It is often said that Schumann's instrumentation is muddy, and some have gone so far as to insist that his symphonic ideas were thought out for the piano and are not clearly expressed in the development; that the workmanship is crude, etc., etc. M. d'Indy, for example, commenting on the fact that Schumann's musical education was not thorough, that he rushed into composition begfore adequate preparation, gladly admits the genius shown in short pieces of simple construction, but adds that he found himself on strange ground when he endeavored to build a musical monument.

This no doubt is true, and yet the Symphony in B flat, called familiarly the "Spring" Symphony, as it was interpreted yesterday by Dr. Muck, was glowing with life; it was as a vernal riot. There was the exuberant season praised and loved in European countries, but known to New Englanders only by report as a theoretically fixed division of the year. For Dr. Muck, first of all, was singularly fortunate in his choice of tempi. The impetuous rush of the first Allegro did not prevent him from bringing out clearly the walk of each part, also the contrasts, the nuances that are often overlooked in the desire for speed. The pulse of the music beat rapidly, but the music itself was the exultation of a robust man, not fever, not hysteria. We have seldom, if ever, heard such an inspiriting and at the same time poetical reading of this work. The second movement was nobly sung; the sentiment was virile without any taint of sentimentalism. The Scherzo was admirably rhythmed, and with the animation of the Finale there was the requisite grace.

Vincent d'Indy was at work on his "Summer Day on the Mountain" when he visited Boston late in 1905, but the work was not produced in Paris until February, 1906. Dr. Muck brought it out here six years ago next month. The music was suggested by a prose poem of a rhapsodic nature by Roger de Pompeionne; at least this poem is printed on the fly leaf of the score, but it might better be said that the mountains of the Cevennes inspired these symphonic pictures as they inspired d'Indy's "Symphony for orchestra and piano on a Mountain Air," his suite "Mountain Poems" for pianos and some other works.

I wish that it were possible for an audience to read carefully the essay of Romain Rolland on M. d'Indy before hearing any one of his more elaborate compositions. Granting that d'Indy is a master of dramatic expression, orchestral color, style, Rolland argues that his artistic originality is derived from a deeper source, that is, from his own personality. Those of us who had the honor of meeting M. d'Indy and becoming acquainted with his pure and lofty views on art and the sweetness and nobility of his character are perhaps better able to appreciate his musical aims and the peculiar forms of his expression.

This composer, whose music is to the lover of merely sensuous strains, austere if not arid, has been influenced chiefly by his devout faith and by an intimate friendship with Nature. He is a man of broad culture, but this in a composer is of secondary importance. His music is intellectual, if you please, but it is the result of more than cerebral agitation. No one could have written these symphonic pictures unless he had lived near mountains and loved them. D'Indy has lifted up his eyes unto the hills and there he has found strength.

Whether this music is in a way a translation of the prose poem is immaterial. The ideas are the thing; next to them the use of them. Nor is this music forbidding, unless the expression of a communion with Nature is necessarily the revelation of an ascetic. Nor does the composer stand frowning and aloof, for there are reminders, through snatches of folk songs, of simple, rustic pleasures. It is not needful for enjoyment of this highly imaginative music, beautifully and superbly expressed, to follow closely the poem. If this poem were not printed in the program book, the music itself would inspire meditation and the uplifting of the soul. Sir Thomas Browne wrote: "Even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer." The fine saying might now be applied with remarkable fitness to these symphonic pictures of Vincent d'Indy.

The Caprice on Spanish Themes, in spite of Tschalkowsky's praise, is by no means the most characteristic of Rimsky Korsakoff's pieces, nor in orchestration is it to be compared with his "Scheherazade." A man of the North played at being a Spaniard. Chabrier and Debussy have been more successful as foreigners in search of Spanish rhythms, melodic figures, and color, not to mention the Spaniards Albeniz and Granados.

Mme. Weingartner Too Ill to Continue and Mme. Beriza Takes Her Place.

By PHILIP HALE.

The opera last night at the Boston Opera House was "Faust." Mr. Weingartner led for the last time this season. There was a large audience.

Mme. Weingartner took the part of Marguerite. It was at once evident that she was seriously indisposed. It appears that there was a return of the throat trouble from which she has suffered more or less since her arrival here, and she was yesterday under medical treatment. She made a brave attempt to sing, but she was practically voiceless. Those who heard her for the first time last night have not heard her.

After the Garden scene Mr. Hubbard came before the curtain and announced that Mme. Beriza would take the part of Marguerite for the rest of the performance. He also conveyed Mme. Weingartner's disappointment and regret at her vocal inability. Mme. Beriza was heartily applauded after the Church scene.

There were many excellent features in the performance. Mr. Muratore was a spirited Faust, more effective in the heroic passages than in those purely lyrical. On the whole, he sang with more varied expression than on preceding occasions. In the first meeting with Marguerite he dragged the tempo in a sentimental manner, and thus ruined the simplicity of the episode. In the Garden scene more than once he was guilty of the same fault.

Mr. Marcoux's Mephistopheles is one of his most striking impersonations. The music suits the range and quality of his voice, for only by courtesy is he a baritone. It would be a pleasure to dwell upon the many noteworthy qualities of his acting. Especially admirable was the scene where Valentin and the chorus quell him by the sight of the cross. For once we were spared the sight of acrobatic cringing and melodramatic contortions. And so when Marthe asked Mephistopheles if he travelled much, he did not at once race up and down the stage pulling the dame after him to excite foolish laughter.

Mr. Danges bore himself gallantly as Valentin. Siebel was played by Mme. Swartz-Morse. Her impersonation is familiar. Miss Leveroni was a capital Marthe. Mr. Everett made something out of the part of Wagner.

Mr. Weingartner gave a most interesting reading of the score. It is a pleasure to know that he will return next January for an engagement of six weeks, when he will not be hurried in preparation of performances or obliged to conduct practically without rehearsal. If he has the artistic control during his engagement, and this is promised, we may indeed look forward to a brilliant season.

Mch 29 1914

The fifth season of the Boston Opera House ended last night. Public interest waned this month in spite of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Weingartner and Mr. and Mrs. Zenatello, who have many friends and admirers in this city. Nor can it be truthfully said that the interest in the performances at the opera house was so lively and sustained as in preceding seasons. Various reasons have been given for this. Some say that the season was too long, and they welcome the idea of fewer weeks next season. They argue that Boston is not large enough to support opera for 18 weeks. There is no great, floating population, as there is in New York, where hordes of people go prepared and anxious to spend money. Then there is

no room to spectators to stand in the opera house. Many citizens and visitors, who like to see the spectacle and hear this or that singer for an hour or more and are not inclined to dress or pay a higher price than that charged in other opera houses for admission. But all this was true in past seasons.

Some attribute the lack of interest to the fact that many now feel poor. Railway stocks from which they formerly derived an income are depressed and there are no dividends.

But others complain of the character of the performances and insist that the season was artistically inferior to those before it. Is this objection made with reference to the leading singers, or to the ensemble?

It is true that neither Mr. Caruso nor Miss Farrar appeared here, but an appearance of either one does not necessarily determine the character of an operatic season.

Mmes. d'Alvarez, Beriza, Bori, Destinn, Edvina, Gadski, Garden, Gay, Hempel, Lyne, Melba, Matzenauer, Nielsen, Tetrazzini, Teyte, Villani, Weingartner, White, and Messrs. Amato, Ancona, Braun, Constantino, Dalmores, Danges, Ferrari-Fontana, Goritz, Griswold, Laffitte, Leonhardt, Martinelli, Marcoux, Scotti, Urlus, Weil, Witherspoon and Zenatello are names well known in the operatic world.

Other singers that have been associated with the opera house for some time did excellent work or showed steady progress, as Miss Amsden, Mr. Everett, Mr. Giaccone, Miss Leveroni, Mr Mardones, Mr. Sampieri, Miss Sharlow, Mrs. Swartz-Morse, Mr. Tavecchia. Nor should the experienced Mr. Blanchart be forgotten, always ready to be called on in an emergency and well versed in the traditions.

Only two operas were produced in the city for the first time. It is not easy to see why "Monna Vanna" was selected. The music is labored, characterless, inexpressive, futile. On the other hand the event of the season was the production of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," which had not been announced, and was hastily put into rehearsal after the overwhelming success of the opera in New York.

It was announced early in the season that "Romeo et Juliette" would be added to the repertory for the sake of Mme. Melba. It might also have been said that "Die Meistersinger" was added to the repertory for the sake of Mr. Caplet. He had the laudable ambition to conduct Wagner's satirical comedy. For many weeks everything in the opera house was subordinated to this production. Other conductors were allowed only scanty rehearsal or no rehearsal at all. Leading singers suffered from the same cause. Was it worth while thus to endanger other performances merely that Mr. Caplet might have every opportunity to become acquainted with the score? His enthusiasm was praiseworthy; but did it atone for the pitchforking of other operas on the stage? Here, I think, was the one great mistake of the season: the letting so many things go that "Die Meistersinger" might be brought out under the direction of Mr. Andre Caplet.

New Singers Discussed

Let this be granted. Was the season artistically inferior to that of last season? There were new and interesting singers; there were some memorable performances. And now let us calmly consider the merits or failings of singers who sang here in opera for the first time. Let us take them in alphabetical order.

Mme. d'Alvarez made a deep impression by the richness and compass of her glorious contralto voice and by her vocal skill. She was at her best as Dalila and Amneris. Just before her departure she unwisely appeared as Carmen, a role in every way unsuited to her. The character and the music demand a voice of a different timbre and Mme. d'Alvarez in action was logy and dull.

Mme. Beriza is at present a better actress than singer. She is graceful, animated, dramatically intelligent. She is a personage. Her voice is not well placed, and the upper tones are inclined to be thin and shrill. She has the gift of individualizing any role that she takes.

Mr. Danges, a well-graced actor of experience, came here with an excellent reputation. He was unfortunate. A severe attack of the grip incapacitated him for the greater part of the season, so that he did not have the full use of his voice. Toward the end, his voice was sympathetic and well controlled, and his vocal art was undisputed. His Marcello, Escamillo, Lescaut were finely conceived.

Miss Dufrau appeared as Manon and made no marked impression. In the first act of "Manon" she acted with attractive coquetry.

I regret to say that I did not hear Mr. Giorgini in "Rigoletto."

Mr. Jou-Jerville's voice is not agreeable and he does not sing well. We have been unfortunate for two or three seasons in tenors of second-rate importance that have been given undue prominence.

Mr. Leonhardt of the Metropolitan Opera House was an admirable Beckmesser, vocally and dramatically.

Mr. Ludikar was a conspicuous figure of the season. In nearly a dozen roles he proved himself a well-schooled singer and an intelligent actor. His King Mark and Leporello showed his versatility. His Marco and Archibaldo were remarkably impressive. His Sachs, well planned, lacked unctuousness, and a heavier voice would have been more effective.

Miss Lyne achieved in one performance, Gilda, the greatest personal triumph of the season. Her singing and acting aroused an enthusiasm hitherto unknown, and the applause was deserved.

Mr. Martinelli, loudly heralded, disappointed his well-wishers here, as in New York; yet his Rodolfo gave pleasure by a display of fervor and emotion. Nature gave him an unusually good voice. He rushed upon the stage before he was thoroughly taught, before he had mastered a repertory.

Mr. Muratore has a full and noble voice which is not skilfully employed. In forte passages its resonance and trumpet quality, with spirited action, stir the audience. In tender passages he uses the falsetto or has white and bleating tones. As a singer he is wholly without finesse. The clangor of his voice, his commanding figure, his fervent playing impress an audience.

Mme. Niessen-Stone was an unsatisfactory Brangaene.

Mr. Pini-Corsi was a capital Goro.

Miss Riegelman as Gretel made no impression.

Mr. Tanlongo came here young, with an agreeable voice and no experience. He was thrust into parts for which he was not prepared, but he made progress. If he were a far-seeing man he would leave the stage to study assiduously, for there is the making of a good operatic tenor in him.

Miss Teyte delighted all by her charming impersonation of Mimi and Zerlina. Her performance of Madama Butterfly was of an experimental nature. It was not spontaneous or convincing. She herself realized this.

Mr. Wronski proved himself to be a useful member of the company in a modest way, thoughtful and painstaking, with a gift for acting.

Some Noteworthy Performances

And now let us speak a few words about old friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Amato appeared here for the first time as Figaro, Manfredo and Rigoletto. He was interesting, animated, too often boisterous in song. Where is the beautiful quality of voice that once distinguished him? Did the shouting of Titta Ruffo spur him to rivalry? Miss Amsden gained in vocal and dramatic expression. Her voice always excited admiration, and she employed it last season with more skill than in the days when she sang as under forced draught. Mr. Ancona, singing for the first time at this opera house, took over a dozen roles of widely differing character and always proved himself the experienced artist.

Miss Bori has matured. Her voice is firmer and it has not lost the delicious quality that distinguished it. As Mimi, Madama Butterfly and Fiora she made a profound impression by the charm of her song and the pathos of her action. Mr. Constantino was not in voice, and his impersonations were not conspicuous. Mr. Dalmores was an admirable Julien, the true type. Miss Destinn was another sufferer from the grippe, and her Donna Anna was thereby impaired. Her glorious voice was used more freely in "La Gioconda."

Mme. Edvina took the part of Marguerite for the first time in Boston, and that of Madame Butterfly for the first time. Her Marguerite was simple and effective. For Puccini's opera she had insufficient rehearsal and her performance was only an essay. Her Tosca was dramatically stronger than before, and her Antonia was again incomparable. Her first act of "Louise" was most interesting. Mr. Everett was valuable in small parts. Mr. Ferrari-Fontana is undoubtedly one of the leading tenors of the musical world. Grant that his voice has more or less of a baritone quality; grant that occasionally his intonation is slightly insecure; it may still be said that he has rare vocal qualities, unusual dramatic intelligence, native fervor, and great authority.

Mme. Gadski's Eva was not youthful, and Pogner's daughter was given to pouting and theatrical devices. I did not see Mr. Goritz as Beckmesser. Mr. Giaccone took at least 16 roles, for the most part skilfully. He is invaluable. Mme. Gay, arriving after a domestic tragedy, put herself with her whole soul into her art. It would seem that this art had ripened during her absence. Her Carmen was less extravagant, eccentric; her Amneris has gained in dignity and also in nuances of expression. Her Mother in "Louise" is even more effective than it was last season.

Miss Hempel, known here before as a coloratura singer, again shone brilliantly as Rosina and also showed how Eva should be played and how Wagner's music should be sung. Mr. Joern was a stiff and unromantic Walther. Miss Leveroni in all that she undertook did excellent work throughout the season. Her Niklausse, La Cieca, Emilia had distinction, and she individualized minor parts.

Mr. Laffitte, singing in French, German, Italian, showed uncommon versatility and talent. Any tenor that can sing effectively as Radames, Walther, Rodolfo and Faust deserves warm praise. Mr. Laffitte sings well in any language, for his preparation was thorough and he is a rare bird: a tenor that thinks.

Mme. Matzenauer was an Isolde after the approved German manner. She is a mezzo-soprano with an unusual voice, and she should ponder the example of Mmes. Walker and Fremstad and shun soprano parts. Mme. Melba sang carefully in excerpts from two operas, and these excerpts favored her voice as it is today. Mr. Mardones was a pontifical bass, steadily satisfactory except when he was tempted to take the part of Escamillo.

Mr. Marcoux added the parts of Guido, Archibaldo and Friar Laurence to his gallery in Boston. His Guido is one of the most artistic and striking figures on the operatic stage. His Archibaldo was less impressive; the personality of the actor was too apparent; while his Friar Laurence was a noteworthy performance. His Don Giovanni disappointed. There was the sight of a Spaniard painted by Van Dyck, but rather fussy about the management of his cloak. This Giovanni did not have the grand air, the baleful fascination, the seductive spell. Neither in gesture nor in carriage was he the hero of the old legend. On the other hand, his Scarpia, Rafaele, the Father in "Louise" were exceedingly interesting, however much one might dispute concerning some matters of detail.

Miss Nielsen was another sufferer from the epidemic. She sang Juliette for the first time when she was still indisposed. Her Zerlina was delightful, vocally and dramatically. Mr. Scotti again gave great and unalloyed pleasure as Scarpia, Count Gill, Iago. Miss Sharlow, called on suddenly to replace Mme. Melba, gave a sympathetic performance of Mimi. With patience and study there should be a future for her. Mr. Sampieri was faithful in his undertakings. Mme. Swartz-Morse was again seen in familiar roles and in "Romeo et Juliette" she made Stephano a conspicuous character and still remained within the frame. This performance is one of the pleasantest memories of the season. For much may be made of a small part: witness Mr. Pulcini's Yaniadori.

Mme. Tetrazzini was still faithful to coloratura. Mr. Tavecchia was as amusing as ever in the good old-fashioned Italian buffo style. Mr. Urlus again commanded respect by his sincerity and efficiency. Mme. Villani's Fiora was one of the chief features of the season. The conception differed from that of Miss Boris. This Fiora was another woman, more mature, passionate. And Mme. Villani acted the part of Desdemona with an unusual emotional depth. Mme. White, a lyric soprano, acted the part of Aida better than she sang the music.

Mme. Weingartner was another victim of the grippe, as was Mr. Zenatello, but she was a charming Eva, the true daughter of Pogner, and in other roles her voice was golden. Mr. Zenatello, handicapped at first, nevertheless sang with fine rhetorical effect, and, before the season closed, with old-time brilliance and power.

A Few Random Notes

Mr. Weingartner's conducting is fresh in the minds of all, and it is unnecessary to repeat the words of praise that he so richly deserved. It is a pleasure to add that he will return in January. The engagement, it is said, will be for six weeks at least. There is talk of a production of "Die Walkuere," also of Mr. Weingartner's new opera "Cain and Abel." There is also talk of a production of one of Gluck's operas.

Mr. Moranzoni deserved the highest credit for his preparation and production of Montemezzi's opera.

Mr. Caplet's preparation of "Die Meistersinger" also had certain good qualities, chief among them the singing of the chorus.

No doubt there are some mistakes in the following lists of operas, etc., although they have been carefully compiled. The operas or the casts of yesterday may have been changed after this section of The Herald had gone to press.

Operas Produced and Added

One opera was produced for the first time in this country: Fevrier's "Monna Vanna," Dec. 5, 1913.

One opera was produced for the first time in Boston: Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," Feb. 9, 1914.

Two operas were added to the repertory: Wagner's "Meistersinger," Jan. 23, 1914; Gounod's "Romeo et Juliet," March 4, 1914.

Last season two operas were produced for the first time in this country: Bizet's "Djamileh," and Aubert's "La Foret Bleue." Two operas were produced for the first time in Boston: Wolf-Ferrari's "Gioielli della Madonna," and "Il Segreto di Susanna." Three operas were added to the repertory: Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" and Flotow's "Martha" (in English).

Repertory of the Season

These operas and ballads were performed at the Boston Opera House during the season of 18 weeks (1913-14).

Aida, 5 times.
Amore del Tre Re, L', 3.
Barbiere di Seviglia, 3.
Boheme, La, 5. (Also two acts alone).
Carmen, 2.
Cavalleria Rusticana, 2.
Contes d'Hoffmann, 3.
Coppelia (First act), 2.
Don Giovanni, 2.
Faust, 5; also "Garden scene" alone.
Gioconda, La, 1.
Gioielli della Madonna, 6. (One was a special performance for the Boston City Club).
Haensel und Gretel, 1.
Louise, 4.
Lucia di Lammermoor, 4.
Madama Butterfly, 4.
Manon, 1.
Martha, 1.
Meistersinger von Nuernberg, Die, 6.
Monna Vanna, 4.
Otello, 3. (One was a special performance).
Pagliacci, 3.
Rigoletto, 3.
Romeo et Juliette, 1. (Two acts were also performed alone).
Samson et Dalila, 5.
Segreto di Susanna, Il, 2.
Thais, 2.
Tosca, 5.
Traviata, La, 3
Tristan und Isolde, 2.
Trovatore, Il, 2.

It should also be stated that Mme. Pavlowa and her company gave two performances on Dec. 20, 1913.

Excerpts from operas were performed last night in addition to a performance of "Il Segreto di Susanna."

The following Italian operas were performed: Aida, L'Amore del Tre Re, Il Barbiere di Seviglia, La Boheme, Cavalleria Rusticana, Don Giovanni, La Gioconda, Gioielli della Madonna, Lucia di Lammermoor, Madama Butterfly, Otello, Pagliacci, Rigoletto, Il Segreto di Susanna, Tosca, Traviata, Il Trovatore. Seventeen operas with 56 performances.

The following French operas were performed: Carmen, Contes d'Hoffmann, Faust, Louise, Manon, Monna Vanna, Romeo et Juliette, Samson et Dalila, Thais. Nine operas with 27 performances.

These German operas were performed: Haensel und Gretel, Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg, Tristan und Isolde. Three operas with nine performances.

There was one performance of Martha in English.

Italian	17 operas, 56 performances
French	9 operas, 27 performances
German	3 operas, 9 performances
German in English	1 opera, 1 performance
Total	30 operas, 93

The performance of excerpts from operas is not here included.

Composers Represented

These composers, Italian, French and German, were represented by these operas:

Bizet, Carmen 2.
Charpentier, Louise 4.
Donizetti, Lucia 4.
Fevrier, Monna Vanna 4.
Flotow, Martha 1.
Gounod, Faust 5, Romeo et Juliette 1 (also two acts). Two operas and six performances.
Klumperdinck, Haensel und Gretel 1.
Leoncavallo, Pagliacci 3.
Mascagni, Cavalleria Rusticana 2.
Massenet, Manon 1, Thais 2. Two operas and three performances.
Montemezzi, L'Amore dei Tre Re 3.
Mozart, Don Giovanni 2.
Offenbach, Contes d'Hoffmann 3.
Ponchielli, La Gioconda 1.
Puccini, Boheme 5 (also two acts), Madama Butterfly 4, Tosca 5. Three operas and 14 performances.
Rossini, Il Barbiere di Seviglia 3.
Saint-Saens, Samson et Dalila 5.
Verdi, Aida 5, Otello 3, Rigoletto 3, Traviata 3, Trovatore 2. Five operas with 16 performances.
Wagner, Die Meistersinger 6, Tristan und Isolde 2. Two operas with eight performances.
Wolf-Ferrari, I Gioielli della Madonna 6, Il Segreto di Susanna 2. Two operas with eight performances.
Delibes, Coppelia (first act) 2.

The Conductors and Their Work

Mr. Caplet conducted these operas: "Carmen," 1; "Contes d'Hoffmann," 2; "Don Giovanni," 1; "Louise," 4; "Meistersinger," 4; "Monna Vanna," 4; "Samson et Dalila," 4; "Segreto di Susanna," 1; "Tristan und Isolde," 2. Nine operas and twenty-three performances. He conducted "Don Giovanni" for the first time, and he prepared "Die Meistersinger" and "Monna Vanna" and conducted the first performances.

Mr. Dubois conducted a performance of "Faust" and the performances of "Coppelia."

Mr. Lyford conducted "Haensel und Gretel," 1; "Lucia," 2; "Martha," 1. Three operas and four performances. Also scene from "Lucia" March 28.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted these operas: "Aida," 3; "Amore dei Tre Re," 3; "Barbiere di Seviglia," 2; "Boheme," 4 (and two acts); "Cavalleria Rusticana," 1; "I Gioielli della Madonna, 6; "Gioconda," 1; "Lucia, 2; "Madama Butterfly," 4; "Pagliacci," 3; "Rigoletto," 2; "Tosca," 4; "Traviata," 1; "Trovatore," 1. Fourteen operas and thirty-seven performances.

Mr. Rimini was announced as the conductor of "Il Segreto di Susanna" on March 28.

Mr. Schlavoni conducted "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," 1; "La Boheme," 1; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 1; "Rigoletto," 1; "La Traviata," 2; "Il Trovatore," 1. Six operas and seven performances. Also "Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda," March 28.

Mr. Strony conducted "Contes d'Hoffmann," 2; "Romeo et Juliette," 1; "Thais," 2. Three operas and five performances. Also two acts of "Romeo et Juliette."

Mr. Tournon conducted "Faust," 3; "Manon," 1; "Samson et Dalila," 1. Three operas and five performances. Also scene from "Faust," March 28.

Mr. Weingartner conducted "Aida," 2; "Carmen," 1 (first time in this country); "Don Giovanni," 1; "Faust," March 27; "Die Meistersinger," 2; "Otello," 3; "Tosca," 1. Seven operas and eleven performances.

Singers New to Boston Among the singers heard in Boston for the first time were:

Alvarez, Margarita; Carmela, Nov. 24, Dec. [illegible] Jan. 9, 15. Amneris, Dec. 12, Jan. 3, 19. D[illegible]a, Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17. Azucena, Dec. 27. La Mere (Louise), Jan. 14, 24, 30. Laura, Feb. 6. Carmen, Feb. 11.

Beriza, Margherita; Musetta, Jan. 3, 5, 16, March 7, (two acts March 16). Marguerite, [illegible] 10. ("Garden scene" March 28). Antonia, [illegible]n. 21. Monna Vanna, Feb. 28. Louise, Mar[illegible] 23. Marguerite in "Faust" (Acts 3 and [illegible]) March 27.

B[illegible]n, Carl; Pogner, Jan. 23, Feb. 7.

[illegible]iseul, Lea; Taumaennchen, Dec. 27. Ca[illegible], Jan. 14, 24, 30. Pousette, March 18.

[illegible]nges, Henry; Athanael, Dec. 13. Grand Pretre, Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17, March 21. T[illegible] four baritone characters in Contes d'Hoff[mann], Dec. 31, Jan. 24. Marcello, Jan. 16, Ma[illegible] 7, 16. Valentin, Jan. 26, March 27. S[illegible]n, Feb. 21. Mercutio, March 14, 16. [illegible]anillo, March 13. Lescaut, March 18.

[illegible]k Janne; small parts.

[illegible] Louis: Stimme des Seemanns, Nov. [illegible], Dec. 1. Borso, Dec. 5, 10, Feb. 23, 28.

N[illegible]as, Dec. 13, 17. Messager Philistin, Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17, March 21. Marchand d'habits, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Zorn, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 7, 16, March 6, 9. Hoffmann, Jan. 24. Tybalt, March 4, 16.

Dufau, Jennie; Manon, March 18.

[illegible]ease-Green, Rachel; Leonora, Dec. 27.

Fusc[illegible], Lorenzo; Normanno, Eisslinger, Roderigo, [B]envolio and still smaller parts. Useful and earnest.

Giorg[illegible], Aristodemo; Duke of Mantua, Dec. 29.

Grand, Alban; Ein Steuermann, Nov. 29, De[illegible] Torello, Dec. 5, 10, Feb. 23, 28. Second Philistine in "Samson et Dalila" through[out]. S[illegible]veur (Thais), Dec. 13, 17. Hermann, D[ec.] 31, Jan. 12, 24. Valentin, Jan. 10. Le [illegible]er, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Ortel [in] "Die Meistersinger" throughout. Zuniga, [Fe]b. 11, March 13. Capulet, March 4, 16. De [illegible] March 18.

[illegible]e, Kristine: Stella, Nov. 24, Dec. 3, [illegible], March 7, 28. Kate Pinkerton, Dec. [illegible] Jan. 2. Cybele, Dec. 13, 17. Countess [illegible] Dec. 29, Jan. 17, March 20. Su[illegible] Jan. 14, 24, 30. Musetta, Jan. 31. An[illegible] 9, 14, 18. Frasquita, March 13.

J[illegible] Jacques: Totonno, Nov. 24, Dec. 3, Jan. 9, March 7, 28. Ein Hirt, Nov. 29, D[ec.] 1. Nat[hana]el, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. [illegible]bule and Pane dea Fous: Jan. 14, 24, [30], March 23. David, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 7, 16, March 6, 9. Faust, March 28.

[illegible]dt, Robert; Beckmesser, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 7, 16, March 6.

Lu[illegible]r, Paolo, Mephistopheles, Nov. 26, Dec. 6, Jan. 26. ("Garden scene," March 28). K[in]g Marke, Nov. 29, Dec. 1. Marco, Dec. 5, 10, Feb. 23, 28. Ramfis, Dec. 12. Vieux Hebreu, Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17, March 21. Pet[illegible] Dec. 27. Hans Sachs, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 16, March 6, 9. Le Pere (Louise), Jan. 30. A[illegible]do, Feb. 9, 11. Leporello, Feb. 20, Ma[rch] 11.

I[illegible]ne, Felice: Gilda, March 20.

[illegible], Giovanni: Cavaradossi, Nov. 28. R[illegible] Jan. 5. Radames, Jan. 19.

[M]urat[illegible]e, Lucien, Faust, Nov. 26, March 27. Pr[illegible]e, Dec. 5, 10, Feb. 23, 28. Don J[ose], Feb. 11, March 13. Romeo, March 4. [illegible] Des Grieux, March 18.

[illegible] Small parts.

[illegible]ker Armando. Small parts.

[illegible] Stone, Matjn; Brangaene, Nov. 29, [illegible]

[illegible] Gae[ta]no; Cecillo, Nov. 24, Dec. 15, March 7, 28. C[illegible]ville, Dec. 12, 21. Goro, Jan. 2, Feb. 21, March [illegible]lo, Feb. 27, March 2, 11.

[illegible] F[illegible]zibeth. Small parts.

[illegible] R. Small parts.

[illegible], Mabel; Gretel, Dec. 27.

[illegible] Louise. Small parts. Javotte, [illegible] 18.

[illegible], Lydia; Albine, Dec. 13, 17. Lola, [illegible] Magdalene (throughout). Gertrude, [illegible] 4, 16.

[illegible]n, Hazel; Rosina, Dec. 13. Gilda, [illegible] 17.

[illegible] Cara. Une voix (Contes d'Hoffmann), [illegible] Feb. 14.

[illegible] G. Small parts.

[illegible] Helen: Maliella, March 7.

[illegible] Vincenzo; Edgardo, Nov. 29, Dec. 24. Alfredo, Dec. 6, 19, Jan. 10. B. F. Pinkerton, Jan. 2, March 14. The Duke of Mantua, Jan. 17. Rodolfo, Jan. 31, March 16. Don [Ot]tavio, Feb. 20, March 11. Cavaradossi, Feb. [illegible]

T[illegible]e, Maggie (first time here in opera), M[illegible] Jan. 3, 5. Zerlina, Feb. 20. Madama Butterfly, Feb. 21.

[illegible], Pietro: Araldo, Feb. 27, March 2, 11. M[illegible]rone, March 20. Other small parts.

W[illegible]k, Taddeo: Trivulzio, Dec. 5, 10, Feb. 23, 28. Palemon, Dec. 13, 17. Ferrando, Dec. 27. C[illegible]el, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 21. Ramfis, J[illegible], March 25. Mephistopheles, Jan. 10. [illegible]onier, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. The [illegible]ff (Martha), Feb. 14. Duke of Verona, [Ma]rch 4, 16. Pogner, March 16. Comte des [Grie]ux, March 18.

Roles Distributed The record of other singers of the local company and guests is as follows:

Amato, Pasquale. Kurwenal, Dec. 1. A[illegible], Jan. 19. Figaro (first time here), [illegible] Manfredo, Feb. 9. Rigoletto (first time here), March 20.

Amsden, Elizabeth. Marguerite, Dec. 6. Aida, Dec. 12. Giulietta, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. S[illegible]za, Dec. 20. Maliella, Jan. 15, March 28. Eva, Feb. 16. Donna Elvira, Feb. 20, March 1. Tosca, Feb. 21, March 21. Leonora, Fe[b.] 23.

[illegible]n, Mario. First time at this opera [illegible] Nov. 14, Dec. 8, March 28. [illegible], Nov. 26, Dec. 6. Sharpless, Dec. 8. A[illegible]ro, Dec. 12, March 14, 25. Giorgio [illegible], Dec. 19. Tonio, Dec. 20, Feb. 2, 13. [illegible] Dec. 29. Marcello, Jan. 3, 5. [illegible], Feb. 4. Barnaba, Feb. 6. Manfredo, [illegible] 4, 18. Conte di Luna, Feb. 25. Iago, March 2, 11.

A[illegible]va, Ada. First time here in opera. Ai[da], Jan. 3.

[illegible]rt, Ramon: Conte di Luna, Dec. 27. [illegible] Jan. 2, Feb. 21, March 14. Amonas[ro] [illegible] 3. Rafaele, Jan. 15, March 7. Rigo[letto] [illegible] 17. Kothner, Jan. 23 and other per[formances] [illegible] 4. (Giorgio) Germont, Feb. 28.

[illegible] Madama Butterfly (first time [illegible]) Dec. [illegible] Mimi, Jan. 16. Flora, [illegible] (created the part here).

[illegible] Florencio. Radames, Dec. 12. [illegible] Jan. 16. Faust, Jan. 26. Almaviva [illegible] Feb. 4. Enzo, Feb. 6.

[illegible] Charles. Julien, Jan. 14.

[illegible] Gioconda (first time here), [Don]na Anna, Feb. 20, March 11.

[illegible] Messer, Jan. 23 and in all [illegible] Dancairo, Feb. 11, March 13.

[illegible] Mallinson, Nov. 24, Dec. [illegible] Jan. 9. Marguerite (first time here), Nov. 16, Jan. 26. Tosca, Dec. 22, Jan. 21. Antonia, Dec. 31, Jan. 12. Madama Butterfly (first time here), Jan. 2. Louise, Jan. 14, 24, 30.

Everett, George. Wagner, Nov. 26, Dec. 6, Jan. 10, March 27. Melot, Nov. 29, Dec. 1. Silvio, Dec. 20, Feb. 2. Schlemil, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. Nachtigall, Jan. 23 and all performances. Morales, Feb. 11, March 13. Sir Tristan, Feb. 14. Paris, March 4, 16. Also smaller parts.

Ferrari-Fontana, Edoardo. Gennaro (first time here), Nov. 24, Dec. 3, Jan. 9, 15. Tristan, Nov. 29, Dec. 1. Samson (first time here), Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17. Canio (first time here), Dec. 20, Feb. 2, 13. Turiddu (first time), Feb. 2. Avito (created the part), Feb. 9, 14, 18.

Fornari, Rodolfo. Ashton, Nov. 29, Dec. 24, Jan. 10, Feb. 7. Figaro, Dec. 13. Alfio, Dec. 20, Feb. 2. Marcello, Jan. 31. Silvio, Feb. 13. Count Gil, March 28.

Gadski, Johanna. Eva, Jan. 23.

Garden, Mary. Tosca, Nov. 28. Monna Vanna (first time here), Dec. 5, 10. Thais, Dec. 13, 17.

Gasparoni. Small parts.

Gauthier, Ernestine. Un Pastore, Nov. 28 and other performances. Sandmaennchen, Dec. 27. L'Apprentie, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Rosette, March 18.

Gay, Maria. Azucena, Feb. 25. Carmela, March 7, 28. Carmen, March 13. Amneris, March 14, 25. Maddalena, March 20. Dalila, March 21. La Mere (Louise), March 23.

Ghidini, R. Small parts.

Giaccone, Ernesto. Biaso, Nov. 24, Dec. 3, Jan. 9, 15, March 7, 28. Spoletto, Nov. 28, Dec. 22, Jan. 21, Feb. 21, March 21. Arturo, Nov. 29, Dec. 24, Jan. 10, Feb. 7. Goro, Dec. 8. Gastone, Dec. 6, 19, Feb. 28. Un Ufficiale, Dec. 13, Jan. 31, Feb. 4. First Philistin, Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17, March 21. Beppe, Dec. 20, Feb. 2, 13. Ruiz, Dec. 27, Feb. 25. Borsa, Dec. 29, Jan. 17, March 20. Spalanzani, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. Le Jeune Poete, Jan. 14, 21, 30, March 23. Vogelsang, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 7, 16. Flaminio, Feb. 9, 14, 18. El Remendado, Feb. 11, March 13. Guillot, March 18.

Goritz, Otto. Beckmesser, March 9.

Griswold, Putnam. Pogner (first time here), Jan. 28.

Hempel, Frieda. Eva (first time here), Jan. 28, Feb. 7. Rosina, Jan. 31.

Heyman, Hertha. Alisa, Nov. 29, Dec. 24, Jan. 10, Feb. 7. Flora, Dec. 19. Inez, Dec. 27. Giovanna, Dec. 29, Jan. 17. Mamma Lucia, Dec. 20, Feb. 2. Also smaller parts.

Hinshaw, William. Hans Sachs (first time here), Feb. 7.

Joern, Carl. Walther, Jan. 23.

Laffitte, Leon. Faust (first time here), Dec. 6, Jan. 10. Pinkerton (first time here), Dec. 8, Feb. 21. Turiddu (first time here), Dec. 20. Cavaradossi (first time here), Dec. 22, Jan. 21. Rodolfo, Jan. 3, March 7. Hoffmann (first time here), Dec. 31, Jan. 12. Julien, Jan. 24, 30, March 23. Walther (first time here), Feb. 7, 16, March 6, 9. Radames (first time here), March 14. Duke of Mantua (first time here), March 20. Samson (first time here), March 21.

Lasilva, Adrienne. Small parts.

Leveroni, Elvira. Serena, Nov. 24, Dec. 3, Jan. 9, 15, March 7, 28. Marthe, Nov. 26, Dec. 6, Jan. 10, 26, March 27, 28. Berta, Dec. 13, Jan. 31, Feb. 4. Maddalena, Dec. 29, Jan. 17. Nicklausse, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. Suzuki, Jan. 2, March 14. Gertrude and La Balayeuse, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Lola, Feb. 2. La Cieca, Feb. 6. Una Vecchia, Feb. 9, 14, 18. Emilia, Feb. 27, March 2, 11.

Mandell, Gelda. Fiorala, Nov. 24, Dec. 3, Jan. 9, 15, March 7, 28. Flora, Dec. 6, Feb. 28. Madre di Cio-Cio-San, Dec. 8, Jan. 2, Feb. 21, March 14. Small part in Louise. Ines, Feb. 25. Giovanna, March 20.

Marcoux, Vanni. Scarpia, Nov. 28, Dec. 22, March 21. Guido (created here), Dec. 6, 10, Feb. 23, 28. Athanael, Dec. 17. Rafaele, Jan. 9. Dr. Miracle, et al., Jan. 12. Le Pere (Louise), Jan. 14, 24, March 23. Don Basilio, Feb. 4. Archibaldo (first time here), Feb. 18. Don Giovanni, Feb. 20, March 11. Frere Laurence (first time here), March 4, 16. Mephistopheles, March 27.

Mardones, Jose. Don Basilio, Dec. 13, Jan. 31. Abimelech, Dec. 15, 26, Jan. 7, 17, March 21. Bildebent, Dec. 24, Jan. 10. Sparafucile, Dec. 20, March 20. Colline, Jan. 3, 5, 16, 31, March 7, 16. Ramfis, Jan. 19, March 14. Alvise, Feb. 6. Escamillo, Feb. 11. Commendatore, Feb. 20, March 11. Lodovico, Feb. 27, March 2, 11.

Matzenauer, Margarete. Isolde (first time in this country), Nov. 29, Dec. 1.

Melba, Nellie. Juliet (two acts), first time in this opera house, March 16. Mimi (two acts), March 16.

Nielsen, Alice. Nedda, Dec. 20, Feb. 2, 13. Rosina, Feb. 4. Micaela, Feb. 11. Countess Gil, Feb. 13. Julie (first time), March 4. Zerlina, March 11. Madama Butterfly, March 14.

Oppezzo, Giuseppe. Manrico, Dec. 27. Radames, Jan. 3.

Parnell, Evelyn. Violetta, Dec. 6.

Phillips, Maud. Small parts.

Pulcini, Attilio. Rocco, Nov. 24 and other performances. Sciarrone, Nov. 28 and other performances. Yamadori, Dec. 8 and other performances. Baron Douphol, Dec. 6, 19, Feb. 28. Fiorello, Dec. 13, Jan. 31, Feb. Marullo, Dec. 29, Jan. 17, March 20. Schaunard, Jan. 3, 5, 31, March 7, 16. First Philosopher, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Zuane, Feb. 6. Montano, Feb. 27, March 2, 11. Burgermaster in Coppelia.

Ramella, Alfredo. Almaviva, Dec. 13. Lionel, Feb. 14. Alfredo, Feb. 28.

Robeson, Lila; Gertrud and Die Hexe, Dec. 27.

Sampieri, Michele: Il Cieco, Nov. 24 and following performances. Angelotti, Nov. 28, Dec. 22, Jan. 21, Feb. 21, March 21. Raimondo, Nov. 29, Feb. 7. Marquis d'Obigny, Dec. 6, 19, Feb. 28. Il Re, Dec. 12, Jan. 3, 19, March 14, 25. Monterone, Dec. 29, Jan. 17. Bricoleur, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Foltz, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 7, 16, March 6, 9. Ferrando, Feb. 25. Gregory, March 4, 16.

Scotney-White, Evelyn; Lucia, Nov. 29, Feb. 7. La Charmeuse, Dec. 13, 17. Olympia, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. Lady Harriet (first time here), Feb. 14. Violetta, Feb. 28. Mad scena from "Lucia," March 28.

Scotti, Antonio; Scarpia, Jan. 21. Count Gil, Feb. 13. Iago, Feb. 27.

Sharlow, Myrna; Concetta, Nov. 24 and following performances. Sacerdotessa, Dec. 12, Jan. 3, 19, March 14, 25. Stella, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. Irma, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Mimi (first time here), Jan. 31, March 7. Giovanetta, Feb. 9, 14, 18. Frasquita, Feb. 11. Micaela (first time here), March 13. Countess Gil (first time here), March 28.

Sillich, Aristodeme; Bonzo, Dec. 8, Jan. 2, Feb. 21, March 14. Dr. Grenvil, Dec. 6, 19, Feb. 28. Luther, Dec. 31, Jan. 12, 24. Second Philosopher, Jan. 14, 24, 30, March 23. Sparafucile, Jan. 17. Night Watchman, Jan. 23, 28, Feb. 7, 16, March 6, 9.

Swartz-Morse, Jeska; Siebel, Nov. 26, Dec. 6, Jan. 10, 26, March 27. "Garden scene," March 28. Vedio (first time), Dec. 5, 10, Feb. 23, 28. Suzuki, Dec. 8, Feb. 21; Myrtale, Dec. 13, 17. Haensel, Dec. 27. Mercedes, Feb. 11, March 13. Stephano (first time), March 4, 16.

Tavecchia, Luigi: Il Sacrestano, Nov. 28 and following performances. Dr. Bartolo, Dec. 13, Jan. 31, Feb. 4. Benoit, Jan. 3, 5, 16, 31. Masetto, Feb. 20, March 11. Servant in "Segreto di Susanne," Feb. 13, March 28. L'Hotelier in "Manon," March 18.

Tetrazzini, Luisa: Violetta, Dec. 19. Lucia, Dec. 14, Jan. 10. Gilda, Dec. 29.

Urlus, Jacques; Walther (first time here), Jan. 28.

V[illa]ni, Luisa; Fiora (first time here, created the part in Milan), Feb. 18. Desdemona (first time here), March 11.

Weil, Hermann: Kurwenal, Nov. 29.

Weingartner, Lucille; Desdemona, Feb. 27, March 2. Eva (first time here), March 6, 9. Aida, March 14, 25. Marguerite (Acts 1 and 2), March 27.

White, Carolina; Aida (first time here), Jan. 19. Santuzza (first time here), Feb. 2.

White, Howard; Schwartz, Jan. 23 and following performances. Plunkett (first time here), Feb. 14.

Witherspoon, Herbert; Pogner (first time here), Feb. 16.

Zenatello, Giovanni; Manrico, Feb. 25. Otello, Feb. 27, March 2, 11. Gennaro, March 7, 28. Cavaradossi, March 21. Radames, March 25.

Sunday Concerts The soloists at the Sunday evening concerts at the opera house were as follows:

1913; Nov. 30—Mmes. Amsden and Swartz-Morse and Messrs. Marcoux and Tanlongo.

Dec. 7—Mmes. Scotney, d'Alvarez, Leveroni and Messrs. Tanlongo and Ancona.

Dec. 14—Mmes. Garden and Sapin and Messrs Jou-Jerville and Grand.

Dec. 21—Mmes. Nielsen and Heyman and Messrs. Tanlongo, Giaccone, Fornari and Mardones.

Dec. 28—Mmes. Scotney, Androva and Leveroni; Messrs. Oppezzo and Mardones.

Jan. 4—Mmes. Sharlow and Rienskaia; Messrs. Ramella, Amato, Grand. William F. Dodge, violinist.

Jan. 11—Mme. Tetrazzini; Messrs. Grand and Wronski. Miss Edna G. Peterson, pianist.

Jan. 18—Mmes. Bori and Rienskaia; Messrs. Tanlongo and Ludikar.

Jan. 25—Mmes. Amsden, Sharlow, Heyman, d'Alvarez; Messrs. Oppezzo, Ramella, Giaccone, Devaux.

Feb. 1—Mmes. Beriza and Mussini; Messrs. Constantino, Mardones. Miss Ellen Keller, violinist.

Feb. 8—Mr. Ysaye (Mozart Concerto in G major; Bruch, Concerto in G minor).

Feb. 15—Mmes. Sharlow and Sapin; Messrs. Ramella, Fornari and Wronski.

Feb. 22—Mmes. Teyte Beriza; Messrs. Tanlongo, Donges. Pierre Henrotte, violinist.

March 1—Mmes. Scotney and Gay; Messrs. Grand and Mardones. Horace Britt, 'cellist.

March 8—Mme. Weingartner; Ernest Schelling, pianist (Chopin's Concerto in F minor). Felix Weingartner, conductor.

March 15—Mmes. Melba and Weingartner. Felix Weingartner, conductor.

March 22—Mme. Scotney; Jan Kubelik, violinist (Mozart, Concerto in D major; Mendelssohn, Concerto). Felix Weingartner, conductor.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano; Howard White, bass; Charles Strony, pianist, and Charles K. North, flutist. Mme. Scotney will sing "Ah! fors e lui," the Mad Scene from "Lucia," the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria, Old Scottish songs, and songs by Ronald and Brewer. Mr. White will sing the Drum Major's air from "Le Caid," songs by Tschaikowsky, Tours, White, Mozart, Wagner, Jensen, and a group of Scottish songs. Mr. Strony will play a suite by Paul Gilson (first time here) and two Spanish dances by Albeniz.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15. Concert by the Virginia Stickney Trio (Rudolph Ringwall, violin; Virginia Stickney, 'cello; Francis Snow, piano). Brahms, Trio op. 8 (new edition); Klengel, Variations, op. 19 (Miss Stickney); Dvorak, Dumky Trio, op. 90.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Last piano recital by Harold Bauer. Mozart, Fantasia in C minor; Schumann, Papillons; Beethoven, Sonata in C minor, op. 111; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Brahms, Ballade in D minor, op. 10 ("Edward"), Capriccio in B minor, op. 76; Chopin, Ballade in G minor.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

'THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. "The Jewels of the Madonna." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Gennaro	Mr. Zenatello
Carmela	Mme. Gay
Maliella	Miss Amsden
Rafaele	Mr. Ancona

There was a large audience in holiday mood. The performance was spirited. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with true Italian fervor. When an opera is as brutal as "The Jewels of the Madonna" or "Tosca" there is no use in trying to soften the effects, or, as the old politician in Vermont said of a platform proposed to a committee "to prune it of its most inherent qualities."

Mr. Zenatello was in full voice. He sang and acted in an emotional manner and with thrilling results. The part might have been written for him. Certainly no one in Boston has equalled his impersonation—it is so sincere, so natural, so expressive of simple religious faith, passionate love and terrible remorse.

Mme. Gay was also in the vein. The part appeals to her; she feels it deeply; and her voice lends character to music that in itself is rather commonplace. Mr. Ancona gave a vivid performance of the repulsive Rafaele. He played and sang with uncommon animation and with genuine dramatic significance.

Miss Amsden made a brave endeavor to portray Maliella. We say "endeavor," for it is doubtful whether any English-speaking woman can fully realize the intention of librettist and composer. We have seen only one Maliella that stood out boldly, hard, vulgar, vain, implacable, sensual, and that was the Maliella of Mme. Carmen Melis.

Mme. Edvina, who sang the music with uncommon skill, was petulant and waspish; furthermore, she was not physically the type. Miss Amsden in this has the advantage over her. She has gained this season in dramatic flexibility, and as Maliella was able to let herself go more than in some other roles she has taken.

The audience expressed unmistakably its enjoyment. The singers were recalled again and again, and there were flowers for those about to leave—as many hope, only to return next season.

PLAN TO BID FAREWELL TO OPERA SINGERS TODAY

Many Boston Organizations to Attend Sailing of Liner Lapland.

Members of the Boston opera company will sail for Europe today on the steamer Lapland from East Boston. The liner is one of the largest to enter Boston harbor, registering 18,000 tons. She is scheduled to sail at noon.

The members of the company, including the principals and the chorus, number about 145, and in addition the Lapland will have 200 other passengers.

Unless the weather is unfavorable, about 600 members of the Boston City Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Pilgrim Publicity Association, the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange and the Boston Press Club will form in line at the City Club at 10 A. M. today and march in a body to Rowe's wharf. The party will leave for East Boston at 10:20 in a ferryboat and will be escorted by a band of 50 pieces organized for the occasion by the musicians' union.

The saloon, second class cabin and the dining rooms of the liner will be decorated with flowers. Exercises aboard the boat, if carried out as planned, will include speeches by Mayor Curley, ex-Mayor Fitzgerald, and President Frederick P. Fish of the City Club, and a short musical program to include singing by the Italian and American choruses, "Dixie," sung by Miss Sharlow, soprano, and selections from Italian opera sung by Vincenzo Tanlongo, tenor.

Director Russell of the opera company and several of the principal singers sailed yesterday from New York on the Olympic.

LAST PERFORMANCE

Varied Bill Given by Boston Opera Company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne." Mr. Rimini conducted.

Count Gil	Mr. Fornari
Countess Gil	Miss Sharlow
Sante	Mr. Tavecchia

Followed by the mad scene from "Lucia," Mr. Lyford conducting. Miss Scotney as Lucia.

Followed by the garden scene from Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Tournon conducted.

Faust	Mr. Jou-Jerville
Mephistopheles	Mr. Ludikar
Marguerite	Mme. Beriza
Siebel	Mme. Swartz-Morse
Martha	Miss Leveroni

Followed by the dance of the hours from "La Gioconda." Mr. Schiavoni conducted.

For the last performance of the season there was a fan-fare of opera last evening.

There was on the bill, beginning with a highly entertaining performance of the Wolf-Ferrari intermezzo to the concluding dance, wide enough variety to meet the most exacting tastes. There was practically a capacity house to give the company its farewell.

It is said of Miss Sharlow that her histrionic development has not kept pace with her vocal advancement. One seeing her last night would have little idea that there was justice in such a criticism. She was in good voice last evening and her vivacious manner won for her enthusiastic appreciation.

In the familiar mad scene, singing without the chorus, Miss Scotney won prolonged applause. She is a great Saturday evening favorite. Mme. Beriza, of course, sang most acceptably in "Faust."

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We have received a letter from a war correspondent risking his life in Mexico. To show the hardships and the sufferings he cheerfully endures for the sake of the newspaper in which he takes pride and for the country he loves, he sends us the bill of fare for a luncheon at the Hotel Fenix, Mexico City, on March 3.

Cocktail. Hors d'oeuvre. Consomme Imperial. Filet de Royalo a la Hollandaise with Pomines Nature (sic) and Sauterne. Tournados a la Rossini, with claret. Poulet,roti and Salade, also champagne. Omelet Soufle (sic). Cognac. Fruits. Cafe. Te.

And thus we are reminded of a touching letter from a gory member of the Home Guard, dated "Broadway, Dec. 10, '61." The letter is to be found in the complete works of Artemus Ward.

Dear Father and Mother—We are all getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious Stars and Stripes, and, dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs. Skuller that

[illegible] at the back at the St. [illegible] What our [illegible] is in need of now is [illegible] Waffles. Do not weep for me. HENRY ADOLPHUS.

A Hint.

As the World Wags:

We have it on the authority of the Springfield Republican's Boston literary letter that Prof. McKechnie of Edinburgh has completed his great work on Magna Charta. Mr. Herkimer Johnson's masterpiece is still in the hands of the printers! The learned Scot is the early bird and he will undoubtedly capture the bookworm. On what meat do these Scotch printers feed that they are able to beat their Boston brethren? Brose? If so, Mr. Johnson's printers should try brose instead of beans.

I think Dr. Crockett is unduly sensitive. I can assure the worthy doctor that his contributions to this column are read with great pleasure by troops of his admirers in this section. Only the other day the Hon. Abiathar Snow, descended from the Snows of Snowdon Range, Eng., remarked to me: "That Crockett is a corker!" Praise from this eminent citizen is indeed praise from Sir Hubert.

So this column is "a wastepipe for the leisure class"! And yet foreign critics are never tired of telling us that there's no leisure class in this country outside the bread-line. Well, no matter; wastepipe or waste-basket, here goes, as Dr. Crockett says.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, March 27.

The Burning Question.

The Herald has received the following extraordinary letter that bears directly on the recent vote at the State House. We surmise that the writer is "agin" female suffrage.

Doctissime:

Feminae suffragium simplicem esse quaestionem concipiunt; sed feminis suffragium poscentibus homines invicem paritatem sexualem vindicabant.

Pueri in imagine Dei atque ac suae sorores creantur, et dycctonium (This word is not clear. Is it "dyutionem"?—Ed.) infra puellas verberibus indecoris non tolerabunt.

Pueri sine posticis feminarum opibus, et sine argento duces orbis tenarum fuerunt, cum multis in ordine ducium.

Wildingium Australasiaticum, morpheium, scaccorum dux, Gilbortum Gracium, et multos alios minores in ordine ducium seqeuntes ut Carpentierum Gallicum, Graium Australasiaticum, et Quimetium Americanum memorare possum.

In hoc ordine nulla est, aut unquam erat femina.

Primum hominibus puerisque justa personalia praebenda sunt, tum de moribus hominum garrire possunt.

Feminas puerorum esse magistras mimima decet. Hoc quidem institutum estodiosum et obscaenum. Praeceptores puerorum semper esse homines facito.

Pueri valentes feminis in cubiculis suis oberrantibus non egent.

Enimvero id magnam indignitatem esse sentiunt.

Legibus non mutatis, ipsi pueri agent flagellando feminas delinquentes. In feminas valetudinariis assidentes, quibus est idem jus ac medicis, argumentum meum non accidit.

Feminae suum sexum esse vestimentum, quod induere et abjicere possent, arbitrari videntur.

Verbera indecora sunt pueris quod stuprum sit puellis.

Jus, quod unum sexum solum verberat, se non persones observare festive postulat.

Obedientiam abjiciere est uxoris recentis. Si maritis suis non serviunt, quibus est eorum officium?

Fasne est feminis oberrare sine magistris?

Si viri superioribus servient, tum feminas idem facore oportet.

Aliter pro feminis est libertas, pro hominibus servitium.

Imperare pueros placet feminis, sed ab hominibus regi nolunt.

Sed incumbere in virum cum libertate haud convenit.

Omnibus regulis feminae se excipiunt.

Quod vulgus combinatione facore potest feminae vident, et imitari conantur.

Optabile est itaque homine idem facere, aliter dissociati ruunt. Vale.

W. G. TAUNTIN.

Yes, yes. You are undoubtedly right, but the Lord only knows how your Latin will come out in print.—Ed.

The John Collins.

The London Chronicle states that the delectable drink known as a John Collins took its name from a waiter, who in the days of the Regency was employed at Limmer's Hotel in Hanover square, for many years a resort of men about town. The hotel ceased to exist a few years ago. "In the course of a very hot summer Collins devised a mixture of gin, soda water, sugar, ice and lemon, which found such favor among his clients that they bestowed his name upon it. A song was written about the inventor, of which the first verse runs:

"My name is John Collins, head waiter at Limmer's,
Corner of Conduit street, Hanover square;
My chief occupation is filling of brimmers
For spicy young gentlemen frequenting there."

Is this true? We have read that the John Collins was invented in New York and named after a publican or barkeeper there. "Slang and Its Analogues" says the term is Australasian and the only illustrative quotation is from The Australasian of 1865.

CLARA BUTT

Mme. Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon assisted by William Murdock, solo pianist; Harold Craxton, accompanist, and Harold Marshall at the organ. The program:

Prelude, Cesar Franck, Mr. Murdoch; Wie bist du, meine Koenigin, Standchen, Brahms; Maedchen mit dem rothen Mundchen, Franz, Largo al Factotum (Il Barbiere di Siviglia), Rossini; Mr. Rumford; O Don Fatale (Don Carlos), Verdi; L'Angelus (Old Bretagne air), arranged by Bourgault Ducoudray; Mein Madel, Brahms; Creation's Hymn, Beethoven, Mme. Butt; Reflets dans l'eau, La Cathedral engloutie, Golywogs' Cakewalk (from Children's Corner Suite), Debussy, Mr. Murdoch; All Thro' the Night (old Welsh air), arranged by Arthur Somervell; When Childher plays, Walford Davies; A Ballynure Ballad (old Irish air), arranged by Herbert Hughes; Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane (Hungarian Folksong), arranged by Francis Korbay, Mr. Rumford; Recitative et Air de Lia (L'Enfant Prodigue), Debussy; L'Heure exquise, Poldowski; The Lover's Curse, I know my love, arranged by Herbert Hughes; Women of Inver, R. Loughborough, Mme. Butt; Old Londonderry Air, arranged by Percy Grainger; Rhapsodie F-flat, Brahms, Mr. Murdoch; duet, "Au Claire de la Lune," Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford.

A fair sized audience was present, but it made up in hearty enjoyment and audible manifestation thereof for its lack of numbers.

Mme. Butt thrilled her hearers in all the songs in which her wonderful middle and lower tones were used, astonished them with the extreme power of her voice in the stronger passages and captivated them with the beauty and delicacy of her art in the lighter songs. It is, indeed, a remarkable experience to hear a singer whose voice at will and without apparent effort rings out in heroic mood above the full power of an organ and then in a few moments trips daintily and with feathery lightness in some pretty ballad.

Another attractive thing about Mme. Butt's singing is her unusual ability in expressing varied emotion. In her songs of power and pathos, one thinks: "Ah, that is her part! That poignant note of sorrow is natural for her!" Then comes an Irish ballad like "I know my love by his way o' walking," and the deft touch of whimsical fun she gives to it makes one sure she is a born humorist. Both her pathos and her humor, too, are expressed almost entirely in the tones of her voice with little aid of facial expression or gesture.

Mr. Mumford sang with skill, excellent feeling and much beauty of tone.

Both Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford added to the program.

Mr. Murdock won hearty applause for his piano-playing, especially in a delicious Chopin piece, which he played remarkably well.

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"THE DUMMY"

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Dummy," a detective comedy in four acts, by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford.

Chal Fisher	Arthur E. Hohl
Jim Cocoran	John N. Wheeler
Walter Babbing	Joseph Brennan
Barney Cook	Ernest Truex
Agnes Meredith	Helen Macbeth
Trumbell Meredith	Frank Connor
Beryl Meredith	Joyce Fair
Rose Hart	Ada Dwyer
Spider Hart	Edward Ellis
Pat Geoghan	Joseph Twohy
Sinker Simonson	Charles Mylott
Antoine	Nicholas Judels

The moral of this play sceems to be that any bright-eyed boy wishing to earn $10,000 should learn the finger-speech of the deaf and dumb and then refrain from talking with his voice when he is asleep.

The play might be called "Barney, the Boy Detective." When we were young we used to read dime novels in school behind sheltering geographies and thus snatch a fearful pleasure. Healthy minded men revel in detective stories today. Richardson, the architect, rested his mind by devouring them, whether they were by Poe, Wilkie Collins, Gaboriau, or by humble authors of five and ten cent shockers. The more preposterous these stories are, the better. And of all detectives give us the young sleuth, preternaturally sharp-witted, gimlet-eyed, resourceful.

Barney in "The Dummy" wished to be a detective. To gain his end, he left the Western Union Telegraph service, shadowed the mysterious Babbing, who was a terror to crooks, made an impression on him, and was at once set to work on a most important case. Little blue-eyed Beryl had been kidnapped. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, who were about to separate on account of incompatibility of temper, each accused the other of [illegible] the kidnapper. This they did in the detective's private room in a hotel, until finally Mr. Babbing reminded them that they were wasting time. Cooper, the head of the gang, was in the same hotel. He was the author of telegrams in cipher, and Barney stole the dictionary which he used.

Then Barney allowed himself to be kidnapped by the samo gang. He and Beryl were in a gambling house in New York, where Spider Hart was pessimistic, for business was bad, but Rose, his wife, was alternately optimistic and repentant. She mothered Beryl. Babbing, pretending to be a half drunken western sport, entered under the pretext of buying the joint. He was suspected, bound to a chair and gagged.

Kidnappers and kidnapped in the next act were in a bungalow in the Catskills. The deaf and dumb boy talked in his sleep. It looked bad for him, and Spider Hart thought of heating a poker to make him more communicative, but Barney lied magnificently and persuaded the innocents that he was in Cooper's employ to see that they played fair with him. The kidnappers went in their automobile towards Oswego. The boy and girl found their way to the hotel in New York where Barney ordered ham and eggs. Scene of rejoicing and reconciliation. The kidnappers also came back pretending that Cooper had deceived them. They did not know that Beryl had been stolen. Handcuffs were brought in.

We regret to say that Mr. Cooper did not appear on the stage. Thus he resembled Daudet's L'Arlesienne and the widow in "Dunducketty's Picnic."

The wild improbability of the plot is highly pleasing and is far more amusing than the dialogue. The "comedy" is for the most part of the brand used by sidewalk entertainers in a vaudeville show while there is shifting of scenery behind the street scene. The kidnappers in the most desperate moments must have their little wheezes and gags. They joke even when the handcuffs are put on them. There is not a character in the play, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, who is not a professional humorist. All this made the audience laugh heartily.

Young Mr. Truex was appropriately cool, nervy and slangy as the boy detective. Miss Fair was a plausible little girl. The other members of the company joked their way through the play and Miss Dwyer by her lines and the way she said them aroused inextinguishable laughter. In moments of joy, doubt or distress she invoked the Creator of the University, either as "God" or "My God" and thus convulsed the audience. Is it really necessary, even in a "detective comedy," to use lightly and frequently the name of the Lord?

There are editions of Shakespeare, "Tom Jones" and Rabelais for the family. There are condensations of novels for the quick reader. Who has time today to read "Clarissa Harlow" in its interminable length? Yet we note that "Pamela" will be included in the next instalment of Everyman's Library. Marcel Schwob, taking the name of Lovson-Bridet, included in his list of 100 best books for a newspaper man an edition of Baudelaire for the people and a pocket Nietzsche for men and women "in society." And now Mr. T. Tupper writes concerning poetical masterpieces in tabloid form.

A Boon for the Busy.

As the World Wags:

Your recent explorations into the field of poetical and facetious translations of the classics reminds me of something slightly different which I remember to have seen attempted—nothing less than the spacious idea of reducing the world's masterpieces, from Homer to Browning, to tabloid form for busy people. I was introduced to it by a crazy man, who came into the office one day to waste my time. His theory was that many people neglected both the form and substance of the greatest poems because of the pressure of affairs; and he proposed to administer to them, in triturate form, at least the substance of the classics in our own and other tongues. Some of these gems remain persistently in my memory, much as "Punch, Brothers," remained in Mr. Clemens's—and I feel that only by imparting them to others may I obtain relief and permit reason to resume her throne.

His canonical form for all his condensed classics for the tired business man was simple—it was always the Limerick. No proper-minded person would think of giving you the entire Iliad in that restricted shape—but, as intimated above, his was not a proper mind. And this was his version of the great Homeric epic:

When the wrath of Achilles was spent,
The hero came forth from his tent—
And surrounded by gods
Who assisted in squads,
He went for the Trojans hell-bent.

Similarly the Odyssey:

Ulysses, than whom none was slicker,
When he'd seen the last flames of Troy flicker,
While Penelope span—
Incontinent man!—
Disported himself with Nausicaa.

Far worse was his effort at the Aeneid, the defect in the last line being caused, he said, by the fact that he had never read the last six books:

Arma virumque cano.
The woes of infelix Dido.
Palinurusand Turnus,
Descensus Avernus,
Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do.

I disremember how he rendered the Browning masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book," but his condensation of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" struck me as fulfilling every requirement:

Through a prospect excessively bleak.
The Dark Tower Childe Roland did seek.
He found it at last.
While intent on his past,
Where others had proven too weak.

There were lots of others—such as "The Last Duchess"—which must have kept Browning revolving in an uneasy grave:

Ferara was proud of his wife.
And had her portrayed to the life;
But her smiles fell so plenty
On some Sweet-and-Twenty
That he stopped all her smiles with a knife.

Similarly, a paraphrase of "A Forgiveness":

Our hero, a statesman professional,
Too early went homeward, recessional;
His wife with a friar
Enkindled his ire—
The latter he stabbed in confessional.

I ask you, can you beat it? But why not, in an age that wants everything sublimated and canned—which looks forward to the day when by taking a moderate-sized pill the energetic business man may acquire all the essential elements of a 10-course dinner followed by a fine Havana cigar?

TENNYSON TUPPER.

Lowell, March 27.

"Proven."

Mr. Tupper's acquaintance uses the word "proven," we regret to say, in his otherwise excellent condensation of "Childe Roland." Let us quote from Richard Grant White:

"Proven, which is frequently used now" (about 1870) "by lawyers and journalists, should, perhaps, be ranked among words that are not words. Those who use it seem to think that it means something more, or other, than the word for which it is a mere Lowland Scotch and North of England provincialism. 'Proved' is the past participle of the verb 'to prove,' and should be used by all who wish to speak English."

Mr. Tupper himself says, "I disremember." No one should object to this good old colloquial term.

The Cuff Club.

As the World Wags:

In a recent letter Mr. Herkimer Johnson alluded to attached and detached cuffs and their wearers. I know he will be pleased to learn that there has been in existence in Boston for some years a Saturday night dining club, whose membership comprises lawyers and other professional as well as business men. Detached cuffs are not permitted. All members must wear cuffs attached to the shirtsleeves. The censors are a well known business man and a distinguished member of the bar (Suffolk, ss.). Even guests are not exempt, and when the order is given "Show up!" some embarrassing minutes are caused them until they catch the spirit of the occasion. On their next visit they are sure to be correct and eager to inspect other guests who are not "on."

Another rule, though it is not rigidly enforced, is that "neckwear" and hose should match in color. Vertical breast pockets in sack coats are now absolutely prohibited. A member was caught wearing a bright green cravat, purple hose and a red silk handkerchief in this style pocket. His punishment was suspension for six months.

The lawyer censor was seen at the opera wearing a double-breasted white waistcoat with his "dress shute," and hose of delicate tan shade with his patent leather oxfords. He is occasionally reminded of this, but he says he has a precedent for it. Is this precedent to be found in Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, for which I have subscribed? I have paid for the first volume, which, alas, I have not yet received. Could Mr. Johnson be persuaded to address the club on the "Ethics of Dress" some Saturday night?

BARNABY G. M'GLORY.

Allston, March 28.

A Long-Winded Hermit.

As the World Wags:

Can you from the vast founts of knowledge and erudition, over which you have control, give me any information regarding an old ballad yclept "The Hermit of Warwork."

My informant tells me it consists of 200 stanzas of four lines each. He furthermore states that he first heard it from a police officer on his beat in New York, who recited the whole poem from memory. This proves that culture exists outside of Boston occasionally.

G. L. ADIOLUS.

Woburn, March 26.

A Paternal Government.

The Fatherland, the Fatherland! We read in a foreign newspaper that a German in a restaurant near Berlin, somewhat overcome with beer, took pleasure in calling two quiet Englishmen near him "English swine." At last, tired of this, and his thirst reviving, he insisted that they should quench it at their expense. He became more and more obstreperous, until one of the visitors bashed him on the head with his beer

For this the Englishman was haled before a magistrate, who fined him 400 marks "for the gross audacity of beating a German in his own Fatherland."

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Charity Ball," a comedy-drama in four acts, by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille.

John Van Buren.....William P. Carleton
Dick Van Buren.....Frederic Ormonde
Mr. Betts.....Donald Meek
Judge Peter Gurney Knox.....Walter Walker
Alec Robinson.....Carney Christie
Cain.....Cecilia Deutschman
Phyllis Lee.....Doris Olsson
Mrs. Camilla De Peyster.....Augusta Gill
Bess Van Buren.....Florence Shidley
Mrs. Van Buren.....Mabel Colcord
Ann Cruger.....Mary Young

"The Charity Ball" is described as a "comedy-drama, "so it is heretical to add that at times it smacks of tensest melodrama. Although, to be sure, no frenzied virtue, in the person of an older sister, hails the policeman with the prayer, "officer call a cab, I want to take my erring sister home," nor yet is there any mention of home and mother, not to speak of those historic doughnuts, still the spectator hears a New York parson emotionally referring to Wall street as "that seething cauldron," and again vibratingly remarking "how sweet to hear the confession of first love from a young girl's lips"—a beautiful sentiment, but better sung than said.

In other words the play, despite skilled technical construction, dialogue funny, human, though now and then pompous and unconvincing, despite some appealing characterization, is still a bit outmoded. Take, for example, the soliloquies, a curious survival in this day of the dictaphone; congruous enough in Shakespeare, out of place in modern plays. Again, the sudden conversion was scarcely convincing when, in one moment, bad man Dick Van Buren refuses to marry Phyllis Lee, whom he has wronged, and, 10 minutes after, is begging her pardon, while his brother gets down the prayer book and turns to the marriage service. It is hard to believe that so skilful a Wall street manipulator would thus easily go down to defeat.

Which brings up the question of marriage. Down the generations, human nature being what it is, such marriages generally have resulted unhapplly for the maiden all forlorn. Lately, in "Hindle Wakes," some common sense has been expressed on this subject. In the thought of the 80's and 90's, however, the "correct thing" was what happens in the play.

Despite the fact that in this play sentiment trespasses into sentimentality, despite the fact that human nature must revolt against the everlasting saintliness of the blind mother—blind stage people are always promising candidates for golden crowns—although we must laugh a little wearledly at the light in the window—Come in, poor sinner, come in!—yet to go any further would be ungracious in view of the pleasure the play gave its audience. For, despite these items, the play is a shapely piece of work, with the action starting at the rise of the curtain, with the exposition cleverly contrived, with each of the first three acts dramatic units, good exponents of what Mr. William Winter calls "propulsive action," culminating in dramatic climax and a swift curtain.

This last hardly applies to act four, where the judge's matchmaking is belated, and the second love scene between Ann and the Rector repetitious. Indeed this whole act, despite its pleasing comedy, is anticlimactical, coming as it does, after the main question has been settled. Acts three and four might well be one act.

As for the interpretation, speaking generally, it was much better in comedy than in the melting moments. "When the heart is full the lips are silent," is a truism, yet for dramatic reasons this bit of realism is hard to stage. The company acted intelligently as a whole, despite occasional noisiness and pathos. Mr. Meek was human as the organist; Mr. Walker, Mr. Carleton, Miss Olsson in a trying and teary part, and Miss Young were especially appreciated, judging by the signs.

BOSTON THEATRE—"In Old Kentucky," a play in four acts by C. T. Dazey.

Frank Layson.....William Hedge
Col. Sandusky Doolittle.... John W. Cope
Horace Holton..... Brandon Evans
Joe Lorey.....Scott Moore
Neb.....Geo. M. Devere
Sim.....Wm. Boody
Rastus.....Walter Holder
Caesar.....John Powell
Brutus.....Robert Burke
Madge Brierly.....Maude Parker
Barbara Holton.....Elizabeth Irving
Alathea Layson.....Alice Endres

Modern melodramas, written with one eye on the box office, bristle with spectacular expositions of so-called "problems of the day." The wrongs of the working girl, the bribery and corruption supposedly existing among high officials, the evils of white slavery, all these are treated with neatness, elegance and dispatch by shrewd authors in search of fame and fortune. Sometimes remedies for existing conditions are thoughtfully suggested, while a tirade in the mouth of one of the chief personages on the stage excites the unreasoning applause of a nervous audience, no matter how theatrical the sentiments expressed. Some take these plays with the utmost seriousness. The wild-eyed reformer looks upon them with rapture. To others they are merely poorly carpentered melodramas.

Writers of old fashioned melodramas contented themselves with the dramatic presentation of elemental emotions, love, hate, jealousy, revenge. Mr. Dazey's "In Old Kentucky" stands among the best of these plays, which are superior in construction and more plausible in theory.

The setting of the story permits the introduction of many native customs, while the plot is exciting and romantic. There is, too, the pleasing sight of virtue rewarded and villany properly punished, for without this joyful ending no true melodrama is complete.

The production last evening was elaborate, the piece was excellently cast and acted with spirit.

Mr. Cope appeared in his familiar role of Col. Doolittle. He gave a capital performance and was the old southern gentleman and sportsman to the life.

Miss Parker, a Boston girl, was charming as the heroine. She simulated effectively the animation and coyness characteristic of southern femininity. She was sincere throughout and often displayed true sentiment.

Mr. Devere was admirable as Neb the old family retainer. Miss Irving was a sneering villainess. Mr. Evans, as Horace Holton the villain, was chiefly remarkable for his makeup. Miss Endre was attractive as Miss Layson.

A feature of the evening was the introduction of the Woodlawn Wangdoodles in the second act. Their playing and capers delighted the audience.

The settings were picturesque. The incident of the race and the heroine's riding Queen Bess to victory are reminiscent of "The Whip," recently seen here. Were the authors of that play wholly unfamiliar with Mr. Dazey's story?

A large audience, in holiday mood, gave hearty and repeated assurances of its approval. There were flowers for Miss Parker.

TRIXIE FRIGANZA

Trixie Friganza, who headlines the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, received at last evening's performance the same sort of an enthusiastic reception that has ever been accorded her upon her Boston appearances. And Miss Friganza, on her side, presented one of her characteristic entertainments in which song, monologue and the dance all had their places. Miss Friganza, who rarely confines herself to any set lines, gave in addition an entertaining heart-to-heart talk with her audience, in the course of which she referred to several of the preceding acts, her breezy, offhand manner being altogether delightful. After singing two or three songs, Miss Friganza showed that she is equally clever as a dancer and, with her partner, introduced the Argentine Tango, the French Apache and two or three other dances. As usual, Miss Friganza wore some stunning costumes, nor did she shy at the spotlight when it was brought into play.

An amusing sketch is that of Helen Page, the character actress, and her company in "The Understudy," which is the story of the correspondence-school educated stage-struck girl who goes to New York from Brownsville, Me., fails to make good in the understudy part but succeeds, nevertheless, in falling in love with George Cameron, the leading man. He admires the girl, rather than her acting, advises that she return to her Maine home and inquires, rather interestedly, if her "mother ever takes boarders in the summer time." Miss Page herself was particularly good.

Barto & Clark in the comedy skit, "In Sixty-Five," made a tremendous hit, their dancing being particularly good and they were recalled several times. Another act that proved a big favorite last night was that of Charles Ahearn and his troupe of cycling comedians who ride all sorts of grotesque two-wheel machines and apparently get quite as much fun out of it as does the audience. The concluding feature, a motor paced race travesty, was intensely amusing. Joe Keno and Rosie Green in "Hands Across the Street" introduced some good singing and some better dancing.

The rest of the program included the great Fridkofsky troupe of Russian singers and dancers who presented a gorgeous spectacle of song and dance. The Lelandos as hurry-up oil-color artists were good; Jean Libonati gave several selections upon the xylophone and Handers and Mcliss were an unusually good pair of grotesque dancers who introduced a number of new steps.

Owing to the funeral of B. F. Keith, founder of the Keith vaudeville system, yesterday, the afternoon performance at the B. F. Keith Theatre was omitted, the week opening with the evening show.